

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

FEBRUARY

15¢

SAMMIE HILL

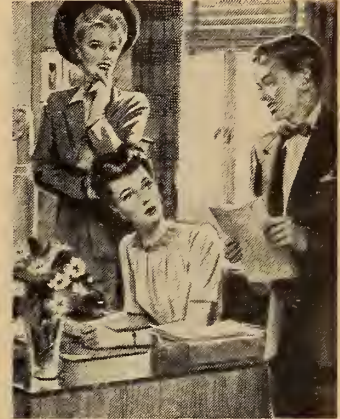
MARRY ME!

The Love Story of
a Girl's Daring Proposal

Pictures of Your Favorites:
JACK ARMSTRONG
RED SKELTON
NATIONAL BARN DANCE

"Imagine! Dan Cupid's Ablest Assistant—

*and yet you can't land
a man of your own!"*



"Wake up, Darling! Your column helps a lot of lovelorn damsels reach the altar. But Romance gives you the run-around! A come-hither smile and sensitive gums don't go together! Even the copy boy can tell you about 'pink tooth brush'!"

"Gosh—me advise you? That's the toughest assignment I ever had! But your friend's got the straight dope! In grade school, we learned that gum care is as important as cleaning our teeth. We even had classroom drills in gum massage."



*Editions
rolled off
the presses
—then one
evening...*



"The fact is, soft foods sometimes rob gums of needed stimulation. That's why I advise massaging the gums every time you brush your teeth." (Note: Recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)

"Hurray—for my frank friends and my dentist! It's massage with Ipana for my gums—from now on! My teeth are brighter already! I like Ipana's fresh taste. And that tingle as I massage my gums seems to say: 'You're heading for a brighter smile'."

(Unpublished thoughts of a Heart-Throb Columnist.) "Writing about love was never like this! But it's sad to think how many girls miss out on romance, for lack of a sparkling smile. What a shame—when the daily use of Ipana and massage can help so much. A sparkling smile is a passport to happiness—if you want the opinion of a gal who's tried it!"

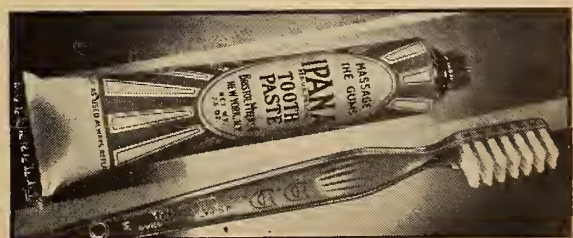
Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

FIRST TIME you see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. He may simply tell you today's soft foods have robbed your gums of the exercise they need for healthy firmness. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the

health of the gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little more Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang" tells you circulation is waking up within the gums, helping to make the tissues firmer and stronger.

Start now to make Ipana and massage a regular daily habit. Let it help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a more sparkling, attractive smile!



A product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

*Glamorous Hair
helps Sue
get her
Man*



ALL BRIDES ARE LOVELY but Sue was especially radiant. As the soft candlelight danced in the sparkling highlights of her hair, I thought...



COULD THIS BE THE SAME GIRL I discovered weeping one day because her hair was so dull and drab-looking? Right then I told her about Colorinse and how my beautician recommended "Colorinse after every shampoo". That very night...



SUE GAVE COLORINSE A TRY and what a difference in her hair! It had a warmer, richer color—it was softer, silkier—so much easier to manage. And her whole face seemed more radiant for the lustrous highlights that Colorinse gave her hair reflected lovely soft tones in her complexion. Today...



A HAPPY BRIDE says "thanks" to Colorinse for teaching her the age-old beauty secret—"Romance begins with glamorous hair".

P. S. And here's something else that Sue discovered. "For a lovelier hair-do, use Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinse." Buy WAR SAVINGS STAMPS at your

5 and 10c store



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ON THE COVER—Sammie Hill, CBS and NBC Dramatic Actress
Color Portrait by Ben de Brocke

(Miss Hill's skating costume courtesy of Lanz, Fifth Avenue, N. Y.)

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Overheard

THOSE ENDURING YOUNG PANS

TO clean enamelware, use a mild soap and water. But whatever you do, don't pour cold water into a hot enamel pan. Don't risk chipping by using a heavy or sharp utensil to mash or chop any food that you are cooking in it.

If your pans are aluminum, never use strong soap or powder. Put a couple of teaspoons of vinegar into the pan, fill with water until it is one-third from the top, and then boil a few minutes. That ought to remove stain, no matter how stubborn.—Richard Kent, *The Traveling Cook*, *The Blue Network*.

WHEN YOU BRING HOME THE BACON

Now that bacon is at a premium, here's a tip for reducing shrinkage of bacon when cooking: Roll it lightly in flour before frying. This reduces shrinkage, keeps grease from spattering and brings bacon out a crispy brown.—Mrs. A. Plummer, Jr.'s prize-winning hint, heard on *Alma Kitchell's Meet Your Neighbor*, *The Blue Network*.

BULLETS TO KNOCK OFF MALARIA

Atabrine, a substitute for war-scarce quinine, is now being produced at the rate of about a half billion tablets a year. Actual production totals may fall somewhat short of this estimate. Still there will be plenty of antimalarial units to treat millions of cases of the disabling fever. High speed laboratory machines are turning out tablets of the bright yellow crystals at an ever increasing rate—making bullets to attack malaria to which the armed forces are exposed.—*Adventures in Science*, CBS.

BORSCHT AS USUAL

Because there is a housing shortage in Russia, you'll find families doubling up in one apartment, sharing the kitchen but staying in their own part of the house. When you ring the doorbell, you have to give the correct number of rings; otherwise, the wrong family will come to the door. Inside, the Soviet home is cozy. Double windows are sealed up against winter, but there will be a small ventilator open. There will be pictures of relatives on the wall, fresh flowers on tables, loud-speakers turned on from 6 a.m. to 11 p.m. giving news, music and speeches. There'll be electric heaters around, used also to light cigarettes on, because of match shortages. They'll all be talking, because Russians love conversation.—Larry LaSeur, CBS correspondent from Moscow.

It's winter—but don't forget it's still summer under your arms!



Warmer clothes and indoor living increase risk of offending. Use Mum every day!

SOcial get-togethers, parties and indoor fun make it doubly important now to never risk charm! Though the calendar says Winter, it's still Summer under your arms—still an August temperature of 98°. So don't take chances with underarm odor.

Even if you see no moisture, odor forms swiftly in heated rooms—*stays longer* in warmer, winter clothes. Foolish the girl

who thinks that in Winter she doesn't perspire!

Why risk offending! Use speedy Mum after your morning bath, before your evening dates to prevent risk of underarm odor for hours *to come!* Winter as in Summer, let Mum save your time, your clothes, your popularity and charm! Get Mum at your druggist's today!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Gentle, safe Mum is so dependable for this important purpose. Try Mum this way, too—avoid embarrassment.



Take no chances! Your morning bath, your before-date shower wash away *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come.* Mum takes only half a minute!



Woolens trap odor—a hazard socially and in business. *Stay dainty*, appealing with quick, convenient Mum. Use Mum any time, even after you're dressed. It's harmless to fabrics.



Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Daintiness lasts with Mum! Even through hours of dancing, dependable Mum prevents risk of odor. Gentle Mum won't irritate sensitive skin, even after underarm shaving.



Facing the Music

First he planned to become a first-rate instrumentalist, then a conductor and composer—Paul Lavalle has now accomplished all of these.

A NUMBER of all-girl bands have cluttered the orchestra field to fill the gaps left open by musicians called to the colors. Two feminine groups that show promise are led by Dolores, who is sponsored by Xavier Cugat, and Ruth Cleary, backed by Meyer Davis.

There is a possibility that Kay Kyser may take his famed College of Musical Knowledge overseas to entertain the A.E.F. in the British Isles. Coca-Cola is also toying with the idea of organizing an overseas Spotlight Bands unit.

The supply of recordings made in last-minute flurries before the musicians' union ban on them went into effect, has now dwindled and the situation is serious. Efforts to reconcile the union and the record manufacturers have been unsuccessful so far but veteran observers still remain optimistic about a settlement.

But the dearth of recordings has helped boom the sheet music business. Sales have averaged 250,000 copies a week.

The Kenny Bakers have a brand new baby boy.

TO THE COLORS: Dave Rose, noted conductor-composer and husband of Judy Garland, in the Army Air Corps . . . Vic Mizzy and Irving Taylor, song writing team, are both first class seamen . . . Phil Harris and his entire band of twenty-five men joined the U. S. Maritime Service but continue their work on the Jack Benny air shows . . . Abe Lyman's application for a commission was rejected with high blood pressure re-



Janet Blair, the screen's new starlet, and band-leader Bob Allen, talk over the old times when they sang together with the late Hal Kemp's orchestra.

ported as the reason . . . Sammy Kaye may enlist in the Navy and turn his swing and sway band and baton over to vocalist Tommy Ryan.

Bob Crosby may drop his band and try for solo stardom on the MGM lot.

Alvino Rey and the King Sisters are set for the new Universal film, "Cross Your Fingers," while Harry James and his band start working on the Lucille Ball picture at MGM, "Best Foot Forward."

Incidentally, Harry James, recognized as one of the nation's top trumpet men, has selected his own favorite list of horn tooters. Here are his selections: Louis Armstrong, Cootie Williams, Ziggy Elman, Chuck Peterson, Charlie Spivak, Bobby Hackett, Muggsy Spanier, Buck Clayton and Harry Edison. The last two are members of Count Basie's band.

Dinah Shore's Hollywood room

mate is Shirley Mitchell, radio actress on the Rudy Vallee radio shows. Both girls are from Nashville, Tenn.

Woody Herman's uninterrupted seven-week run at the New York Paramount theater recently, was unprecedented in band bookings.

Jimmy Britton, 22-year-old St. Louis singer, and Betty Roche are the new Duke Ellington singers, and Lois Arnette is Lionel Hampton's new thrush.

Russ Morgan returns to Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel this month and Joe Reichman succeeds Griff Williams at the Palmer House.

Nat Brusiloff, batoneer on two quiz shows, Double or Nothing and Thanks to the Yanks, has helped organize the official Air Corps band stationed at Stewart Field, "West Point Wings of the Air." Top notch musicians from the ranking dance bands of the country are among those who make up the new organization. Murray Kellner is the conductor. *Continued on page 67*

By Ken Alden

The Dangerous Age for COLDS

Children under 12 have more colds than any other age group, and are more susceptible to the serious complications that often result from colds. Sinus and ear infections, and even more serious disorders, can often be traced to the repeated and severe colds of childhood. In later life children may be "under par" because of such complications. A cold, whether in a child or adult, is always a potential enemy . . . deserves to be treated accordingly.



New Light on the Importance of Antiseptic Gargle in Combating Colds

Unfortunately there is no known preventive for the Common Cold in children or in adults. Certainly Listerine Antiseptic is not such a specific. Yet careful tests, made over an 11-year period on human "guinea pigs", have proved that this safe, refreshing germicide is often a remarkably effective aid.

Fewer Colds in Tests

In these tests, regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-users. Moreover, when colds and sore throats did develop among Listerine users, they were usually milder in character and disappeared more quickly.

The explanation for this success, we believe, is found in Listerine's quick germ-killing action. Listerine spreads over mouth and throat surfaces; it kills millions of threatening germs on these surfaces known as the "secondary invaders" which, when body resistance

is lowered, may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate infection.

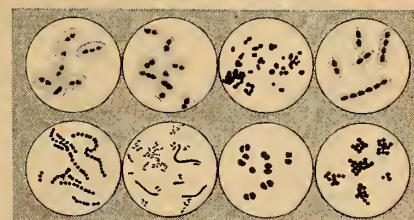
In other words, it attacks these germs before they attack you. Note Listerine Antiseptic's record:

Outstanding Germ Reductions

Tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%, even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour later. You can see the importance of using Listerine at the first hint of trouble.

Listerine Antiseptic may not *always* keep you or your child from catching colds. It may not *always* lessen the severity of a cold. Yet we think you will agree, in the light of the above record, that Listerine Antiseptic is a precaution deserving of your most serious consideration.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.

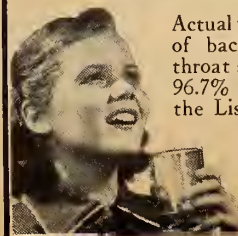


TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

The "Secondary Invaders"

Above are some types of "secondary invaders", millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces. They may cause no harm until body resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate the troublesome aspects of the infection you call a cold. You can see how important it is to attack them before they get the upper hand.

Note How Listerine Reduced Germs



Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.

Listerine Antiseptic for oral hygiene

Lovelier Lips and Cheeks



when **UNWANTED HAIR** is
REMOVED this Quick,
Easy, Modern Way!

Why risk the loss of romance and popularity because of superfluous hair, when it is removed from lips and cheeks so easily — *instantly* — with Lechler's famous VELVATIZE — the "complexion stone" that leaves your skin smooth and glamorous, with flower-petal loveliness! Immediately, it improves your personal charm and beauty!

USE ON ARMS AND LEGS, TOO!

Complete instructions are included for simple use of VELVATIZE on any part of the body! Carry Lechler's handy VELVATIZE in your pocketbook, use it any time, anywhere, for occasional eradication. So easy and clean — odorless — no muss, no bother — nothing to wash off, NOT a depilatory! Simply "erase" the hair! Lechler's VELVATIZE comes in a smart pastel compact. Equally effective on chin, cheeks, upper lip, arms and legs. No stubby regrowth! Enough in one compact for FULL SEASON'S USE.



LASTS FOR
MONTHS

POSTPAID
FOR ONLY \$1.00

If your Druggist is not supplied, mail the Coupon today. Enclose only \$1.00, and we pay postage. Or C.O.D. plus few cents postage. Sent by return mail in sealed plain wrapper.

Lechler's VELVATIZE

HOUSE OF LECHLER, Dept. 242
560 Broadway, New York City

Send Lechler's VELVATIZE compact with simple, easy instructions. I enclose \$1. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Check if ordered C.O.D. plus few cents postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

What's New from Coast to Coast

By
**DALE
BANKS**



Frances Langford offers a smile and a sandwich to a soldier at Hollywood's Stage Door Canteen, above. It was a benefit performance which shot Betty Corwin, left, to stardom at WBT within two months, but it's her voice that keeps her right up on top.

FOR a while it looked as if the Aldrich Family might lose its second Henry. Norman Tokar, who took the part after Ezra Stone's departure into the Army, was being eyed covetously by his draft board. He didn't wait to be drafted, but enlisted in the Signal Corps, under a plan which gives him an eight-month deferment while he learns the intricacies of radio operation. Jack Kelk, who plays Homer, also teetered on the edge of being drafted for a few days, but was deferred because of his health.

Ann Thomas, radio's perennial secretary (Easy Aces, Abie's Irish Rose, or almost any program that needs a comedy secretary with a tough Brooklyn accent) may be in the movies soon. She's been screened by RKO.

Marjorie Hannon, star of Bachelor's Children, christened her new son William Alden Reck—not realizing until after the ceremony what the initials stood for.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Little Betty Corwin, newest singing discovery of station WBT, Charlotte, N. C., didn't dream that a local benefit performance last August, in which she sang two numbers and did a tap-dance, would be the springboard which

would catapult her into radio stardom almost overnight—well, anyway, within two months, which is a pretty short time to rise from obscurity to success on one of the nation's largest radio stations.

Betty, who says her "proper" name is Mary Ruth, was born on a crisp November morning in 1922, in Birmingham, Alabama. She's five feet, four and a half inches tall, weighs 124 pounds, has deep blue eyes and is just as lovely to look at as to listen to. Her fan mail is already jammed with proposals.

"Luck," is the laconic reason Betty gives for her success. She had never sung in public until recently. Although she always liked to sing, even as a little girl, she never was quite able to conquer her bashfulness enough to sing a solo, and planned to be a secretary instead of a star. However, Charlotte folks arranged a war-benefit show and persuaded Betty to take part in it. She was such a hit that her services were called on for a second benefit. Emboldened, Betty gathered together all her courage and went to WBT for an audition. Program Director Charles Crutchfield listened, and was so impressed he immediately assigned her to a daily sponsored program. Thus, never having faced a microphone before in her life, Betty's very first broadcast was for a sponsor.

She's unmarried but not, she says, fancy-free. "The one" is an Army flier, stationed at nearby Morris Field Army Air Base. But marriage is pretty far in the future. Just now Betty is walking on air, still unable to believe that she's actually on her way to her ambition, which is to be a singer with a famous dance orchestra—"Kay Kyser's for instance." Her ideal is radio's Kate Smith, whom she hopes to meet someday.

Phil Baker, the Take It or Leave It quizmaster, no sooner moved with his program to Hollywood than he was signed up to a movie contract by 20th Century-Fox. His first picture will be with Betty Grable and Carmen Miranda as co-stars—plenty nice work if you can get it!

Radio's Three Jesters are really doing something about the war. The three members of the vocal trio regularly turn up at broadcasts with grimy and blistered hands. The reason is that they spend all their spare time in a miniature war plant set up in the suburban back yard of one of them, Guy Bonham. There they turn out small items like gasoline strainers for naval motorboats and parts for flotation tanks in lifeboats.

Perhaps the radio serial hardest hit by selective service is Joan Blaine's starring vehicle, Valiant Lady. In less than a year it has lost its director, its organist, its leading man, its chief villain and ten character actors. Only its star remains.

Little Jane Webb, CBS Chicago actress, has been busy for several months building up flying hours, working for a pilot's license. Now she has the required number of hours, but still she's at a dead end, as far as her ambition goes. She won't be eighteen, the minimum age, until next spring.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—The newest addition to station WSM's Grand Ole Opry, and by far its youngest member, is Betty Owen, a little seventeen-year-old who sings old time songs and plays the guitar like a veteran. As a matter of fact, the Opry is older than she is—she was born in Nashville just nine months after its first broadcast.

Betty has been on the Opry for the past year, and now her fan mail is as plentiful as that of the top stars. She eats, sleeps, and dreams music. When not in school she is either practicing or making personal appearances with other members of the show.

Her father, an assistant foreman for the American Tobacco Company in Nashville, started Betty on her career when she was eight years old by giving her an accordion for a present. Sitting at home Saturday nights, Betty would listen to the Grand Ole Opry and play along with the musical numbers she heard. The boy next door got a guitar for Christmas, and soon he and Betty were playing duets. Like most children, both thought the other's toy was the best, so they swapped instruments. Today the boy next door plays a nice accordion, and Betty's a wonder on the guitar.

Her first public appearance came

Does your One face cream do All these Four things?



I bring your skin
4 aids to beauty in
a single jar of cream!

By *Lady Esther*



Is your skin dry and flaky?

My 4-Purpose Face Cream softens your skin—relieves dryness and flaking.



Do you have blackheads?

My 4-Purpose Face Cream thoroughly cleans out the tiny mouths of the pores.



Tiny lines around eyes?

My 4-Purpose Face Cream helps smooth away little lines due to dryness.



Do you have big pores?

My 4-Purpose Face Cream works with nature—helps nature refine the pores.

SURELY you aren't using a lot of different kinds of creams and lotions in times like these! But are you sure the *one cream* you use takes care of the 4 vital needs of your skin?

Today more than ever the face cream for which you spend your money must do a "war-time job." It must help prevent the dryness that often causes wrinkles and tiny lines. It must help banish the three worst enemies of your skin: grease, grime and grit—especially if you are doing war work of any kind and exposing your skin to these dangers.

You can count on Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream *by itself* to help keep your skin fresh, radiant and attractive! For this one scientific face cream brings you 4 vital aids to beauty! (1) It thoroughly *cleans* your skin. (2) It *softens* your skin and relieves dryness. (3) It helps nature *refine* the pores. (4) It leaves a perfect, *non-sticky* base for powder.

Send for your generous tube

Mail the coupon below for a generous tube of my face cream! See for yourself why more and more busy, lovely women every day are changing to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream.

Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM



LADY ESTHER, (82)
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Send me by return mail a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 7 new shades of powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

(Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada)

Loveliness



IS IN Your Hands

It's almost entirely up to you to keep your hands and skin soft, smooth, lovely—as nature intended them. Proper care will counteract the effects of work and play.

Use Chamberlain's Lotion regularly as an aid to keeping hands and skin naturally lovely. This clear, golden lotion helps prevent chapping, cracking, harshness and other results of carelessness. You'll enjoy using Chamberlain's often, too, because it dries with such convenient quickness.

Get Chamberlain's today. Use it often. Notice the difference it makes.

AID
to Fastidiousness

Thousands of fastidious women use Chamberlain's to soothe legs and skin roughened and chapped by cold and wind. They also use it as a cologne. Try it.

Buy it at all
Toilet Goods Counters



Chamberlain's

Lotion

at the age of ten, when she played for a square dance and festival at her school. She never stopped practicing and working until she reached her goal of appearing regularly on the Opry—as a matter of fact, she didn't stop then.

She lives with her parents and two brothers in Nashville, and attends school like any other girl her age. She has just one prejudice, and it's a musical one. Unless a tune is an old one and has proved its popularity through the years, she won't play it on the Opry program.

* * *

Margo, the CBS Caravan star, is a full-fledged American citizen now. The Mexican-born actress and singer was naturalized in November.

* * *

The saddest man around the New York CBS studios these days is Arnold Moss, who plays Reed Bannister in the Big Sister serial. Fired with a desire to help President Roosevelt's good neighbor policy toward South America, Arnold took up the study of Spanish. All went well, and he prided himself on both his progress and his accent. Came the time when he was cast each week in a Spanish-language program short-waved to Latin America—playing the same character all the time. But he received a rude shock when the director complimented him. "I don't know how I could ever replace you, Arnold," the director said. "There's nobody else who speaks Spanish with such a perfect German accent."

* * *

Hal Styles, originator and master of ceremonies of the KFVB program, Facing Facts, doesn't believe the old tale about Friday the 13th being unlucky. That's the day he chose to marry his pretty secretary, Lenore Cordial.

* * *

Cecil B. DeMille of the Lux Theater



Just 17, Betty Owen sings the old time songs like a veteran on WSM's famous Grand Ole Opry.

is a senior air raid warden in his home district of Hollywood.

* * *

BOSTON—Just eleven years ago a young man solved his personal problem of choosing between chemistry and singing for a life-work by selecting neither one. Tom Hussey became a radio announcer instead, with the result that his voice is familiar and very popular in all of New England. Only recently he was named director of sports for station WNAC and the Yankee network.

Tom broke into radio as one mem-



"It's me, you little blockhead," says Don Ameche, but Charlie remains unconvinced. "Too good looking," he says, while Edgar Bergen and pretty singing star Dale Evans umpire the argument.

ber of a choral group at the University of Florida. While he was flirting with a career as a chemist (he's now the holder of a master's degree in the subject) he was offered a job as part-time announcer at WRUF in Gainesville, Florida, where he stayed with the station until his graduation in 1934.

But although Tom went to college in Florida, he's a native of Massachusetts, and he went back there as soon as school was over, going to work almost at once for WNAC and the Yankee network. Nowadays Yankee listeners tune in every Monday and Friday at 6:15 P. M., for his Sports Roundup.

Tom's idea of recreation is stepping off the front porch of his new home in Marblehead and diving straight into the Atlantic Ocean, which is practically at his doorstep—although naturally this is a pleasure he has to forego in the cold winter months. He still likes music and often is soloist at his church. One of his many talents is an ability to turn out a dish of spaghetti equalled in few restaurants. As a result there is an almost constant stream of WNAC confederates angling for an invitation to his home for dinner.

* * *

If you've been missing the voice of Mayor LaTrivia on the Fibber McGee show, it's because Gale Gordon, the actor who originated the character, has joined the Coast Guard, saying farewell to radio for the duration.

* * *

Henry Nealy, of CBS' We Love and Learn serial, now keeps the home fires burning while Mrs. Nealy is off to the wars. The little woman is a WAAC, stationed at Fort Des Moines.

* * *

Patricia Ryan is busy being a Red Cross nurse's aide when she isn't emoting on the Aunt Jennie, Joyce Jordan, Parker Family or Let's Pretend program.



Singing and cooking are the hobbies of Yankee Network's sports announcer, Tom Hussey.



Linda Darnell, glamorous 20th Century-Fox star in "Loves of Edgar Allen Poe," uses GLOVER'S to condition scalp and hair. GLOVER'S helps to give the hair a soft and natural-looking appearance!



HOLLYWOOD speaks through lovely Linda Darnell, one of the many movie stars who keep their hair charming and refreshed with the systematic use of the famous GLOVER'S MEDICINAL treatment so popular with millions of men and women! GLOVER'S is not merely a "scented preparation"—it's definitely a medicinal application which you can use, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair. TRY it today—you'll feel the exhilarating effect, *instantly*—and you'll be delighted with the results! Ask for

GLOVER'S at any Drug Store.

For your convenience, we offer (by coupon only) this Complete Trial Application of GLOVER'S famous Mange Medicine and the new GLO-VER Beauty Soap SHAMPOO, in hermetically-sealed bottles, so that you can try the Glover's Medicinal Treatment and test it yourself! Complete instructions and booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair," included FREE!

GLOVER'S

(with massage)
for DANDRUFF, ITCHY SCALP and Excessive FALLING HAIR



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COMPLETE TRIAL APPLICATION

GLOVER'S, 101 West 31st Street,
Dept. 552, New York City
Send Trial Package, Glover's Mange Medicine and GLO-VER SHAMPOO, in hermetically-sealed bottles, and informative booklet. I enclose 25c.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

Face Facts

By Roberta Ormiston

THE best thing you can do for your skin—whatever it is like at the moment—is get it clean and keep it clean. When we say clean we mean scrupulously clean, cleaner by far than a swish of soap and water and a dab of cold cream will get it.

Hold on to the soap and cold cream, however. You'll need them for:

Your Daily Facial

1. Wash your face with a gentle soap and warm water.
2. Massage with cold cream.
3. Remove the cream.
4. Apply more cream, only a film of it this time, and let it remain for about five minutes.
5. Remove the cream.
6. Wash your face with a cotton pledget saturated in skin tonic.

Doesn't sound impressive at all, does it? But it makes sense. And the results are impressive. For here's how this facial works:

The soap and water and the first application of cream remove the surface dirt—the dust and make-up that come from the outside and the body impurities that come from within. With the surface dirt removed the second application of cream gets into the pores, to soften them and any foreign matter



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



Lovely Patricia Dunlap, who plays the part of Janet Ryder in NBC's Bachelor's Children, gives you six important daily steps to beauty.

imbedded in them. The skin tonic removes every last vestige of cream, together with the dirt it has absorbed, and, finally, closes the pores.

Now it may be you have complications in your skin cleaning. It may be you have blackheads and pimples. The treatment for blackheads and pimples should precede the daily facial always. And don't despair if the first few treatments don't work.

Blackheads require a hot, wet towel. Dip a towel in hot water, wring it out so it won't drip all over everything, and hold it against your face—fairly tightly—until it cools. Repeat this about five times. Pat your face dry. Apply warm olive oil. Let the oil remain on the blackheads about five minutes—to loosen and soften them. Rub your face briskly with a Turkish towel. Then rub the blackheads with a complexion brush dipped first in warm water and then in almond meal.

Blackheads, as you probably know, are nothing more than impurities which, failing to work their way in or out of the skin, become imbedded in the pores. Sometimes they appear because there isn't enough natural oil to carry off impurities. At other times

they appear because excessive oil, keeping the pores open, makes it easy for dust and make-up to collect. Generally, however, blackheads are nothing but a warning that the skin isn't being cleaned often or thoroughly enough.

Pimples, on the other hand, may be due to an improper diet or a digestive disturbance. When this is true you have to call upon your will-power and perhaps a doctor before you are rid of them. Other pimples are banished simply enough.

Once again a hot wet towel is needed. After several applications dry your face quickly and apply cold cream. Massage the cream into the skin. Remove with cleansing tissues. Apply another hot towel for a minute or two. Rub your face with a cotton pledget moistened with skin tonic. And finally apply several towels that have been dipped in ice water.

Don't bewail the fact that your skin isn't clear and glowing. Use your time and energy constructively—have a thorough skin cleaning three hundred and sixty-five days a year—and rejoice in a complexion even school-girls will envy.



*"My love has wondrous
lustrous hair"*

**No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous
... and yet so easy to manage!***



SPARKLE AND LOOK GAY, when you play! This jet-trimmed, street-length dress and the shining satin gloves represent the newest note in after-dark fashions. The simple, but dramatic, new hair-do owes much of its beauty to Special Drene Shampoo!

**Why Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added is
the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap
... yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!**

Do you want alluring hair, the kind men adore ... gleaming with lustre, sparkling with highlights? Then don't go on using soaps or liquid soap shampoos! Because soaps *always* leave a film on hair that dulls the natural lustre!

But *Special Drene* is different! It *never* leaves any dulling film! What's more, it removes the film left by previous soapings, the first time you use it. That's why *Special Drene* reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo!

And due to the wonderful hair conditioner now in it, *Special Drene* now leaves hair far more glamorous ... silkier, smoother and easier to arrange, right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness. If you haven't tried *Drene* lately you'll be amazed! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous and at

the same time so manageable. Only *Special Drene* with Hair Conditioner added!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

No shampoo known today is superior to *Special Drene* for removing dandruff ... not even those claiming to be "dandruff remover" shampoos. For *Special Drene's* super-cleansing action removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it ... yet is so safe!

So don't put off trying this wonderful shampoo! For economy, buy the larger sizes. Or get a *Special Drene* shampoo at your beauty shop.

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, makers of *Special Drene*, after painstaking search and exhaustive laboratory tests of all types of shampoos, have found no other shampoo which leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*Soap film dulls lustre—
robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this heauty handicap! Use *Special Drene*! It never leaves any dulling film. What's more, it removes the film left by previous soapings.

That's why *Special Drene* reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo!



**Special Drene
with
Special Drene
Hair Conditioner**



Feel like the Forgotten Girl?



THE gang's off for a slick sleigh ride and does anybody wave your way? You're just a window watcher, forlorn and forgotten!

Next morning Judy says what fun it was, why weren't you there? And you wail, "Just my luck . . . everything seems to happen on the wrong day!"

No sympathy from Judy! "Don't be a creep on account of a calendar!" she says. "How'd you expect to be Number-One girl when you turn down dates?"

Then she tells you how to keep going . . . stay in the fun. Drive the horses while the rest are chasing the sleigh. Brew the cocoa when the others flounder through drifts. "Of course, comfort's the main thing," she tells you. "The whole world looks brighter when you're comfortable. That's why most girls choose Kotex Sanitary Napkins."

Be Number-One Girl Every Day

So now the forgotten girl can forget what day of the month it is!

You've discovered how different Kotex is from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch. Because Kotex is made in soft folds, so it's naturally less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing.

Then there's a special "safety shield" for extra protection. Plus something you never even realized existed! Those flat, pressed ends of Kotex that don't show. To think how you used to worry!

So now you're Janey-on-the-spot all the time! Now you know why more girls choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!

**Keep going in comfort
— with KOTEX*!**

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW about staying in the fun on "those days"? Learn your do's and don't's from the bright new booklet "As One Girl To Another" . . . pick up tips on social contacts, good grooming . . . everything! Mail your name and address quick, to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MW-2, Chicago, for a copy FREE!



(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Be Beauty-Wise

YOUTHFUL, pleasing lines curve—always! Which means there must not be even a suggestion of an angle in your eyebrows. Which means your lips must be round with a lovely upward tilt. If your lips haven't this tilt naturally put a dab of color at the corners of your mouth and wipe it off with a quick upward motion which will leave just a suggestion of color and work the happy trick.

Never overlook the vital importance of a powder base. A powder base masks the shadows too often caused by oily secretions between your eyes, at the sides of your nostrils, and at the sides of your mouth. Shadows of this kind—unless they're concealed—suggest birthdays you haven't yet had.

Is your skin on the dry side? Does your powder and rouge flake, as you wish it wouldn't? If so it's a few dabs of cold water you need—before you apply your powder foundation.

Perhaps your skin sometimes appears to be a little on the crepey side—perish the thought! Ice will remedy this in jig time! Dip a cloth in ice water. Lay it across your face like a mask. Then, using an ice cube, press the top of your eyes across your eyelids, under your eyes along your nostrils, across your lips. Work out towards your ears always. Do this every day for five or ten minutes and you'll be repaid over and over again by the way your skin will tone up.

Your mouth, your eyebrows, and your eyes are the three parts of your face that move and are, consequently, focal points. Be smart. Emphasize whichever of these features you think does the most for you.

If you wish your eyes to look larger than they are make sure no mascara gets near them. Mascara near the eyes makes them look smaller. Apply mascara to the tips of your lashes only. And never pluck your eyebrows believing, fondly, that this will make your eyes appear larger. It won't! It will, instead, make you look strange. Eyebrows should follow the natural curve of the nose and frontal bone.

Are your eyes fairly close together? Widen the distance between your eyebrows and, as if by magic, your eyes will appear further apart!

Remember rouge emphasizes wrinkles! Therefore, if you have wrinkles around your eyes—and many people do even while they're young—keep your rouge low on your cheeks, somewhere below your cheekbones.

Wrinkled eyelids—which are now more a sign of age than wrinkles around the eyes—never, never, NEVER should be subjected to eye-shadow! Leave the charm of eye-shadow, which is undeniable, to others.



I warned Tony it would hurt, but he laughed and told me to go ahead.

WE PRACTICALLY grew up together, Bob Ritchie and I. I can't remember when he wasn't as much a part of my life as breathing—just as important and just as much taken for granted. And that, I see now, was why I missed him so terribly when he joined the Marines and went away.

There'd never been any talk of marriage between us, and I can truthfully say that the first romantic pang I ever felt on Bob's account came when I stood on the platform of Green Valley station and waved good-by to a Bob who suddenly seemed very brave, and very gay, and oddly remote.

"He's gone," I thought, "and I've never even told him in words how much he means to me." But then I comforted myself, a little. Perhaps it hadn't been necessary to tell him in words. Always, Bob had seemed to know what I was thinking even before I knew myself.

COUNTERFEIT

Love

The thought of Bob was torture. There he was, miles away, learning to fight and while he thought she was waiting for him, she had fallen in love with another man!

And he'd kissed me, hadn't he, just before he left?

Looking back on those empty days after Bob's departure, I can see how, imperceptibly, the certainty grew in me that he and I were in love, until it began to seem that this new feeling I had for him was as old as I was myself. It

crept into my letters to him, too—at least, I'm sure it did, for I meant it to. I wanted him to know that back home there was someone waiting for him, longing for his return.

Did I say I was waiting? Well, that wasn't quite true, if by "waiting" you mean sitting still and doing nothing else. Home was intolerable.

erable to me, now that American boys—boys like Bob—were overseas fighting a desperate battle against a treacherous enemy that I hated with all my heart; so it was only a week after Bob's departure that I signed up for a Red Cross nursing course.

Studying and working helped to fill up the empty days. But then the course was finished, and I'd sent in my application for service overseas—and there was nothing left to do. Nothing but help Mother with the housework, and go shopping with her in the afternoons, and sit at home in the evenings with a book or magazine.

THE evenings were the worst of all. I suppose they always are when you feel lonely and left out of things, because then other people are busy having their fun. Some nights I simply couldn't stand it, and I'd slip out to go to a movie or just walk. It was rather odd, walking along the streets of Green Valley, the town where I had been born. I could remember when I knew everyone I met, but now there was a big war factory on the edge of town, and a training camp a few miles away, and the sidewalks were crowded with laughing soldiers, strange men in work clothes, women and children who obviously had moved here only

last month—last week—yesterday.

I was in a particularly black mood the night I pushed open the door of Mike's Silver King diner and walked in. It was three weeks since I'd filed my application for duty abroad, and there hadn't yet been any answer beyond an official acknowledgment. Only that morning a letter had come from Bob, hinting that he might soon be sent overseas without even a short home furlough. The war news was bad, and the wet, drizzly weather was depressing. Perhaps one of Mike's hamburgers and a cup of coffee would make me feel better, I thought.

But like the rest of our town, the diner had changed since the days when Bob and I used to drop in after a dance. The counter was lined with men—men in tan shirts and trousers, all talking and laughing. The only familiar face was Mike's round one, behind the counter.

He greeted me with a broad grin as I found a vacant stool and perched on it. "Hel-lo, Lucy! Haven't seen you in a long time. You look swell!"

I didn't feel swell, but I smiled and gave him my order. All around me, competing with the clamor of the juke-box in one corner, I heard the babble of talk: "So I looked him in the eye and I said—" "Who do they think's runnin' this war, anyhow?" "Hey, Fred, bet you wish now you'd bet on Spitfire in the seventh!"

They were a carefree, happy lot, I thought bitterly. You only had to look at them, and listen to their talk, to know they had good jobs and money in their pockets to bet on horse-races or feed the juke-boxes.

Most of them were young men, too. A few grizzled workmen, but mostly no older than Bob . . .

There was one dark-haired, olive-skinned boy, with white teeth and muscular arms, bared to the elbows, whose laughter rang out above all the rest. He had a jaunty air about him—a bold, cavalier swagger that seemed to speak of hot blood and

passion and devil-may-care exuberance.

As if he'd felt my eyes upon him, he turned and looked directly at me.

His eyes were amazingly clear—a deep brown, with some quality of fire behind them. They were disturbing, in their frank appraisal, and I blushed angrily as I turned away and lifted the coffee cup to my lips.

Mike leaned on the counter and we talked. He had time for this now, he explained, for the shifts at the factory would be changing in a few minutes, and the crowd in the diner was thinning out. He asked about my nursing course, and I told him it was finished, and then he asked about Bob, and I told him I'd had a letter that morning.

"He's a good boy, Bob," Mike said. "A fine young feller, like all—"

"Check, Mike?"

It was the dark-haired boy, standing beside me, holding out one hand to Mike.

"Check?" Mike repeated. "I give it to you, Tony, when you ordered your pie. I seen you take it."

"Did I? Well, imagine that." Elaborately, he went through his pockets and then, looking at me and smiling, he produced the little slip of orange paper. "Must have forgotten all about it."

But of course he hadn't. He wasn't even trying to pretend, really, that he had. His smile was too open and undisguised. He didn't even care if I knew that this was only a trick to break into Mike's conversation with me and maybe get himself introduced.

Suddenly, the fury that had been in me all day, that had risen when I came in here and saw all these healthy, able-bodied men enjoying themselves, burst all bounds. I ignored the boy, and said clearly to Mike:

"You're right—Bob's wonderful. It's too bad there aren't more like him, willing and ready to get into a uniform and go where there's fighting. But of course that takes courage."

I felt, rather than saw, that the olive of the boy's face had lost its

ruddy underlay; his jaw tensed into a hard line. I heard him drop some coins on the counter with the check. A few steps—and he was gone, banging the door behind him.

"You know, Lucy," Mike said softly, seriously, "you shouldn't of said that."

Already, now that the first heat of my anger had spent itself, I was beginning to agree with him. But I wouldn't admit it. "Well, he *should* be in uniform!" I maintained. "Millions of other boys are. What's so special about him? He looks healthy enough to me."

"Sure he's healthy," said Mike slowly. "I guess he'd have to be, and young and strong too, to keep up the pace on that night-shift over at the factory." *Continued on page 60.*

On autumn afternoons we met to spend enchanted hours together in the golden woods.





"I want you to feel safe and well again. I want you to be happy, Carl—because I love you."

ODD how one bit of good news can change everything. When I'd gone down to the bank that Saturday morning, I was feeling low and worried, worried about money and Carl and myself and our future, wondering how we could go on like that. And now, I was excited and happy. I could hardly walk fast enough to get home and tell Carl what Ben Morgan had told me at the bank.

The same excitement that quickened my steps seemed to have struck all Warrensville. The sleepy little shops along Main Street all seemed to shine, somehow, and buzz with an unusual activity. They seemed to

have awakened from the lassitude from which they and most of the people in town had been suffering for years. Since the depression, Warrensville's one factory had been closed down and many people had been forced to move to places where there was a chance to make a living. The rest of us, the ones who had stayed, had plodded along, doing the best we could.

But that was all over now, I thought, as I hurried along the sunlit streets. The factory was going to be opened again. Ben Morgan had said there would be plenty of work for everybody who wanted a job. The building was to be re-

conditioned immediately, so work could be started at once on sub-contracts from a large war plant in Minnesota.

I pushed open the sagging gate and almost ran the last few yards, thinking, as I ran, that I must make Carl fix those hinges. This was an up and coming town now. We musn't disgrace it with shabbiness and slovenliness.

"Darling!" I called, throwing open the door.

"What?" Carl yelled back irritably. "I'm busy." And he banged furiously at his old typewriter.

Ordinarily, I wouldn't have thought of interrupting him when

is heartbreak

She tried to make herself believe that her farce of a marriage could be saved—until she stood between the two men she loved and saw madness in the eyes of one

he was at his writing. A long time ago, when he had first startled me with this strange ambition, I had even hoped, a little, that he would make a go of it. But it wasn't long before I saw that his stories were too bitter, too embarrassingly personal, to sell. Still, I had encouraged him, knowing that a man has to have something to which to cling. If this was Carl's way, I was willing for him to have this refuge. I was willing, by that time, to approve of anything that would make him happier.

However, I felt that this was a special occasion. Nothing could have kept me from bursting into Carl's den.

"Guess what, darling?" I cried happily. "They're going to open up the old Welling Works!"

The smouldering look of irritation died out of Carl's dark eyes. His thin face relaxed into a half smile. "No kidding?"

"But that's not all," I went on breathlessly. "Guess who's doing it?" I flopped myself into the armchair and grinned at him. "Greg Parker is coming back to do it!"

"Greg," Carl said flatly.

I was disappointed. I had expected him to be as excited as I was. After all, we hadn't seen Greg for five years. "Isn't it wonderful, darling?" I cried. "Aren't you excited? Just think, Greg is coming back!" I couldn't sit still. I had to jump up and hug Carl in delight. "Aren't you glad?"

"Sure, sure," Carl said. "I just can't get hysterical about it." He patted my head, as though I were an amiable half wit and pushed me toward the door. "Celebrate outside. I want to finish this chapter. And—I'm hungry."

I was irritated with Carl for being so indifferent, but it didn't last long. As I moved about our small kitchen, fixing his lunch, the excitement began coming back. I felt

like singing, suddenly. I hadn't felt like that in years.

Greg was coming back! I stopped slicing bread and stared, unseeing, out of the kitchen window, trying to bring back Greg's image in my mind. It was difficult. Five years is a long time. He had light brown hair, usually in wild disorder, I remembered, and light brown eyes, too, always grinning. Greg was tall, nicely put together, his movements smooth and easy. These things I remembered, but they were just words. Then I remembered his laugh. Greg laughing, softly, but so freely that it was like being caught in a gush of fresh wind and lifted high into the air. Then I could see him again.

I COULD see him, and beside him, Carl, as he used to be then. Carl, even then moody and sensitive, but young and with hope. Carl, serious and plodding, completely and utterly different from Greg and yet a perfect foil for Greg's gayety and cleverness.

I saw them as they used to be, always together. Two boys in their first long pants, coming to call for me, to take me to the Junior Prom. Carl taking me to football games and yelling himself hoarse over Greg's flashy plays. Greg sitting up all night with Carl, helping him

cram for his finals in physics.

And I remembered myself with them, young as they were, gay and terribly serious by turns and vastly thrilled with the idea of having two fellows, when other girls only had one. I was immensely romantic in those days, choosing first one and then the other, and going through violent melodramatic upheavals, visualizing the one I hadn't chosen in despair and agony. I was very young.

I was still smiling a little at how silly I must have seemed to older people in those days, as I carried Carl's sandwiches and milk into his den. He glanced up at me and frowned slightly, but for some reason I wasn't as sensitive to his mood as usual. I closed his door softly and found myself running a critical eye over the living room. I wanted to be doing things, literally to be cleaning away the cobwebs from my outward life, as I was beginning to do with my mind.

Collecting my cleaning things, I speculated idly on what my life might have been like if I had married Greg. I saw a different kind of house, with children in it, perhaps, and nice furniture and a gay, happy air about it. I pushed that thought out of my head. I hadn't married Greg. I went to work.

But the past kept coming back. In a way, it seemed almost disloyal to be thinking so much of Greg, yet I couldn't help it. I couldn't help smiling a little sadly over my years of indecision and over the things that finally made me marry Carl. I remembered how everything seemed to add up in his favor, how I used to review all the things Greg had, his gayety, his independence, his cleverness, his going to College to study engineering while Carl stayed home and went to work. Now, looking back, I realized that I had been a little romantic. I had not really given *Continued on page 69*



"This Is Heartbreak," by Madeline Thompson, is based on an original radio drama by Joe Bates Smith, first broadcast on Manhattan at Midnight, Wednesday at 8:30 P.M., EWT, on the Blue Network, sponsored by Energine.

Marry Me!

*She loved him enough to gamble on a kissless marriage—until he kissed her!
And then she learned that love is the one thing which can never be purchased*

WE were sitting in the Artists' Lounge—not an artist among us—at WGNG after hours, when I decided that I wanted to move into a little house. Marcia, the sharp-tongued stenographer from the copy department, would have called it the first move in my campaign. But honestly, it wasn't a campaign. I didn't have anything definite in mind. I just knew all of a sudden that I wanted very badly to live near Paul Rentlow, just as I had known from the first time I saw him that I wanted more than anything else to win his friendship—and more than friendship, if I could manage it.

One of the men had just complained that he couldn't find a house to rent that suited him. Paul came in from the control room of Studio A—the lounge is a short cut between two studios—and he said, with typical shortness, "There's a nice one for rent about a block from me. Small though, George. Bungalow, with living room, kitchen, one bedroom and bath. Too small?"

George nodded. "Yup. Got to have at least two bedrooms."

It was then that I decided that a little house was what I wanted. Paul started through into Studio B, but my voice stopped him. "That house sounds more my size, Paul," I said as casually as I could manage. "Mind giving me the address?"

He looked at me just as he always did—as if he had never laid eyes on me before in his life. Those eyes of his were as gray—and as hard—as chips of granite; he looked more through me than at me, and his voice had little chips of granite in it too, as he repeated the address and then went on without waiting for my thanks.

As always happened when Paul Rentlow left a room, he immediately became the topic of conversation. Questions and speculations buzzed

about me, but I didn't pay much attention. I'd heard it all so many times before! All the gossip boiled down to this—Paul Rentlow was, in the words of Marcia, "the most mysterious man I've ever seen, my dear! Women are simply poison to him, I mean, really poison! They say his wife ran off with someone else, you know, and since then he hasn't any time at all for women. It just simply warped his whole life. And isn't he the most romantic looking—"

Her tinny little voice, taking Paul Rentlow apart, made me sick. I got up, deciding to go look at the little house then and there, and I went to ask my boss if I could borrow his car for a little while. During the drive to the outskirts of town I thought about Paul Rentlow—the same thoughts I'd been thinking since he came to work as a control operator at the station more than a year before, the same thoughts that had been going round and round in my head from the moment I laid eyes on him and felt my heart begin to beat as it had never beaten for any other man.

He was romantic looking, I had to admit, even if Marcia's saying it made me wince. Paul was still young, but it was an old sort of youngness—as if he'd piled all the grief and misery of a lifetime into a brief year or two. His dark hair was flicked with gray over the temples, and deep lines had erased the tenderness his face must once have held. His big, spare frame had too little flesh for all its size. And the other thing that Marcia had said was true, too—women were poison to him.

He hadn't even so much as a "good morning" to waste on any of us, and he never spoke to any of the girls in the office unless it was absolutely necessary. And, although I hated to admit it, even to myself, I was falling more and more in

love with Paul Rentlow every day, and being driven crazy by the fact that as far as he was concerned I might as well have been the typewriter I pounded all day.

I located the little house, got the key from next door, and looked through it. Even if it hadn't had the advantage of being just a block from Paul Rentlow's, I would have liked it at once—all bright and shiny with fresh paint and new wallpaper, and lots of windows to let the sun in. It didn't take me long to make up my mind—next day I made a payment on the rent, and arranged to have my furniture, stored since Mother had died, sent out the following Monday, which was the first day of my vacation.

That Monday, as soon as the moving men had left, I changed from my street clothes to a housecoat and play shoes, and started to survey my new domain. I was happy—so happy that I moved around the little house on my toes, with dancing steps. There wasn't a great deal to be happy about, I had to admit—living near to Paul Rentlow didn't guarantee that he'd look on me any more kindly, or even that he'd look at me at all, for that matter.

Passing the living room window I looked out and saw a little boy standing on the corner across the street, looking at my house with the unembarrassed intensity that children have. I wanted someone to talk to, so I opened the door and called, "Hello, there!"

He was a very small boy, and he wore a very dirty pair of blue overalls with no shirt beneath. But I suspected then what I found later to be true—he was a perfect darling of a little boy, a completely irresistible little boy.

He regarded me gravely. "Hello!" I came down two steps. "I just moved in," I called. "Come on over and get acquainted, won't you?"



I felt my shoulders caught in strong hands, my head thrust back, while my heart pounded so he must have heard it.

He hesitated. "We could have some cookies and milk," I added. That settled what the prospect of my company alone would not. He came across, tucked one grubby paw into the hand I held out to him, and we went in search of cookies and milk in the mess that was my unsettled kitchen.

"What's your name?" I asked

him, when he was comfortably settled on the front steps with a mug of milk in one hand and a fat chocolate cookie in the other.

"David Arthur Rentlow," he told me between bites, "and my Daddy is Paul Morton Rentlow, but mostly he calls me Butch and I call him Spike. I live down there." He made a vague gesture with the cookie.

I was silent a moment, digesting that. I remembered that I'd heard rumors to the effect that Paul had a son—and here was Paul's son,

sitting on my doorstep, already fast friends with me. My heart rose.

"What's your name, can I have some more milk?" he asked, all in one breath.

"Connie Acton," I told him, and poured the milk. "What do you do all day," I asked, "while your Daddy's away?"

He swallowed and explained. "Mornings I go to nursery school, and afternoons Mrs. Sullivan keeps her eye on me till Daddy gets home." He looked at me specula-

tively. "You look like the Fair Rosamund."

"Who's she?" I wanted to know.

"She's the princess in the stories Daddy tells me. Her hair was spun out of a piece left over from the sun, and her eyes are hyacinths that never die, and when she laughs it's little silver bells. She always wears a dress made out of a piece of the sky on a starry night."

I laughed. This was certainly a side of Paul Rentlow that I had never suspected. I smoothed the skirt of my blue, star-printed housecoat and told him, "Your Daddy's stories sound like fine ones."

THEY are. They're the best stories ever. He says he has to tell the best stories ever because I haven't any mother to tell them to me. Daddy says my mother had to go away somewheres, but Mrs. Sullivan says she ran off with a shoe salesman and good riddance anyhow because she wasn't any better'n she ought to be."

Mentally I had a word or two for Mrs. Sullivan, who would say such things in a child's hearing. But it was obvious that they were words without much meaning to little Davy.

I was offering him another cookie when Paul drove by in his old roadster. I jumped to my feet and called to him, and he pulled into the curb, unfolded his length from behind the wheel and came slowly across the lawn to us. Without preliminary, he said, "How did Davy get here?"

"He was walking by," I said defensively, "and I invited him to have cookies and milk. Wasn't that all right?"

He smiled grudgingly, and only with his mouth. "Yes. Sure. Come on, Davy—thank Miss Acton. We're going home."

"I like the house so much," I ventured. "Thanks for telling me about it."

"Glad you do," he said, in a voice that plainly indicated that it didn't matter to him one way or the other. And that threatened to end the conversation.

"Er—where does one shop around here?" I managed, with an any-old-port-in-a-storm desperation to keep him there.

He put one foot on the step below me and lighted a cigarette. "Two

blocks down and a block over," he answered shortly. "Little community there. Come on, Davy."

Obediently, Davy started for the car, and his father turned to follow. Impulsively, I put out a hand to stay him. "Paul—it's none of my business, but this Mrs. Sullivan you leave Davy with—he's been telling me about her. She doesn't sound as if she—"

His voice chopped off the rest of my sentence. "You're right—it's none of your business," he said, evenly. He walked a couple of steps toward the car, and then turned and came back to the stoop where I stood, feeling as if my face had been slapped.

"Sorry," he said. "But I'm doing what I think is a good job of taking care of Davy, and I don't like—"

"All right," I said. "I'm sorry, too. OK?"

He smiled again, and this time it showed a little bit in his eyes. "OK. Is there anything I can help you do to get settled—lug around the heavy furniture, and such?"

My mind worked like lightning. I hesitated, and then said, "Not tonight. I'm too tired to do any real settling. But you'd be more than welcome if you could give me a hand tomorrow night. I want to lay the rugs and get the living room straightened out then."

He nodded. "Be glad to. Good night." And he was gone, his long strides making the distance from house to car a matter of a few steps.

I lay awake a while that night, tired as I was, thinking things over—laying my plans, Marcia would have said. And next morning I was up early, hurrying about the house, getting the kitchen fixed up and still leaving enough for Paul to do so that he wouldn't think I'd lied when I said I needed his help. Then I went shopping, and about two o'clock I gathered Davy in. "You and Daddy are going to have dinner at my house tonight," I told him, "and then you're going to help me get settled. So we have to hurry and have dinner all ready by the time your Daddy gets home."

By the time Paul came in search of David, the asparagus was nearly done, the baked potatoes bursting their jackets in the oven, the steaks starting under the broiler, the salad ready to dress, and an apple pie sitting on the window sill in spicy golden brown perfection.

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Paul ignored the door I held open. "I suppose Davy told you we have fried eggs nearly every night. Well,

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I guess I lost my temper. Anyway, before I knew it I heard my own voice answering stormily, "Don't you dare! It would be a shame to disappoint the little fellow after he's helped me all afternoon. I just got dinner ready be-



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"You'll burst a blood vessel some day," he said, surprisingly, and—more surprisingly—followed that up with a grin that looked almost real. "OK. You win. When do we eat?"

That evening we laid the rugs and straightened around the furniture. I pointed out that the kitchen would be just about perfect if only I had a couple of shelves near the sink.

So Paul came the next night to put some up. We had fried chicken and corn pudding and blueberry roly-poly for dinner, and afterwards David sat on the sink and told me what a good carpenter his Daddy was, and we had a fine time, even to the point of Paul laughing as if he meant it.

THEN I said that I'd have to get a man to clean out the basement. So Paul came two nights later and cleaned the basement, and I had veal birds and browned potatoes and garlic peas and home made peach ice cream for him. That night he told me I might as well not invent any more things for him to do in order to feed Davy a good dinner, so I had to give that up. But Sunday he stopped by in the afternoon, said he was taking David to the movies, and asked if I'd like

to come along. I sang all the while I got dressed, and felt like the cat that ate the canary until I realized that Paul had not asked me for the pleasure of my company but to pay back hospitality he felt obligated to pay back.

In bed that night, I tried to convince myself that falling in love with Paul Rentlow was the most foolish thing a woman could possibly do, but I didn't really believe it. How could I want to believe it, anyway, when just being near him made me feel a different person, a gayer, happier, more alive person than I'd ever been before? And I persuaded myself, just as I suppose a million women have persuaded themselves about the men they love, that I could make him see I was different.

I COULD make him believe, I told myself confidently, that all women aren't alike, that there are a hundred women who will give their lives for you for every one who'll fail you. I had to make him see that, I had to make him believe that I'd never do anything to harm him, because I had to admit to myself that it was too late to turn away now. I loved Paul Rentlow with all my

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heart. He was all I wanted out of life. He was the only person in the world with whom I wanted to share my living. I wanted to belong to him—to him alone.

On Monday I went back to work, and all day I acted like a silly school girl, inventing excuses to go into the control room when Paul was on duty, contriving elaborate accidents to run into him in the halls, just for a sight of him, a word or two to feed the hunger that was rapidly growing to be the thing around which my life revolved. At quitting time I got on my hat and coat and waited just inside the sports' office door, like a sprinter waiting for the gun, until Paul came out of the studio end of the building. Then I walked casually out and rode down in the same elevator with him. Considering that he lived a block away from me, how could he avoid offering me a ride home? But he could. I had to do that three days in a row before he even noticed me to the extent of saying, grudgingly, "Going home? Might as well ride with me."

THE weeks limped slowly by, and I had to do with an occasional ride home, a few words spoken in the halls now and then, as small crumbs to feed the hunger that was growing in me until I was sure that my aching longing for Paul must show in my face, in every move I made. And then one night, in a mood of unaccustomed talkativeness, he sat on the front steps of my house while Davy played in the yard, and told me what he wanted to do. And that gave me my idea.

"I want to go into the Army," Paul said, restlessly. "I feel like the devil just sitting around, a big guy like me, especially when I have special training that the army badly needs. If it wasn't for Davy, I'd go like a shot. But there's no one to leave him with, no one to take care of him. The money wouldn't matter—there'd be enough of that. You see, I patented a little invention—a radio gadget, of course—a while back, and it brings in a little bit each month—enough to keep the house up. But I can't leave Davy with strangers."

"I—I could take care of him," I said quickly, without thinking what that sort of offer would bring in reply from Paul.

"Don't be silly," he said, evenly, and got to his feet. "Come on and walk down to the corner. We'll buy Davy a soda before he goes to bed."

And that, as far as he was concerned, ended that. But it didn't end it for me. I sat curled up in the big leather chair that my father

used to sit in until well into the early morning, going over the plan which had come to me. I was sure, sure, that I could make Paul feel kindly toward me, make him love me, even, if I could only break through the hard, protective shell that he had built up around himself. But to do that I'd have to be near him, to have a valid reason for being with him. I'd have to demonstrate what a woman could be like—words wouldn't be enough. And from that my plan came. I didn't even ask myself what would happen if it failed. I didn't care. I just knew that I couldn't let it fail, because if it did I would have ruined my whole life—and probably David's and what was left of Paul's, too.

I told him about it the next night, walking down to his house after I was sure that David would be in bed. Paul looked surprised—and not particularly pleased—when he answered the bell, but he invited me in.

"Let's sit on the porch," I said. "I have something I want to talk to you about." The porch was better. I needed darkness to hide my face, to keep him from seeing what I was afraid he must see in it.

He lowered himself into a chair after pulling one up for me. "OK," he said. "What have you got on your mind, Connie?"

I heard that "Connie" with a little thrill of pleasure which overcame my fright for a moment. Paul always avoided calling me by name if he possibly could.

When I didn't say anything he prompted me again. "What's it all about? More chores for me to do?"

"No. No chores." I tried to swallow a lump the size of an egg in my throat, tried to force the words past it in a normal voice. "It's just that I've got an idea." Now that I was started, I wanted to get it out, get it over with swiftly. I knew, almost before I began, that it wasn't any good, that Paul would laugh, or be angry or tell me that I was a fool.

"Paul, I was thinking about what you told me last night—about wanting to go in the Army. And how you had some money, enough to keep Davy and the house, so that wasn't what was holding you back." I deliberately worked in that mercenary sentence, though I hated it. "I—I want to make you a business proposition, Paul. Frankly, I'm sick of working. I never did like it. I like to cook, to keep

house, and I love children. I'm terribly fond of David; you know that. I know what you said about refusing to hire anyone to take care of him, but—well, here's my proposition. You want someone who really cares about Davy to take care of him, someone who has a personal interest in him. And I want to quit my job and keep house. Paul, I haven't any ties—any one that I'm in love with, or anything like that." I made the lie sound plausible, just as I was making the rest of the lies sound. "And I know you haven't."

He interrupted me. "Get to the point," he said, and his voice was cold.

I hurried on, committed to finish now, and frightened as I had never before been frightened in my life. "All right. It's this. I want security—freedom from having to work. It looks like a good business proposition to me. Marry me, Paul—I'll take care of David. You can go in the Army, and I won't have to work any more. It's—it's advantageous to both sides. And we—we could treat it just like any other business proposition, and—"

His voice rapped out. "Stop saying that—'business proposition, business proposition' over and over again like a parrot." Then he laughed, and it wasn't altogether a nasty laugh. "My God, Connie, what an idea. What a cold-blooded—"

I got to my feet. My face was burning, and it was all I could do to keep from running. I wanted to hide, where I'd never have to look at him again. I was so ashamed!

"Then you—?"

He laughed again. "Lord, no—of course not. You're a nice girl, Connie, and a pretty one. You don't want to get yourself tied up with some fellow you don't care two hoots about. And besides—well, it's a fool scheme. The worst fool scheme *Continued on page 50*

He made the words "I Dood It" part of the language . . . He's brash, fast-talking and funny . . . His name is Richard but one glance at that hair tells you why every one forgot to call him that years ago . . . He's a comedy highlight of a laugh-filled evening of radio listening—Tuesday nights on NBC . . . and he's sponsored by Raleigh Cigarettes.



Best of luck
Red
Skelton


Tell

THE STORY :

I GUESS my parents didn't mean to give me that feeling of having been cheated by life. But they were so possessive in their love that after Mother died, and later Father, I was avid to be free—to find for myself some of the excitement and color that, I thought, other girls had as their right. I left the small town where I'd been born and went to Washington where, in the days just before Pearl Harbor, I found a job as secretary-assistant to Lt. Col. William Wilson, one of whose most important jobs was producing the Hiya Soldier radio program every week. And it was this job that brought me into contact with Dean Hunter and Tom Trumble, the two men who were to have such a tremendous effect on my life.

Hiya Soldier was a weekly program which was broadcast primarily for the boys in training camps all over the country. Great stars of the radio, screen and stage appeared on it without payment; but sometimes Col. Wilson got ordinary, everyday people for the show too. Tom Trumble was one of these. He'd been a farm boy before he was drafted, and it was only accident that he had a voice which was sweet and true and touching, even though it was untrained. Not like Dean Hunter's—for Dean was famous as a singer of popular songs. They were on the same broadcast—a contrast that perhaps had impressed Col. Wilson when he scheduled them.

Tom was a strange combination of simplicity and earnestness and honesty, I thought even on that first meeting with him. He was patriotic in an unashamed way; he didn't try to hide the lump that came into his throat when he saw Washington's beauty. His unsophistication touched me, but at the same time it amused me. He couldn't, I thought, be quite real. Dean was so different



After the ceremony, Dean pulled me to him and kissed me. I had married a man whom I scarcely knew, a man famous the world over.

me you're mine

Any girl would be bewildered—to lead an incredibly dull existence for so many years and then suddenly to have two men vying for possession of her heart!

—poised and sure of himself, with a way of talking and looking at a girl that made her realize why he was so sought-after, so famous. And it was Dean, that night of the broadcast, who saved the situation created by Tom's own deep emotions. Tom, singing the closing song, was so overcome by the excitement of the broadcast, by the sincerity of his wish to bring happiness to all his fellow-soldiers listening in, that he broke down in mid-chorus and could not go on. Dean stepped to the microphone and saved the broadcast by finishing the song himself.

Gracie, my room-mate who had come to the studio with me, dismissed Tom's dramatic collapse as "pure corn," but I wasn't so sure. I couldn't believe he had done it for effect. But all thoughts of Tom were banished from my head when Dean Hunter asked me if I wouldn't let him take me out to supper. I'd known he was interested in me, but even so I wasn't prepared for the moment in the taxi when he seized me in his arms and murmured that he was crazy about me.

I'M not going to try to make apologies for what happened between Dean Hunter and me.

I suppose that everything in everybody's life has a thousand reasons, but I won't try to find reasons. Let me just tell how it all happened and then you decide for yourself if it was destiny, chemistry, or the wrong formula they fed me when I was a baby.

There's no use pretending Dean Hunter isn't a fascinating man. Nor will I deny that when he kissed me that night after the Hiya Soldier broadcast the world turned into a mad kaleidoscope of excitement and expectation. It was a big thrill and if you knew Dean Hunter you'd call me a liar if I were to deny it.

He said, "You might as well know, Miss Jaqueline Collins, I'm crazy about you."

He said, "I know it seems silly, darling, but you make me feel as if I'm standing on my head."

And he said, "I love you, Jackie."

Once he had started kissing me it wasn't easy to stop him.

At last I found strength enough to push him away from me. I said weakly, "Hey, wait a minute." He smiled and let go of me, watching me with an amused twinkle in his eye. The cab continued to speed along the crowded Washington street. There was a great silence between us. Then he laughed and said, very softly, almost under his breath, "I'm waiting, baby."

"Dean Hunter," I said, laughing a little at myself for giving such a fatuous answer, "are you *sure* this is happening?"

He pulled me to him, again pressed his warm lips to mine, held me so tight that I gasped. "It's happening all right," he said softly.

"Oh, Dean," I whispered, "please don't. Don't. Let me think." But he wouldn't. The fire had been kindled—and the wind of our closeness blew the fire into a roaring flame.

Then suddenly—isn't it odd how fate arranges these things?—the cab pulled up in front of the Shoreham and the driver turned around to see why we weren't getting out of his car. Dean Hunter sighed, at last, then said, "Let's just tell him

to drive around the park."

"What park?" I said, laughing.

"We'll find one. There's always Arlington."

"How about the party?"

"There really isn't one, you know," Dean said.

He had given me the impression earlier in the evening that we were joining a lot of people. Later I found out that he'd side-stepped a big party so that we could be alone together.

"Well, let's have a drink, anyway," I said.

Again he sighed. "Very much against my principles. But—if you insist—" So laughing together in that wonderful warm way people laugh when they've just decided to be in love with each other, we went into the Shoreham and found our way to the bar for a drink.

We had the drink—and then he turned to me and said, "I feel like a ride in the country. How about it?"

I was carried away by him. "All right, let's," I said.

A phone call—and Dean Hunter had arranged for a car for the evening. That was months before America became so conscious of gas and rubber shortages, but even today I have an idea that Dean would find himself a car. He's that way—spoiled you might call it, but it is exciting to a girl to have a man pull a rabbit out of his hat if it happens to be a rabbit you need at the moment.

By the time we'd had another drink the head waiter had come up to us to tell us that Our Car had arrived.

Our Car. I can't tell you how quickly that possessive feeling creeps over you. Maybe it was the way Dean Hunter talked and managed things. Maybe it was my warm recollection of the glowing words about him my friend Gracie had whispered. Isn't it odd how your whole estimate of a man can be influenced by what your girl friends



think of him? (I've often wondered how many girls decided in favor of a man just because their friends had approved a little too highly of him.)

Maybe Our Car gave me such a kick because I was suddenly aware of the fact that we were on our own, that I didn't have any mother or any father or a friend or Tom Trumble or anybody to tell me where I should go or what I should do. And if I happened to feel like going for a ride all night through Virginia or Maryland with Dean Hunter, that was entirely up to me, and nobody in all the world—except myself—could tell me that it was wrong or silly—or dangerous.

AND in that warm and comfortable Drive-Yourself there could be no thought of anything except the happy excitement that's brewed by two people having a simply wonderful time together. When I tell you this perhaps you'll understand better the *why* of what happened then. It began when Dean asked me to marry him. I'll try to remember how he came to ask me that:

First we had driven across the Potomac and into Arlington Cemetery. We stopped the car and found our way to the simple and graceful monument which commemorates the nameless heroes of the last war. If you've stood there and watched the stalwart soldier parade between the guard posts, watched him wait those dignified moments before about-facing and heading for the other post, you know how impressive that ceremony can be. They say that it's only matched by the

famous Changing of the Guards in London, but I've never seen that so I can't say. For all I know the guard at the Monument of the Unknown Soldier may not be marching these days, but perhaps if I go out there some time I can bring back in memory those enchanting moments that night.

Dean Hunter stood behind me as we watched the impressive scene. He held my hand very tight. There were only a few people about and in the darkness we were even more alone. Then he leaned over me and his lips touched a spot under my ear that made me shiver and turn away. He was whispering softly to me—and that was the beginning—and the end.

"Jackie," he said a little hoarsely, "I've never been in such a fog in all my life."

I turned toward him quickly, hoping I could catch the expression in his face, might see how much sincerity shone from his dark eyes. But in the dim light I could see nothing except that sharp and exciting profile. I was alone with one of the most attractive and interesting and famous men in America, and between us there was spun, like a web, the wonderful casual feeling that can only exist when two people are magnificently and eagerly in love.

"I'm in a fog, too," I said at last.

"Good," he said. "Then I don't have to feel selfish."

We were breathless for a long moment. His arms were around me and he was kissing me, and the world had turned topsy turvy. I actually felt dizzy with the delight of this dark and glamorous atmos-

phere and his warmth so close to me.

"Say, wait a minute," I managed to say finally. "What's going on here?"

"The sixty-four-dollar question," he said lightly.

"I dare you to answer it," I laughed.

"I'll answer it," he said with sudden seriousness. "What goes on here is that you've got me absolutely crazy about you."

I turned away. "I wonder," I said, "if that soldier ever gets tired of walking back and forth?"

"Let's not talk about soldiers," he said quickly.

"All right."

"Let's talk about *me*," he said.

"I love you, Jackie—so why should I kid you? I'm the most selfish man you ever knew. And because I'm selfish I knew the minute I saw you—that day that Colonel Wilson introduced us—that if I were smart I'd sew you up on a life contract."

I moved away from him suddenly and hurried into the darkness. I was driven by a sudden panic.

"Never belong to a man until you know he belongs to you!"

Perhaps it was unfortunate that my father had ever said such a thing to me. Perhaps it was a waste to turn this romantic moment into cold and calculating self-analysis. Did I love Dean Hunter? Was he kidding me? Was this a proposal—and if so what *kind* of a proposal?

My panic only drove Dean Hunter on. He followed me down the path beyond the monument and caught me to him. "Jackie," he said. "Oh, God, Jackie—this is really *it*."

I let him kiss me then, gave myself for that moment without reserve, let myself melt into the warmth of his embrace. He held me close to him. Two people were never so alone as we were in that instant. At last I pushed him away from me without reproof and said softly, "We'd better go back to the car."

He let me go, put his arm gently about my waist and so we walked together up the path to the monument and then to the road. He helped me into the car and when he had stepped in on the other side and had closed the door behind him, he turned to me, looked down at me with an expression filled with a tenderness I had never seen before and which in that moment touched me very deeply. He spoke softly and without emphasis. "I never wanted anyone so much in my life," he said.

I turned away from him and looked out of the car, into the darkness, unable to answer.

"Yes," he Continued on page 77

I heard him say: "I love you, Jacqueline." I couldn't look at him, there was something so appealing about the sincerity in his voice.



FOR YOU ALONE



Terry used to say that people invited us places just because they thought we were so cute.

I'D HAD more money lots of times before — but never any money that meant quite so much to me, or any I regarded with such mixed feelings. Twenty dollars isn't a great deal, but this particular twenty dollars meant the foundation of a whole new life for Terry and me, I felt certain—a life free from worry about the future, a life away from the city and all that went with city living; a quieter, saner, fuller life.

And besides, that twenty dollars represented a secret, and every woman loves a secret. Mine made me feel as if I were walking on air all the way home, and yet there was a cold, prickly little sensation in the pit of my stomach, a tiny, warning fear at the back of my mind which took the first fine edge off my pleasure. Because, you see, I knew that I was doing something Terry wouldn't approve of.

It was money she shouldn't have had and for that very reason it was all the more precious and exciting. But if Sue had known she was wrecking her husband's life—

That's why it had to be kept a secret—a secret until that twenty dollars had grown and multiplied. Surely, when I had enough money to buy us our dreams, even Terry, stickler for toeing the line of ethics that he was, couldn't object.

I suppose every woman keeps a secret from her husband once in a while, especially if she's doing something she's sure will help him, sure will please him in the end. But I know now that I shouldn't have done it, that I never should

have meddled in something I didn't know enough about. If I'd just been content to be Terry's wife, and not tried to play fairy godmother to him as well, I never would have heard the door close behind him that night, weeks later, never would have heard him say to me, "You've wrecked my life—now see how well you can do with yours!"

I'd won that twenty dollars betting on a horse race. You see, Terry — Terry Warren, and I'm Sue, his wife—was a jockey, then, and "right



Terry was in the bedroom, his bag was lying open, and he was throwing clothes into it. He wouldn't look at me. He wouldn't talk to me.

up among 'em" as he put it, which meant that he was a famous rider, winning big races on big-money horses. He'd just had his foot on the lower rungs of the ladder, so to speak, when I married him—he had started to ride for the stable where my father was a trainer. But he'd gone right up, because he was good. And at last he was riding Finale, one of the greatest racers of all time, and everyone said that the combination of Finale with Terry Warren up was unbeatable.

It was that which gave me my idea, in the first place. Of course, a jockey can't bet. It's illegal, because he could easily "throw" a race—deliberately not win—and, having bet against himself, collect a good deal of money. The rule against jockeys betting was made to help keep racing from crookedness. The same logic followed in the case of a jockey's wife, and kept me from betting, too—at least, openly.

But we needed money, Terry and

I, and because I lived in an atmosphere of racing, betting on the races seemed to me to be the logical way to get the money I wanted. And with Terry and Finale the unbeatable combination they were, what easier way of getting money than betting on my husband to win?

Maybe you've heard that successful jockeys make a lot of money, and wonder why I needed more? Well, it's true that they do. But money had gone to our heads—we were living high, much too high, spending nearly every cent he made, caught up in a whirl of "keeping up with the Joneses." And it was time we began to think of the future, as we both well knew. A jockey's professional life is a short one—only a few more years, and Terry would be through with riding. And then what was there for us? Probably a job as a handler or trainer for Terry at some stable—unless we could find the money to finance our dreams of a small farm of our own, with our own horses to raise.

That's why I did what I never would have done under any other circumstances—I kept a secret from Terry for the first time in our marriage. That's why I began to bet. Because if I'd told Terry, he never in the world would have approved.

I didn't approve, myself, at first. But Horton Loyal, who owned a number of race horses, told me not to be foolish. It would be different, he assured me, if Terry knew about it. But as long as it could be proved that Terry had nothing whatever to do with the bets I placed, had no knowledge of them, no one could charge him with attempting to do anything illegal.

Horton Loyal was a friend of ours—perhaps I should say a friend of mine, although that phrase seems somehow to imply more than the truth. It's just that Terry didn't happen to like him very much. He was a big, rather noisy man, with a loudish voice and a louder taste in clothes, and Terry, who is an awfully quiet person, just didn't get along with him. But I rather liked him. If you got past all the noise and color of him, I was sure he was a kindly, helpful man, the kind of person who cheers you up



Adapted for Radio Mirror by Caroline Hoyt, from the original radio play, "The Way of Thoroughbreds," by Marvin Ryerson, heard on Stars Over Hollywood, Saturday, at 12:30 P.M., EWT, on CBS, sponsored by Dari Rich.

when you're a little blue, who can make anything seem to have its funny points.

So, when I told Horton Loyal that I was beginning to worry about the future, that I was afraid that at our present rate of spending money we'd never have enough to finance our farm, he said, right away, "Why not bet on Terry? After all, he's a cinch to win. You can't place bets in your own name, Sue, but I'll be glad to take care of it for you. Nothing I'd rather do than help you kids out!"

THAT'S how it came about. And after I'd won that first twenty dollars, it wasn't so bad—like getting wet all over when you go in swimming and suddenly realizing that you aren't cold any more. After that I let Horton bet for me every time Terry rode, and sometimes on other horses, too, when Terry wasn't riding, and when Horton was sure they'd come in winners. Sometimes, of course, I lost, but little by little my secret hoard grew, and little by little our dreams came closer. Only, I did so badly want to tell Terry. I really hated having secrets from him—secrets just didn't have any part in the life we shared.

Mostly, I wanted to tell Terry when we settled down for the evening after dinner each night. We lived in an apartment far above the city, with a view of the river, and after dinner, if we weren't going anywhere or having people in—and we usually weren't because Terry wasn't a social sort of person—we'd sit together in a big blue chair we considered particularly ours. The chair was plenty big enough to accommodate two people in love enough to want to be very near together.

Terry used to say that sometimes he thought people invited us places just because they thought we were cute, just to show us off. I know that wasn't true, at least in most cases, but I suppose we could have been called "cute"—we were small people, and such a contrast. Terry's hair is dark, a close-cropped thatch, and his eyes are dark blue and twinkly with all sorts of things he thinks but never says. I'm blonde, with hair so light it just escapes being wishy-washy, and is saved by a good natural curl. My eyes are gray, and usually my skin is pretty tanned because I spend as much time as possible out of doors.

On the surface we're a good deal different, aside from looks. I've never had any trouble talking, and mostly I like people. Terry, on the other hand, finds it awfully hard

sometimes to put things into words, and he likes my company and his own better than a crowd. He was a shy boy, and he grew up to be a shy man.

That's the kind of life we led, Terry and I—two people very much in love, sharing everything. That's why I hated to have a secret from him. But everything was all right—Terry didn't suspect, and my money was mounting and mounting—until the day of the Longsmith Handicap. That day I bet against Terry—and I bet against my own happiness, the happiness of our life together, all the things we had shared, all of our love for each other.

I took a hundred dollars to Horton Loyal to bet for me, and he took it, smiled slowly, and said, "You know, Sue, Finale's the favorite. If Terry should come in a winner today, you'd only get two hundred dollars for this, but—"

I looked at him in amazement. "If Terry *should* come in a winner—why, what do you mean? Do you mean you think he won't? Why, he's been—"

Horton nodded. "Yes, I know all about that. But won't you concede, Sue, that I know a little bit more about horses and a whole lot more about racing than you do? And my money today says that Terry isn't going to win. After all, Sue, I think Finale's about ready to break down. Good Lord, no one, not even Terry, can expect that old plug to go on winning forever. He's been racing since—"

I swallowed a childish desire to cry, "Don't you dare call Finale an old plug!" Instead, perfectly willing to admit that Horton knew more about racing than I, I asked, "Who do you think will win today, Horton?"

"Brickyard." He said it as firmly, as surely, as if the race were already won. "Let me put your money on Brickyard, Sue. He's a long shot—you'll get a nice fat four thousand for this measly hundred."

Before a race and after one, I see and hear what's going on around me. I'm a normal human being, excited by an exciting event. But while a race is being run, I don't even seem to breathe, especially if Terry's riding. Time seems to stop from the moment I add my voice to the thousands that utter that enchanted sound which is both a shout and a whisper, "They're off!" until I find myself jumping up and down screaming my joy at a winner I want, or hanging on the fence feeling a little sick at a loser. It was that way the day of the Longsmith.

It was Continued on page 81



"Terry, Terry!" I cried, and then I couldn't find anything else to say, and stood there, foolishly.

IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

National Barn Dance

Presenting the gang who bring you fun and melody every Saturday night on the NBC network at 9:00, EWT, sponsored by the makers of Alka-Seltzer



SKYLAND SCOTTY, as he is known to National Barn Dance fans, is sandy-haired, smiling Scott Wiseman, real life as well as air partner of the show's pretty singing star, Lulu Belle—the two are married and have a daughter, Linda Lou, six, and a son, Steven, aged two. Scotty accompanies himself on the banjo as he sings the old time mountain songs learned as a boy from his mother in the hills of Ingalls, North Carolina.

LULU BELLE started on the road to National Barn Dance stardom by singing at socials and picnics near her home at Boone, North Carolina—her real name is Myrtle Cooper. Without a single hour of vocal training, she has been crowned "Queen of the Hillbilly Singers." With her husband, Skyland Scotty, she has published a collection of 50 Home Folk Songs of the kind they both love to sing in the Old Hayloft.





EDDIE PEABODY (left) is the banjo-playing star of the Barn Dance—but appearing on it is only a small part of his activities. Away from the mike he is Lieutenant Commander Edwin E. Peabody, U.S. Navy, permitted to continue his radio appearances while he is stationed at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, where he is the director of band entertainment. He was called back into the service of his country two years ago; before that he'd been one of the nation's greatest vaudeville stars, with frequent side trips into various radio programs. Tiny and dynamic Eddie can do things to a banjo that you'd think would make it fly to pieces—but it never does. He also plays 34 other instruments.



THE HOOSIER HOT SHOTS call themselves "the sweater boys of radio." From top to bottom, they're Frank Kettering, Paul "Hezzie" Trietsch, Gabe Ward, and Ken Trietsch. "Hezzie" is the comedian of the quartet—he plays the musical washboard, Gabe, the clarinet, Frank, the bass fiddle and Ken the guitar. And that's not all. They practically constitute a full brass band, doubling up on about twenty-five instruments among them. They're known as radio's highest paid novelty instrumental act. Their specialty is in making new tunes out of old and old tunes out of new. For ten years before coming to radio, they trouped in vaudeville, touring every state in the Union and every province in Canada. They've written twenty-five or thirty of their own songs, and have sung them on records.

THE DINNING SISTERS, right, are the Barn Dance's vocal trio. From left to right, meet Jean, Lou and Ginger. Jean and Ginger are twins. When Lou was 13 and the twins 11, they hitch-hiked from their home in Blackwell, Oklahoma, to Wichita, Kansas, for their professional debut. They then toured for a few years before deciding to try radio. Chicago was their destination and with brother Wade's ancient jallopy which they kept in gas and blowout patches by dint of singing they did en route, they wound up at the NBC studios with fifty cents among them—but they got the job. The girls usually make a threesome, but one thing the girls differ on—food. Jean goes for pumpkin pie, Lou adores meat loaf and Ginger loves fried chicken.



JOE KELLY, left, the happy-go-lucky master of ceremonies of the National Barn Dance, could sing before he was able to talk, so his mother says, but he didn't begin to make his voice pay dividends until he was five. Then he left his home in Crawfordsville, Indiana, and when he was eight, joined a stock company, traveling all over the country for the next six years. One morning he woke to find that his boy soprano had changed to "toneless baritone," ending his singing career. Joe organized a dance orchestra, went on tour with several stock companies, and was a clothing salesman when he teamed up with Jack Holden, the present Barn Dance announcer, as Jack and Joe, the Two Lunatics of the Air. Two years later he took over the job of master of ceremonies for the Barn Dance, and has been its jolly chief ever since.



ARKIE, the Arkansas Woodchopper, left, was born Luther Ossenbrink in Knobnoster, Missouri. He earned his first salary as a trapper. Arkie sold the hides, bought himself a watch and began stepping out to parties where he achieved a reputation as a singer and dance "caller." He came to be in such popular demand for barn dances that he decided to learn to "fiddle" as well as to "call." He sold the watch, and bought his first "fiddle." Arkie was a bit dubious about radio when a friend suggested it, but he decided to give this new-fangled business a try. Now he's known to millions of listeners.



PAT BUTTRAM, right, known as the "Sage of Winston County, Alabama," proves that a dipsy-doodle voice can be a very fine asset in radio. It's his trademark, and no Barn Dance broadcast would be quite complete without it. Pat comes from Winston County, Alabama, where he was born in 1915 and christened Maxwell Emmett Buttram. He grew up intending to be a minister like his father, but when he appeared in a college play, an official of WSGN, NBC's Birmingham station saw him and offered him a job as a comedy announcer. He moved to Chicago and the Barn Dance in 1933. He's married to a Chicago girl, who, he says thankfully, is one Yankee who loves the South.

Stormy Romance

By

Adele Whitely Fletcher

HE knew instantly he saw her. He saw her green eyes and her dark hair with darker shadows, and he wondered why all girls didn't wear green suits and leopard fur. She laughed. And violently happy vibrations swept through him.

"George!" someone called. "Come over and meet Mary Jane Mansfield!"

George Putnam and Mary Jane Mansfield looked at each other and could not pull their eyes away.

"Let's go driving when we leave here," he suggested.

"Let's," said Mary Jane.

There was lightning in the sky when they left the church party. And there was thunder.

"It's going to storm," George said, "should we go?"

Mary Jane put her hand in his. "Afraid of lightning?" she said, laughing as he laughed.

"You sit in front with me!" He was driven by an urgent need to be near her.

She was fifteen. He was sixteen. For the first time their hearts knew tumult.

Ordinarily it was a long drive to Pilot's Knob, a point of land by which Mississippi river pilots had long guided their boats. Frequently, driving with their parents on Sunday afternoons, both Mary Jane and George had found this ride endless. Tonight it seemed to take no time at all.

The storm caught them at Pilot's

Knob. With half his heart George wished the storm would pass; it frightened Mary Jane so terribly. But with the other half of his heart he wished it would go on forever. She was so soft, so warm, so wholly his when she clung, trembling, to him.

On the way home he knew, come what might, he must kiss her. It didn't concern him that someone in her house, in the suburbs of St. Paul, might be watching. He got out of his car, took Mary Jane in his arms, and bent over her.

The next afternoon, as if by design, Mary Jane and George met at the entrance of the Central High School. Promptly he steered her to a booth in an ice-cream store. For almost an hour he tried to convince

"We'll live in a penthouse and own a wire-haired terrier," George promised Mary Jane. And it all came true. Now he is the busy, successful announcer for the Parker Family, the Army Hour and a number of weekly news broadcasts.

her they were actors in the great, cosmic drama called Life; that it undoubtedly had been written, even before they were born, that they would belong to each other. He might have saved his breath. She had lain awake half the night resolving all he said to be true.

After that, although they travelled with a crowd, they were always together. It was taken for granted on Saturday nights at the country club *Continued on page 53*



When a girl and a man are a couple of loving fools they're likely to be fighting fools.

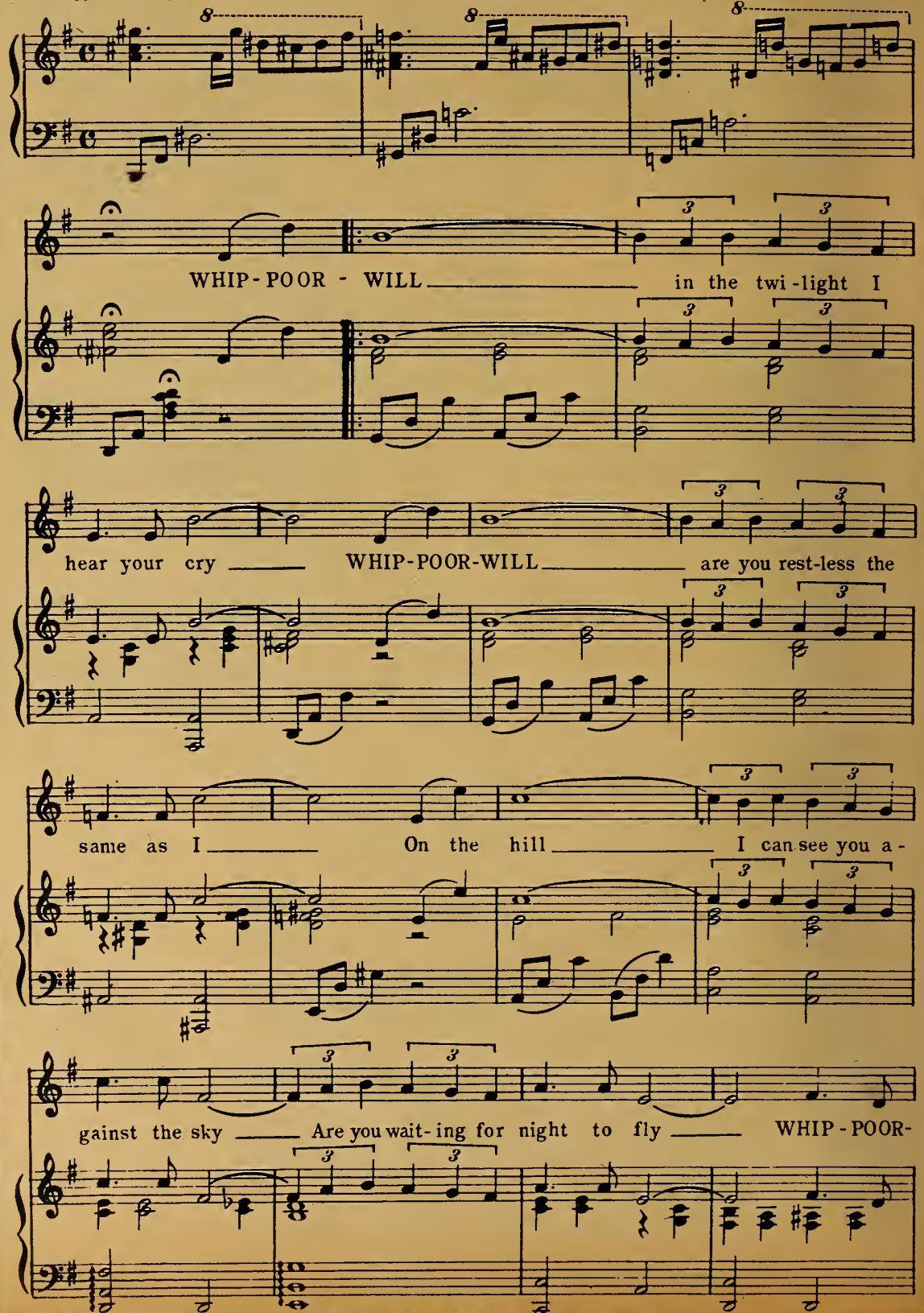
WHIPPOORWILL

Whistle away your winter blues with this lovely new hit from the pen of Maestro Paul Lavalle—pride and joy of the Basin Street program

Lyrics by
LARRY MARKS

Music by
PAUL LAVALLE

Slowly, with expression



WHIP-POOR - WILL in the twi-light I
hear your cry WHIP-POOR-WILL are you rest-less the
same as I On the hill I can see you a-
gainst the sky Are you wait-ing for night to fly WHIP-POOR-



WILL? _____ WHIP-POOR-WILL _____ with a tear in your

mel - o - dy _____ WHIP-POOR - WILL _____ are you long-ing for

com - pa - ny? _____ Please be still _____ or my heart will be

hung - ry too _____ For a shad-ow-y ren - dez-vous _____ WHIP - POOR-

1 WILL. _____ WHIP-POOR - WILL. _____ 2



**RADIO MIRROR'S
HIT OF THE MONTH**

Deep in my heart

ALL my life I thought that when love came I'd know it. All my life I've heard people say love is something so certain and wonderful you couldn't possibly be wrong. Maybe some boys would seem exciting, maybe you'd like to be kissed by this one, to dance with another. But love—you wouldn't make a mistake on that.

Yet when it actually happens, it isn't so easy at all. I know because I made the mistake. Because I took the sweetness of a kiss for love—and threw away, threw away forever, I thought, the real thing. Threw it away without even knowing what I did, without realizing this was the most priceless possession I would ever have.

That raw, angry November morning I walked into Jack's office to tell him I was leaving to be married, I was nervous. Nervous because I knew he was in love with me. When a girl works for a man for three years, she comes to know him very well.

If you live in my city or near it, you've probably heard of Jack Miller, because most people listen to his broadcasts. It was exciting, working for him. He wasn't afraid of striking out against any wrong he saw. He hated sham and hypocrisy. He wouldn't even let me call him "Mr."—said it sounded too officious.

He was there behind his desk in the cramped office, books and papers cluttered around him. His long fingers turned the pages of some government report he was studying.

"Hello, Mary." His gray eyes glanced up. "You look like you're carrying the weight of the world."

My fingers brushed back a loose strand of dark hair from my forehead. I said, "Jack, I've got some news."

I think he almost anticipated

what I was going to say. He looked searchingly into my own dark eyes for a second. "It's all right, Mary, whatever or whoever it is."

Quickly, coolly as I could, I told him. "So if you don't mind, Jack, I—I want to leave right away. I know it's terribly short notice. But—Gordon has only a short leave. We want to be married as soon as possible and—"

"I understand, Mary," he interrupted. "Let me say I—wish you all the happiness there is." But his smile was rueful. "I'm afraid Jack Miller will have trouble finding himself another Lady Friday."

"Oh, it won't be hard." I tried to sound gay. "After all, there are plenty of girls lots smarter than I am."

"Maybe they won't know how to handle me so well, though."

He stood up, his lean figure towering over the desk. "It'll be next to impossible finding someone to replace you. I guess I—I've sort of come to depend on you—"



*My lips tightened.
You want to take Gordon from me, I was thinking—break up my romance.*

gangsters or crooked politicians or anyone keep him from doing his job. And I'd had plenty of opportunity to watch him, for the last three years.

Mother and Dad were worried about my taking a job with a news broadcaster, so soon after graduating from business school. They're just a little old-fashioned and they didn't think it was quite right for a girl of twenty to be "out on her own," even though I was living at home and always close to them. And they were particularly upset because they were certain a news broadcaster would be some sort of

Only last night she had told

Jack he was jealous and bitter.

Today, sick with sorrow,

Mary knew what real bitterness

and jealousy were like

wild being like the reporters you see in the movies.

Of course, he wasn't like that at all. He was gentle and kind and he realized this was my first job and wasn't angry with me for making a mistake here and there. From the beginning, I knew he wanted to be my friend.

Only, as time went on, I began to realize he was falling in love with me. It was in the way he acted, the tenderness I caught in his eyes when he looked at me. He spoke about it only once. We'd gone out to the drugstore, the way we sometimes did, for a morning cup of coffee. He sat there, stirring his coffee and looking at me.

"Mary," he said, "I suppose someday you—you want to get married, don't you?"

It was so entirely out of a clear sky. I said, "Why, yes. Someday. But right now—"

"This is a crazy business we're in," he went on, staring down into the coffee cup. "A man like me, for instance. Live a hectic sort of life. Never know when I'll be sent off somewhere on a story. No life for a—a fine young woman."

I didn't know how he meant me to take it. But I didn't want him to make love to me. Jack, you see, wasn't like a sweetheart—he was like a big brother. I liked him a great deal more than I wanted him to know. But love—

I passed it off impersonally. "Problems like that," I smiled, "aren't for me. You'd better write Dorothy Dix."

He laughed. "I'll send her a night letter." Then he grinned. "Have a doughnut."

All of that was before I'd met Gordon, before I'd lost my heart entirely. Because Gordon Heyward changed everything in the universe. In the few months I'd known

He grinned and held out his hand and told me I could always count on him as a friend if I ever needed one. And I thanked him. But as I walked out of the office I felt sad and sorry.

I admired Jack tremendously. You had to admire him if you knew him. There was about him a wonderful courage that wasn't apparent at first. You had to watch him working day to day, refusing to let

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him, life had become wonderful.

Gordon was everything I'd ever dreamed about. He was large, with wide shoulders, and he had sandy hair and clear, sea-blue eyes. It's difficult to put into words, but there was a force that drew us together from the very first. Gordon knew it, too. "Mary, you're lovely," he said to me, that first evening at the dance, an hour after we met. That night he took me home and at the front door he kissed me. I remember he whispered, "I'm going to love you very much."

HE was a flying cadet then, studying all hours. Still, he found time to see me and we'd gone out on several dates. We both knew, both understood the strength of the emotions that swept through us. That day when his orders came to report for active duty, he'd taken me in his arms and asked if I'd wait for him. There was only one answer to that. I told him I'd wait till doomsday.

We lost ourselves then in talk about plans for the future. When the war was over, he would go into his father's architectural business, and we'd build our own home somewhere in the country. It was all foolish dreaming—and very wonderful.

Then he'd gone, gone for two months that were the loneliest I'd ever known. Nothing in the world—work or home or parents—seemed to matter. All I wanted was to be with Gordon again.

And now he had come back, with a month's leave. The moment I saw him there at the front door, the moment he swept me into his arms, holding me so tightly he took away my breath, I knew the world was right again.

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Mother cried a little at dinner.

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I understood. I'm their only child and they felt they were losing me. "But you aren't really," I told them. "I'll be staying right here while Gordon's on duty. I'm giving up my job only because he—he doesn't want his wife to be working in an office."

Mother daubed her eyes. "There's something so final about marriage. Even when you're sure you're right."

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"Let's be alone tonight, Mary," he said. "No excitement, no music or dancing. Just—some quiet place?"

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As we sipped our coffee, I noticed at a table across from us two familiar faces—Jane O'Brien, the receptionist at the studio, and Johnny Knight, one of the announcers. Johnny stands about five feet six and he's as chunky as a robin and lots of fun. Jane's a cute little redhead, awfully pretty, and always hunting for a new party or dance

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I smiled at him. "We'd love it, Johnny," I said. He was so much of a boy, looking for excitement, something to joke about.

Gordon seemed a little cold as he shook hands with Johnny and smiled politely at Jane. I understood that, too. Gordon's leave wasn't terribly long and he wanted to be with me as much as possible. Alone, I mean. And yet, I couldn't tell Johnny and Jane that.

"So this is the boy friend," Johnny said. "Nice girl you're getting there, Gordon. Look—how about you two coming along with us and we'll hit some of the high spots. How about it, huh?"

Jane was eyeing Gordon as if she wanted to buy the uniform herself. "It certainly is beautiful," she said.

"Don't pay any attention to her," Johnny said. "She likes anything in a uniform. Doesn't matter if it's a doorman or an usher or an admiral. All the same to her."

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I looked to Gordon who turned his eyes away. "Anything you want to do, Mary," he said, stiffly.

"Well," I said, "you folks will understand. Gordon and I—"

"So that's the way it is!" Johnny slapped his hands together. "Let's have a drink on it. We'll celebrate."

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"Look, kids," I told them, "how about a rain check on the party? Gordon only has a short leave and—we've so much to talk over."

They understood. They stayed a minute longer and then we all left and they went their way—on to the "high spots" as Johnny put it.

Gordon was silent as we started home. I told him I was sorry they'd interrupted our evening, but they were my friends and I hadn't wanted to be rude if I could help it.

"Oh, I understand that," he said. "Don't you worry. I think it's good you have friends, while I'm away. You don't want to be lonely. It's not good for you." *Continued on page 55*

him, life had become wonderful. Gordon was everything I'd ever dreamed about. He was large, with wide shoulders, and he had sandy hair and clear, sea-blue eyes. It's difficult to put into words, but there was a force that drew us together from the very first. Gordon knew it, too. "Mary, you're lovely," he said to me, that first evening at the dance, an hour after we met. That night he took me home and at the front door he kissed me. I remember he whispered, "I'm going to love you very much."

HE was a flying cadet then, studying all hours. Still, he found time to see me and we'd gone out on several dates. We both knew, both understood the strength of the emotions that swept through us. That day when his orders came to report for active duty, he'd taken me in his arms and asked if I'd wait for him. There was only one answer to that. I told him I'd wait till doomsday.

We lost ourselves then in talk about plans for the future. When the war was over, he would go into his father's architectural business, and we'd build our own home somewhere in the country. It was all foolish dreaming—and very wonderful.

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Jack Armstrong

ALL AMERICAN BOY

Weissoul
(Played by Herb Butterfield)

THRILLING is the only word for the adventures of Jack Armstrong, youthful hero of the serial that delights children (and their elders too) five afternoons a week at 5:30 on the Blue network, sponsored by Wheaties—and here, for your further enjoyment, are presented pictures of Jack and his friends, as well as one of his bitter enemy, Weissoul, “man of a hundred faces.” Weissoul is a master spy whose plots Jack and his best friend, Billy Fairfield, aided by Billy’s sister Betty and Uncle Jim, are usually able to defeat—although they have not yet succeeded in capturing Weissoul himself, due to his ability to disguise himself at will. Just now Jack and the Fairfields are in Africa, where Axis agents are attempting to enlist the help of native tribesmen in destroying United Nations air bases. If you haven’t yet made the acquaintance of Jack, now is the time to start.



Billy Fairfield
(Played by John Gannon)



Betty Fairfield
(Played by Sarajane Wells)



Uncle Jim Fairfield
(Played by James Goss)





*Jack Armstrong
(Played by Charles Flynn)*

TOP-O'-THE-MORNING

Meals

morning in one of the following ways:

Pan Fried Cereal

Pack cooked cereal, while hot, into small loaf pan which has been rinsed with cold water. Allow to cool; cover and place in refrigerator. To cook, turn cereal out of pan and cut into slices about 1/3-inch thick. Dip each slice in flour and brown on both sides in hot fat or margarine. If preferred, cold cooked cereal may be formed into flat round cakes and pan fried in the same way.

Cereal Souffle

1 cup cooked cereal
1/2 cup warm milk
3 eggs
1/4 tsp. salt

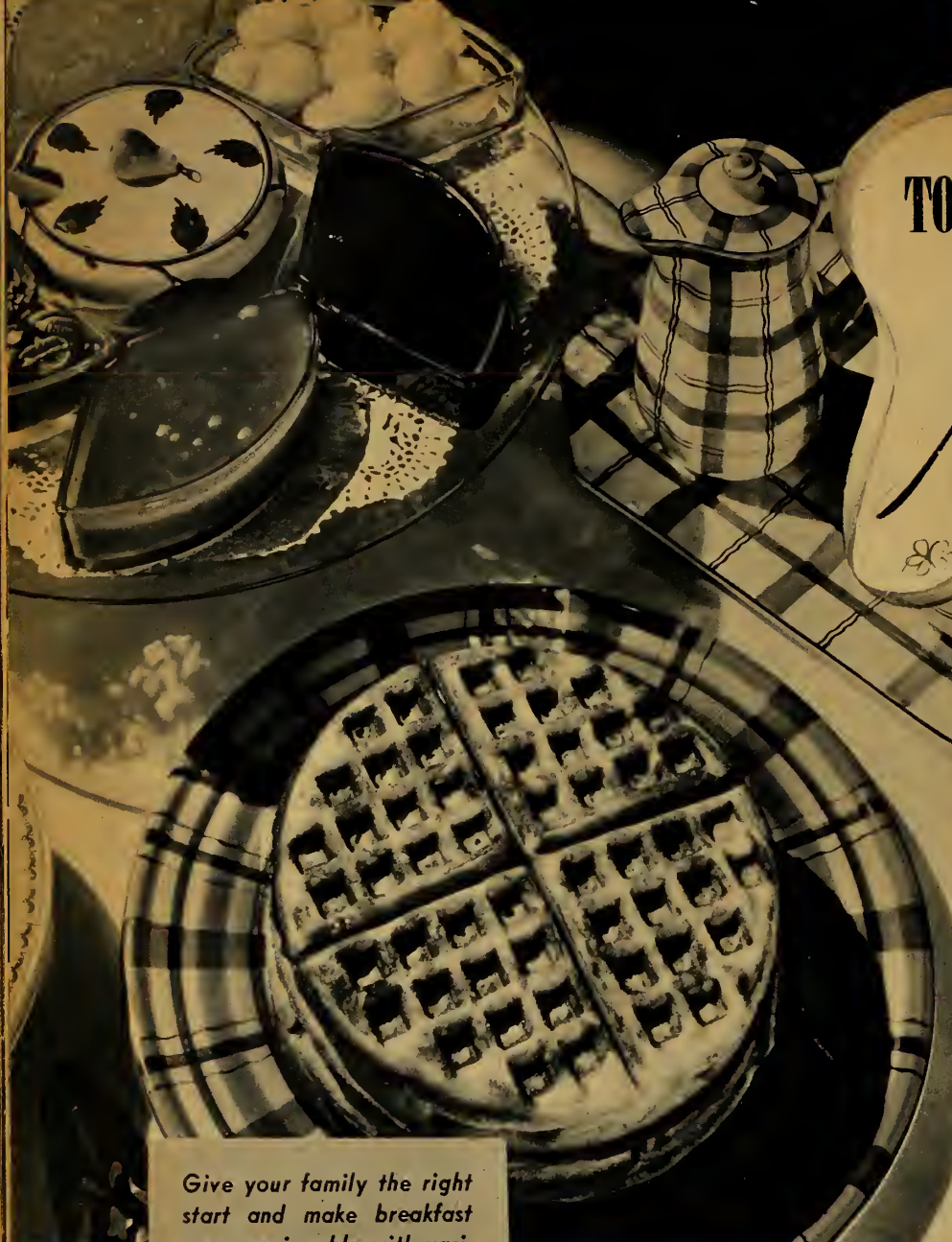
Combine cereal and milk and beat together until smooth. Beat egg yolk, add salt and beat into cereal mixture. Beat egg whites stiff and fold in. Turn into buttered baking dish (a deep one, for the souffle will rise), place in shallow pan containing 1 cup hot water and bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Both cereal souffle and pan fried cereal may be served with molasses, syrup, honey, hot fruit sauce or jelly.

Breakfast Casserole

For each person to be served, allow the following:

1/2 cup cooked cereal
2 tbs. warm milk
1 egg
Salt and pepper to taste

Combine *Continued on page 68*



Give your family the right start and make breakfast menus enjoyable with variations on familiar dishes. Above, crisp waffles made with creamed canned corn.

I SOMETIMES wonder if the man who first said, "Well begun is half done," was thinking about breakfast. Perhaps he was, because it is certainly true that if we start out in the morning with a good nourishing breakfast we have the energy to do more and better work during the day. And since today, more than ever before, we are all being called upon for extra tasks, it is up to us homemakers to give extra thought to our breakfasts.

My first choice for a breakfast standby is cereal and, for the winter months, hot cereal, particularly whole grain cereal. Not necessarily the same cereal, served the same way every day. We need variety for the first meal of the day just as much as we need it for other meals.

As a tasty variation from the customary topping of milk and sugar, and to ease the pressure on your sugar ration, cook chopped fruit such as figs,

dates, raisins, currents or prunes with your cereal. Allow a cup of chopped fruit for every three cups of cooked cereal and for best results stir it in as soon as you have mixed the cereal and liquid together for cooking.

Another excellent cereal and fruit combination is to add chopped cooked or canned fruit just before the cereal is done and to serve it with a hot sauce made of the fruit juice.

Hot Fruit Sauce

1 tbl. butter or margarine
1 tbl. flour
1 cup fruit juice
1/2 cup warm milk (optional)

Melt butter, add flour and rub to smooth paste. Add fruit juice slowly (if you haven't quite a full cup of juice, add water) and cook at low temperature, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens. If you wish a thinner sauce, thin to desired consistency with warm milk. And incidentally, your sauce can easily be prepared the night before.

A good cereal trick is to cook twice the quantity you need for one breakfast and serve the remainder next



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	8:00 CBS: News
	8:00	8:00 Blue: News
	8:00	8:00 NBC: News and Organ Recital
	8:30	8:30 Blue: The Woodshedders
	8:00	9:00 CBS: News of the World
	8:00	9:00 Blue: World News
	8:00	9:00 NBC: News from Europe
	8:15	9:15 CBS: E. Power Biggs
	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: Warren Sweeney, News
	10:00	11:00 Blue: Glen Gray Orch.
8:05	10:05	11:05 CBS: Budapest String Quartet
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: Hospitality Time
9:15	11:15	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 Blue: Horace Heidt Orch.
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Robert St. John
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC: Labor for Victory
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Invitation to Learning
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: Modern Music
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 Vanderhook
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: National 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
2:00	4:00	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 MBS: Upton Close
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Musical Steelmakers
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: The Shadow
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 Blue: Britain to America
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: Metropolitan Auditions
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: The Great Gildersleeve
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Commandos
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Voice of Prophecy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Jack Benny
4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: Stars from The Blue
4:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: We, the People
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Fitch Bandwagon
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Hello Americans
5:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Charlie McCarthy
5:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Edward Tomlinson
5:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor
5:30	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
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15 Blue: The Parker Family
8:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: FRED ALLEN
8:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Jimmie Fidler
8:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John E. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Report to the Nation
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: News of the World
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Dance Orchestra
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Cesar Saerchinger
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Unlimited Horizons



RADIO'S GOOD LUCK CHARM . . .

Radio people, like their co-workers on the stage and in movies, are more than a little superstitious. They put stock in signs, portents and omens. And in Hollywood there's a superstition that a new program is marked for success if it includes in its cast-list pretty, red-headed Lurene Tuttle.

Yet maybe it isn't fair to call this idea just a superstition. Lurene has such a reputation for skilled and steady radio performances that a good part of the success she brings to her programs is due to her talent. At any rate, she certainly is lucky. She was in the Dr. Christian show when it first auditioned, and a sponsor bought it. (She still plays Judy, the doctor's nurse.) She was in several Pacific Coast programs, did five or six different parts on a Freddie Martin audition for a cosmetic company, had a dramatic role in the first broadcast of Lionel Barrymore's current series . . . well, you get the idea.

All in all, it's no wonder that when the Great Gildersleeve program first went on the air more than a year ago, Lurene was the first actress the producers called for. She plays the part of Marjorie Forrester—and so convincingly that she's received half a dozen proposals of marriage from members of the listening audience. She turned all of 'em down, because she is happily married to Mel Ruick, formerly the announcer for Cecil B. DeMille's Lux Theater and now a Captain in the Army Air Force. The Ruicks have a nine-year-old daughter, Barbara Joan, who is intensely interested in both their careers and intends to be an actress herself when she grows up.

In addition to filling Hollywood's busiest radio schedule, Lurene manages the Ruicks' beautiful new modern home at Toluca Lake, makes countless dresses for Barbara Joan's collection of dolls, tends a victory garden, and keeps up a personal wardrobe that accords her the reputation of being Hollywood's best-dressed radio actress. "For exercise Mama cleans the swimming pool," is her daughter's tart comment on Lurene's boundless energy.

She was born at Pleasant Lake, Indiana, and acting is in her blood. Her father was an old time minstrel man and her grandfather taught dramatics in college and at one time managed the Opera House in Angola, Indiana. Lurene took "expression" lessons when she was ten, and made her stage debut at seventeen, with Ye Liberty Players in Pasadena, California. Several years of stage experience followed before she began devoting all her time to radio.

MONDAY

P. W. T.	C.W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:30	8:30 Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00 CBS: News
	8:00	9:00 Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	9:45 CBS: The Victory Front
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Victory Volunteers
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	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: 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
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
11:15	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 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 Blue: Stella Unger
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: Open House
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 CBS: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Giants of Freedom
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Raymond Scott Orchestra
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 and Curley
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 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
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Don Winslow
3:10	5:10	6:10 CBS: Eric Sevareid
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Today at the Duncans
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	7:00 Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Ceiling Unlimited
7:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: 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: Cat Tinsley's Gang
8:30	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
8:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: True or False
5:30	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.
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Grace Fields
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Contented Program
8:30	9:15	10:15 Blue: Alias John Freedom
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Daytime Showcase

TUESDAY

P. W. T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
8:00	9:00	Blue: Texas Jim
8:00	9:00	CBS: News
8:00	9:00	Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
8:00	9:00	NBC: Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
8:45	9:45	CBS: The Victory Front
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
9:00	10:00	Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
9:00	10:00	NBC: Victory Volunteers
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
9:15	10:15	Blue: News
9:15	10:15	NBC: The O'Neills
9:30	10:30	CBS: The 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: Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	10:00	Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	Blue: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	Blue: A House in the Country
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	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	Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Car & Beautiful
10:00	12:00	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	Blue: Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
12:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
12:45	1:45	Blue: 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: Victory Hour
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
2:00	3:00	Blue: Three R's
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 Wilder 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 and Curley
2:30	4:30	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
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
6:45	7:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:05	6:05	7:05 CBS: Stars From The Blue
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
9:00	7:30	8:30 Blue: Duffy's
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
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Suspense
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
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Gracie Fields
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
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Frank Sinatra
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News



HE'S "DOCTOR BOB" . . .

One of radio's best-known and best-loved characters is the wise and gentle "Dr. Bob" of Bachelor's Children, the CBS serial. And Dr. Bob in real life is actor Hugh Studebaker, who created the part and has always played it on the air.

What few people know is that Bess Flynn, who writes Bachelor's Children, patterned her fictional character of Dr. Bob Graham after a real-life model, Dr. Robert Black, who is one of the country's greatest pediatricians and a close friend of the authoress. Dr. Black once put himself on record with the highest compliment Hugh Studebaker has ever had paid to his acting ability, by saying he only wished that he or any other doctor of his acquaintance had as fine an approach to sick people as Dr. Bob, who isn't a real doctor at all.

Hugh's personal philosophy of maintaining a keen interest in humanity is probably responsible for his ability to portray a character like Dr. Bob. Moreover, Hugh has had a good many ups and downs in his life, thus acquiring a fine tolerance and understanding.

When he was a boy he wanted so much to be a sailor that he ran away from home on his seventeenth birthday and joined the Navy. That was during the first world war, and when the war was over he turned to studying music, first in New York and later in Kansas City. In the latter city he got a job as a member of a vocal quartet.

He was on the air in those early days, a time when radio wasn't the safe and sane profession it is now. Hugh still shudders when he remembers seeing the engineer of a Kansas City station electrocuted before his eyes. Hugh was at the mike, singing, and the engineer was standing in a puddle of rain water on the floor of the makeshift studio. Suddenly the engineer accidentally picked up a live wire. He was killed instantly.

Hugh had other jobs while he was waiting for success. Once he worked as a postal clerk, but was fired because of his family's high mortality rate. It seemed that every time Hugh had a chance to sing somewhere he was absent from work because of another funeral in his family!

He was a blacksmith's helper, a ranch hand, and a vacuum cleaner salesman. Once he and his brother Joseph were completely broke and lived for several weeks on an exclusive diet of jelly beans, counting them out and saving the licorice ones for dessert. Now, at Christmas or other anniversaries, they send each other sacks of licorice jelly beans for presents.

While he was in Kansas City Hugh reversed the usual order of things and married his boss, who was the assistant program director at station KMBC. Both he and Bertina love the out-of-doors, and in happier, non-war-time years their favorite sport is traveling, by car or train or any other conveyance that's handy.

WEDNESDAY

P. W. T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
8:00	9:00	Blue: Texas Time
8:00	9:00	CBS: News
8:00	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
8:00	9:00	NBC: Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
8:45	9:45	CBS: The Victory Front
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
9:00	10:00	Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
9:00	10:00	NBC: Victory Volunteers
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
9:15	10:15	Blue: News
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	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	Blue: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	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: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	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 Blue: Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
12:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
12:45	1:45	2:45 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: Stella Unger
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
2:00	3:00	CBS: David Harum
2:00	3:00	Blue: Three R's
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: Songs of the Centuries
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: 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: Raymond Scott Orchestra
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder 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 and Curley
2:30	4:30	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	5:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe, News
5:00	6:00	6:00 Blue: Don Winslow
3:10	5:10	6:10 CBS: Eric Sevareid
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Today at the Duncans
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Keep Working, Keep Singin'
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
6:45	7:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle
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 Cases
4:30	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: Nelson Eddy
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
9:15	7:00	8:00 MBS: Front Page Farrell
7:00	8:00	8:00 NBC: Mr. and Mrs. North
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	9:30 CBS: Mayor of Our Town
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Mr. District Attorney
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Gracie Fields
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: Man Behind the Gun
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer

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: Everything Goes
1:30		2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
		8:45	9:45 CBS: The Victory Front
8:30		9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
		9:00	10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
		9:00	10:00 NBC: Victory Volunteers
8:45		9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
		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: Mary Lee Taylor
		10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
		10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15		10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
		10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30		10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
		10:30	11:30 Blue: A House In the Country
11:15		10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
		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
		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
		11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45		11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
		10:00	12:00 Blue: Life Can Be Beautiful
		10:00	12:00 NBC: Baukhage Talking
		10:00	12:00 Blue: Air Breaks
10:15		12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
		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
		12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00		1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30		1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M. D.
		1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30		1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
		1:30	2:30 Blue: James Mc Donald
		1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45		1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
		1:45	2:45 Blue: Stella Unger
		1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
		2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
		2:00	3:00 Blue: Three R's
12:00		2:00	3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15		2:15	3:15 CBS: St. Louis Matinee
		2:15	3:15 Blue: Ma Perkins
12:30		2:30	3:30 CBS: Indianapolis Symphony
		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 CBS: News
		1:00	3:00 Blue: Club Matinee
		1:00	3:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
		1:15	3:15 CBS: Listen Neighbor
		1:15	3:15 Blue: Stella Dallas
1:30		3:30	4:30 CBS: Highways to Health
		3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45		3:45	4:45 CBS: It's Off the Record
		3:45	4:45 Blue: Young Widder Brown
2:00		4:00	5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius
		4:00	5:00 Blue: Sea Hound
		4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15		4:15	5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad
		4:15	5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan
		4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30		4:30	5:30 CBS: Landt Trio
		4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30		4:30	5:30 CBS: Superman
		4:30	5:30 Blue: Just Plain Bill
2:45		4:45	5:45 CBS: Bon Bernie
		4:45	5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
		4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
7:45		5:00	6:00 CBS: Frazer Hunt
		5:00	6:00 Blue: Don Winslow
3:15		5:15	6:15 CBS: Don't You Believe It
		5:30	6:30 CBS: Leon Henderson
		5:30	6:30 NBC: Bill Stern
3:45		5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
		5:45	6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
8:00		6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
		6:00	7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle
8:00		6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:05		6:05	7:05 Blue: The Army-Navy Game
8:15		6:15	7:15 CBS: Harry James
		6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30		6:30	7:30 CBS: Easy Aces
		6:30	7:30 NBC: Abbott and Costello
4:45		6:45	7:45 CBS: Mr. Keen
		5:00	7:00 CBS: Reflections
		8:00	7:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
		8:30	7:00 NBC: Coffee Time
8:15		7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner
8:30		7:30	8:30 CBS: Death Valley Days
		7:30	8:30 Blue: America's Town Meeting
		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
		8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
		8:00	9:00 NBC: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
6:30		8:30	9:30 CBS: Stage Door Canteen
		8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
		8:30	9:30 NBC: Rudy Vallee
6:55		8:55	9:55 Blue: Gracie Fields
7:00		9:00	10:00 CBS: The First Line
		9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Clapper
		9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:30		9:30	10:30 NBC: March of Time
8:00		10:00	11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News



TWICE A HELPMATE . . .

Every day, except Saturday and Sunday, Fern Persons goes to NBC and plays Linda Harper, the heroine and title-role of the daytime serial *Helpmate*. And every day, including Saturday and Sunday, she plays practically the same role in her own home. Fern is one wife and mother who has an acting career but never lets it interfere with her real job—her home.

She doesn't even use her maiden name professionally, as most actresses do. She is Mrs. M. I. Persons, and proud of it; and if her husband's business made it necessary for him to leave Chicago she'd go along just like any other wife, not caring that the move meant she would have to give up her radio career.

Fern is tall, slim, blue-eyed, blonde, soft-voiced and inclined to be serious. She's Chicago-born, and as far back as she can remember she has wanted to be an actress. Although even as a youngster she was shy and timid, she stuck to her ambition through school and college—Kalamazoo College in Michigan, where she acted in Little Theater plays and finally graduated with high honors in dramatics.

She never did work in the professional theater, though, for almost as soon as she was out of school she began acting before the microphone—first at KDKA in Pittsburgh and later in other cities. She temporarily gave up her radio work to be drama instructor at Ferry Hall School in Illinois, but decided that teaching wasn't her line. After her marriage, when she moved with her husband to Detroit, she was heard on WJ over a three-year period, until the Persons moved back to Chicago. Since then you've heard her in *The Story of Mary Marlin*, *Midstream*, *The Bartons*, Author's Playhouse and many other programs. Linda Harper in *Helpmate* is the biggest part she's ever had, and she's thrilled with it—not because it's big, but because Linda is the sort of person she enjoys portraying.

"I've been awfully lucky," she says. "I always wanted to be an actress, and I became one, but I didn't have to give up the things that make life worth while—a home, a husband and children. I have my cake and I'm eating it too."

The Persons have one child, four-year-old Nancy. They live in a suburb of Chicago, in a house with a big back yard where Fern this year planted a Victory garden. Much to her amazement, everything in the garden "came up just the way it said it would on the package."

She reads a lot, mostly non-fiction, likes to bake, and every year takes a vacation of several weeks with her husband. They go to northern Minnesota in an eighteen-foot speedboat which they built themselves, and fish. Fern's special province on the boat is keeping everything polished and shining. She likes to fish, but admits that she has never caught any very big ones.

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: Everything Goes
1:30		2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
		8:15	9:15 NBC: Isabel Manning Hewson
		8:45	9:45 CBS: The Victory Front
8:30		9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
		9:00	10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
		9:00	10:00 NBC: Victory Volunteers
8:45		9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
		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: 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
		10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
		10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15		10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
		10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30		10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
		10:30	11:30 Blue: A House In the Country
8:45		10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
		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
		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
		11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45		11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
		10:00	12:00 Blue: Life Can Be Beautiful
		10:00	12:00 NBC: Baukhage Talking
10:15		12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
		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
		12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00		1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30		1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M. D.
		1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30		1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
		1:30	2:30 Blue: James McDonald
		1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45		1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
		1:45	2:45 Blue: Stella Unger
		1:45	2:45 NBC: Betty Crocker
		2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
		2:00	3:00 Blue: Three R's
12:00		2:00	3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15		2:15	3:15 CBS: Missus Goes Shopping
		2:15	3:15 Blue: Ma Perkins
12:30		2:30	3:30 CBS: Eastman School Symphony
		2:30	3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea
		2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45		2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
		1:00	3:00 CBS: News
		1:00	3:00 Blue: Club Matinee
		1:00	3:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15		3:15	4:15 CBS: Dave Cheskin Orchestra
		3:15	4:15 Blue: Stella Dallas
1:30		3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45		3:45	4:45 CBS: Raymond Scott Orchestra
		3:45	4:45 Blue: Young Widder Brown
2:00		4:00	5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius
		4:00	5:00 Blue: Sea Hound
		4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15		4:15	5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad
		4:15	5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan
		4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30		4:30	5:30 CBS: Landt Trio and Curley
		4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30		4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
		4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:45		4:45	5:45 CBS: Bon Bernie
		4:45	5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
		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
3:15		5:15	6:15 CBS: Today at the Duncans
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
8:00		6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
		6:00	7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle
8:00		6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15		6:15	7:15 CBS: Our Secret Weapon
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
		6:30	7:30 NBC: Tommy Riggs, Betty Lou
4:45		6:45	7:45 CBS: Mr. Keen
		6:45	7:45 Blue: H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00		7:00	8:00 CBS: KATE SMITH
		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
8:15		7:15	8:15 Blue: Dinah Shore
5:30		7:30	8:30 Blue: These Good Old Days
		8:30	9:30 NBC: INFORMATION PLEASE
5:55		7:55	8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown
8:30		8:00	9:00 CBS: Philip Morris Playhouse
		8:00	9:00 Blue: Gang Busters
6:00		8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
		8:00	9:00 NBC: Wait Time
6:30		8:30	9:30 CBS: That Brewster Boy
		8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
		8:30	9:30 MBS: Double or Nothing
		8:30	9:30 NBC: Plantation Party
7:00		9:00	10:00 CBS: Camel Caravan
		9:00	10:00 Blue: Meet Your Navy
		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: Ned Calmer, News

SATURDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time
	8:00	CBS: The World Today Blue: News NBC: News
	8:15	CBS: Music of Today
	8:30	CBS: Missus Goes A-shopping NBC: Dick Leibert Blue: Texas Jim
	8:45	CBS: Adelaide Hawley Blue: News NBC: News
8:00	9:00	CBS: Press News Blue: Breakfast Club NBC: Everything Goes
	8:15	9:15 CBS: Caucasian Melodies
	8:30	9:30 CBS: Garden Gate
	9:00	10:00 CBS: Youth on Parade Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson NBC: Orchestra
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hillbilly Champions Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights NBC: Nellie Revell
8:00	9:45	10:45 NBC: String Serenade
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Warren Sweeney, News Blue: Servicemen's Hop 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 Blue: Little Blue Playhouse NBC: U. S. Coast Guard Band
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Theater of Today Blue: Music by Black NBC: News
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC: Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Stars Over Hollywood Blue: Farm Bureau NBC: Whatcha Know, Joe
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Country Journal Blue: Vincent Lopez NBC: Pan-American Holiday
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Adventures in Science Blue: Washington Luncheon NBC: Matinee in Rhythm
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: News Blue: Metropolitan Opera NBC: Autumn Leaves
11:05	1:05	2:05 CBS: Of Men and Books
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Spirit of '43
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: F. O. B. Detroit
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Hello from Hawaii
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Matinees at Meadowbrook
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Report from London
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Cleveland Symphony Blue: Joe Rines Orchestra NBC: Charles Dant Orchestra
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Three Suns Trio
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: News, Upton Close
7:45	5:00	6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt Blue: Dinner Music NBC: Gallicchio Orch.
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Calling Pan-America
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Message of Israel NBC: Religion in the News
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today Blue: Paul Lavalle Orch.
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: People's Platform
8:00	6:30	7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks Blue: The Green Hornet NBC: Ellery Queen
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Mr. Adam and Mrs. Eve Blue: Roy Porter, News NBC: Abie's Irish Rose
5:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Edward Tomlinson
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby Blue: Over Here NBC: Truth or Consequences
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Eric Severid
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE Blue: National Barn Dance NBC: National Barn Dance
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Can You Top This Blue: Spotlight Band
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Danny Thomas NBC: Bill Stern Sports Newsreel
7:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Soldiers With Wings Blue: Dick Powell NBC: Dick Powell
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: John Gunther, News NBC: Ted Steele Variety
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Eileen Farrell

Admired by musicians, neglected by everyone else—that was the plight of Georgia Gibbs, now star soloist on the CBS Caravan.



Cinderella Girl

IT'S all very fine to be a singer greatly admired by musicians, but a girl likes to have the public know she's good too—because the public, when you come right down to it, pays the salary checks.

Georgia Gibbs, the Camel Caravan's star soloist on CBS Friday nights, has been singing with bands and in night clubs ever since she was fourteen, but not until a couple of months ago, when the Caravan had her sing for a couple of guest spots, did the much-coveted public recognition come her way. All at once, it seemed, she was put on the Caravan as a regular performer, succeeding no less a person than the great Connie Boswell, and there was even talk about giving her a program of her own.

Tiny, brown-haired and brown-eyed Georgia started life in Boston. Because she wanted to be a singer and thought she could be a good one, she started in early. Two years ago she came to New York to see if radio would show any interest in her. It didn't—much—although you may remember her on a few network shows, singing under her own name of Fredda Gibson. Discouraged because she didn't seem to be getting any place, she went back to Boston, more or less resigned to remaining an obscure singer.

And there she might have stayed if John Hammond, the swing music critic, hadn't happened to visit Boston and hear her. He brought her to the attention of Artie Shaw, who

listened and solemnly said she was the "greatest singer of American songs" he had ever heard, backing up his opinion by inviting her to record four numbers with his band. As soon as Artie's manager heard the records he got busy and began finding more jobs for her under her new name of Georgia Gibbs—chosen to symbolize a complete break with her first unfortunate foray into New York radio.

Georgia lives with her mother in a Long Island suburb. She's the youngest of four children, and the only one still unmarried. The youngest of her brothers is about to enter the Army, and Georgia looks forward to making lots of Army camp singing appearances. She really likes sports and hates cooking, and for years she has put all her spare change into a collection of phonograph records, until now she has about a thousand of them, ranging all the way from Duke Ellington to Debussy. She practices singing religiously, two hours every day. She works out her songs herself, and has never taken a formal singing lesson in her life. Her only intention, when she does a song, is to sing it the way the composer heard it in his head when he wrote it, and she hasn't any patience at all with singers who put in extra frills which mean nothing.

You'd probably like Georgia Gibbs a lot. Success came hard enough for her to make her appreciate it, and she's still a hard worker, unspoiled and sincere.



SHE HANDLES HIGH EXPLOSIVES! Anne has been promoted step by step in the intricate processes of making shells—and has recently completed a special course to become a “job-instructor” in training other girls.

*Anne Nissen,
gallant bride-to-be of a soldier*

Her engagement to Lawrence Van Orden, was announced by her parents shortly before “Larry” went into the Army

ANNE IS IN UNIFORM, TOO—the trig overalls-and-blouse girls in defense plants all over the country are wearing. “I couldn’t have Larry do all the fighting,” Anne says. “I wanted to do my share.”

She is in a big munitions plant—employing 1,000 women. She works on rotating shifts—7 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.—3:30 p.m. to midnight or midnight to 7 a.m.

Anne says, “In a war plant you work indoors and with intense concentration. This begins to show in your face if you’re not careful. Your skin gets a tense, drawn look. I’ve always used Pond’s Cold Cream. It helps keep my skin feeling so *soft* and *smooth*, and it’s a grand grime remover when I get home.”

Anne uses Pond’s *every* night—for daytime clean-ups, too. She smooths Pond’s over face and throat—pats gently to release dirt and make-up. Tissues off. “Rinses” with more Pond’s for *extra* cleansing and softening, tissues off again.

Do it *yourself*. You’ll see why war-busy society women like Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, 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 popular in price, at beauty counters everywhere.

She's Engaged!



ANNE'S LOVELY RING is simply set in a plain gold band. A small diamond is set on either side of the sparkling center stone.

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S



A DARLING COUPLE! Anne and Larry have been friends since high-school days—but on Anne’s birthday last year they started devoting *all* their spare time to each other. Anne’s lovely complexion is one of her chief charms. “All I ever use is Pond’s Cold Cream,” she says. “It suits my skin just beautifully.” *Yes—it’s no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond’s!*



Marry Me

Continued from page 22

I ever heard. Get along home and think it over, and you'll see that it is."

I thought it over, all right—how could I think of anything else? But in spite of the humiliation, in spite of the fear that I would never be able to look Paul Rentlow in the face again, I was still sure that my idea had been a good one, that my solution to the problem of making him realize that all women are not as one woman had been was a feasible solution. And I was sure that it was the right solution to my problem, too—the problem of making Paul Rentlow aware of me as a woman, a desirable woman, a lovable woman—the woman for him.

I managed to avoid Paul all next day, sneaking about the studio as if there were a reward on my head. I hid behind the closed door of the office until he was safely on his way before I ventured out to go home.

IT was about eight o'clock that night, when Paul tapped on my door. I knew that it was he, and for a moment I stood very still, my heart thumping dully, heavily. And then I let him in.

I wonder if any girl ever had a less happily offered proposal of marriage, or ever accepted one with greater fears? There was nothing light-hearted about this; there was none of the wonder to it that there should be for every woman who knows that she is going to marry the man she loves.

Paul said, "Connie, I've been thinking about what you said last night. Did you mean it?"

"Yes, I meant it, Paul." I don't know how I got the words out.

"Do you still want to marry me? Are you still willing to go through with your 'business proposition?'"

"Yes, Paul."

"I want to get into the army. I can't think of anyone else I'd be willing to trust David with, and he's awfully fond of you. There'll be enough money to get by on. You won't have to work. There'll be the invention royalties and my dependents' allowance from the army."

"Yes, Paul." Those seemed to be the only words left in my vocabulary.

"If you're very sure, then, we can get the license at lunch time tomorrow."

"Yes, Paul." Oh, Paul, Paul! Maybe this isn't right, I thought, but if I live with you, if I take care of you and your son, maybe you'll see!

I wondered what Paul felt and

thought during that wedding ceremony. He looked as blank and untouched, when he made his replies, as if he were—well, as if he were making out the laundry list, or giving the grocer an order. A Justice of the Peace's chambers, and me wearing a dress I'd worn often to work, and saying, "I, Constance, take thee, Paul, to be my wedded husband. . . ." And afterwards, he kissed me, because the Justice seemed to expect it of him.

I fulfilled my part of the bargain. I moved into Paul's house that day, and I kept the place spic and span. David's clothes—and David himself—were shining clean. Dinner—good, appetizing, nourishing food—was on the table every night when Paul came home from work. And Paul fulfilled his part of the bargain. He gave me an ample allowance to take care of the house, and for spending money. He made arrangements so that the monthly checks from his invention would come to me after he left for training. He got his affairs in order, preparing to leave, and did everything he could to make my life easier after he was gone.

It wasn't so bad when Paul was away from the house—then, with David to take care of and the housework to do, I could pretend that this was a normal household, that this was my little boy, that my husband, with a husbandly kiss for me, would be home for dinner soon, just like any normal family. But after Paul got home—then we sat in strained politeness in the living room, making desultory conversation about the radio station, or reading, and then going to bed—Paul in David's room, I in the room he used to have.

But I still didn't give up hope. There was always the chance that he was testing me, that he was biding his time, that he would suddenly smile at me, hold out his arms, cover the miles of distance between us in a moment's time.

That was the way we lived for the three weeks before Paul left. At least, it was that way until the last night. He was in the bedroom, packing, and I was in the kitchen, doing dinner dishes. We finished at the same time, and came out into the little hall onto which both rooms opened together, bumping into each other. We laughed a little, and said the conventional polite things that strangers who bump into each other say. I felt sick—just the touch of him, so very

near to me, and yet as far away as the moon! Besides, this was the last night, our last night together in the little house, and I had not progressed at all in making Paul realize that I was more than a housekeeper to him.

It was just the same, that night—and then, all of a sudden, it was different. Paul had drawn away from me, mumbling an apology. And then as I turned away, too, not wanting to look at him, not daring to look at him, I felt my shoulders caught in strong hands, my head thrust back. And then I was in his arms, where I wanted so badly to be, and my heart was pounding so that he must have heard it, and my mouth was hurting with the joyous hurt of his hard mouth against it. I let him hold me up, resting all my weight on his arms, feeling as if I were falling. . . .

And then he pushed me roughly away, and his face was as hard, as set, as I had ever seen it. "Sorry, Connie," he said. "I shouldn't have done that. I—I'm not really the sort of man who can get along without women, I guess. I suppose it's—well, let's say it's against nature for a man and a woman to be in the same house, and—well, forget it!"

"But, Paul—"

He didn't look at me. "I said I was sorry, didn't I? Good night, Connie—I'm going to bed now. Got to be up early."

And that was the end of that. He left next day with hardly a word.

BUT it wasn't until after he was gone, after he was gone for some days, that I would admit to myself that I had made a mistake, admit my defeat.

Paul didn't love me. He'd shown that, very plainly. Even that one fierce kiss had been an accident, born of a moment when deep physical instincts had betrayed him. I had been foolish to think that my mere presence could change him.

And it occurred to me that Paul might have been suspicious of my motives from the very start. I had said I wanted security, freedom from the necessity of earning my living. Wasn't it possible, then, at least in Paul's eyes, that when the war was over I intended to remain in my safe, comfortable position as his wife?

Yes, I told myself, he might have thought that. But if he had, there was one thing at least that I could do. I could make it perfectly plain that nothing of the sort would happen. When he came home on his first furlough, I would let him see that our "bargain" was to be in effect only for the duration of the war.

I went around the house automatically, rehearsing always what I would say to Paul. I'd be very calm and matter-of-fact about it, I promised myself. I wouldn't for the world let him see how I felt. I'd show him, by carefully-dropped little remarks about the future, that remaining his wife after the war was farthest from my thoughts. . . .

If David hadn't got his feet wet and taken cold I might have gone on rehearsing those speeches until I was letter perfect, but he did get sick and that took my mind off everything else. He complained of "a hurt in

Continued on page 52



Say Hello To-

MEL POWELL—whose brilliant piono-playing you hear on the CBS Jump Time programs. Mel is only nineteen years old now, but four years ago he had his own band and was commuting between City College in New York and the Palais Royole in New Jersey, where the band was playing. Last year he was with Benny Goodman, but left to join the CBS all-star jump band which was organized especially for these broadcasts. Mel has also made phonograph records with his own band, and is a prolific composer. His favorite music-makers are Duke Ellington and Benny Goodman. He likes to see movies, particularly when they star Rosalind Russell or Greer Gorson, but most of all he just likes to play the piono, anywhere, anytime, for any audience.

Here's our lovely RITA...



Here's
the **BEAUTY** Soap
she uses every day



RITA HAYWORTH

COLUMBIA PICTURES STAR

JUST LIKE **SMOOTHING BEAUTY IN** WHEN YOU TAKE THESE **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS!** FIRST, SMOOTH THE RICH LATHER WELL INTO YOUR SKIN



NOW RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN SPLASH WITH COLD. PAT THE FACE GENTLY DRY WITH A SOFT TOWEL



NOW TOUCH YOUR SKIN. IT'S FLOWER-FRESH, EXQUISITELY SMOOTH. LUX SOAP'S A REAL **BEAUTY SOAP.** SOFT SMOOTH SKIN IS **IMPORTANT**



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



I DIDN'T MEAN TO, of course. But Dickie had such a dislike for that laxative I gave him, he'd actually fib when he needed relief. The stuff really tasted awful! And it acted even worse. It was just *too strong!*

SO, I TRIED giving him another laxative—with no better luck. Dickie would gag on it every time. And, when he did get some down, it only stirred him up and failed to give him the relief he needed. It was just *too mild!*



IT WAS A LUCKY DAY for Dickie and me when I finally changed to Ex-Lax! He simply loved its fine chocolate taste. And I was delighted to discover how smoothly Ex-Lax works. It's not too strong, not too mild. . . it's just right!

Ex-Lax is effective—but effective in a gentle way! It won't upset the children; won't make them feel bad afterwards. No wonder it's called:

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

As a precaution, use only as directed.

IF YOU HAVE A COLD AND NEED A LAXATIVE—

It's particularly important when you're weakened by a cold not to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet not too strong!

EX-LAX
10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores

PINS 55¢ up RINGS 1.50 up
For your class or club. Over 300 designs. Finest quality.
Write Dept. J, Metal Arts Co., Rochester, N. Y. **FREE CATALOG**

HOW TO TREAT "TEEN-AGE" SKIN

Don't risk making surface pimples worse by picking them. Instead, thinly cover each with Poslam, leaving some on overnight, if necessary. It hardly shows on the skin; girls can apply make-up right over Poslam. The powerful properties of this CONCENTRATED ointment work wonders in relieving that itch, redness and angry look; it's brought swift, happy results to thousands during 35 successful years. Only 50¢, all druggists.

FREE: Generous sample, write postcard to Poslam, Dept. 2W, 254 W. 54 St., N. Y. City.

POS LAM

Continued from page 50

my neck, Mummy," and when I felt his head it was damp and feverish. I put him to bed with lots of fruit juice and an aspirin, and when he didn't seem any better by morning, I called the doctor, and then had him in again in the evening when David developed a croupy-sounding cough.

The doctor was brisk and reassuring. No, nothing serious. Just a bad cold. Keep him in bed. Must be careful of pneumonia, you know. Plenty of liquids. And here were two prescriptions. Get them filled, and start the cough medicine right away. It wasn't until after the doctor had gone that I realized it was night and the neighborhood drugstore didn't deliver.

As soon as Davy dropped off into a troubled sleep I slipped on my coat and hurried out. The drugstore was just three blocks away. I could be there and back before he woke up, and even if he did there wasn't any danger. He'd been told to stay in bed, and he minded well.

I hurried as much as I could, but the druggist was busy, and I had to wait. When I started back I was surprised to find that I'd been gone nearly three-quarters of an hour.

IT seemed to me, as I walked rapidly down the street, that our little house was brighter than it had been when I left it. Perhaps Mrs. Sullivan had come in, I thought.

But it wasn't Mrs. Sullivan. It was Paul. He met me at the door, and his face was alive with blazing anger.

He didn't give me a chance to say a word. He just lit into me, and his voice carried all the scorn and the bitterness in the world.

"You—I never thought this would happen with you. I thought at least you loved David enough to take as good care of him when I was away as you did when I was here. But not you—not any woman! The child is sick, he's all flushed with fever, and talking in his sleep. How could you leave him when he's sick?"

I couldn't take that. I didn't care what Paul felt about me on other counts; our bargain was finished. But I loved David with all my heart—I couldn't bear to let Paul believe that for one second I'd failed in my duty to that little boy. My own anger blazed.

"Paul—Paul, you be quiet and listen to me! How dare you talk to me like that? If you'd stop raving like a crazy man for a minute and take a look at me—housedress, old shoes, hair flying—you'd see that I haven't been out having a good time for myself. I stayed up all last night with that little boy and I'm prepared to stay up tonight, too, if it's necessary. I've been down to the drugstore getting medicine."

Once launched on my tirade I couldn't stop. I said all the things I'd never meant to say to him, all the things that must have been somewhere in the back of my mind, all the things that my love for him had never even allowed me to think.

"As for you," I went on, "you've a nasty, warped mind, that's what's wrong with you. You think just because one woman played you a dirty trick that all women are like her. Well, let me tell you, Paul Rentlow, there are a thousand good, fine women for every bad one, but you're just too blind and too pig-headed, and too wrapped up in nursing your hatred

to see it. You don't deserve to have—"

A fretful little voice stopped my words in full flight.

"Mummy! Who's out there?"

Paul was looking at me as if he were seeing me for the first time, but when he spoke, what he said was, "He calls you Mummy?"

I nodded, turning toward the bedroom. "He asked me if he could." Then I forced a smile to put on my face as I went in to David. "Davy, Daddy has come home on leave."

I stood at one side of the small bed and Paul came around to the other. "Hello, Butch," he said in that voice he reserved for David alone.

The little boy managed a grin. "Hi, Spike!" He moved about under the covers, settling himself comfortably. "I feel a lot better. I guess I'm almost well now," he observed, "on account of it's such fun to have you come home, Daddy."

I pulled the covers up under his chin and wielded my bottle of cough medicine. "You're to take a spoonful of this, Davy, and then go fast asleep, so you'll be well enough to have a good time with Daddy tomorrow."

Davy swallowed the medicine obediently, made a face, and squirmed down. "You know," he said, "Jimmy Sullivan's Mummy and Daddy take him into bed with them and read the funny papers to him every Sunday morning."

"Do they?" Paul and I said it together, both in falsely interested tones. Our eyes met above the bed, and moved uncomfortably apart again.

We said goodnight to David, came out of his room and closed the door. Once more Paul and I were standing close together in that little hallway.

"I'm sorry," he said, and his voice sounded genuinely miserable. But that didn't matter. Nothing in the whole world mattered to me now but managing somehow to live through this leave of his, managing somehow to tell him that I knew we had made a bad bargain. I turned away, but his hand came out to stop me. Something of that gentleness he reserved for David was still in his voice.

"Connie, I am sorry."

That gentleness made me stop, made me turn around to look at him, and something in his face sent my heart to beating wildly once again, as it had that night before he went away.

"Connie, honey, I've been doing an awful lot of thinking. And—well, most of the thinking boiled down to what you said to me tonight when you got mad at me."

I took a hesitant step toward him, and then his hands were on my shoulders again, his mouth against mine, and when he stopped to speak, he said, "Honey, I hate your business proposition—couldn't we put it on another basis? Connie, do you suppose you could ever manage to love a guy like me?"

"Ohhh," I cried, and that must have been enough of an answer, for he caught me up in his arms, lifting me as if I were a feather.

"They say you're supposed to carry your bride over the doorsill," he said. "Seems I omitted that little ceremony, but I'm going to make up for it now!"

I settled my head on his shoulder, and I said, "Tomorrow's Sunday."

He nodded, grinning. "We'll have to get up early and bring David in with us so we can read the funnies to him."

Stormy Romance

Continued from page 35

that they would have the first and last dances and plenty in between when the orchestra played their special songs; that George would fasten her skates; that they would sit side by side at the movies, at tables in restaurants, on stools at soda fountains.

George was reasonable enough about other fellows admiring Mary Jane up to a certain point and beyond that point not reasonable at all. Mary Jane knew it was only the emotion of a moment when George responded to girls who were quick on the draw verbally or who sang softly when someone played the piano. But she was never calm about this. Not even for the second an admiring glance takes would she spare his heart.

THEY were as different as day from night. Which is why they loved each other with such sudden passion and so tempestuously always. Which is why they quarreled.

Time and time again his energy—like a magnet—pulled him into a world in which she was strange and lonely. He played basketball and football. He was star of the school's debating society. Moving on to the University of Minnesota, he won low and high hurdle championships. He served as president of his class, presi-

dent of the Student Council, president of the dramatic club. In the summer he earned his college funds ranching in Montana, taking blue ribbons in rodeo contests. Five minutes after he auditioned for a job at WDGY in Minneapolis he was hired as staff announcer. He led his own orchestra in local night clubs. He entered Jesse Lasky's "Gateway to Hollywood" competition and, in California, was offered a movie contract which he promptly declined.

His life was a turbulent mountain stream rushing out to meet the sea. Hers was a quiet woodland pool. Shy and retiring and possessing a gentle but mighty pride, she was content with her own world, with bridge luncheons, club dances, working *petit point* for a living-room chair, matinees, church work, shopping with her mother.

There was the time he persuaded her to ride horseback. However, in persuading her he caught some of her fear.

It was October. The air was golden and as refreshing as cider. Along the Mississippi the trees blazed scarlet and gold against the blue water.

Mary Jane, green eyes full of childish surprise, turned to George who rode protectively beside her. "I love it!" she told him. "What a little

coward I must seem to you—always afraid of anyone or anything or any place that's new. Canter ahead, George. So I can watch you!"

He could never resist showing off before her. He was so young, twenty-four that year, so in love.

ON a roadway running parallel with the bridge path a truck travelled lickety split, its tarpaulin blowing out in the wind. George reeled his horse about. His knowledge of horses combined with the nervousness he had caught from Mary Jane sent him racing to her. At a bend in the path a riderless horse whizzed past.

He found her lying on the grass, sobbing.

"Mary Jane . . ." he said. "My darling . . ."

Before he could collect himself, she was on her feet. Her green eyes blazed.

"Maybe this will teach you a lesson," she told him. "Maybe now you'll stop laughing at my fears . . . After this, perhaps, you won't always try to override my conservatism . . ."

A spark from her anger set him aflame. "Don't be such a little ninny," he told her. "I'll go after your horse! And when I bring her back you'll ride her again!"

"Get my horse if you want to!" Her

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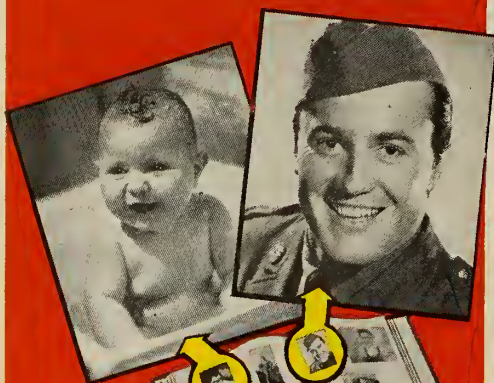
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voice was like flint. "But I won't ride her—or any other horse—as long as I live!"

All the way home they tore at each other with bitter recriminations remembered from other hurts. When he brought the car to a stop she jumped out and slammed the door. She didn't say good-by. She didn't turn around. He jammed the gears. His car went screaming down the street.

When at last anger died away his loneliness was more than he could endure. One evening in a mad desire to outdistance his misery he drove his car faster . . . faster . . . There were wet leaves on the pavement. The car skidded on them and overturned. He was thrown clear out of the car.

IT was a boy who joined the crowd at Mary Jane's house who brought her the news. She flew for her coat.

They wouldn't let her see George. But to sit outside his room was solace.

The third day his nurse came to her. "He's asked for you," she said.

George's eyes waited for her to come through the door.

"Mary Jane!" was all he said.

She pressed his hands against her cheek. She knelt by the bed and kissed him. Her tears were salty on his lips.

They only let her stay a little while. But the next day she stayed longer. At the end of the week George was strong enough to press her hands against his cheek, to kiss her, to say:

"We're going to be married when I get out of here. There aren't going to be any more separations. Wherever I go you're going—even if we aren't talking to each other when we start out."

"Before we get married," she said gently . . . "before you have responsibilities that say you can't do this and you can't do that, you must go to New York and audition for that big radio job you're always talking about."

There was unbelief in his very blue eyes. It wasn't like Mary Jane to urge new fields . . . a gamble . . .

"When I saw you without any enthusiasm," she explained, "not wanting to go anywhere or do anything, I thought my heart would break. I knew then, even though we've quarrelled mostly because of your enthusiasm and emotion for many people and many things, that it's because you're the way you are that I love you—so desperately! I prayed, George, that you'd be your old self again. And I vowed, when you were, I'd never try to hold you back."

"I'll go to New York and have an audition," he said. "Then I'll come back and marry you. And before 1942 I'll be a big name on the radio in New York . . . we'll live in a pent-house overlooking the East River . . . we'll have a champion wire-haired terrier . . . and you'll drive a beautiful convertible coupe, green as your eyes . . . So help me!"

"And we'll live happily . . ." she began. But he stopped her with a kiss.

" . . . tempestuously forever after!" he corrected her. His arms went around her. "When a girl and a man are a couple of loving fools they're likely to be a couple of fighting fools too, remember . . ."

A moment of revelation, that. For it's all come true!

Deep in My Heart

Continued from page 41

"They are a lot of fun," I said. "They certainly seem to be," he said, grinning. He slipped his arm through mine. "But tonight they were just in the way!"

Back in my house, we sat in the living room and soon we were talking again about the house we would build.

"I want it out in the country," I said. "I want it to be small and sweet. It'll be fun—having our friends to see us. Jane and Johnny will probably be married by then—"

"Yes," he said. "I guess they'd come to see us. I suppose we'd have to see them occasionally."

I didn't like the way he said that. "I like them," I said. "You shouldn't talk about them as if—"

"I know, Mary. Of course, they're nice. But after we're married, we'll make our own friends. We'll build our own circle—"

I stared at him, puzzled and hurt, and, as he caught my eye, he shrugged dismissively.

"Oh, they're all right," he said, "but—we've got to look to the future. We'll be building friendships that will be really important to us, that's all."

IT was the first cloud, the first time we'd even approached a quarrel. But it was understandable, if you realized Gordon had always been brought up to believe that social position was important. Only—I didn't want my world that way, and he sensed my disappointment. He leaned over, drew me toward him.

"It isn't important," he said. "Let's not worry about it, Mary. We've only a short time together. Let's—forget it."

And we did. He put his lips against mine and I knew nothing was important, nothing except the fact he was there and holding me tightly.

Still, when he was gone and I was alone in my room, I found it hard to down the doubts that came to my mind. Probably it didn't matter, I tried to tell myself. I wouldn't ordinarily be seeing Johnny or Jane or any of the people I knew at the station. The only thing was—Gordon had seemed so positive about it. Not in what he said, but in his manner. Other things came to my mind. The time he'd told me, just as positively, that I had no right to political opinions because I was a woman and couldn't understand. The time he made me change my Kelly green dress because it was "too conspicuous."

But they were trivial things—and Gordon could be so kind, so full of love for me. He was the man I wanted, the only man, and what if he had his faults? Oh, I wanted our life to be happy. I'd sacrifice little things for important things. Maybe it would be difficult at first, but it would be worth it, if we were together, if we had our chance for happiness.

The next evening, I was dressing before dinner, because Gordon was coming at eight and I wanted to be ready. It was six o'clock. Always in the past I would turn on Jack's six o'clock broadcast. Without thinking about it consciously, I tuned in the radio to his station.

It seemed curious to hear his voice—that quiet tone, with just a trace of

bitterness and sardonic humor flashing near the edges. "So tonight there is still a chance that our crazy world will pull through. The Russians, so often destroyed by the Nazis, are somehow still holding back the Nazis. Still hurling back the civilizing German hordes—"

I turned the radio off. Hearing him brought a kind of pain to my breast. I stood there, trying to understand myself and my own emotions.

I was going to marry Gordon Heyward. Why should it disturb me to hear a man who was never more than my employer? Why should the mere sound of his voice—but it was sheer foolishness, I knew. It was childish and I would pay no attention to it. It was the devil getting into your thoughts and trying to stir up trouble.

I PUT the doubts out of my mind and devoted my attention to dressing.

The doorbell rang as I started downstairs a little later. I heard Dad shuffle to answer it, heard his rather startled, "Well, hello!" Then as I reached the landing, I heard him say brusquely, "I'll tell Mary you want to talk to her."

He walked into the living room, followed by a tall figure I recognized at once.

For an instant, panic swept over me. I met Dad in the hall and told him I wanted to see Jack alone. I found myself frightened. Not of Jack but of myself.

The humor was gone from the gray eyes. The lean face was drawn and tired. He looked as if he hadn't had any sleep for days. But as I came in, his lips twisted in a tired smile.

"Why—hello!" I echoed Dad, trying to sound cheerful. "This is a surprise."

"Mary," he said, "I've got to talk to you. It's—it's important."

"Of course, Jack," I replied. "What's the matter?"

"I—I knew exactly what I wanted to say," he told me. "Now the words have run out on me. Mary—it's that I think you're making a mistake."

"A mistake?"

"I know Gordon Heyward, Mary. I know him, and I know what he's like, and his background."

"That's very interesting, Jack," I said coldly—coldly, because his criticism of Gordon was like a more positive echo of what I had been thinking myself, and I didn't want to admit it.

"Mary, he's a snob," Jack blurted out the words. "His whole world is—it's different from yours. You're a real person, Mary, down to earth and wonderful. This boy is—don't you see how he'll try to mold your life to fit into his—into snobbery—"

"Jack!" I said. "I won't listen to that kind of talk. If that's all you came here for—to try to tear down the man I love—"

"I'm only interested in your happiness."

My lips tightened. You want to take Gordon from me, I was thinking. You want to break up my romance, the most important thing in my whole life.

"You need a friend's advice now, Mary," Jack was saying. "You've only known Gordon a short time.

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Say Hello To—

SAMMIE HILL—Radio Mirror's ice-skating cover girl, whom you've heard on many a radio program—Bright Harizan, the very clever Jones and I, which had to be taken off the air when its author was drafted, and others. Sammie is about as big as a split second, dark and vivacious, and a Southern girl from Memphis, Tennessee. She came to New York determined to crash radio, but—like so many other young hopefuls—didn't succeed for some time. Just as she was about to return home to Memphis in dismay, she got her first radio part and since then has been busy all the time. So she won't forget her struggles, she recently donated a scholarship to the Maverick summer theater, where she got her stage training.

You don't really know him at all."

My hands pressed tightly against my sides. I could feel the throbbing rage in my throat. "You're jealous," I told him. "You want to ruin my romance because—because you want me yourself. That's the truth of it, but you aren't man enough to admit it. It's selfish—wicked—"

It was as if I had struck him with my fists. His face was white and his eyes grew dark as storm clouds.

I knew it was useless to talk. Jack was trying to tell me how to run my life. He was in love with me and he was jealous. Maybe though—maybe he meant it. Maybe he really did believe Gordon was the wrong man.

I could feel his eyes—hurt and bitter—looking at me.

"Mary," he said, his voice halting, "I—I do love you. I—wanted to be sure. Sure for your sake. I wanted to know you were sure." He closed his eyes. "I'm sorry, Mary. Sorry for all this. I guess I shouldn't have—said anything."

He turned, started toward the door. I stood there trembling, not looking at him. I heard him say, "Mary—I do want you to be happy. Please remember that."

The front door closed behind him.

ALL that evening, while I was out with Gordon, Jack was in my thoughts. He had no right to intrude himself that way. Later in the evening, when Gordon whispered of the children he hoped we'd have some day, I stopped him with, "Gordon—that's miles in front of us yet."

"You're—sort of strange tonight," he commented. "Is something wrong?"

I put my hand on his. "I guess I'm—just tired."

"Been running around too much," he agreed. "I'll tell you what you do. You fix yourself a hot lemonade just before you go to bed. Fix it in a small glass—"

"Please, Gordon. I'll take care of it."

Orders Advice. You'll have to do it this way. Only this way. No other way is right. I wondered if for the first time, I were seeing Gordon not as an ideal in my heart but as a human being with whom I'd spend the rest of my life. But then—standing there outside the door of my home—he took me into his arms and kissed me. All the doubts, all the misgivings, fell away, lost themselves in that kiss. This was the man I loved—nothing else was important.

Maybe it's lucky we can't see into the future. Maybe it was good I couldn't see all the heartbreak that

would come that very next night.

It was a party at Gordon's home, given by his parents. I knew they were planning to have Mother and Dad and me and a few of their close friends, and it was all to be informal. But I dressed carefully for the party. I wore the white dress with the old-fashioned mutton sleeves and when I looked at myself in the mirror I was pleased. I told myself to forget all about worries—they were only seeds Jack had tried to sow in my mind.

THE house was large and comfortable, with a big fireplace in the drawing room and an overstuffed sofa before it around which we gathered. There were a number of young couples there and they were all pleasant and kind. Mrs. Heyward, tall and white-haired, was a charming, gracious hostess. After we'd been there a while she drew me to one side and told me how happy she was that we were going to be married.

"Gordon thinks a great deal of you," she said. "You know, he's our only son. We're glad he's found someone who'll be his helpmate through life."

"Thank you," I told her. "I—I'm going to work at making him happy."

"It may mean many changes," she said. "The Heyward name, that's something important. Something we're proud of, you see. That gives you a responsibility, my dear, because you will bear that name—"

It was fortunate at that moment that several persons came up to interrupt us and I had no need to answer her. Everyone was talking all at once, and our little chat was ended. One of the men, a tall, bald-headed businessman, was discussing excitedly the floods which had been ravaging the western part of the state.

"Don't want to miss that broadcast," he was saying. "That fellow—Jack Miller. He's out there now—broadcasting from that big dam they're afraid may go out. Be on in ten minutes," he added, glancing at his watch.

That fellow—Jack Miller. Jack going out to the flood zone to broadcast. Probably forgetting to take his overcoat and hat, as usual, so he'd come down with his death of cold. I was the one who always had to look out for him. Besides, suppose that dam were actually to—

Wait a moment, I thought. This sudden fear in my heart—it didn't mean anything. I wasn't afraid for Jack. I knew he'd be safe. Of course he would!

The bald-headed man fussed with the radio. I stood there listening, almost as if hypnotized. It was curious,

being here in Gordon's home, and hearing Jack's voice. The moment I heard it, I caught the excitement of it, beneath that calm way he has of speaking.

"They are working with great speed," he was saying, "trying to bolster the sides of the dam with hundreds of sandbags. The engineers claim that if the water goes on rising at its present rate, the dam will go out in twenty-four hours, before there is time to complete the reinforcing."

I heard Gordon's father—a short, puffy little man with a mustache—gasp at that. "I'd hate to be that fellow," he said, "talking from that spot. If that dam goes—"

The others agreed. I tried not to listen. They didn't know about news broadcasting. Jack would be all right. He always was, no matter how dangerous the story he was covering.

Jack was going on, still unperturbed. "Homes in the lower valley are being evacuated. The perch here, from where we broadcast, gives a clear picture both of the dam and of the road immediately beneath it, clogged with fleeing people. If the dam should go this minute, this perch would be washed to kingdom come . . . The dam itself soars above us, like a monster . . . wait a minute . . . wait, something is wrong . . ."

The group at that party crowded closer around the radio. I told myself to stop being afraid. I told myself he'd be all right.

"There's a crack in the side of the dam," Jack spoke tersely now, voice tense. "Workmen are running out of the way. One foreman is standing on a platform, signaling with a flag. The men look like ants scurrying for cover. The crack is widening now. Water is beginning to pour through . . . white, angry, roaring rivers of water. The engineers were wrong. This dam won't . . ."

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am trying to bring you this eye-witness account. I will continue broadcasting until the last minute. There is no place to move from here. As long as our lines are intact we will continue to bring you the story. It will be only a matter of—"

The voice went dead. We heard a tremendous explosive sound, over the radio. The noise vibrated in the room. Then—silence. In cold, unspeakable terror, I stared into the radio. I didn't dare to move or speak. A moment later, we heard the voice of one of the announcers.

"Due to conditions beyond our control, we are unable to bring you further details from the flood zone. There has been no word from our reporter, Jack Miller, whose broadcast from the scene was cut off a few minutes ago."

I DIDN'T try to think. Didn't try to explain to myself what was happening to me. My mind echoed what the announcer had said: There has been no word from Jack Miller. No word from Jack. That sentence kept going over and over in my mind. No word—of course, no word. He—he's dead, don't you see? The dam broke and the water swept over him—

Maybe you don't think it means anything to you, but get that through your head, Mary. He's dead. There was no place to run, no place to hide. He stood there doing his job and the waters swept over him and that was all. Do you understand?

That was what I was thinking, standing there, bracing myself against the sofa. The others were looking at me. I could feel their eyes, boring into mine.

"He's dead," I whispered. "He's been killed."

Thoughts rushed into my mind. The way he had of grinning crookedly. The times we used to sneak out to the drugstore for coffee. The last time I had seen him, the way he had stood and looked at me. "I'm sorry, Mary. Sorry for all this."

I didn't understand death, the reality of it. That was difficult to grasp. Just that he wasn't any more. That—I was alone. Jack who loved me. Jack who wanted me to be happy, who always needed someone to watch out for him. But what did it mean to me? I didn't know, I didn't understand. Only I knew there was a weight in my heart I'd never known before. I remember stepping back, looking into the puzzled faces of my parents, of the Heywards, of Gordon. I remember the sudden dizziness, sagging forward into darkness.

THEY had me on the sofa. I realized I had fainted. For a few moments I lay there, eyes open, trying to recall what had happened. The news on the radio. Jack. The sudden dizziness. I tried to sit up. Gordon sat on the sofa beside me.

Gordon said, "Mary, I know. It was a shock. But—well, after all, he was a reporter. That was his life."

"You don't understand, Gordon," I said. "This—this isn't just anybody. It's Jack. There's nobody else quite like him."

His face was suddenly very grim. I sat up a little, saw that the others had left us alone. "You sound," he said, "as if you were in love with him."

"Don't be foolish," I said. "I—I—"

You sound as if you were in love with him. Gordon was saying that, putting it into words. But maybe—maybe he was right. Maybe this was the reason for the heaviness, the aching. I'd never thought of it that way before. Never even stopped to realize what it meant. But now it seemed different, the feeling I had for Jack. It seemed overwhelming, undeniable. I looked at Gordon. Saw the hardness in his eyes.

"You are in love with him." There was an icy quality in his voice. "You were in love with him all along, weren't you?"

I couldn't answer that. I said, "Has there been any further word?"

"Yes." He sounded bitter. "The radio said they think he's been—drowned." He paused a moment, stood up, began to pace the floor. "The dam broke, swept everything before it—"

I tried to look into his face. It was a curious feeling I had. A coldness. All the fire that had been in my heart for Gordon—suddenly all of that was burned out.

"I—I think you're right," I said. "I—I think I did love him."

He whirled, an expression of triumph on his face. "So it's true? You admit it, Mary?"

"I never believed it, Gordon. Never thought it was so. But now—now that he's dead, I think I understand. I think I did love him, all along. But I didn't know it."

"Why didn't you tell me that was the way you felt?" There was no compassion, no understanding.

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Funny. The night before I'd told Jack he was jealous. Told him he was talking out of bitterness. And now—now I was seeing what it was really like, to be jealous and bitter and—heartless.

"I tell you I didn't know," I said. "You don't, you can't think I tried to deceive you?"

He regarded me steadily. "You should have told me."

I stood up. I felt sick and ashamed. I wanted only to be out of there, to be free of him and all the others. I said, "Thank you, Gordon. Very much."

"Thank me? For what?"

"For keeping me from making another terrible error. Thank you."

There was no point in trying to tell him. I knew he wouldn't understand. Jack had been right—we were from different worlds. I didn't wait any longer. I ran out of the room, out of the house. Out into the chill tang of the autumn night.

Back in my room, I threw myself on the bed and wept. There was release in weeping, release in hot tears I couldn't stop. Dear Heaven, I prayed, bring him back. Bring him home safe. But it was too late for that, too late for prayers. I have no idea how long I lay there weeping. Sometime later—I fell asleep.

IN the morning, Mother and Dad were there. They were worried and wanted to call a doctor. They kept asking questions. But I didn't want to talk, I wanted to be left alone. They brought up the morning paper. There, on the front page, I read the story of Jack's death. How he'd been last seen reaching for a plank as the waters swirled over him. I threw the paper to one side.

I stayed home that day. Stayed in bed mostly, tried to sleep. It was close to five-thirty when Mother came in and suggested that I have dinner downstairs. "Do you good, dear, to get out of your room for a while."

She was so gentle. I think she understood. I think she realized what had happened but didn't want to speak of it. It seemed to me perhaps it would be better if we didn't speak of it, if we left it until time healed it, until it was almost forgotten.

I got up and started to fix my face. I was going through the motions automatically, not thinking what I was doing. Then—then I realized the radio was on. I had turned it on, the way I had always done, at six o'clock, to hear Jack's broadcast.

There was a man speaking. For an instant, I paid no attention. Then I realized. I stood up, my whole body trembling with excitement.

It was Jack's voice. Jack's voice over the radio.

I ran to the machine, bent beside it listening, holding it in my hands as if it were alive.

"So I am glad to report that earlier reports that I was among those missing were in error." I could almost see the humorous light in the gray eyes. "I managed to hold on to that plank until a rescue boat reached me. Word of my rescue and that of many others did not get out until this morning, because of the failure of communications—"

Jack. Jack safe and alive and unharmed. It was too wonderful, I was almost afraid it was a dream. The world hadn't reached its end—there was still light. Suddenly, I

felt the warm rush of emotion running through me.

But it was only an instant. Jack wasn't mine. I'd sent him away, told him he was nothing but a jealous man trying to ruin my life. I'd sent him away for good. There was a certain poetic justice in it, wasn't there? I could know he was safe—but he wasn't mine, couldn't ever be mine.

But another voice rose within me then. A voice that was urging me to tell him. Not to wait, not to play games. To go there and—

That next morning, I was at the studio early. The girl outside was a good friend of mine and greeted me with great enthusiasm. I said, "I want to see Jack, Betty."

She looked surprised. "Want the old job back? He's still looking for somebody—"

I nodded. She said, "Go on in. He's been interviewing girls ever since you left."

AS I walked in, I said one little prayer. That he'd understand.

He was there behind the desk, half-turned and working at his typewriter. He didn't look around as I entered. He said, "With you in a second. Had any experience?"

I said, "One experience that wasn't too happy. I'm trying to straighten it out."

He jumped to his feet. "Mary!" For a second, he just looked at me. Then he said, "I thought it was someone looking for a job."

"I am," I said. "A permanent job. Know of one that's open?"

He stared at me. He asked, "How permanent, Mary?"

"For—life." There was a tenderness in his eyes. "Wouldn't you—wouldn't you have to love somebody, to work for them that long?"

I didn't answer, not in words. I just nodded. There was a lump in my throat and I was afraid to speak. Jack started toward me. "I won't ask you what happened," he said. "I—I guess it was something that made you—well—know how I feel. Whatever it was—"

But then he was grinning. "Come on—we'll get ourselves a rationed cup of coffee to celebrate."

I was glad he said that. Glad because otherwise I might have cried. He grabbed my hand and we started out. Right in the middle of the main office, he stopped. "Good Lord—I haven't kissed the bride-to-be yet!" So there in front of everybody, he took me in his arms and kissed me. It was a long kiss. A very wonderful kiss.

He hadn't asked me why I'd come back. It was enough for him that I had. Because he had faith, because he believed in me. That was it. That was the reason I loved him. Because now he reached out and took my hand, and I wasn't afraid any more. I was warm, and safe.

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Counterfeit Love

Continued from page 15

"It doesn't seem to cramp his style any," I said, and somehow that broke the tension, so that Mike chuckled. But after I'd paid my check and gone out, I had an uneasy feeling that even if he was too polite to say so, Mike was inwardly criticizing the way I had acted.

I pushed the incident out of my mind, and concentrated instead on Bob—on his good, honest face and slow smile, his even temper and never-failing kindness. I felt as if I needed the thought of Bob to cling to in a world that was so completely unsatisfactory in every other respect.

It was not so easy, though, to forget the boy Mike had called Tony. The memory of the way he had tensed when I called attention to his lack of a uniform stayed with me, a constant reminder that while I had believed in the words I'd spoken, they need not have been said quite so cruelly.

AND one night I went back to the diner

Oh, I won't try to pretend that I simply dropped in, without a thought in the world—although that was pretty much the pretense I made to myself at the time. I must have hoped I'd see him again, must have hoped there would be a chance for him to learn that I wasn't really as curt and unpleasant as I'd sounded.

I know now that I didn't really have the power to decide whether or not I'd go back into that diner. Already I was caught up into the current of an emotion utterly new to me—so new that I didn't even recognize it.

It wasn't quite as late in the evening, this time when I went into the diner, as it had been the week before, and the place was nearly empty. For a while Mike and I talked—and then somebody came in. I knew without turning around that it was Tony. Something—the nerves in the back of my head, as if they'd been eyes—told me so.

Mike gave me an uneasy glance, and shuffled over to take Tony's order. After that, for a minute, there was a heavy, thick silence, its heaviness and thickness in no way affected by the fact that two other customers at the end of the room were talking and Mike was rattling a frying-pan.

I felt myself being forced to look up—look over at Tony. And he was looking at me.

"Hello," he said.

I nodded, briefly, and turned away. With a quick movement, he left his stool and moved to the one next mine. "Look," he said, "you'd be a lot prettier if you weren't such a sour-puss."

"Thanks," I said, "but I don't remember asking you for any beauty tips." And even as I spoke, I hated myself. I didn't know why I was being so hateful. It would have been so simple to let him see that I didn't want to talk to him—simple, as far as that went, never to have come to this diner again. Yet I *did* want to talk to him, and I *had* come here. Then why must I be rude? I didn't know . . .

"You don't like me much, do you?" he asked, and though he meant to sound easy and ironic, I caught a note of wistfulness in his voice.

"It isn't you," I said. "I just have a grudge against any healthy young man that isn't in uniform."

"Did it ever occur to you that I might prefer a uniform myself?"

"Then why aren't you wearing one?" I asked bluntly.

"Because I was told I was needed more right here." Mike had put his food in front of him, but he wasn't paying any attention to it.

"I expect you didn't need much persuading." But I didn't expect anything of the sort. Suddenly, I knew that I believed anything this boy told me, would always believe it, and that when I said I didn't, I was lying.

"Aw, what's the use?" he said wearily. "I guess you can't argue with a woman." And, dismissing me, he picked up his fork.

Across the back of his right hand was an ugly gash, a couple of days old. "You'd better take care of that cut on your hand," I told him, "or you won't be needed anywhere for a while."

"Don't worry about me," he flung out. "I can take care of myself—and a little scratch won't ruin my life."

"A nice deep infected scratch, you mean. Here, let me see it."

"Oh, let it go," he said impatiently.

Mike, unexpectedly, intervened. "Let her look at it, Tony," he said, "and don't be a baby."

"Well, all right," Tony agreed grudgingly. "Only there's nothing wrong with it a little iodine won't fix." He held the hand out for my inspection. It really was a bad cut, and evidently it hadn't been treated at all. It was swollen and inflamed, and



Say Hello To-

BARTLETT ROBINSON—wha plays twa parts in Partia Faces Life—that of Walter Manning, the newspaper man wha is being held prisoner by the Nazis, and his German double wha is in the United States engaged in espionage. He's also Frank Palmer, the young aviator in Young Dr. Malane. Bart is the son of a well known artist, and was slated to be an architect himself, but made up his mind while he was still in schaal to switch to the drama. A year later he made his first professional appearance in "Camille," with Lillian Gish. Then far a while he was in the movies, but turned his back on Hollywood and came to New York. He's married to a Calarada girl and is the father of a year-old san. His habbies are swimming, fishing and writing.

when I touched it with my finger he winced a little.

"You'd better come with me," I told him. "We're going over to a drugstore and get this fixed up. It has to be opened and cleaned out and bandaged."

"Aw, I can take care of it all right. I've had worse things than this happen to me."

"You do what Miss Breckenridge says, Tony," Mike ordered. "She knows what she's talking about."

Tony chuckled. "Miss Breckenridge, huh? What a name." But he finished his meal and came along meekly enough. At the drugstore the clerk let me use the little back room, and provided me with the drugs and materials I needed.

I warned Tony it would hurt, but he only laughed and told me to go ahead—and he didn't make a sound during the whole painful process, although his jaw tightened a little when I cut the wound. After it was over, he looked at the neat bandage admiringly.

"Nice job, Miss Breckenridge. What are you, a doctor?"

Laughing—a little shakily, I remember, for this had been my first "operation" since I got out of school—I said, "No, just a nurse—and a new one at that."

He was impressed. "Why don't you come over to the plant? They could use you over there."

"At the plant—?"

"Sure—where I work." He had an odd way of talking, short and a little harsh, yet with an undertone that was soft and thrilling. "That's why I didn't have this hand fixed up at the company hospital. There's one nurse there for five thousand men."

But I shook my head. "I won't be around here long. I've put my application in for service overseas."

OH, I think I must have sounded smug and self-satisfied. I must have let some of my inner conviction that going overseas was glorious and romantic show in my voice. Because he smiled mockingly, and said, "Oh?" on an upward tone.

"Well, take care of that hand," I said, seeking refuge in a business-like manner from the too-personal quality of his gaze. I started to walk away, out of the store, but he stopped me; and this time, when I looked at him, he was no longer mocking.

"Listen—Miss Breckenridge," he said. "When can I—see you again? . . . Now, don't freeze up," he added quickly. "All right, I'll admit I acted pretty bad the first night I saw you in the diner—I tried to move in on you without even an introduction. Well, I'm sorry. I had you figured out all wrong. Now let's start all over again, and you'll find out I'm not such a bad guy after all."

I hesitated. It was so odd—I didn't approve of him, I wasn't sure I even liked him, and yet at this moment I simply wasn't capable of resisting his appeal. But one thing I could do—I could be honest.

In a low voice I said, "Please—it's sweet of you—but I don't think you'll want to see me again. You see, I'm in love with someone. He's training to be a Marine. I've known him all my life, and I—I love him very much."

"All right. Thanks for warning me. How about going to the movies before the late shift tomorrow night?"

"I—" From very far off, I heard myself saying "All right."

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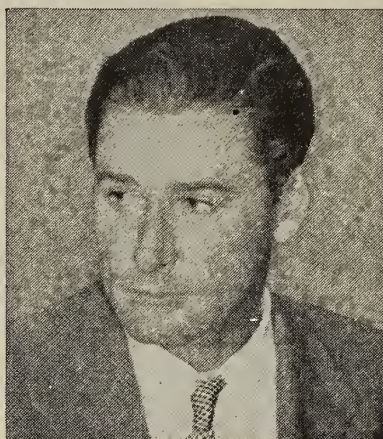
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Love can be ecstatic and beautiful, I know. But it can be horrible, frightening—like the love for Tony Armand that grew in my heart during the next two weeks.

Getting a letter from Bob was torture. There he was, miles away, learning to fight, and while he thought I was waiting for him, I had fallen in love with another man.

And this was no mere momentary infatuation. I was sure of that. Perhaps just at first, before I knew him well, before I learned that underneath his tough merriment he was gentle and strong—perhaps then what I felt was passion, not love. But my last defenses had crumbled the night he told me about himself, told me why he was not in uniform.

HE'D been born in a small town not far from mine, and because his father had been a jeweler and he admired his father more than anyone in the world, he had decided he would be a jeweler too. He had learned to be a good one when the war came—and that, in a way, was his tragedy.

"I was wild to enlist," he told me. "I went down right away. But when the Army found out I was a jeweler they wouldn't take me. They said I'd be more use here at home."

He stopped then, and glanced at me defiantly, but I said nothing, and he went on to tell me the rest, to explain that in the manufacture of airplanes there are certain important instruments that only the most skilled craftsmen can make. When a pilot's life depends on the accuracy of the precision instruments which guide his flight, the factories can't take a chance on faulty workmanship. They want only the best men for that job, and the perfect precision instrument workmen are jewelers.

So Tony hadn't deserved the scorn I'd poured on him at our first meeting. "I'm sorry," I said, knowing he would understand.

"Don't worry," he answered. "You weren't the first one to make a crack, and you won't be the last. All the fellows have had it happen to them, one time or another, and lots of them have quit their jobs and joined up—so many that some plants are going crazy trying to find men."

But mostly we didn't talk about the war or the problems it created. It was as if we both knew what such talk would lead to: remembrance of Bob. And neither of us wanted to remember him.

Golden autumn afternoons when we met at the edge of town to walk through the crisp woods . . . the smell of wood smoke in our nostrils . . . Tony's worn leather jacket, as brown as one of the oak leaves that came drifting down . . . companionship . . . the red tweed suit I wore the afternoon the weather turned cold . . . and one kiss . . .

These are the things I remember, lovingly, of those enchanted two weeks before Bob's letter came, announcing that he would be home on furlough soon.

It was in my jacket pocket, creased already from my nervous hands, when I met Tony that afternoon—and it must have been on my face, too, for Tony to see, because his look of eager happiness changed when we met.

"Lucy—what's wrong?"
"It's Bob—he's coming home on leave . . . Tony, what shall I do? Suddenly, I'm—I'm afraid to face him."
The dark skin over Tony's jaw

tightened. "You've got to face him," he said quietly. "Lucy—we've been cowards. We've just gone on, seeing each other, getting more and more in love. Now it's too late—we can't go back. You've got to tell him."

"I can't! I can't! Not when he's on his last leave before being sent overseas to—fight and maybe to—"

But the words choked me, I couldn't go on.

Our feet had carried us, automatically, along our favorite path winding aimlessly through a grove of oak and maple. The rustling of the dead leaves sounded unbearably loud as we walked.

"Just because he's in uniform—" Tony began bitterly.

I interrupted him. "No—that isn't it!" My protest was a lie; I knew it was a lie. It was precisely because Bob was in uniform that I could not hurt him this way. Tony might wish he were in the service, he might even be showing greater heroism in staying where he was, in the factory, but . . . Tony was safe. That was the inescapable truth. Tony's life was safe, Bob's was in danger. I couldn't betray someone who was ready to give up his life for me.

If only I were fighting too! Somehow, it would have been easier—I'd have felt more free to follow my heart—if my service application had come through. Yes, of course that would take me away from Tony, but that would be better than being here in the same town with him loving him and knowing I must not.

Tony caught me roughly to him. Once before he had kissed me—lightly, gayly, as we parted. There was nothing light nor gay about this kiss.

It was savage and demanding and fiercely possessive.

After a moment—"Tell him it was a mistake—you've fallen in love with someone else!" he murmured against my lips. His arms were supporting me; I would have fallen without them. But they were not just a support—they were temptation, they were the blood coursing swiftly through my body, they were calling me to follow him to the instant when there could be no turning back, when I would have to tell Bob the truth or be forever lost.

With my last strength I tore myself away, crying, "No—Tony, no! Please, don't . . ."

And ran, tears blinding me so I stumbled over the rough ground. But I had no need of eyes to know that Tony was standing where I had left him, alone, arms empty at his sides.

BOB arrived two mornings later. He looked—well, different and yet so much the same. He was bigger and straighter, and he was tanned the clear color of health; but his smile was the same, his kiss as warm and gentle.

They say that women are natural actresses. That may be true, but I think only when their hearts are in acting a part. Mine was not in acting the part of the girl Bob had left, the girl who had written him those first letters, so full of love. I went through inner agonies behind my mask of happiness. Every fibre in me ached to tell him I loved Tony. I felt stifled with the oppressive weight of the secret I must keep.

And Bob wanted to be with me every minute of his short leave. When he dropped around to see old friends,

I must be along. When he had dinner with his parents, I must have my dinner there too. It's all right, I kept telling myself, it's all right. In a few days he'll be gone and he'll never know. I can keep up the deception that long.

—Until the night, as we walked home, when he wanted to drop into the Silver King and see "old Mike."

"Oh no!" I cried with unthinking vehemence, and Bob looked at me oddly. "It's—it's not the same as it used to be," I added in lame explanation. "It's full of factory workers, and Mike's too busy to talk to us—"

"Well, he won't be too busy to make us one of his hamburgers," Bob insisted. "He'd never forgive me if I didn't drop in just to say hello."

Gayly over-riding my protests, he led me into the crowded, noisy diner.

Tony was there, of course. I'd known he would be. It would have been too kind of fate to let him be absent just then. He saw us when we entered—he could hardly have missed Bob in his bright blue uniform—and followed us with his eyes to where we sat at the counter. I couldn't read his face, in the quick glance which was all I dared give him.

Mike greeted us noisily and insisted on "setting up" not only hamburgers, but pie and precious coffee. And all the while I was conscious of Tony watching us. If only he'd be kind enough to do what he must know I was hoping he'd do—if only he'd finish his food and pay his check and walk away, without speaking to me or letting Bob realize he knew me at all!

He was not kind. He stood up and sauntered over to us.

"Hello, Lucy," he said.



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"Oh—hello, Tony." I tried to seem surprised, tried to seem casual. Maybe, if I only nodded and turned away, he'd take the hint and go on by. But he waited, and Bob was twisting around to look at him curiously.

"Bob," I said miserably, "this is Mr. Armand—Bob Ritchie."

"Hi," Tony said without enthusiasm. "I've heard a lot about you."

"Nothing I wouldn't want told, I hope," Bob laughed.

"No. I don't think so," Tony said, and then there was an awkward pause. I tried desperately to fill it by saying the first thing that came into my mind.

"Tony works in the plant up the road," I said.

"Is that right?" Bob asked, interest in his voice. "What do you make there?"

I knew what Tony was thinking—that it wasn't fair for Bob to be in uniform and him out of it, and that he must be on his guard against any attempt on Bob's part to patronize him. His feeling of inferiority was all too evident in the shortness of his reply: "Precision instruments."

"You do?" This time there was no mistaking the sincerity of Bob's interest. And he was not only interested, he was impressed. "Gee, that's something!" He laughed. "You know, don't you, that the fellows who fly those planes practically worship you guys?"

"Oh, I don't know . . ." Tony was melting, losing his gruff belligerence.

"It'd be just too bad," Bob explained, "if one of those instruments went on the bum—and they darn' seldom do. Why, you must've had years of training to do such exacting work! Y'know, I was up in a Navy plane the other day and . . ."

A minute later—I didn't quite know how it happened—Tony was on the stool beside Bob, and the two of them were deep in a discussion of something called an "automatic control." I might not even have existed, as far as they were concerned.

If something like this had happened a few months earlier, I would have been furious. Now I was so glad, so tremendously relieved, that I wanted to cry.

They remembered I was there, after a while. Bob turned and laughed sheepishly. "Sorry, honey. All this

isn't very interesting for you, I guess."

"I don't mind. Only—" Now that they had left the impersonal and perfectly safe realm of precision instruments, I was afraid again. I wanted to get Bob away from Tony. "Only you promised to drop in to see Biff Regan and Sylvia tonight, and it's getting late."

"Yep," Bob agreed, standing up and fishing in his pocket for some money. "I guess you're right."

Tony, too, stood up; and he looked across Bob straight at me.

"Lucy's always right," he said clearly. "I've found that out."

His eyes, so brown and big, sent me the same message. "Yes, you were right," they said silently. "You can't do anything terrible to this soldier."

They said something else, too. They said, "Goodbye."

Yet we were both smiling when we parted—Tony to go to the factory, and Bob and I in the opposite direction.

"Nice guy," Bob said, swinging along beside me. "Where'd you get to know him?"

"Oh—I dropped into the diner one night for a minute, and Mike introduced us. I fixed his hand for him—he'd cut it at the plant."

"Do you . . . like him?" Bob sounded doubtful and worried, and fear rushed back to take possession of me. Had I betrayed myself, after all?

I steadied my voice. "Yes," I said, with just the proper amount of indifference. "I think he's very nice."

After a little silence, Bob said, "Yes," abstractedly, and when he spoke again it was about something else.

I didn't hear from Tony the next day, or the next, or the next. But I hadn't expected to. I didn't expect to hear from him again, ever. I went about with Bob in a trance of misery, playing my part, smiling or laughing when he said something funny, telling him the news and gossip of town, kissing him when we met or parted, being natural, natural, natural. . . .

Slowly, the certainty grew in me that I was not being natural enough. Bob suspected that I was carrying a secret locked inside me—he must suspect that, for several times I caught him looking at me in a way that was half quizzical, half worried; and now and then he would fall into a mood of abstraction, as if he were

Eddie Cantor has a new protegee—she's Shirley Dinsdale, cute little 15-year-old ventriloquist who is heard with her impudent dummy, Judy Splinters, on Eddie's show every Wednesday night on NBC.



trying to solve a knotty problem. Still, he said nothing, and neither did I, for I felt that if only nothing had been brought out into the open before he left we would both be safe—Bob safe from being hurt too much, and I from betraying him.

His last night came, and we were out all by ourselves. First dinner, and then dancing; it grew late, and Bob would have to take an early train in the morning, but still he did not seem to want to go home. The midnight shift would be on now at the factory . . . Tony would be bending over his work-bench. Oh, Tony darling—never to see you again, except at a distance.

Sirens wailed outside, thin and ominous above the cheerful din in the night club where we'd been dancing. And then another, and another, accompanied by the roar of heavy trucks, moving rapidly.

People asked questions, went to the doors and looked out, came back:

"It must be a big fire. Where is it?"

"Don't know . . ."

"Somebody says it's out at the edge of town."

Bob asked, "Like to take a run out and see, Lucy?"

"No—I don't think so." It would have been a distraction, a chance to forget about playing my part for Bob's benefit, but I was tired; there was nothing I really wanted to do except crawl home, where I could be alone with my unhappiness.

BOB accepted my refusal to visit the fire, but still he seemed reluctant to leave the table where we sat. He lit a cigarette, carefully deposited the match in an ash-tray.

"Lucy," he said at last, "there's something I've got to tell you—I don't know, I mean I think I ought to tell you—"

Even in my preoccupation with my own troubles, I could see his embarrassment. "What is it, Bob?" I asked.

"Well, you see—this may be the last time I'll see you before I go overseas, and you'll be going too, as soon as you get your appointment. And we ought to get things straight. It wouldn't be fair to you not to tell—The truth is—I met a girl down south where I'm in camp and I—"

It was easy to see what word he'd stumbled over. He just couldn't say, "and I'm in love with her." But I, in my amazement and relief, could.

He didn't hear the relief, though, and he stumbled on, before I could say anything more, "I'd rather have had anything else in the world happen than this. You know I've always loved you, Lucy, ever since we were kids, but not—not like that. I've loved you the way a fellow loves his family, or his best friend. And I thought you felt the same, until I began getting letters from you after I left. I hoped maybe it was just the shock of seeing me in a uniform, or something—just a romantic idea. Then I came back on this furlough, and you—well, I couldn't figure you out. Sometimes it was just as it used to be, between us, and then another time I'd get the feeling that you really did love me and—I'm sorry, honey, but I had to tell you because I think I'm going to get married pretty soon."

"Oh, Bob!" It was all I could say, torn between laughing and crying. "Oh, Bob!" I took a deep breath, to gain control of myself, while he

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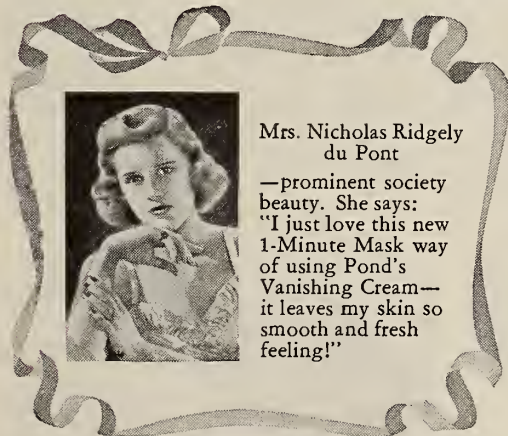
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stared, and then I explained shakily, "But that's the way it was—I missed you so much when you left that I imagined I was in love with you. And I guess there was a good deal of the romantic business of loving a soldier mixed up in it, too. Anyway, I'm in love with somebody else, and all this week I've been trying to tell you—"

And it was then, as if to shatter this glorious new feeling of freedom I had, that a waiter came to our table.

"Miss Breckenridge?" he asked. "The hospital just called—they'd been trying to reach you at your home. They want you to report at once out at the airplane factory. There's been a big fire, and lots of the men are hurt."

The airplane factory. The midnight shift! *Tony!*

The last thought brought me up out of my chair, and Bob—bless him for his immediate understanding of what he couldn't really have understood at all—was on his feet too, saying, "I'll drive you out there."

I THINK I explained in the car—at least, I know I must have said enough to let Bob know it was Tony I loved. I really don't remember very well—don't remember anything except my fear for Tony's safety, until Bob had deposited me at the plant and I was standing in the hospital in front of a white-faced man who was in charge.

"You one of the nurses we sent for?" he snapped at me.

"Yes."
"Go right on in there and wash up, then. And report to Dr. Hastings inside."

He had papers, lists, on his desk, and I asked, "Tony Armand—was he in the fire? Do you know?"

"No names available yet," he said curtly but not unkindly.

One doctor and one nurse for five thousand men. That was what Tony had told me about conditions at the plant hospital. Now I was to learn what it meant. It meant confusion and pain which couldn't be stopped because there weren't enough trained people to stop it. It meant long hours in which I obeyed orders mechanically, helping with hypodermics and bandages and dressings, never knowing if the next blackened, tortured man would be Tony. It meant stifling my own fear to comfort others.

And then, when the worst was over, I did find Tony.

He was in an anteroom, with others who had been only slightly injured and so could wait until the serious cases had been attended to. When I

saw him my knees suddenly went weak—with relief from long strain, with weariness, with happiness. But he frowned and looked away while I applied salve and bandages. Neither of us spoke. It was like the other time I'd nursed him—in the drugstore, so long ago it seemed!—we were strangers, each on the defensive with the other.

"Thanks," he said when I'd finished, and made as if to go.

"Tony," I said, "please! Please don't freeze me out this way. I know what you're thinking—that we mustn't have anything to do with each other—but it isn't like that. Bob and I—he's in love with somebody else, Tony. He is, honestly—" as I saw the doubtful expression on his face. "He told me tonight . . . And he didn't know it, but he told me something else. He showed me that I'd let myself get all confused about things, because of the war."

"I don't get you." Tony was still dubious, wary.

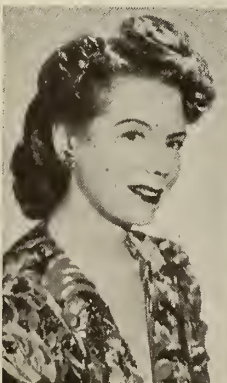
"It's hard to explain. But I pictured myself as—oh, as kind of a wonderful heroine. First I fell in love with a soldier, just because he *was* a soldier, although I'd known him all my life and never loved him before. Then, when I discovered I didn't really love him, I saw myself making a big sacrifice so he wouldn't know. It wasn't *real*, Tony. It was story-book thinking. That isn't the kind of sacrifice a person has to make now—not big heroic gestures, but little everyday sacrifices that are so much more difficult. Like my thinking I could only be a nurse on some battlefield, when there's a place for me right here at home, helping out as a volunteer nurse in the factory."

Tony smiled. "Funny little kid. You had to think that all out, didn't you? You're right, of course, even if you haven't got it all quite straight in your head yet. But how about your application for overseas service? Will you turn it down when it comes through?"

I'd forgotten that application, sent in with such high hopes it would be accepted. Now, in my heart, I hoped the acceptance would never come through. But if it did—

"No, I wouldn't turn it down," I said. "That's part of what I know now. The sacrifices have to be made, but it isn't for us to say what they'll be. If they want me overseas, I'll go. If they don't, I'll stay here and find a way to be useful."

Tony put his arm around me, right in front of everybody. "You can start in by taking care of me," he said.



Say Hello To-

ETHEL SMITH—who plays these rhythmic rhumbas and sambas on the electric organ, as a regular feature of the CBS Hit Parade. Ethel is as American as her name—she was born in Pittsburgh—but she has traveled extensively in South America and Cuba, where she studied the native music until she became familiar enough with it to put its whole meaning into her performances. She studied at Carnegie Tech, learning to play the piano and organ, and to speak Spanish, French, German and Portuguese fluently. After leaving school, she played the piano in movie theaters. Then the electric organ was invented, and Ethel recognized in it the ideal instrument for the rhythmic music she likes to play. She's appeared in night clubs here and in South America.

Facing the Music

Continued from page 4
Musical Mathematician

ALTHOUGH dignified announcer Milton Cross humorously refers to the musicians employed on the Blue network's popular and witty Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street as the "Aged In the Wood Woodwinds" or the "Barefooted Symphony" or the "Poor Man's Philharmonic," these remarks fail to upset Paul Lavalle, the orchestra's director. More temperamental artists might rebel at these whimsies, even though they are said only in jest, but Lavalle enjoys these script sallies much as any listener. He is also comforted by the fact that as musical director of the Blue network he directs seven other broadcasts which give him more reverential introductions.

"Too many musicians are typed," he explains. "Playing one type of music continuously would drive me crazy."

Lavalle is equally at home playing saxophone under the great Toscanini and piping out a hot clarinet solo in swing tempo. This versatility has paid the youthful-looking musician dividends and makes it possible for him to turn down attractive offers to organize a regular jazz band or accept a prominent post in a symphonic organization.

A graduate of the famed Juilliard School of Music, Lavalle disagreed with his "long hair" colleagues there.

"I believe musicians today should play modern music that most Americans enjoy," he insisted then and still insists today.

It wasn't difficult for the young theorist to get a job in a popular orchestra. For three years he played under Paul Ash at the New York Paramount theater. Then Rubinoff hired him for the old Eddie Cantor radio show. Broadcasting work appealed to him because of its varied opportunities and he's been at it ever since.

Playing under such men as Rubinoff, Don Voorhees, and Frank Black helped Paul earn \$400 to \$500 a week and his music was continuously di-



Pretty Kay Lorraine sings on the Basin Street program on the Blue.

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verting and interesting. Then his friend Benny Goodman told him about a Russian composer and teacher named Joseph Schillinger who had a challenging approach to music. Like George Gershwin and other modernists, Lavallo studied under Schillinger, learning a new scientific approach to music that has helped him enormously. From Schillinger, Lavallo developed refreshingly different tone colorings, bizarre orchestrations, and a streamlined method of orchestration, all evident today when you tune in one of his programs. "Music is mathematical," he insists. "Overtones are measured by mathematics. After all, the very instruments we play are made not by musicians but by mathematicians."

Perhaps the most startling innovation that Lavallo introduced as a result of his study under the Russian was the adaptation of concert hall instruments into jazz playing. Music critics gasped when Lavallo used bassoons, oboes, English horns—all woodwinds—on the Basin Street program, then composed original compositions like "Bullfrog and the Robin" and "Memoirs of a Dilemma" to accentuate these instruments. Lavallo also was fortunate to have such dulcet and decorative singers as first Dinah Shore and now Kay Lorraine lending their talents to his shows.

At present Lavallo is working out a way to develop that rugged Carnegie Hall stand-by, the kettle drum, into a jazz instrument.

Paul was born in Beacon, N. Y. His father was a well-to-do Italian-American building contractor who

gave his children every advantage. When Paul finished high school he decided to become a lawyer and entered Columbia University. But his classmates preferred to hear him play piano, clarinet, or banjo rather than discuss his Blackstone. When a friend heard of a scholarship opening at Juilliard, he challenged Paul to try for it. Paul did and was accepted. His law study was sidetracked.

Once the youngster decided on music for a career, he laid out his plans as carefully as an architect.

First he planned to become a first rate instrumentalist. Then, if he succeeded, he would try conducting. Finally, if all went well he hoped to devote himself to composing.

So far the blue print has gone off according to schedule, and his admirers are now waiting for the day he starts writing music exclusively. He's already written a few songs, and one of them, "Whippoorwill" is this month's RADIO MIRROR song hit.

The 34-year-old, black-haired, brown-eyed conductor stands five feet five, dresses neatly, and talks quickly. You get the impression that each sentence he utters has been as carefully planned as one of his musical arrangements. Married, he lives in Manhattan, handy to the concert halls, which he visits as often as the jitterbug havens.

Lavallo has had much changing of names. His right one is Joe Usifer. He thought that lacked a professional sound and adopted Laval, his mother's maiden name. Then that Vichy viper, Pierre Laval, made this spelling an odious one and Paul quickly changed the spelling to Lavallo.

Top-O'-the-Morning Meals

Continued from page 44

cereal and warm milk and beat together until smooth. Turn into buttered casserole and cook in 350-degree oven until cereal is piping hot. Break eggs carefully over cereal, dust with salt and pepper and continue baking until eggs are set.

melted butter. Beat egg whites stiff and fold in. If you use whole kernel corn, increase milk to ½ cup.

Rice Pancakes

- 1 cup flour
- 2½ tpsps. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- Pinch of nutmeg
- 1 tbl. New Orleans type molasses
- 1 or 2 eggs
- 1 cup milk (scant)
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 2 tbs. melted butter or margarine

Sift together the dry ingredients. Beat egg, add milk and molasses, then add rice. Combine with flour mixture and beat until smooth. Beat in melted butter and bake on hot griddle.

Apple Molasses Pancakes

- 2 cups flour
- 4 tpsps. baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¼ cup New Orleans type molasses
- 2 eggs
- 1½ cups milk
- ¼ cup melted butter or margarine
- 1 cup chopped tart apples

Sift together dry ingredients. Beat eggs, add milk and molasses. Combine with flour mixture and mix well, then beat in melted butter. Stir in apples. Use a lower temperature for baking, otherwise the additional molasses in this recipe may cause the cakes to get too brown.

Orange Marmalade Doughnuts

- 4 doughnuts
- 1 tbl. soft butter or margarine
- 1 tbl. orange marmalade

Cream butter, add marmalade and cream together thoroughly. Slice doughnuts in half horizontally, spread creamed mixture on cut surface and brown beneath the broiler flame.

Corn Waffles

- 1 cup canned corn, cream style
- ¾ cup flour
- ½ tsp. baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- 2 eggs
- ½ cup milk
- 1 tbl. New Orleans type molasses
- ¼ cup melted butter or margarine

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt and mix with corn. Beat egg yolks, beat in milk, molasses and

This Is Heartbreak

Continued from page 17

Greg enough credit. He had gone to college, only because he was willing and able to work his way through. Carl had not gone, mainly because he did not know what he had wanted to do with his life.

I tried to shake off all these nagging memories, once I realized they were making me critical of Carl. I didn't want to get into that frame of mind. I argued with myself that it was too easy to be regretful now that I saw how well Greg had made out.

In all fairness to myself I had to admit, though, that things had not worked out as I had hoped. Something had gone very wrong somewhere. We had started out happily, Carl and I. For one whole year, we were almost ridiculous about our love. I was glad I had not let Greg's lightheartedness and charm turn my head. I was glad I had felt Carl's real, deep need for me. I suppose all women have to feel they are needed. It gives importance to their lives. Carl gave my life meaning.

SLOWLY, however, almost imperceptibly, life seemed to go sour for Carl, and consequently for me. The old moods would come on him, when he was depressed and frustrated. I was always there to help him, cajole him, pamper him, but each time he seemed to need me more, to depend more heavily on me.

They were strange moods. Sometimes I used to long desperately to be able to run to Greg and ask him to help me straighten Carl out, the way he used to do, when we were growing up together. But Greg was far away. He had gone to South America on an engineering job, right after I had told him I had decided to marry Carl. Somehow, I couldn't write him what was happening.

Carl's moods had affected his work, too. He began to lose jobs, one after the other, and he began to console himself with the idea that he could become a great writer. When things went wrong, he would hide away in his den and put all his anger and bitterness into those stories of his. I didn't know what to do. I only knew how to soothe his self pity, how to encourage him when he made indiscriminate promises to change, although I was afraid he didn't mean them. I knew how to sympathize with him when he complained of never having a chance, of being tied down all his life, even though I knew he meant I was tying him down too. But I could never understand the causes of all these things.

When I found out I was horrified. It was after Carl had quit one of his jobs. I was desperate that time. We needed money badly. So I had gone out and asked for my old job at the bank. When I told him what I had done, Carl was furious. He got up from his chair and stood over me, his eyes burning. For the first time, I was almost afraid of him.

"I'll kill myself, if you take that job!" he stormed. "Don't you know it's hard enough for me to keep thinking that I couldn't give you the kind of life you should have—the things that Greg would give you—without you throwing it in my face? Are you trying to drive me crazy?"

It was like a picture unfolding. I



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saw it all then. We had been happy the first year, because Carl had been so proud of getting me away from Greg. Then, as Greg became more and more successful, Carl had grown more and more envious, more and more insecure.

Remembering that, I almost wished that Greg were not coming back. A small shudder of fear ran through me and, no matter how I fought to dispel it, it lingered in the back of my mind. I told myself I was being silly. That had all happened three years ago. It was all over. Carl couldn't possibly still be jealous of Greg. Why, I had even stopped writing to Greg, just to keep peace. We hadn't even mentioned him for a long time, until this afternoon. But I couldn't shake off that sense of foreboding.

I had wanted to suggest that Carl and I go down to meet Greg's train, but thinking of these things, I didn't dare. I didn't want to give him the chance to accuse me of still loving Greg.

In the end, it didn't matter, because Greg came to see us. The moment he stepped inside the door, even before he picked me up and whirled me around and kissed me, all my old affection for him came flooding back. I knew in that moment, how terribly I had missed him all those years, how little his absence had changed my feeling for him. I'm afraid there were tears in my eyes as he set me down.

DIMLY, I saw him grasp Carl's shoulder and shake his hand and slap him on the back. "You lucky dog!" he said. "How are you?"

Carl grinned and slapped him back and I thought with relief that everything was going to be all right, that Carl had forgotten all his old nonsense and was genuinely glad to see Greg. Greg pushed us both down on the sofa and sat down and just looked at us for a moment.

"You people," he said with a delighted shake of his head, "you don't know how I've missed you. Kirtha, you look wonderful. And Carl—still the old bear, still worrying about the world. Lord, it's good to see you! Tell me about everything. What's been happening? What're you doing?"

"Oh, there's nothing to tell," Carl said. "You're the one who's been doing things. You're the go-getter. Many's the time I've told Kirtha she should have married you instead." He was smiling and Greg chuckled.

But I knew Carl too well. He wasn't joking. He was deliberately trying to make Greg or me say something that would give him a chance to make a scene later. He had done that so often to me in the past. This time I was determined it wouldn't happen. I led Greg into talking about himself, all the places he'd been, the things he'd done. And I watched Carl.

All my pleasure at seeing Greg was gone. All my excitement faded. I hardly heard what Greg was saying. I was too miserable to listen. For I realized from Carl's expression that nothing had changed.

I knew that now I had to be more careful than ever. I even hoped that, perhaps, if I didn't see Greg again, Carl would begin to trust me, begin to believe in my love for him. And it seemed to me that to win that, it was a small thing to give up all I had hoped for from renewing our old

three-sided friendship again. Greg was talking about the factory. He was enthusiastic and proud of being able to bring life back to Warrensville. "You know, Carl," he said. "I've been thinking you ought to come and work with me. You were always pretty good at plans and things and we need all the men we can get."

Carl shook his head. "I—I'd like to," he said, "but I've got a novel in the works and I can't leave it now."

Greg looked at me and I bit my lip. His light brown eyes flashed with understanding and he smiled quickly at Carl. "Just thought I'd ask," he said.

A little later he left. As the door closed behind him, Carl turned sharply on me.

"Well," he said, "how do you feel now? I look pretty silly beside him, don't I?" I didn't say anything. "I suppose now he'll be around here all the time. I'll never have any peace any more."

"No," I said quietly. "He'll be too busy for one thing. And I won't ask him for another."

"What's the matter?" Carl asked. "Has he lost his charm?"

I knew this would go on for hours, if I let it. So I got up and went wearily to the bedroom and locked the door. Sitting on the side of the bed in the darkness, I wondered helplessly whether anything could save the farce my marriage had become. Yet I knew I couldn't leave Carl. Somehow, it all seemed to be my fault, that I had made some mistake, and had done something at some time to rob Carl of his security, or at least his sense of security. And it seemed to me that only I could give it back to him.



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There was a soft knock at the door. "Kirtha," Carl pleaded, his voice soft and calm, "please, let me in."

I unlocked the door and he caught my shoulders and drew me into his arms. "Darling, darling," he whispered into my hair, "I'm such a fool. Why do you let me make such a fool of myself? I love you. Forgive me."

Hours later, when he had fallen asleep, I lay awake, wondering what would become of us. Two days ago I had been so happy, so excited about the factory opening up. I had seen Carl becoming a part of the revitalized town, finding himself again, forgetting his unhappiness and bitterness in the excitement of work. Now it was all over. Simply because Greg had asked him, he had thrown away the first chance he'd had in months.

It was difficult to stay away from the factory site, those next few weeks. Everything in Warrensville seemed to begin and end there. Trucks were rumbling by the house, day and night, with materials for rebuilding. People we knew were continually waving to us from the street on their way to work and coming home from work. It was almost painful to restrain myself. I wanted so much to become a part of this thing, I wanted so much for Carl to be in it. But I held myself back. Greg was there and I mustn't go where he was.

ABOUT three weeks after his arrival, Greg came to see me. I must have looked frightened as I opened the door. Greg smiled gently.

"It's all right, Kirtha," he said. "I know that Carl always goes to the Unemployment Insurance Office on Thursdays. He won't be home for awhile. I want to talk to you alone." He made me sit down beside him and he held my hand as he went on. "Kirtha, you know I love you. And because I love you, I know something is very wrong. You aren't happy, are you?" I shook my head dumbly. "Why?" he asked quietly.

Somehow, just having someone care about how I felt was too much. I found tears welling up in my eyes and then I was telling Greg all about what had been happening to us, Carl's erratic temper, his growing restlessness, his moodiness, his escaping into the pretence that he'd show the world when he wrote a great novel, even his envy of Greg.

"I thought as much," Greg said, when I had finished. "I asked a few questions around town and the general impression seems to be that Carl is going to pieces." Greg stood up and looked down at me. "But I don't think it's beyond hope—yet." He smiled. "I know just what he needs. He's got to feel important. He's got to do some work that gives him that feeling. Kirtha, you've got to make him come to work with me."

I almost wanted to laugh. If he had asked me to move the factory with my bare hands, it couldn't have been a more preposterous request. "You don't understand," I said helplessly. "There's no way I could make him do that."

"All right," Greg said. "Then I'll find a way. But you help me as much as you can. You see, darling," he said softly, "I know what's troubling you. I knew it that night I was here. Carl's jealous of me. And there's only one way to cure that. Make him sure of himself again and let him see us together so he'll know there's nothing for him to fear."

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I smiled wryly. "That sounds too simple," I said.
 "That's no reason for not trying it," Greg said. "I'm kind of a simple guy, anyway. I'll send for Carl and you make sure that he comes to see me."
 I watched Greg for a long time, as he strolled down the street in the direction of the factory. I watched the tall, straight figure, swinging purposefully along, shoulders back, head high. What I wouldn't give to have Carl walk that way, I thought.
 And because Greg had given me a ray of hope, I did my best the next day, when a worker came to pick Carl up and drive him to the factory in a truck. Carl almost sent the man away, but I managed to draw him aside and whisper, "Darling, you can't do that. You must go, if Greg sends for you. What would everyone think, knowing what good friends you were before?" And I held my breath, waiting to see if it would work.

CARL looked at me suspiciously, but he thought it over. And he went. He was gone only an hour, but to me it was an eternity. I kept seeing them together. I had visions of Carl angry, his jealousy flaring up. I had visions of him calm and happy. I remembered how Greg used to be able to talk Carl into almost anything in the distant past and I prayed silently that he could do it again.

Then Carl was back. He banged open the door and threw his hat angrily on the floor. "Don't you ever send me out to be humiliated like that again!" he shouted.

"Carl, what are you talking about?" I asked stupidly.

He looked at me furiously. "You may be ready to pick up crumbs from Greg's table. But I'm not willing to take charity from him. Do you hear?"

"Greg wouldn't offer you charity," I said, frantically, feeling the whole thing slip away from my control.

"No?" Carl asked hotly. "Am I supposed to believe that he needs me? He needs me! That's funny!"

"If Greg said he needs you, he probably does," I said.

"Sure," Carl said. "He certainly needs me as an assistant." He paused and added significantly, "And I know what for, too! So I'll be busy and won't know what you're doing."

There it was again. He'd never forget that. He'd torture himself and me with that, no matter what it cost us both.

"Carl," I said wearily, "you're not thinking. Your imagination is running away with you and you're not thinking." I walked out of the room, and a minute later I heard him go into his den, slamming the door. In a little while, his typewriter began to go, pounding, almost shaking the whole house.

Gradually, I could tell his anger was subsiding. He was slowing down. Finally, he stopped writing altogether. In my mind, I could see him in there, ashamed of himself, wanting to apologize, wanting the support of my love. And this time, I felt I had to take advantage of him, for his own good.

Without knocking, I opened his door. He was leaning despondently over his typewriter, his chin in one hand, his troubled, dark eyes staring miserably out of the window. I slipped over to him and put my arms around his neck, kissing him gently on the ear.

"Oh, Carl," I whispered, "what's

wrong with us? Why do we go through these things all the time?"

He caught my hands and kissed them hungrily. "I'm sorry," he whispered, the old Carl now, a little bewildered, a little helpless, as though he himself no longer knew what the fuss had been about.

"Tell me exactly what Greg said," I began softly.

There was a flash of pain in his eyes, but he smiled it away. "He said work wasn't going as fast as he'd like and he wanted me to be his assistant, to work directly with the men. He—he said he's not very experienced in that—he's more a paper man."

"He probably is, darling," I smiled. "So you see, he does need you. How much did he offer you?"

"Seventy-five a week," Carl said awkwardly.

I almost said it. I almost said that was more than Carl had ever made, or hoped to make in his life. I stopped myself just in time. "That's wonderful," I said, "for a beginning. Think of what we could do with that much money. Darling, we'd be rich."

Carl bit his lip and looked at me suspiciously. "You want me to work there, don't you?" he asked quietly, too quietly.

"I want you to work, Carl. I want you to feel safe and well again. I want you to be happy and I think not worrying about money all the time will help. And why shouldn't you work there? Almost everyone else in town is."

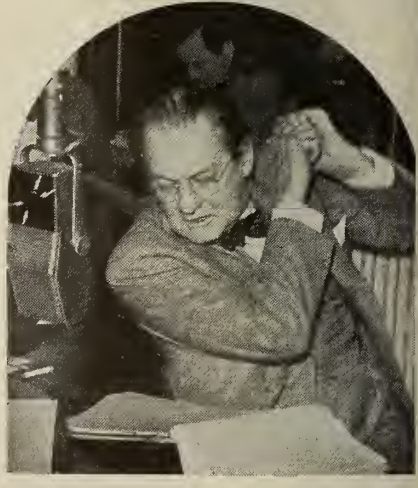
Carl pulled me down on the arm of his chair. "If only I could believe you," he said. "If only I could be sure it wasn't just so you and Greg—"

I lifted his head and made him look into my eyes. "It isn't because I want to be with Greg. It's for you, because I love you."

He smiled then, like a little boy smiling the tears out of his eyes. I hugged him to my heart. "You will do it, won't you?" He nodded.

He started to work the next morning. He was wary, at first, careful, always looking for signs of criticism. But Warrensville is a small place and everyone knew him. Almost everyone had had a taste of his iry-

Continued on page 74



Veteran movie star Lionel Barrymore is fast becoming a radio veteran as well, playing the title role in "The Mayor of Our Town" Wednesday nights on CBS.

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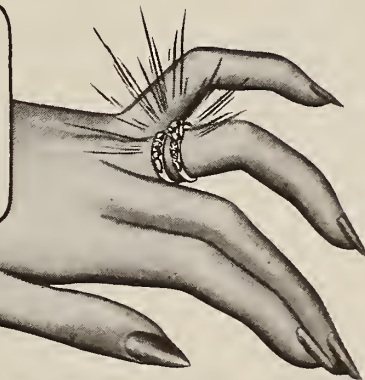
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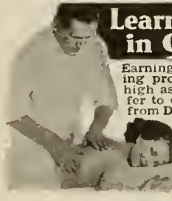
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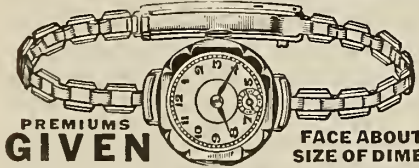
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Continued from page 72

rational temper. I think they all were pleased to see him working again. In a little while he relaxed. He really began to be interested in his work. His face got tanned and his shoulders began to straighten out of their habitual slump.

Still, I was watchful. I never went to the factory site unless Carl specifically asked me to meet him there. Even then, I was always careful never to stay anywhere alone with Greg, whom I couldn't very well avoid when I was on the grounds. Greg and I agreed it would be best not to suggest any meetings anywhere else. We would wait for the suggestion to come from Carl.

It took him weeks to get around to that, however. And, when he did finally say that we ought to have Greg to the house for dinner, he spoiled it by saying that he didn't want people in town to get funny ideas about our coldness to Greg. But it was a beginning and I grasped at the chance, not too eagerly, not too obviously.

That dinner was the beginning of the happiest months I'd spent in a long time. Greg did it all. It was Greg who began to weave his old spell over both of us, who began treating Carl in the old way, as his dearest friend. It was Greg who led us slowly into our old habit of seeing each other every day. It was Greg who brought the smile back into Carl's eyes and the laugh back into his voice.

Slowly, all the tension between us disappeared as though it had never been. Gradually, all fear, all doubt left my mind. It was a wonderful feeling, like stepping out of a dungeon into the sun, free.

It was marvelous to be free like that, but in some ways, it was bad, too. It had the effect of making me heedless. It made me forget that Carl had ever had crazy ideas of jealousy and false pride. That forgetfulness probably accounts for my lack of suspicion when Carl didn't protest against my taking a job as general secretary at the factory. Greg, loaded down with accumulated work, suggested it one evening.

"You might as well be doing something for the war effort," he said lightly. "Besides, the salary will be good."

I glanced at Carl. The memory of his fury the last time I had wanted to go to work came vividly into my mind. There was a strange, guarded look on his face. Then, seeing that I was watching him, he smiled.

"Sure, why not?" he said gaily.

I stared at him. I had very little time to wonder what had prompted him to agree so quickly. Greg was already spreading papers all over the table. I just had time for two ideas to flash through my head, the first that Carl was really cured, the second that he couldn't resist the idea of more money, now that he had had a taste of what it was like not to have to pinch pennies.

After that, I had no time to worry about Carl, or anything else. I worked for several men besides Greg and Carl. Greg was concentrating on getting the factory part of the building set up, the machines installed and started. The offices were not ready yet. I worked all over the place, taking my notes wherever the men I worked for happened to be and transcribing them at home. No one, least

of all Greg, thought of hours.

I didn't mind the work. I loved it, in fact. I loved the satisfying tiredness with which I went to bed nights and the new excitement of every morning. I loved the sense of accomplishment I had, when day by day, I saw the factory taking shape, and knew I had a part in it. I was as delighted with the first tiny office that was finished as though it were a palace.

As I said before, no one thought of hours. We all felt we had a big job to do and we wanted to get it done fast. So, one evening when Mr. Appleby, the purchasing agent, asked me whether I could stay late and type out some lists of orders for him, I didn't even think twice about saying I would stay. I tried to get Carl on the phone once or twice but he wasn't home yet. Then I got so busy I didn't want to take the time.

It was almost eleven-thirty when Mr. Appleby dropped me at our gate. Tired but unworried, I walked up to the house and stepped into the living room. Carl stood up from the sofa, a book falling to the floor at his feet. "Gee, I'm tired," I said.

"Really?" Carl asked, levelly. I came wide awake, stung by his tone.

"I thought if I gave you two enough rope you'd end up by hanging yourselves," Carl went on. "It's been fine for you, hasn't it? But even having an excuse for seeing Greg every day wasn't enough, was it? You couldn't resist this, could you?"

I had almost forgotten he could be like this. It was worse this time than it had ever been before. He caught my wrist. "Where's Greg now? Where is he?"

"He's in Chicago," I cried. "He flew down this afternoon. I haven't seen him since two o'clock. I've been typing for Mr. Appleby—"

"Don't lie!" He pushed me away

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from him, and, his eyes blazing, he slammed out of the room, into his study.

I don't know how long I stayed there, standing very still in the center of the room, too sick, too disgusted even to cry. I couldn't even think, couldn't even, this time, look for sense in all this. I just let my misery and hopelessness beat through me.

It had all been so useless. Carl hadn't changed. No one, nothing, could ever change him. It would always be like this, all the rest of our lives. And I couldn't let it be. I was too tired to fight. Somehow, it didn't matter any more.

Finally I dragged myself off to bed. I hadn't thought that I could sleep, but finally I did—I fell asleep, every nerve exhausted, while I was waiting miserably, restlessly for the dawn to come, wondering, but not caring, if Carl were ever going to stop his typing, ever come in to bed. But he didn't before I fell asleep, and when I awoke, later than usual in the morning, he was gone.

LISTLESSLY I dressed, dragged myself reluctantly to the office. I wanted Greg desperately, wanted to tell him what had happened, to ask him what I should do. But he was away, and another day of waiting, of indecision, of heartbreak, was ahead of me.

I uncovered my typewriter, began automatically to copy a list of figures that was on my desk. It was better to keep working, better not to think about—

"Kirtha!" It was Greg's voice, from the doorway.

I got stumblingly to my feet, knowing in that second before I turned to see him that all I asked of life was to hear his voice calling my name. I loved him. It was time to admit now that I loved Greg, that I'd always loved him, that there must be an end to my foolish martyrdom.

"I—I thought you were in Chicago," I said, stupidly.

He shook his head. "Couldn't get away yesterday. I—why, Kirtha! Good Lord, what's the matter? You look—" He strode across the little office to stand beside me. "Has something happened?"

"Oh, yes," I cried. "Oh, Greg, I can't stand him any more. I don't want ever to go back to him. I—I hate him, almost."

His hands were firm, reassuring, on my shoulders. "You don't have to, Kirtha, not if you don't want to—"

"Greg, about the specifications on this pipe fitting—"

That was Carl's voice, from the doorway. Instinctively, from long habit of avoiding scenes, I stepped hastily back from Greg.

Carl's voice, matter-of-fact a second before, changed sharply.

"I thought you said Greg was in Chicago, Kirtha?"

"I thought so, too," I began, but a gesture from Greg silenced me.

"Let her finish," Carl said, evenly. "Let her tell me whatever tale you two cooked up."

Greg's arm fell protectively over my shoulder as I moved instinctively closer to him. "I don't like—" he began.

"Don't you?" Carl's eyes fell to the length of steel pipe he carried in his hand. Suddenly there was something new in those eyes, something I had never seen before in all of the stormy scenes which lay behind us. A kind

"HAS GOD FAILED?"

I don't think so. I don't believe the American people know too much about God. Certainly they know little of the actual existing Power of the Great Spirit—God. If they did, they would most certainly be able to use the superlative invisible Power against such world-disturbing human parasites as Hitler and Tojo and the Italian dictator—would they not?

We have all heard a lot about what terrible sinners we are. And we probably are. We have been told that we all were born in sin and shapen in iniquity. We have heard much about the terrible punishments which lie ahead of all who do not believe "this" or "that" about God. These stories probably are all true. But there is one thing we have heard nothing about. We have heard nothing about the invisible superhuman, living Power of God.

We have not been told that the American people can, individually, and collectively, establish a definite and permanent contact with the Spirit of God, not "after" we die but BEFORE WE DIE. For it is now we need the Power of God.

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that can be desired. Not only that, the invisible, heretofore undiscovered Power of God, can be used to throw out of the life everything in it which should not be there. And we mean materially, as well as spiritually.

No, God has not failed the American people—they just simply have never been told of the staggering, scintillating Power there is in the realm of God. They have not been told that this superhuman Power can be found and used by all—here and now. If the American people will allow us to—we can show them how to find and use the actual literal Power of God—not "above the sky" but right here on earth. And let us tell you that this war can be stopped, and will be stopped, when the American people discover, for the first time in their lives, the actual and literal Power of God.

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of madness. Deliberately he hefted the rod, letting it slip gently between his fingers, getting it balanced for a blow. And he began to smile a little, and took a step forward.

Somehow, I freed myself from Greg's arm. There was only one thing in my mind then. Carl was going to murder Greg. And I had to stop him.

"No," I found myself saying quietly, steadily. I was moving, although I had no idea how. "No, Carl, you won't do that." I was looking directly into his eyes, holding them with my own. I forced myself to smile gently. "No, Carl." Then, my fingers were around the steel rod. "Give it to me, Carl," I said softly. Time seemed to stand still while Carl glared at me and I glared back at him. His eyes flickered, wavered. I felt the full weight of the steel on my hand. I stepped back, dropping the rod so it rolled under the desk.

I reached blindly for Greg, my knees giving way under me. Greg caught my arm as I was falling and lowered me into a chair. He got me a glass of water. All the while, I was vaguely conscious of Carl, still standing in the door, motionless, almost as though he were holding his breath.

Greg turned to him finally. "That's all, isn't it, Carl?" he asked quietly. "It's all gone far enough and we've all paid for our mistakes. It's over now."

"Mistakes?" Carl spoke uncertainly. I almost felt sorry for him.

"Yes—all our mistakes—" Greg went on. "Kirtha's in marrying you because she thought you needed her more than I did. By trying to help you, she almost ruined you completely. Mine for not fighting for her, for letting my fondness for you trick me into letting you have her. And yours—yours most of all for wanting her not for love of her, but to feed your vanity, to keep me from getting her."

AND then any last vestiges of pity I might have had for Carl disappeared. "And you still won't get her," Carl said coldly. "I know what you think. You think she can divorce me. I won't let her. I'll contest it in every court." He turned to me. "Maybe I can't have you. Maybe you'll never come back to me. But he won't get you."

Greg sighed. "Carl, you might as well spare yourself a lot of humiliation." That word brought Carl's head up sharply, as though he had been slapped. "Legally," Greg went on, "we can find a dozen causes for divorce. And there isn't a man or woman in this town who wouldn't be a witness against you. You wouldn't have a chance. You know it takes a lot of money for long drawn out legal battles. You have some money now. But I have more, much more. And this time, I'm going to fight."

Carl stood silent for a moment, his fists clenched impatiently at his sides. Suddenly, he wheeled about and ran out the door and thundered down the iron stairs. Then it was very still.

Greg kneeled down beside me. Tenderly, he brushed tears I hadn't known were there from my cheeks. "It's all right, now, darling," he said. "It's all over." He kissed me gently and held me close and it was safety and refuge and glory and peace, all in one. And nothing mattered but that I had found my place there in his arms, at last.

Tell Me You're Mine

Continued from page 26

went on, "I mean it just the way it sounds. But I mean it in another way, too, Jackie—I want that life contract."

"Dean!" I said, "Don't play games with me—please."

In answer he turned the switch and started the car. It roared away under his sure touch—and in a moment we were tearing down the drive, away from the monument.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"We're going," he said firmly, starting at the winding road before us, "to get married."

WHEN Dean Hunter and I stood in front of the justice of the peace in that little Maryland house, while the old man's wife and maid hovered in the background, you might have thought that we should be very gay and debonair about the whole thing.

But we weren't. We were like a couple of nervous kids at their high school graduation. No matter how carefully or how suddenly you plan a marriage I suppose there's always that hushed and awful moment when the finality and uncertainty of union between two people overwhelm you and make you shiver with stage fright.

We'd had quite a time awakening the old man and it took some minutes for Dean to arrange with him all the prohibited details which this Mr. Garner had found perfectly legal ways of sidestepping.

After the ceremony was over, Dean pulled me to him and kissed me without regard for the people in the room with us. I knew that the two of them were beaming on us (their maid had retired as soon as the ceremony was finished) and I remember wondering if these rural people had any idea how long I'd known the man who was now my husband.

Then Dean was saying with studied cordiality, "Thanks very much, Mr. Garner. And thanks, Mrs. Garner. We're terribly tired. Do you think we can put up at the hotel?"

"I should think you could," Mr. Garner said. "Why don't you call 'em up and see if they have a room?"

Which was what we did. They did have one. We drove right over, parked our car in the parking place behind the hotel, then went to our honeymoon apartment—room and bath, facing Main Street.

When Dean Hunter and I were alone, there suddenly descended upon me the enormity of what I had done. I had married a man whom I scarcely knew, a man famous from one Coast to the next, a man who had merely said, "I never wanted anyone so much in my life," and I had come along docilely, tied myself up for the rest of my life—and I'd never even met any friend or relative of his.

I didn't know how old he was.

I didn't know where he was born.

I didn't even know if I really loved him.

All I knew was that I was carried away by this Dean Hunter and that I could no more have stopped what had happened than a swimmer can fight the undertow when it drags him into the inevitable.

Now I've told you what happened. I've tried to give you the picture of how Dean Hunter and I became husband and wife that mad and wonder-

ful night. I've tried to give you a glimpse of what happens to a girl when she's swept off her feet by an exceedingly glamorous fellow who has made up his mind that he wants to be married to her.

Whatever complaint I could have about Dean Hunter, I could never say that he lacked kindness, or understanding, or the art of the great lover. Any ordinary man could have blundered that night. But Dean Hunter managed to quiet all my fears, led me into this new experience with grace and patience.

Somehow, in all those exciting hours, I had the feeling that the bubble of our happiness must burst, that this couldn't be solid and final, as I'd always dreamed my marriage would be. But the ecstasy and excitement of Dean Hunter's nearness shut my mind to such thoughts—until his nearness was a thing of memories.

In the morning we had our breakfast brought in. We smiled at each other, happily and contentedly, as we ate the buckwheat cakes the waitress brought us.

Finally, over the coffee, Dean said, "This is an awful thing to say on your honeymoon—but we've got to get back to Washington."

"Don't we though," I said. "I imagine Colonel Wilson is having a fit right now."

Dean looked at his watch and whistled. "And I was supposed to see so many people—oh well," he finished suddenly, "you don't get married every day, do you?"

"No," I whispered as his hand reached out toward mine.

"Please tell me you don't regret it," he said.

"I'll tell you next Christmas," I said. "Right now I'm still in a complete fog. What about you?"

"A complete fog," he said.

"Fancy meeting like this, in a fog," I said.

"If we hear a horn," he laughed, "we know somebody's intruding."

HE came around the table then and kissed me, held me in his arms for a long while.

"Look," he said suddenly. "You were pretty taken with that soldier boy, that Tom Trumble, weren't you?"

"Dean!" I said. "Of course I liked him. He's a simple sort, don't you think, almost pathetic?"

He said evenly, "I hated him from the first moment I saw him—because you'd come to meet him at the station."

"But Dean," I told him, "that was part of my job."

"So was this," he said without emphasis.

"Dean!"

"Well, it's all true, isn't it?" Dean Hunter said.

As we drove back to Washington I was acutely aware of the fact that this man whom I'd married was not an easy person to get along with. It was he who had mentioned Tom Trumble. Frankly, I hadn't thought about Tom for hours. But once Tom came into the conversation an atmosphere of jealousy and mistrust enveloped us—and all the excitement and glamour seemed to be dissipated in a drab cloud.

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A half hour out of Washington we had a heart-to-heart talk. "Look," Dean Hunter said—that was the usual way he started a conversation. "Would it matter a great deal to you if we don't make a lot of publicity out of—out of—this?"

"You mean you don't want to announce our marriage, Dean?"

"Not right away, darling," he said. "That's all right with me," I told him. "As long as you'll tell all our friends that I'm an honest woman."

He laughed. "It's just that the papers always make so much fuss out of runaway marriages. It would mean interviews and pictures—and we wouldn't be left alone for days. Let's just keep it to ourselves."

"All right," I told him. "Whatever you say." I tried not to mind, but I did—a little.

BACK in Washington I began to return to normal. All the excitement of the night before dropped away from me and I looked at what had happened in the cold, detached light of the morning after. I'll admit that Dean's wish for secrecy made me wonder—how I'd have loved to hurry to Gracie and the girls to tell them the great news (of course I *did*, later!—that wasn't telling the newspapers) but I was very happy and excited just the same and felt like shouting my happiness to the world.

We went to Dean's suite so that he could make a few phone calls and take care of some correspondence he said was worrying him. While he busied himself with his chores I made a few calls, too. I called Gracie and told her not to worry, that I'd talk to her later. I called Colonel Wilson and caught him in the midst of as much of a tantrum as that sweet-tempered man can manage. "Where the deuce have you been?" he wanted to know. "I've been going crazy with this man—"

"I'm sorry, Colonel," I said, "I'll explain everything."

"Never mind explaining. Just come over here this minute. This Private Trumble has been on the phone or standing outside my office door or talking to the secretaries saying he's sure you've been kidnapped or something and that we should call the police."

I couldn't help laughing. "Where's he now?"

"Outside in the hall pacing up and down."

"Can't you give him a magazine and tell him to relax?" I laughed.

"Listen here, young lady, I've entrusted you with this strange military

creature, and I expect you to handle him. You come right over here and take him off my hands, do you hear?"

"Yes sir. I'll be right over."

Dean was sweet about my having to go to the office. Besides, he had a string of appointments so we made a date to meet at his suite for dinner. Somehow I never did get around to telling him just why the Colonel was so excited and wanted me back at the office. I remembered our first—call it misunderstanding. It had been about Tom Trumble—and I wasn't going to take a chance on our having another one.

"Mind you be careful crossing the streets," he said sweetly and smoothly as we kissed good-by. Then, more intently, he added: "Still in a fog?"

"Yes, Dean," I told him, "still in a fog."

Do you remember that I told you there was an air of mystery about Dean Hunter, something that you didn't quite believe in but which fascinated you and drew you to him? Remember that I told you he could look at you so frankly, with so little restraint, and yet keep his distance? Well, I never felt those things quite so strongly as now when he held me in a tight embrace and said, "You don't know a thing about me, do you, Jackie?"

"No, I guess I don't."

"I won't try to tell you everything at first." Then, suddenly, "Will you do me a favor?"

"Yes, Dean."

"I just wrote a note—a note to a girl—in New York. I want you to be the one to mail it."

I took the envelope from him. His eyes said that I was to look at it. It was addressed to Miss Diana Stuart, 277 Park Avenue, New York.

"Mail it, Jackie. It tells her. It says good-by."

"You didn't have to tell me," I said, turning away from him.

"I'll tell you about it some day."

"No, don't," I said. "I'll mail it."

He kissed me again and I hurried out. I was somehow hurt, and at the same time I was pleased with this first demonstration that I was to have a part—no matter how painful—of Dean Hunter's life.

As I stood at the desk in the lobby, asking the clerk where the mail box was, a tall, beautifully dressed blonde girl came up to the desk from the other direction. There was an expensive look, an expensive air about her. She managed to talk to the clerk before I did. "What room is Mr. Dean Hunter's?" she asked.

"Room 813. May we announce you?"

"No, thank you," she said. "Mr. Hunter is expecting me."

With that she was off. I looked at the envelope in my hand. I shook the thought from my mind that the girl on the envelope was the one I had just seen—things like that just don't happen, I assured myself—and reminded myself that Dean Hunter was a man in the public eye with thousands of contacts with the press, the theater, in society, everywhere, and that I was not going to start our marriage—as he had done—with jealousy.

I went to the nearest corner mailbox and dropped into it the letter to Miss Diana Stuart. Then I decided to put her—and that expensive looking blonde—out of my mind.

But it was not until I was so busy with Tom Trumble, that I didn't have time for any other thought, that I really succeeded in forgetting.

When I reached my office I found Tom Trumble had calmed down to a mild panic. "I was mighty worried about you," he said as he got up from my desk where he'd been sitting.

"So I hear," I laughed.

But he wasn't joking. "You're sure you're all right?" he wanted to know.

"Of course," I said.

"Jackie—I mean, Jacqueline—Miss Collins—it doesn't matter," he finished suddenly, "I like the sound of all of them."

"Stick to Jackie."

"I'm going to," he said taking my arm in that ingratiating way of his. "How'd you like to take a walk?"

"Oh no," I said hurriedly, "you've got to start thinking about your train home. You don't want to be court-martialed, do you?"

"It would be worth it," he said. "Besides, the train doesn't go for hours—well, an hour anyway."

"When did you eat last, Tom Trumble—you look hungry."

He smiled shamefacedly. "I guess I am at that—I got so busy worrying about you I didn't have anything but a cup of coffee."

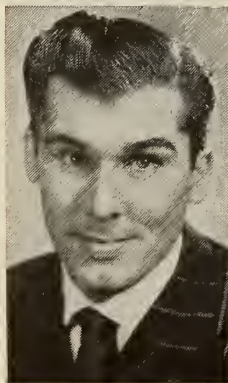
I told him that we'd go straight to his hotel, pick up his bag, and then use whatever time there was left getting him something to eat at the station. He tried to argue with me but I insisted.

LESS than a half hour later we were eating at the quick-lunch counter to which so many travelers hurry before their trains leave.

It was quite an experience to watch Tom Trumble this day, and to listen to him. He ate eagerly, but between bites he told me many things, how he had suffered tortures the night before, and then had wandered about Washington for hours until at last he'd realized that nobody really cared whether he'd fumbled his song or not, that in the long run it didn't matter as long as I didn't "hate him for failing." Tom Trumble had changed. The experience had done something to him. He was still the same ingenuous, innocent boy—but somehow he was no longer "corny."

"Don't you worry about the broadcast," I told him. "Everybody was very happy about it."

"That's what I decided," he said. "I know it was Dean Hunter's cleverness that turned my mistake into a swell moment—and when I started to think that probably very soon all of us boys would be in the thick of the war it was pretty unimportant whether I'd flubbed a silly song or not."



Say Hello To-

JAMES MONKS—who plays the role of Victor Maidstone in the CBS serial, *Our Gal Sunday*, and is often heard on *Manhattan at Midnight*, *Light of the World*, and other shows. Jimmy returned to New York a few months ago from Hollywood, where he appeared in "How Green Was My Valley" and "Joon of Paris." Now he's doubling between radio and a leading role in the Broadway stage hit, "The Eve of St. Mork." He's a native New Yorker and his birth certificate bears the date of February 10, 1916. The moment his education was completed he turned his talents to radio, and by the time he was 21 he was playing all kinds of roles on the air. He's single, tall and dark, and these days devotes all his time when he isn't in the studios or on stage to work.

"Just don't think about it any more," I told him.

"I won't," he said. Then he turned and regarded me very gravely. I avoided his eyes, lifted my cup of coffee to my lips. I heard him say: "I love you, Jacqueline."

I couldn't look at him, there was something so appealing about the sincerity in his voice—somehow more vibrant than anything Dean Hunter had said to me in the past hours. But I knew I didn't have the courage to tell this soldier boy that I was another man's wife. I kept thinking that something about the glamour and excitement of Washington had made Tom Trumble feel this way, that it really had nothing to do with me as a person. Yet I felt I must tell him about Dean and me. "I must tell you something—"

But he broke in: "I don't ask a thing, Jackie," he said. "Naturally you couldn't have learned to care for me in this little time. But maybe, if I can come back some day, and you can have a chance to look me over, you may decide that—"

"Tom Trumble," I said sternly. "Listen to me. I've just got to tell you—"

"No you *don't*," he said with a touch of fierceness in his voice. "I want to go back to camp with you on my mind—and I'm not going to let you tell me anything. Of course there's some man in your life—there's bound to be. Maybe it's Dean Hunter—and I don't want to know about it. You might tell me it's hopeless—and I don't want to hear that. Anyway," he went on, very softly, "even you can't make me believe it's hopeless."

If only he knew how hopeless!

"You'll be hearing from me." He

whipped out a bill and quickly paid the check. "I want to remember you right here, Jackie, just as you are this minute. Good-bye, darling. And don't forget. You'll be Mrs. Trumble some day, so don't try to get out of it." Suddenly he was gone. And I sat, staring after him, wondering how

Overheard

WAR-TIME GYPSIES—Designed to meet the needs of officers' families, government officials, and defense workers, in short, the needs of all Americans whose jobs demand that they move often and quickly, is a new, collapsible type of furniture, called Cross Country. Into one small crate, approximately 2 x 3 x 4 feet, can be packed a desk with bookshelves, a five-drawer chest, a coffee table, rugs, pictures, lamps, draperies, curtains, bric-o-broc and slip covers—in fact, enough to completely transform a barren Army post into a gracious home.—Ken Fornsworth, Department Store News, W.J.Z, New York City.

it's possible for a girl to lead so many years of an incredibly dull existence—and then to experience two days like these!

Tom Trumble was gone.

"Something more?" the girl behind the counter said.

"No thanks," I told her as I slipped from the stool. "I've had plenty."

I hurried to Dean's hotel. I phoned him from the lobby. He didn't answer. I went to the desk. There was a note from him there, addressed to Miss Jacqueline Collins. It said:

"Darling,

Something very unexpected has happened. I had to go back to New York. I tried to get you at Colonel Wilson's office but you'd left. We'll be together soon, I promise you—but we can't be for a few days. Write me where I can phone you. You'll hear from me soon, darling, very soon.

I'll miss you tonight, Jackie. I'm in a fog all right.

All my love,

Dean"

I have been alone for many moments in my life, and I haven't minded. It's only when you've been given so much, and suddenly have less than nothing, that you know how alone a human being can be.

The clerk behind the desk was so busy looking somewhere else. He was a worldly little fellow with a waxed mustache. He kept sorting the mail and picking up the phone—so busy—so incredibly busy.

I had to keep moving. I stuffed the note into my bag and hurried into the street.

And so Jackie's enchanted two days have come to an end in loneliness and doubt, with Dean suddenly and mysteriously called to New York, and Tom still unaware of her marriage. Don't miss next month's exciting instalment of "Tell Me You're Mine" in the March RADIO MIRROR, on sale February 3rd.

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"ANYBODY'S HEAVEN"—can a girl be the mainstay of her family, and the mainspring of her husband's heart—both at the same time? You'll find an absorbing answer in February True Story.

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True Story

February issue now on sale

For You Alone

Continued from page 29

so wonderful, watching, listening—the roaring crowd, the thunder of hoof beats like the rhythm of far-off drums, the thrill, like a tangible hand clutching at throats and hearts—that I completely forgot about the bet I had made, the bet against Terry. And then, suddenly, it was all wrong. There was the streak of gray that was Finale, topped by the bright streak of Terry's silks, moving clear and fine and clean. And then another horse bore sharply over, cutting across to make smaller the hole which Terry had seen along the rail, through which he had been about to send Finale in a spurt to gain ground at the final turn. The big gray stumbled, seemed to stop in mid-air and shake himself—and then he went down. There was a welter of flying hoofs about the fallen horse and rider for a moment and then the rest thundered on and left them there, looking forgotten and lonely—the big, struggling gray heap that was Finale and the smaller, gaily-colored one that was my Terry. I looked down at my tight-held fists, and found that I had pounded them raw on the top of the fence.

I DON'T remember a great deal of what happened after that, in the hurry and excitement that followed. Just two feelings stand out—the wave of relief when I knew that Terry was all right, and the sick stab of sorrow when they told me that Finale was dead.

They kept Terry in the hospital over night, and the best part of that long waiting for him was Horton Loyal's bringing me the money. Actually, I hadn't thought about the bet, hadn't even known who had won the Longsmith. But Brickyard had, and there was a fat roll of bills in my hand to prove it, and another long step forward toward our dreams.

And the worst part of that long waiting was the visit from the Turf Association investigator. He was a brusque little man, and he looked at me with an unfriendly eye. "I want to ask you a question, Mrs. Warren," he said, and his voice, too, was ominous. "Yes?" My heart had begun to thump unpleasantly.

"We have been informed that you placed a bet on Brickyard in yesterday's Longsmith. Is that true?"

There wasn't any use in denying it; apparently they knew. I nodded, and my voice, when it came out, was very subdued. "Yes, I did."

The man took up his hat from the table, where he had put it. "That," he said, and it sounded like the trump of doom, "is all I wanted to know."

I called the hospital then, but Terry wasn't there. He'd been released some time before. So that was something else to worry about—where was Terry?

I soon found out. He came home shortly, and there was something in his face I'd never seen there before. A combination of hurt and anger—deep hurt, blazing anger—that made me feel as if my blood had turned to water.

"Terry—what is it? What's wrong?" I knew what part of it must be, but I was sure that a mistake, made in good faith on my part, couldn't put that—was it hatred?—into his eyes when he looked at me.

"Did you bet on Brickyard?" His voice was sharp and hard.

I nodded my head, because the "yes" in my throat wouldn't come out.

"Will you tell me why you did a thing like that?"

So clipped, so cold, his voice was! I would a thousand times rather have had him yell at me, hit me, even, than just stand there, biting out questions that were like icicles.

I tried to explain. My voice hurried along, telling him all the things I had thought, all the hopes I had had for us, hurrying, hurrying to get to the end of the explanation, to see his face soften, his wiry little body relax, forgiveness make him my Terry once again.

"And I was afraid, Terry," I finished, "of what was going to happen to us. It didn't seem to me so very wrong for us to get some of that money—you've made so much money for other people, winning races. And so when Horton—"

His voice stopped me. "Just what has Horton Loyal to do with all this, anyway, Susan? What has he to do with us—with you?"

"Why—why, he advised me, and placed the bets for me. I couldn't place them myself, and—"

"Bets? You mean you've bet before, Susan?"

I wished that he would stop calling me Susan—he never did; it was always Susie, or Sue. "Yes," I said, and my voice was very small. "Yes, I've been betting all season—but always on you, if you were riding, before," I hastened to add, as if that would help the situation.

Suddenly the anger which he had been keeping in check boiled over. "Good Lord, girl, I suppose you thought it was all right to sneak around and do something by an underhanded route that it wasn't all right to do in the open? Do you think it made it any more right to place your bets through Loyal than to go up to the window and place them in your own name? I've raced clean, and kept my name clean, Susan, and now you and Loyal have fixed me up fine!"

I hated the way he kept coupling my name with Horton Loyal's, as if we had been in a conspiracy against him. And I was afraid, too, of the answer to my question, "Fixed—? What do you mean, Terry?"

"I suppose you don't know what Loyal had in mind all along? I suppose you're an innocent child, without an idea in your head. Don't tell me that, Susan—you're not stupid. You must have known what was going to happen. And don't tell me that you don't know how Loyal feels—oh, what's the use?" His shoulders, stiff and squared a moment before, sagged dispiritedly. "Well, I'm suspended—suspected of having thrown that race—and your having bet against me is the strongest possible evidence. I'm suspended, and Finale's dead—" his voice rose high and furious once more—"and you and your friend have—"

Then, suddenly, I was angry, too. "You stop that, Terry Warren," I cried. "You stop saying things like that about Horton Loyal. He did what he did for me because he wanted to help us. He advised me, and his advice was always right. He helped me because I asked him to. It's not his fault, and you've

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no right to blame him!"

I'd seen Terry angry before, but I'd never heard anything like the bitterness in his voice when he answered me. "Sure—go ahead and defend him. I didn't expect that you wouldn't. Well, you listen to me—you've wrecked my life, now see what you can do with yours!"

He turned on his heel and hurried out of the living room, through the apartment, leaving a trail of slammed doors in his wake. I stood very still where he had left me, puzzled, bewildered, the anger draining out of me to leave a cold fear instead. It was minutes that seemed hours before I could make myself move to follow Terry, and when I did I found him in the bedroom. His bag was lying open, and he was throwing clothes into it.

"Terry!" I cried, and then I couldn't find anything else to say, and I stood there, foolishly repeating his name. "Terry, Terry!"

He wouldn't look at me. He wouldn't talk to me. He slammed the grip shut, snatched up his hat, and strode out, without a word. I didn't believe it until the front door had closed behind him, until I was alone in the apartment—more alone than I have ever felt in my life.

THAT night I didn't go to bed at all.

I just tortured myself by sitting alone in that big chair that used to hold us both, trying to think. But my mind refused to accept any fact but the fact of Terry's leaving me. "He's gone," my mind kept saying stupidly, over and over again, "He's gone, he's gone."

In the morning, although it seemed unreal, like a nightmare, I had to make myself believe that life was changed, that there was no Terry now, that I must find some means of taking care of myself. But in the back of my mind I was sure that this was only temporary, that Terry's righteous anger would abate, and, more than anything, that the charges against him could quickly be disproved, and everything set right again.

That's why I finally dragged myself up, made myself bathe and dress, and go out to see Horton Loyal. Nothing could make me believe that Horton wasn't my friend.

And sure enough, just talking to him made me feel better. "Of course it can be fixed, Sue," he assured me. "It's all a mistake. But these things take time. Look—why don't you come to work in the office here for a little while? My secretary's going to be married, and I really need you here. You can be a big help to me, and you'll be earning your way until we can

make Terry see things in a different light. Meanwhile, I'll do all I can with the Turf Association. Just don't worry. And if you'll take my advice, Sue, you won't try to see Terry for a little while, until he has a chance to simmer down and think things over. After all, you didn't really do anything wrong—it was just an unfortunate mistake all around. Terry'll see that, especially when we get that suspension lifted. Everything'll be all right—leave it to me!"

I was only too willing to leave it to him. I was moving in a kind of stupor, and my brain refused to offer a single idea, a solitary solution.

I liked the work in Horton Loyal's office—it kept my mind busy during the day, and it was work that I could understand and do well. Somehow, I achieved a dull apathy which carried me along. It had to be that way because, you see, I was so terribly lonely. I loved Terry with all my heart—ever since I had first laid eyes on him he had been the center of my world, the point around which my life revolved, the peg upon which I hung everything that I did. It's terribly hard to be separated from someone you love—you know that, if it's ever happened to you. And it's doubly hard if you're the cause of the separation.

I remembered so many things about Terry, when I was living alone like that—and hating it. I remembered how proud he'd been, in a shy, nice sort of way, because he'd made a lot of money and got his name known—he'd been the runt of the family, and his brothers and sisters had always teased him and said he was never going to amount to anything. I remembered how he used to surprise me with presents—flowers, or candy, or maybe some new phonograph records, and how he'd be embarrassed but happy when he saw how pleased I was.

I REMEMBERED how he always jumped to wait on me, to get things for me, how proud he was when he introduced me to people. Why, I was always his girl, even after we'd been married a long time—never getting used to me, taking me for granted, the way some men do. And I remembered how he used to tell me, when we were first married, about what he wanted to do, and how he'd be a famous jockey and make lots of money, and then he'd buy me a house in the country and we'd raise horses when he got too old to ride—tell me that in bed at night, with my head in that place on his shoulder that seemed just made for it—and how sometimes he'd stop in the middle of planning to kiss the tip of my nose, and then



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we'd laugh as if it were the funniest thing in the world. Oh, I missed him so!

Horton Loyal kept reassuring me; he kept my hopes up, telling me that he was making progress in getting Terry's suspension lifted, in clearing up the misunderstanding. I was terribly grateful to him for giving so much of his time to trying to straighten out what I had done, and I tried to tell him so.

"Don't thank me, Sue," he'd always say. "There isn't a thing in the world I wouldn't do for you—and Terry. I just want you to be happy. But I want you to take this free time to think things over very carefully, to be very sure of what you want to do. That's why I think this waiting time, without seeing each other, is the best thing in the world that could happen to you and Terry. You get a better perspective on things. So just bide your time, Susie. Leave it to me."

There didn't seem to be anything else to do. I was sure, in my heart, that Terry would call me, come to me. After all, I hadn't acted maliciously—everything that I had done, I'd done for him, and I was sure that when the first flush of his anger died away he would see that. He'd know that I might have been stupid, but that I could never be vicious, as far as he was concerned. He couldn't, I told myself over and over again, have lived with me all this time without being sure in his heart of that.

EVERY time the phone rang, my heart jumped; each mail delivery found me holding my breath until I had hastily shuffled through the envelopes; but there was no word from Terry for days. And then, when word did come—!

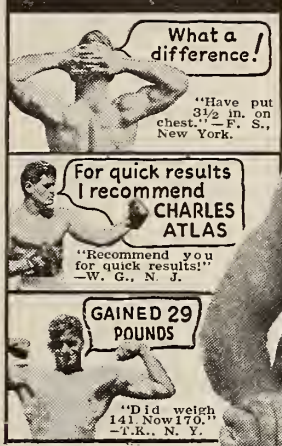
It didn't look like anything very dreadful—just a white envelope, with the name of Terry's lawyer engraved in the corner. But the letter it held left me sick and shaken, the ominous phrases chasing madly about in my mind. "Conference in our offices... discussion preparatory to filing suit for divorce... trust you will find it convenient to meet Mr. Warren and me at that time..." Divorce! Never, for one moment, had such a dreadful, final thought entered my mind. That would be the end of everything, the end of my reason for living. It couldn't happen! I mustn't let it!

But, when it came to the conference in the lawyer's office, it became apparent that there was little I could do to prevent it. Little, even, that I could try to do once I saw Terry's face. It was no use. The coldness, the hardness, were there again. His eyes were like dull blue ice. There was no kindness in him at all, he who had been kindness itself. Always I had thought that only downright betrayal could make Terry hate me. And I had not betrayed him. I had made a foolish mistake, but I'd made it in good faith. How could he talk to me like that, look at me like that, feel toward me like that—Terry whom I loved, who must know how I loved him?

I haven't any idea what happened at that conference. I remember saying "yes" and "no" to the questions the lawyer asked me; I remember begging Terry to talk to me in private, and his sharp, definitely negative headshake, his eyes turning away from the pleading in mine. I don't even remember leaving them—all I know is that I stumbled, shaking as if I were freezing, into Horton Loyal's

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office sometime after I had escaped the battery of Terry and his lawyer lined up against me.

Brokenly I managed to tell Horton what had happened. Without a word he opened his arms to me and I crept into them, crying out all the pent-up pain in me against the rough tweed of his shoulder. I don't know how long I wept there before I realized that his hand was no longer patting my shoulder, before I realized that his arms were tight around me. I turned my head up to look at him, and instead of the kindness, the pity that had been on his face a few moments before, there was a kind of exultation now. And then he kissed me, his arms imprisoning me against him, and when I wrenched my head down again to avoid his lips, his voice, hoarse and strained, poured into my ears.

"Sue, forget it, forget him—forget all about him. You're too fine a woman to be tied to a man who would treat you like that. Oh, I know it's hard—but let him go! Be—be proud, Sue—too proud to stand for being treated the way he's treating you. You need a man like me, a man who appreciates you, a man who can understand—"

I struggled fiercely against him, hating the very thought of being in any arms but Terry's, detesting the feel of any lips but Terry's on mine. "Let me go," I cried, beating futile fists against the bulk of him, "Let me go!"

He held me close to him a moment longer, and then his arms slackened and I was free. It was strange to watch his face; as if he had smoothed it from one pattern to another with an invisible hand, the exultation died away, to be replaced by contrition. "I'm sorry, Sue," he said. "I was—well, I was so darned sorry for you that I guess I just lost my head, trying to take your mind off yourself. I—it won't happen again, Susie. Forgive me?"

I gave him a doubtful forgiveness—doubtful because, although his face and his words were an apology, his

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eyes still held a touch of a kind of fierce hunger. For the first time since I had known him, a frightened doubt of Horton Loyal crept into my mind.

It was that doubt which sharpened my senses in the days to come, which made me watch and listen in that office as I had not done before, which made me look at some of the things which went through my hands with a new interest instead of the dull apathy with which I'd treated everything in the office before.

And suddenly I remembered a letter I'd seen in going through Horton's files weeks ago. One line of it had stayed buried in my memory, waiting there for some spark to touch off a train of suspicion. A line in that letter, sent to Horton Loyal by some friend or other, said, "Good luck on that business of the 31st—everything is OK at this end." There wasn't much in that, except that the 31st was that fatal day, the day of the Longsmith Handicap which had started all of our troubles.

NOW that my mind was tuned to suspicion, other things which happened in the office seemed peculiar, too. There was Horton Loyal's private letter box, to which a portion of his mail was addressed, and from which he, himself, collected the letters each day. There was his personal file, in his office, to which he alone had the key.

Knowing about that file, I watched for an opportunity to get a look at its contents. Unless he was in the office, Horton's file was always locked. And then, late one afternoon, he was called to the stables by some sort of an emergency there. He snatched up his hat and coat and ran out, calling something over his shoulder. And when I went into his office, the private file stood open.

My heart in my throat, frightened to death that he would return and catch me, I began going through that file. And I found a little packet of papers labeled "Warren." Hastily, I looked through it, and I found three things which made me lean against the wall, sick and dizzy at the thought of what a fool I had been.

First, there was a cancelled check made out to Johnny Lester, dated the 31st, the day of the Handicap. Johnny Lester was the jockey who rode the horse which had edged Finale over and resulted in the accident at the final turn of the Longsmith that day. The check was marked "services," and was above and beyond the regular payment to the jockey. And, more important than that, there was a copy of a letter, likewise dated on the 31st, addressed to some official of the Turf Association.

That letter said, "I feel that it is my duty to draw your attention to the fact that Mrs. Terence Warren placed a bet, through me, on Brickyard in today's Longsmith. I cannot make too emphatic my belief that Mrs. Warren is not at fault in this matter, that she does not understand the implications of such a bet, but is doubtless only following instructions from her husband. I must ask that you keep my name out of any investigation which may arise from your receipt of this information." And the letter was signed, "Horton Loyal."

The third piece of evidence was the most damning of all. It was a handwritten agreement, signed by Johnny Lester, to "perform for Horton Loyal,

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in accordance with a verbal agreement between us, certain services during the Longsmith Handicap of October 31st." Doubtless Horton Loyal had insisted that Johnny sign an agreement and had kept it in order to have a hold over the jockey—a hold with which he could threaten the boy with exposure if, in turn, Johnny came to the point of exposing Loyal.

All I wanted, then, was to get out of that office as soon as I possibly could, to get to Terry. As far as I could see, this would have nothing to do with Terry's feeling toward me—Terry, as far as I knew, was angry because I had bet against him, and that fact still remained a fact. But surely this information now in my hands would clear Terry.

IT took a number of telephone calls to locate Terry, but I finally found him. Then there was the problem of getting him to see me, but I managed that more easily than I expected to when I told him that I had found proof that Horton Loyal had deliberately had Finale crowded over in the Longsmith. Terry's voice was full of surprise, and the emphasis in his answer was as surprising to me.

"You want to give me proof that Loyal made it look as if I threw that race?"

"Yes, Terry. Oh, I know you're angry with me, but I'm not sure about this; I don't know enough about it to be sure. But you'd be able to tell in a minute, and to tell me just what to do about it. Please forget your personal feelings, Terry, and help me."

There was a second's silence, and then he said, "OK, Sue. Be right up."

More surprising than anything was the fact that he looked almost like the old Terry when he came in. But that, I supposed, was because he saw his way clear now to proving his own

honesty, to having his suspension lifted.

I spread the papers out on the table. "You see, Terry, here's a check, and here's a letter to the Turf Association, and here's an agreement—"

But he wasn't looking at them. He was looking at me. "How you going to explain these things being missing when you go back to the office tomorrow morning?" he asked.

I shook my head. "Terry, I can't go back to that office. Why—why, Horton Loyal framed you, Terry. How could I go back? And even if he hadn't—well, he—he kissed me, and he told me to forget you, and I can't stand him! Telling me to forget you, when I can't forget you for a second, and I'm so unhappy—" The words were falling over each other in their haste to be spoken. I sounded like a child, babbling out its incoherent grievances.

Terry stood beside me, and I had a feeling that he was poised for movement, as if he were waiting some cue. I turned my face to his. "Terry," I cried, "I love you so—"

It felt just as it had always felt, being in Terry's arms. It meant love and security and that wonderful sure, together feeling we had always shared. And now, after so long, all of those feelings were more acute than I had ever known them before, so sharp that the delight of finding myself in his arms once more was like a sweet sort of pain.

"Oh, honey," he kept saying, "Oh, honey! Look, Sue—it wasn't that I was so angry about your betting. That was wrong, of course, and you shouldn't have done it—but I thought you were in on the deal to make it look as if I'd thrown the race. I've been sure Lester rode me out all this time, but I couldn't prove it—and I couldn't understand how Horton got

you to bet on Brickyard unless you were in on it. And I didn't think you would be in on it unless—unless you'd been letting Loyal make love to you. It was plain, just giving him one look, that he was crazy about you. So I thought—oh, Lord, honey! Don't you see, now, dear—Horton got you to bet in order to discredit me, to cover up any fuss there might be about Lester's dirty riding with a bigger fuss over my being suspected of throwing the race—and because he wanted you, Susie, and all of this seemed a good way to separate us."

His arms were so tight around me that they all but squeezed the breath out of me, all but kept me from telling him, "But I bet on Brickyard because Horton said he was going to win. All the other horses Horton told me were going to win came in winners, and I just thought he was right—he knows so much about racing. I just took his word for it."

Terry was grinning down at me. "Little dope," he said, and the word couldn't have been a sweeter endearment. "Innocent little dope—oh, honey, I guess I was the dope, at that. I ought to have known that you wouldn't do anything like that to me, and yet it seemed so evident—Susie, can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" I cried. "Terry, can you ever forgive me? Terry, will those things I brought—the check and letters and so on—get your suspension lifted?"

HE nodded decisively. "And they'll put quite a crimp in Horton Loyal's style, too. And then you know what we're going to do?"

I shook my head, and waited for an answer, but it was another question. "Where are your ill-gotten gains, Susie—all the money you won?"

"In the bank."

"Well, here's what we're going to do. We're going to clear me with the Association, and we're going to take that money—we can't turn it back, or anything, because there's nothing that can be done with it now at this late date—and we're going to buy an interest in a little place I know of out in the country. Part interest now, and later maybe we can own the whole thing. We'll buy the rest out of profits, if all goes well—but I do know one thing, Susie."

"What?" My head had found that place on his shoulder where it belonged; I was hardly listening.

But he didn't answer. Instead, he steered me by the shoulders into the living room, pulled me down beside him in our big blue chair—that chair plenty big enough to accommodate two people enough in love to want to be very close together.

"From now on, we're partners, Susie—no more secrets, nothing one of us knows that the other doesn't. Right?"

"Right," I murmured as I settled my head more comfortably against the rough wool of his coat.

"We'll get hold of a place without too much trouble," he went on, and I settled comfortably back. Terry was planning again—planning, just like old times. It was almost too wonderful to believe, after all those weeks of being separated from him. "If we can raise a couple of likely colts—"

He broke off. "Susie, you aren't listening to me, at all. You're—" Then he broke off, and he leaned over and kissed me. And, after that, neither of us talked any more at all.



Boy, was it a whopper! So relates Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve in telling the story of the big fish he caught on his vacation. Nephew Leroy fell for Gildy's story hook, line and sinker, but Niece Marjorie, was not taken in by the yarn, as you can see: Left to right: Harold Peary as Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve, Walter Tetley as nephew Leroy and Lurene Tuttle as Marjorie—all of the comedy program you hear every Sunday, NBC.

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