

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

JULY

15¢



GINNY
SIMMS



ing Portraits Your Friends of
ONE JOURNEY



Vivid Color Pictures — Danny Seymour and

AUNT JENNY

A Lovely Skin is a Call to Arms—

HE8690
. RIB



Tonight — go on the
CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!



Watch your skin
look smoother, softer-
textured . . . day-by-day!
Dry flakiness
smoothes away . . .
Oiliness is reduced!

America's Loveliest Brides are on the Mild-Soap Diet!

See how soon the
Camay Mild-Soap Diet
gives you new loveliness

To win and hold the heart of one you love—make this pledge to yourself—a *pledge that new loveliness shall be yours!* Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet—tonight!

Remember—skin specialists advise a Mild-Soap Diet. Yes, Camay gives your skin the *mild* cleansing that these specialists say actually helps your skin to new beauty! *So start tonight!* Give up improper cleansing methods—and change to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Be faithful. Day-by-day, Camay helps your skin look fresher, and clearer—till new beauty is yours!

TONIGHT DO THIS:

CREAM CAMAY'S LATHER
ON—ESPECIALLY
OVER NOSE, CHIN.
RINSE WARM—if
YOUR SKIN'S OILY,
SPLASH COLD!



NEXT MORNING:

A CAMAY QUICKEE
MAKES SKIN GLOW!
CAMAY'S MILD
CARE TWICE A DAY
MAKES SKIN
PRETTIER!



Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

hearts rule heads if a smile is lovely!



Put a bright sparkle in your smile. Make it your winning charm—with the help of Ipana and Massage.

HERE'S TO YOU, Plain Girl! Here's to your success in winning friends, romance—your heart's desire. Yes, you can do it—if your smile is right. For the girl with a lovely, flashing smile has a radiant and appealing charm!

So smile, plain girl, smile. But remember, for the kind of smile that wins at-

tention you need bright, sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush!" If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist! He may tell you your gums are tender because soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

For Ipana not only cleans your teeth



Product of
Bristol-Myers

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE

but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to new firmness. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.



Beau-catching Charm—see how a sparkling smile can add to the fun in your life. Enlist the beauty aid of Ipana and massage.

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

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CONTENTS

Two of a Kind.....	8
I'll Love You More Tomorrow.....	19
Come Back, Beloved!.....	22
My Heart Remembers.....	26
Lone Journey—in Living Portraits.....	29
Must We Say Goodbye?.....	34
That We May Serve.....	38
A Wedding In June.....	40
Sho' Nuff.....	44
That Brewster Boy.....	46
If Love Were All—.....	48
Food For Next Winter.....	50

ADDED ATTRACTIONS

Did You Know?.....	3	Inside Radio.....	51
Facing The Music.....	Ken Alden	America's Singing Sweetheart.....	54
What's New From Coast to Coast.....	Dale Banks	Overheard.....	67
Be a Smoothie.....	Roberta Ormiston	She Operates Ship's Radio.....	Mary Bradley

ON THE COVER—Ginny Simms, star of the Johnny Presents Ginny Simms show heard over NBC. Color portrait by Tom Kelley

Irresistible
... AS ALWAYS !

We dedicate to the WAVES...

IRRESISTIBLE *Pink Rose* LIPSTICK

Today, it's your duty to look lovely! In the service or on the home front, Irresistible Pink Rose, a luscious, crushed strawberry shade is doing its big bit for beauty! WHIP-TEXT through a secret process, Irresistible Lipsticks are easy to apply, non-drying, longer-lasting... especially important to today's woman of action. Complete your make-up with Irresistible's matching Rouge and Face Powder.

10¢ AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES



Whip-Text

TO STAY ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R! ★ A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME IS GOOD FOR THE EGO 10c



Did you know?

Few leathers for women's gloves have been affected by WPB orders for military requirements. However, you'll see short lengths and untrimmed types that don't use too much material and waste no precious labor featured in fall fashion displays.

The women auxiliaries of the German armed forces have a very different life from that enjoyed by our WAACS, WAVES, SPARS and Women Marines. The position of the German woman soldiers is that of servants to the armed forces, not as members enjoying the rights of membership in the same way as men.

By now, the surplus of Victory Gardens is beginning to go into cans and jars and freezing lockers, into brine and into dehydrating processes for rounding out next winter's supply of food.

Regulation of sugar for canning is on much the same basis as last year—to obtain the sugar you make a declaration of the purpose for which it is to be used. Special efforts have been made, too, to provide you with an adequate supply of glass jars, tops, rubbers and pressure canners. These pressure cookers, by the way, which are essential for canning non-acid foods, are scarce—remember to share with your neighbor if you have one and she hasn't.

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Summer is the Open Season for Underarm Odor!



Avoid the offense men hate! Every day use speedy, gentle, dependable Mum!



Business or shopping is a test of summer daintiness. So start each day with Mum! It takes 30 seconds to use Mum, and guard daintiness for hours to come! Mum gives charm a future!



Play fair with charm! Don't spoil your fun wondering "IF." Mum is *sure*—it prevents odor without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin or harming clothes! Mum is *gentle*!



Summer friendships can chill at even a hint of underarm odor. Always use a deodorant you can trust! Millions of women know they're safe from offending when Mum guards charm!



Romantic nights, silvery moonlight can weave a spell. Don't ruin it with carelessness about underarm odor! After hours of dancing, dependable Mum keeps you bath-fresh, charming!

QUICK, SAFE, SURE—that's Mum—a deodorant preferred by millions of popular girls and charming women.

Every day, after every bath, follow the Mum rule for underarm daintiness. Remember, your bath isn't meant to prevent unnecessary risk. The contents of this magazine (Member of Macfadden Women's Group) may not be printed, either wholly or in part without permission. Copyright, 1943, by the Macfadden Publications, Inc. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Copyright also in Canada, registered at Stationer's Hall, Great Britain.

Women everywhere praise Mum for its dependability, its gentleness, its speed and convenience. Let Mum guard your charm. Ask your druggist for Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, dependable Mum is an ideal deodorant. That's why so many women use Mum this way, too.

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

Mum is a Product of Bristol-Myers

Right, lovely Helen O'Connell, who left Jimmy Dorsey's band so as to be near the one she loves. Below, Kitty Kallen, who inherited dance-land's most coveted vocalist spot.



One of the new bands coming to the top is Jimmy Carroll's, now broadcasting over Mutual from New York's Hotel Astor, and below, is his very attractive singer, Gracie Nielly.

Facing the Music



THE controversy over Kay Kyser's draft status, which was front page news, has punched a hole into the plans of many a top flight band leader who thought he could stay a civilian as a "morale soldier." Now many of them are considering war plant jobs.

The entire Alvino Rey band crew is now working at Lockheed aviation plant on the west coast. The King Sisters are singing in theaters until the Rey band is reassembled after the war. Another band unit that may drop their musical instruments for precision instruments is Shep Fields' outfit. Fields may go to work for Henry "Shipbuilder" Kaiser.

• * •
Enoch Light, former dance band leader is now running a musicians' school in Carnegie Hall.

• * •
The record-union settlement might come this Summer if a compromise plan is accepted.

• * •
Paul Whiteman, granddaddy of modern dance music has been appointed musical director of the Blue network. He'll take over these chores when the Burns and Allen CBS show folds for the summer.

• * •
Dick Haymes has quit Tommy Dorsey's band where he was featured vocalist.

• * •
Paula Kelly, lovely brunette singer, is now a member of Bob Allen's orchestra. Paula used to sing with Al Donahue.

• * •
Frank Sinatra is a boxing enthusiast. He used to put on the gloves with heavyweight contender Tami Maurillo when both were neighborhood kids. Frank occasionally sings the National Anthem just before the main event at Madison Square Garden.

• * •
Recently Charlie Spivak held auditions for a new drummer. The trumpeter was dumfounded when one of

By
KEN ALDEN

the applicants for the post turned out to be his seven-year-old son, Joel.

"Couldn't use the kid," cracked Charlie. "Has no union card."

Tommy Dorsey is busy working on his fourth film, "Broadway Melody," on the MGM lot. Phil Spitalny's Hour of Charmers will be in the new Red Skelton picture, "Mr. Co-Ed."

Major Glenn Miller of the Army Air Corps is now based at Knollwood Field, N. C. Corporal Dave Rose is busy composing musical scores for the Air Force training films.

Johnny Long returns to the Hotel New Yorker July 15. Carmen Cavallaro's band goes off on a summer theater tour.

The Murphy Sisters have joined Vaughn Monroe's band.

Dinah Shore is dickering for her own major network show next season, dropping off the Eddie Cantor programs.

BACHELOR BURTON'S CHICKENS

FILLING the sensational singing shoes of Helen O'Connell in Jimmy Dorsey's band was a major league assignment almost every aspiring girl vocalist in the country wanted and

little Kitty Kallen inherited.

That she has become an integral part of this renowned rhythmical organization after only five months, isn't entirely due to the twenty-two-year-old Philadelphian's singing prowess or ingratiating personality. Credit goes to the shrewd plans of Billy Burton, Dorsey's able, aggressive manager.

"Jimmy hired me in California. The next thing I knew we started east and I shared a compartment with Helen," explained Kitty. "We didn't leave each other for a minute until we got to Grand Central station."

The two girls became warm friends on the trip, ripened by mutual aims. Helen was eager to help Dorsey find a suitable successor so she could leave the band. Kitty was grateful to learn all she could about her new task.

"The valuable advice Helen gave me was really responsible for my catching on so quickly," Kitty said.

I learned all this talking to Kitty, Helen, and Burton at a table within earshot of the Dorsey band playing in New York's Hotel Pennsylvania just before the band went west.

"I figured it would be a great idea to put the two kids together," Burton added, "so that Helen could tip Kitty off to eccentricities of the band. The only thing that bothers me now is that Helen told her too darned much."

The two girls exchanged knowing glances. Then Helen spoke.

"What bothers Billy is he still doesn't know exactly what we talked about. That's our secret and no one will ever find out."

When Helen told Dorsey and Burton she was forced to leave the band she knew it confronted her friends with a serious problem. Helen O'Connell, idol of the jitterbug's recording star, and a potential motion picture personality, was a vital cog in the Dorsey musical machinery.

But Jimmy and Billy didn't force

Continued on page 6



Trustworthy in a hundred little emergencies

Looking back into your childhood many of you can remember your first cut finger, your first scratched foot, your first sore throat . . . and the speed with which Mother brought out the Listerine Antiseptic bottle.

In the decades that followed the discovery of antiseptic surgery, fathered by Lord Lister for

whom Listerine Antiseptic was named, this safe antiseptic became a trusted first-aid in countless little emergencies. Its bright amber liquid gleamed from the white shelf of the medicine cabinet and from the black bag of the family physician.

And with medicine making magnificent strides, and research

uncovering new truths each day, Listerine Antiseptic continues to hold first place in the esteem of critical millions who demand of their antiseptic rapid germ-killing action combined with absolute safety.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

IN SERVICE MORE THAN 60 YEARS

**LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC**

The safe antiseptic and germicide



SUMMER DISCOVERY

(Tampax cannot chafe!)

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PAOS
NO ODOR**

Work or play, summer is a trying season from the standpoint of monthly sanitary protection . . . And Tampax helps a lot at such times because it is worn internally and cannot produce chafing, wrinkling or bulging. No pins, belts or pads—no odor can form! Tampax is easy to carry, quick to change.

Tampax was perfected by a doctor and is made of pure surgical cotton, extremely absorbent but compressed to a dainty size. Each Tampax comes in a patented one-time-use applicator, so your hands need not touch the Tampax. And the whole thing is so compact there is no disposal problem.

Sold in three sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) providing a variety of absorbencies—at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package gives you a real bargain and lasts 4 months, average. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR

Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
NOT ASSESSABLE EXCEPT

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Helen to stay with them. They released her from a long-term contract. Helen was a sick girl and Jimmy and Billy knew it. The tall, blonde, hazel-eyed singer was tired physically. The strain of arduous one-night tours, late work, and hours of rehearsing, finally caught up with her. The doctors warned the singer she had glaring symptoms of what might develop into fatal pernicious anemia.

No doctor had to tell Helen these facts. When Helen joined the Dorsey band in 1939 she was an apple-cheeked youngster from Toledo, Ohio, weighing a sturdy 145 pounds. Four years later she was down to a 114 pounds and the color was fast fading from her pretty face.

In addition, Helen had fallen madly in love with a Boston socialite, Clifford Smith, Jr., now stationed at the Navy's pre-flight school in Chapel Hill, N. C. She wanted desperately to be near him as often as possible.

So the Dorsey board of strategy worked out a plan for Helen to leave the band and stay in New York, concentrating on radio work.

The change has done her a world of good.

"It's wonderful not to have to live in a suitcase any more," Helen told me happily, "I've taken a small apartment. I love to fuss around, cleaning and sewing and almost every weekend I get to see Cliff."

Helen plans to marry her Navy man when he gets his commission in the Fall. Meanwhile Helen is keeping busy singing on the Al Jolson CBS show and Blue network programs.

When Dorsey offered the job to Kitty Kallen, after turning down a score of unsuitable applicants, the tiny vocalist was an NBC staff singer in Hollywood. She had come there after singing with Jack Teagarden's band for three years. A child prodigy on Quaker City kiddie programs, Kitty first sang with dance bands when she was only thirteen. She wore her older sister's high heels and no one guessed her right age.

"It was like a dream come true," Kitty said. "I always wanted to work with Jimmy Dorsey. But I was a little leery about taking over Helen's job. My room mate, Dinah Shore, encouraged me. So I told Billy Burton I was willing to take the chance if he was."

Burton was willing to take the chance but not before he set the stage carefully.

"Before Kitty sang a note with our band she cost us \$8,000," he explained. "For six weeks our arrangers worked with her. Recordings were made and played back for Jimmy. But when she did make her debut with us, the kid was ready and right in the groove."

Bachelor Burton watches his two expensive chickens like a proud mother hen. He may criticize them when they're off a beat, reprimand them when they're late for dates, but the girls love him. They know and respect his judgment.

However, even to the great Burton sometimes comes a cropper.

"I only made one mistake with Helen," he admits. "Last summer when we were playing in Boston, I took 'Stinky' to the races. Instead of training her field glasses on the four-legged thoroughbreds, she spots them on a two-legged one, wearing a natty double breasted suit. It's this guy Smith. And of course Smith responds. It's love at first sight and I know that

(Continued from page 4)

Helen's days with Dorsey are numbered."

* * *

World War Two tunesmiths are far behind the music makers of 1917-18 in turning out patriotic songs of nationwide and memorable fame. To date, only four songs associated with the current holocaust have reached or topped the 500,000 mark in sheet music sales. These songs are "White Cliffs of Dover," "Praise the Lord," Army Air Corps song, and "When the Lights Go On Again"—weak sisters when compared with "Over there," "Pack Up Your Troubles" and "Oh, How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning."

Ginny Simms, the Johnny Presents star and former Kay Kyser singer, signed to a movie contract by MGM.

* * *

The McFarland Twins, George and Art, threaten to break up their dance band and go into war production work.

* * *

Sammy Kaye says he has a sequel to his hit tune of last season, "Daddy." It is called "Name It Baby And It's Yours."

* * *

Add Believe-It-Or-Not Draft Note: Skinnay Ennis, butt of all Bob Hope's 4F gags and better known to radio listeners as the Bloodless Bandleader, expects to be inducted into the Army.

* * *

D'Artega who batoned several big league air shows several seasons ago, is grooming an all-girl band which he'll conduct.

* * *

Kenny Sargent, ex-Casa Loma vocalist, is now working in a Memphis war plant.

* * *

Betty Rhodes, singing star of Mutual's This Is The Hour show, has some tips for you on how to spruce up your last year's shoes. Betty shops around and finds attractive costume jewelry, rips off last year's trimmings on old



Irving Caesar of "Sing a Song of Safety" fame, plays host to Marisa Regules, Good Will Ambassador and South American pianist.



Percy Faith, conductor of NBC's Carnation Contented program, is also an arranger and composer.

shoes and makes them look like new with knick-knacks she picks up in jewelry stores. Betty's shoes are now sporting everything from matching lapel pins to dime store rhinestones.

* * *

Well, Tommy Dorsey has married again. Tommy's wife, actress Patricia Dane, is now on her honeymoon and it is a strange one. It is what might be called a "one nighter" honeymoon. The Dorsey band is on a coast to coast tour of service camps and Pat is accompanying Tommy and the band. Tours across country with a band are often a hardship, but the new Mrs. Dorsey says she likes it. "I'm not only getting to know Tommy better," she laughs, "but I'm learning a lot about the music business. I could almost step in and manage the band." If Patricia does, she will be the first woman band manager.

* * *

That gal Trudy Erwin on the Bing Crosby show is fast becoming one of the most popular stars on the air. Bing picked her out of the Kay Kyser chorus and gave her that first, all important break. Kyser, not to be outdone by Crosby, lifted one of the girls out of Bing's chorus, and is starring her. A little more about Trudy, whose real name is Virginia and who was born in Los Angeles just twenty-five years ago. Trudy and Bing have much in common. Both like to sing, follow sports and collect things. Bing has a stable of horses. Trudy has two. "Mine eat less than Bing's and run faster," she says.

* * *

The Carnation Contented Hour's honor number the other night was "Forward to Victory," the song of the Red Army Tank Corps. We'd like to hear more songs of our fighting Allies and also more of our own fighting men's songs. That song of the Army Air Corps is a genuine and inspirational thriller.

"Co-ed orchestras will be commonplace in radio by the end of 1943."

Authority for this statement is Nat Brusiloff, veteran of 20 years in radio, now conducting the orchestra on Double Or Nothing, over the Mutual network, Fridays, 9:30 p.m., EWT.



"BEFOREHAND" LOTION FOR BUSY HANDS!

TOUSHAY

guards hands, even in hot, soapy water

It's maidless summer! You're washing undies, doing dishes ... work that's hard on soft hands. So before you tackle any soap-and-water job, smooth on Toushay! Used beforehand, this fragrant lotion guards hands from the roughening effects of hot, soapy water. Inexpensive, too. Get Toushay at your druggist's.



Trade-marked Product of Bristol-Myers.

Two of a Kind



They go where they want, they do what they want—Mercedes McCambridge and her husband

By Adele Whately Fletcher

IT'S no use," she said breathlessly. "I can't read this dialogue. I can't read it naturally, I mean. Because I wouldn't talk like that—not in a hundred years!"

"Okay, Mercedes, fix it up to suit yourself—so you can read it easily," Gordon Hughes, the director of the radio show told her. She was so eager, so earnest he couldn't argue. He knew he'd have trouble with the writer. But how soon he didn't guess.

The writer, new on the show, was on the telephone five minutes after "Lights Out" went on the air. "What happened to my dialogue?" he demanded. "I worked over those lines so they would show what kind of girl . . ."

"Look," said Hughes, "suppose you hop a cab and come over here and meet Mercedes McCambridge. Maybe you two can work out the character together, figure how she'd be likely to think and talk and stuff . . ."

That night when Mercedes walked into the control booth where Bill Fifield, the writer, was waiting there were stars in her eyes. She thought it was so wonderful for a writer

and actress to get together and talk things over.

Hughes, introducing Mercedes and Bill, thought how alike they were, how there was the same clean intense look in their eyes, how they had the same vital health and the same finely chiseled nose and sensitive mouth.

"Busy tomorrow?" Bill asked Mercedes, "If not, I thought we might go swimming together and talk about the show. Okay?"

"Okay!" Her answer might have been an echo. Their voices were alike too. They had the same enthusiasm.

Waiting for Bill to call the next morning Mercedes made little mental memos of everything she had to say about the girl she played on the show. But somehow, amazingly enough, as she and Bill drove through the deep green of midsummer they had more important things to talk about than a radio show. They talked of all the things they wanted to do and the fine, uncompromising way in which they wanted to do them. They couldn't understand, either one of them, how

men and women could bear to give up their ideals and become slaves of jobs and possessions—little houses furnished with little chairs and beds and rugs and tables, little garages with little cars in them, little lawns and lawnmowers. He talked a great deal of Thomas Wolfe, the writer and his idol. Mercedes had never read anything of Wolfe's but she became so excited about him that she bought all his books she could find in her local library.

For lunch they ate great plates of baked beans and frankfurters and sauerkraut with ketchup sprinkled generously over all of it and drank big cups of coffee, one after another. Afterwards, unequal to anything else, they threw themselves full length on the grass of a little picnic grove and talked some more about how utterly ridiculous it was for a girl with a career to marry and how horrible it must be for a man with ideals and ideas to return home every night to a girl interested in nothing under the sun but bridge and clothes.

Then Bill said suddenly, "But if a man and a girl each had a career in the same work, like you and I, and could work together as a unit I imagine marriage would be wonderful." Whereupon he turned his bright dreamer's eyes full upon her bright dreamer's eyes and said, "For instance, I would marry you. In fact I want to marry you, more than I want anything else in the world. Will you marry me?"

"Yes," she answered. It seemed to her the most natural thing in the world that he should ask her.

Mercedes' parents sent frantic telegrams from California where they were vacationing urging her to wait. It was apparent, however, that they didn't believe for one moment that she would. The priest they sought refused to marry them. "Marriage," he explained patiently, "is a sacred institution which allows a man and a woman who love each other enough to share a home and have children. You are young and eager and there is an attraction between you. It may be great, at the moment, but it isn't enough for marriage. In six months' time come back to me and say, 'We still want to be married' and I'll marry you gladly."

Bill waited until the good man had finished talking but it was evident from the way he pounced upon the first indication of a pause that he had not waited patiently. "Come driving with us, Father," he said. "Let us tell you about ourselves—the things we feel, the things we want to do, the things we believe. Give us a chance to show you how life is with us, for us . . ."

Two hours later when they returned to the cathedral after a drive in the country and lunch at a little woodland cabin the priest had agreed to marry them in the morning.

They started on their wedding trip without any idea of where they were bound. "Let's just drive," Bill said, "and stop any place that appeals to us." Most of their time they spent at a little lake in Wisconsin where the Swedish people (Continued on page 88)



*During the day Mercedes McCambridge plays with her baby son, Jon, but at 7:00 o'clock, EWT, every weekday night, you hear her on *I Love a Mystery* program on CBS.*



Keeping in Condition

by Bob Hope



1. A few simple home exercises will help you to keep fit. First, the minute you wake up, throw the covers off, jump out of bed, run to the open window. Then fill your lungs with that fresh morning air, touch your toes briskly ten times . . . say . . . this sounds interesting . . . I must remember to try it sometime!

2. Maybe you won't believe it, but I once posed for health magazines. Remember the ads that said "Before" and "After"? Well, I posed for one that said "Heaven forbid." But you don't need bulging muscles to make you look fit. Pepsodent . . . that cool-tasting Pepsodent . . . does that by making your teeth and smile look like a million.

3. I'm the only guy who ever gets thin from over-eating. Every time I come home my relatives are over, eating! Of course, that wouldn't be so bad, but they use up all my Pepsodent, too! Imagine them in front of the theaters, picketing my previews, yelling: "Remember, folks, nothing beats Irium for removing the film!"



4. It's a good idea to exercise. One good way is to grasp your tooth brush firmly, squirt a little Pepsodent on it and brush your teeth vigorously. This develops the "saluting" muscles in your arm in case your draft board makes you class 1-A. It also gives your teeth plenty of class and makes your smile A-1.

5. Above all, don't worry. I once thought I had high blood pressure. But my doctor cured it in two minutes. He sent the nurse out of the room. Of course, I'm luckier with my dentist's nurse. She gave me a couple of dates . . . you know . . . Use Pepsodent twice a day . . . see your dentist twice a year!



How Irium in Pepsodent uncovers your bright smile



Beware of unsightly film on your teeth. You can feel it. Others can see it. Film collects stains, makes teeth look dull—hides the true brightness of your smile.



Film clings, is hard to remove. This film-coated mirror shows that soap, used in many dentifrices, can't be counted on. Even fine soap leaves a film of its own.



But look what Irium can do! The same film-coated mirror . . . but Irium has loosened, removed the film, floated it away, left the surface clean and bright.



That's how thoroughly Pepsodent with Irium removes film from teeth . . . safely, gently. That's how easily it uncovers the natural, cheery brightness of your smile.



*Her Romance Began
with
Glamorous Hair*

YES, it was Joan's lovely hair that Bob first noticed. I remember the day he confided to me—"I must meet her—that girl with the glorious hair! Have you ever seen such sparkling hair? It seems so alive, so soft, so . . ." He stopped confused and I chuckled, for—



IT WASN'T SO LONG AGO that Joan's hair was as dull and drab as a blue Monday. Then Mary, the girl at the beauty shop, recommended Colorinse for adding richer color and brighter highlights to the hair—for making it silkier, softer and so much easier to manage. Well—



IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM. Today Joan's hair is as lovely as any girl could hope for. And a happy bride says "thanks" to Nestle Colorinse. Joan also uses Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinsing. Why don't you try it, too?

P.S. FOR YOUR NEXT PERMANENT, ASK FOR
A NESTLE OPALINE CREAM WAVE.

Nestle
COLORINSE



2 times for 10¢
5 times for 25¢
At 5 and 10¢ stores
and beauty counters

Lovely Lucille Manners, long known as the bachelor girl of radio, has finally said "yes" to Sgt. William Walker. Below, Texan Ernest Tubb, is the new addition to WSM's Grand Ole Opry.



By
DALE BANKS

YOU hear a lot about the role of women in the war these days and women are taking over jobs men once thought only they could master. Vice President Wallace, in a recent speech, said that in the era to come women are going to gain full equality with men in every walk of life. In radio, women are equally as important as men and are in charge of many of the most responsible jobs. The idea for one of the most popular programs on the air should be credited to a woman. Her name is Mrs. Ralph Edwards. A few years ago, she and her husband were sitting home one night trying to think up a new Quiz show. Mrs. Edwards hit on the idea of a "Truth or Consequences" show. Several weeks later, it was sold to a sponsor. Not only has it become one of the most popular programs on the air, but it has raised millions of dollars in war bonds. And Ralph Edwards is no longer an unknown announcer, but somewhat of a celebrity. Ralph has always given his wife credit for her idea and she is now his legal business partner. Let's have more ideas from women!

pay Lockheed wages and get you a screen test at MGM." Joan had plenty of answers to that one!

We've been writing about radio for a good many years. Time has gone by very fast and the kids in knee pants we once knew are now soldiers, nurses, WAAC's. We were talking about it to Nila Mack, director of the CBS kid program, Let's Pretend. Here are what some of her once famous kids are doing. Arthur Ross is a Private at Camp Upton; Bobby and Billy Mauch are in the Signal Corp in New Mexico; Don Hughes is a member of a mechanized division; Billy Halop is in the Special Services division; out in California, Lester Jay is in the Coast Guard; Jimmy McCallion is a Private in South Carolina; Sidney Lummet is in Special Services; Arthur Anderson is with the Air Forces, and Patricia Ryan is serving as a nurse's aid.

BOSTON, MASS.—Leo Egan, young Yankee Network announcer, began his career in Buffalo, New York, as a bond salesman and if it had not been for a friend's illness who was taking part in a local show, he might still be a successful bond salesman today. Leo stepped in and did the job so well that he changed his career to radio and has been doing very well ever since.

This young bond salesman went into dramatics and appeared with Bert Ly-

That delightfully whacky Joan Davis of the Rudy Vallee program had been having trouble trying to find a maid. (So are lots of people these days.) Joan solved the problem by inserting the following ad in a Los Angeles newspaper. "Wanted, a maid. I will

tell in "First Legion," Eva Le Gallienne in "Camille" and appeared in stock with Rosalind Russell.

He began broadcasting as an actor in radio plays in New York, and finally returned to Buffalo as a sports and special events announcer and it was in the same dual capacity that he came to the Yankee Network four years ago.

Leo has been the very able Master of Ceremonies on the Yankee House Party since June, 1942 that is heard over WNAC, the Yankee Network and coast to coast on Mutual every day at 11:30 A.M.

Besides his Yankee House Party chore, Egan writes a sports column on the Yankee Network and also conducts a service man's quiz inside the ball park each day just prior to the ball game. Leo Egan does special events reporting for the network.

This young announcer's ambition is to write and produce shows.

* * *

NASHVILLE, TENN.—The newest star, rapidly making a name for himself with the thousands who each Saturday night tune in to the NBC broadcast portions of WSM's Grand Ole Opry, is colorful guitar-playing Ernest Tubb.

No cowboy of the drug store breed is long-limbed Texan Ernest Tubb. This smiling singer of American folk music was born in the Lone Star State, and his early days were spent on farm and ranch. Ernest's birthday is February 9, and the little town of Crisp, Texas, the place of his birth. Ernest's experience as an entertainer dates back to those days when he first attended the old-time dances in the rural areas. It was then he began singing the old-time songs accompanied by the small string bands that made those occasions so popular. Since those early days Ernest's audiences have grown from the few who took part in those social gatherings to the many thousands who now hear Ernest Tubb over the WSM Grand Ole Opry. Of course, his popularity didn't happen overnight. His professional career began at a radio station in San Antonio, Texas. It was there in 1933 while still learning to play his first mail order guitar that Ernest secured a job singing with a string band. Only a short while after, he had his own program over the station. Ernest, along with radio and personal appearances, has also taken Hollywood in stride. He appeared in such Columbia pictures as "Fighting Buckaroo" and "Riding West," along with the well-known cowboy star Charles Starrett.

The name Ernest Tubb is familiar to lovers of folk music all over the country, even to those who have never seen or heard him in person, the reason being his popular Decca recordings. Many of the songs that Ernest sings were written by him. He's composed such favorites as "Walking the Floor Over You," "I'll Get Along Somehow," "I'll Never Cry Over You," and many others. Ernest is a family man, proud as can be of his two children—a boy seven, and a girl three.

* * *

Being a radio star, you have such important things on your mind you often get into annoying situations trying to do simple things. The other night, Eddie Cantor rushed into a phone booth to call his home. He dropped his nickel, then couldn't remember his own number! Cantor tried to get it from the operator, but it was one not given out by the phone company. Cantor

How my "30 Second" Secret keeps me *Fragrantly Dainty* all evening....



"**DID YOU** ever stop to think that loneliness and heartache might come to you, simply because you don't suspect yourself of—well—body staleness? It happened to me! But I learned a lucky secret... and now, in just 30 seconds, I make sure I'll be fragrantly dainty the whole evening through! Listen...



"**FIRST**, after my bath, I dry myself ever so gently! Just barely patting those "danger zones"—those places that might chafe!



"**THEN**, I treat my whole body with the soothing coolness of Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! Its silky-smooth caress delights my skin... quickly absorbs the tiny traces of moisture I missed. And there I stand, delicately perfumed all over... knowing now why they call it—the fragrance men love!



"**AND NOW**, to dress! How luxurious my clothes feel... no chafing or binding, now or later! I feel confident and carefree, for I know that Cashmere Bouquet's smooth protection lasts all evening... and so does the fragrance men love!"

Discover for yourself this 30 second daintiness secret with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! Learn why its superb quality, alluring fragrance and long-clinging softness have made Cashmere Bouquet the largest selling talcum in America! You'll find it in 10¢ and larger sizes at all toilet goods counters.



Cashmere Bouquet

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

Girls who live by the clock can't SUFFER by the CALENDAR!



NO need to tell you how valuable time is now! You know. Doing the work you have always done—cheerfully accepting new duties—wedging in time for service organization activity, you find that your months are woefully short.

Now, especially, the days you used to give grudgingly to menstruation's functional pain and depression are too precious to waste. And wasting them is very likely *needless*. For if you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, Midol should make these trying days as comfortably carefree as others!

But don't regard Midol as just another means of relief for "dreaded days headache". Its comfort goes farther. For while it is free from opiates, Midol helps lift your "blues"—and an *exclusive* ingredient speedily eases spasmodic muscular pain of the period.

Get Midol now. Have it when you need it. Large packages for economical regular use, and small packages to carry in purse or pocket. At your nearest drugstore.

MIDOL



RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

argued with her for awhile, couldn't convince her that he was Eddie Cantor. He finally had to phone a friend to get his own phone number.

A new kind of news program made its debut when Pay Off News went on WOR. The series, heard daily at 9:15 P. M., EWT, is conducted by Fulton Oursler, noted author and editor. The broadcasts consist of questions sent in by listeners on the news of the day both at home and on the battle fronts, and answered by Mr. Oursler. Three dollars is paid for each question used on the air. Oursler emphasizes that he does not attempt to be a commentator on his new series, but merely follows his profession of twenty-five years—that of reporting.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—WBT's newest addition to its announcing staff—tall, Alonzo G. Squires—is blind. Whether Alonzo is the only blind lad in the country holding down a regular announcer's job, we don't know. This we do know . . . you'll never meet anyone with a keener sense of humor, a more refreshing personality, or a wittier or nimbler mind. He's as clever a comedian as they come, and his imitations cause even the glummiest of his listeners to roar with laughter.

Alonzo is just as independent as anyone who can see, and refuses to behave like you'd expect a blind person to. When Squires was a guest on the Fred Allen program some time ago, Fred, seeing his blind guest was without a seeing-eye dog, offered to buy him one. Quick came the reply, so typical of Squires. "Thanks, Fred. But, heck, I'm too reckless to have one of those things around me—he'd be sure to get hurt!"

If you think that's a strange remark for a blind man to make—that's just because you haven't talked with

Alonzo. You're not with him over three or four minutes until you've completely forgotten that he's blind. You'll become completely absorbed by his pleasant baritone voice, and thrilled by his personality.

Alonzo was born in Kelly, N. C., 25 years ago, grew up determined to be a lawyer. It was while Squires was studying law at U.N.C. that he made his first appearance on the radio, and subsequently made radio his career. Fred Allen had sent out scouts in search of guest talent for his radio program. When these scouts heard Alonzo's imitations—they took him right back to New York with them.

Alonzo Squires likes dancing, prefers blondes, and changes his brand of cigarettes every once in a while "just for the diversion." He buys all his clothes himself, and selects tweeds and soft-collar shirts. "I drive a hard bargain, too," says Alonzo. "These slick salesmen can't fool me with fancy patterns and pretty colors like they do most people. Wool has got to feel like wool—when I buy it!"

Squires is a bachelor, but enjoys the company of the opposite sex. The girls like him, too.

Alonzo Squires does a complete job of making others feel at ease. That's why people flock to him, instead of staying away for fear that they'll blunder into a remark that would hurt his feelings. Alonzo is merciless in his kidding about himself and his blindness. But it has accomplished what he wanted it to do. It has endeared him to the hearts of everybody . . . and earned for him a permanent niche in the world of seeing people.

Alan Reed, who plays Sol Levy on Abie's Irish Rose, phoned author Anne Nichols and told her he was in the hospital having his appendix out. Anne quickly rewrote the entire script. Next day, Reed phoned and said the Docs

He writes a sports column, conducts a serviceman's quiz, is special events reporter for the Yankee Network—Leo Egan who started his career as a salesman.



Fulton Oursler, above, well known author and editor, has brought a new kind of news broadcast to listeners of WOR, with his Pay-Off News heard weekdays at 9:15 P.M.

had changed their minds. Not long after that, he was quite surprised to discover that, in the script, Anne had written several scenes in which Solomon's appendix are removed.

* * * * *
At last, Betty Lou, Tommy Riggs' little girl, can be seen as well as heard. She will be cavorting in a new cartoon strip drawn by artist Fred Moore, one of Walt Disney's ace ink men. Tommy tells us that the strip is going to be swell and thinks you Betty Lou fans will go for it.

* * * * *
That very fine singer and lovely person, Lucille Manners, will probably be a bride by the time you read this. It was a radio romance strictly in the Hollywood tradition. A year or so ago, a young business man of a prominent New York family, sat across the footlights and watched the golden haired girl sing. He began going to all of her Cities Service programs and finally managed to meet her. His name is William Walker and he is now a Sgt. in the Army Air Forces. The date and place of the nuptials are now up to Uncle Sam.

* * * * *
The Great Gildersleeve's dumb secretary, Tillie, the Toiler, is played by Pauline Drake. Pauline is not dumb, but beautiful, smart and ambitious. Six nights a week, she works the "graveyard shift" at Douglas Aircraft plant where she punches figures in the payroll department. Pauline also writes songs and collects watches, sometimes wearing as many as three at a time.

* * * * *
During the time Orson Welles pinch-hit for the ailing Jack Benny he had the time of his life. The serious Orson now wants a comedy show of his own. Many radio people thought that Orson was beginning to sound more like Benny every week, which Benny says is one of the reasons he recovered so fast. If Jack hadn't come back when he did, Mary Livingston gagged that she was going into vaudeville with Orson. "I can see it in lights," she laughed. "Welles and Livingston, Songs and Patter."

* * * * *
RADIO AND THE ARMED FORCES * * * * *
Connie Haines has just completed her fifth personal record album for the War Department's overseas service. The Yanks will love this one, for Connie warbles such hits as "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," "As Time Goes By" and "I've Heard That Song Before." . . . Diana Carlson, former secretary to Rudy Vallee, is now a WAAC and is writing a column for the WAAC newspaper. It's called "Dear Boss," and is addressed to Dick Mack, director of the Vallee show. . . . The piano stool in Raymond Scott's CBS orchestra is known as the "hot seat." It was formerly occupied by Mel Powell, who went into the Army and is now with Glenn Miller's Army orchestra. Sanford Gold took over for about a week, then Uncle Sam beckoned. The new pianist, Johnny Guarneri, may be called any day . . . Johnny Richards, the Phil Baker show maestro, has given 34 musicians to the Army . . . Tex Beneke, famous sax player with Horace Heidt, is now in uniform . . . Egon Petri, distinguished Dutch pianist now heard on CBS, has two sons in the armed forces of the United Nations. One is an aviator in the Dutch Air Force, the other is a soldier of the United States Army and is now in North Africa . . . Donna

Wallflower

(GARDEN VARIETY)

IT WAS your idea . . . turning that vacant lot into a Victory Garden. It was you who pledged the gang to pitch in and plant . . . to grow precious Vittles for Victory.

And now, come weeding day, here's you . . . wilting! Shirk your share while the others slave.

Maybe you were too ambitious . . . when a girl should take it a little easy at times like this. Result: you're on the sidelines, with a worm's-eye-view of life. While your blonde rival nobly carries on—(just hoping you'll break your date with Bill for the barn dance tonight)!

Of course, she'd never tell you how she keeps so chipper, so confident, on her "days"! She'd never let you in on the secret of relaxing . . . and staying comfortable with Kotex sanitary napkins!



Grow a crop of confidence!

Ask the other girls and they'll tell you that comfort and confidence and Kotex go together!

You're more comfortable with Kotex because it's made to stay soft while wearing . . . wonderfully different from pads that only feel soft at first touch. And none of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure.

And with Kotex you're more confident. That special 4-ply safety center promises poise-insurance! There's no bulging . . . for the flat pressed ends of Kotex don't show, because they're not stubby.

Yes, whether you're dressed for gardening or gaiety, your secret's secure . . . your protection is sure. So why wouldn't more girls choose Kotex than all other brands put together! And frankly, why don't you?



THE TEENS ARE TALKING about the free booklet "As One Girl To Another"—that helps you cope with "calendar" problems . . . puts you on the beam about grooming, activities, social contacts. Get your copy, quick! Mail your name and address on a post card to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MW-7, Chicago.

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

For Certain Days . . . if you suffer from cramps, try KURB tablets, a Kotex product compounded expressly for relief of periodic discomfort. It merits your confidence. Take only as directed on the package and see how KURBS can help you!





Stay Sweet... Get NEET!

NEW NEET Cream Deodorant is answering the call to arms...the arms of thousands of war-active women who need more than ever the effective protection to daintiness that only a fine deodorant such as Neet can assure.

New Neet Cream Deodorant quickly stops perspiration and underarm odor from one to three days. This fluffy, stainless, greaseless cosmetic type of cream applies easily and vanishes almost instantly. Makes arms dry and odor-free. Will not irritate normal skin or injure clothing.

Try New Neet Cream Deodorant today! Won't dry in jar. 10¢ and 29¢ sizes, plus tax.

KEEP NEAT WITH...



PROTECT YOUR POLISH WITH SEAL-COTE



Avoid the ugliness of chipped polish—make your manicures last and last with SEAL-COTE Liquid Nail Protector. You don't have much time these days for manicures—yet well-groomed hands are important to morale. "SEAL-COTE to your nails today and every day."



For generous sample, clip this ad and send with 15¢ to cover mailing. Seal-Cote Co., 739 Seward, Hollywood, Calif.

SEAL-COTE

25¢ at Cosmetic Counters

Wood, the singer, has just married Private Ralph Dietz... Also the lovely Anita, of the Tommy Riggs show, has let it slip out that she recently married Lieutenant Frank Ellis, of the Air Force... Fred Waring's new song dedicated to the Marine Air Corps is a hit. It's called, "A Toast To The Corps In The Air"... Dave "Our Waltz" Rose is now a corporal in the Signal Corp. . . .

Red Skelton is always performing, whether he is on or off the air. Coming to New York on the train, he put on a comedy routine in the club car, then passed the hat. He made quite a pile of money, which he turned over to the Red Cross. On the way back to Hollywood, Red "dood it" again, and picked up \$100 in the club car and \$27.35 in the observation car.

Many people have written us asking if Wendell Niles and Ken Niles are the same person. Nope. Ken is Wendell's kid brother, but they are both announcers. Wendell, the Bob Hope announcer, has had a fascinating life. Before he entered radio, he was a well known orchestra leader in the Far East and Europe. He was also once a professional flyer, being one of the first 80 Government licensed ground school instructors. He taught flying at the Boeing Field ground school in Seattle, then became a master of ceremonies and finally an announcer. Wendell's first show was for Burns and Allen, since then you've heard him announcing for Al Pearce, Lady Esther, Old Gold, Gene Autry and Milton Berle, to name a few. He is married to Joan Messner. They have two sons, twelve and nine years old. He still flies and runs his 343 acre ranch in the San Joaquin Valley. Brother Ken does okay, too.

It is not a romance between Madeleine Carroll and Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle, but the Colonel thinks Madeleine has her cap set for him. Madeleine took a home next door to Stoopnagle in Norwalk, Connecticut.

The Colonel figured she had a slight "crush" on him. Then, a few days later, she opened an office right across the hall from him in a New York building. Stoopnagle is now going around with delusions of grandeur. "In my own repulsive way," he cracks, "I've got oomph."

A Texas newspaper printed a picture of Arthur Hughes and Ruth Russell, who play Bill and Nancy on Just Plain Bill. It was clipped and sent to a soldier fan stationed in Alaska. He passed it on to an acquaintance. That soldier sent it on to a relative of his in Boston who then mailed it to a friend of hers—Ruth Russell.

Fred Allen was a contestant on Bob Hawks' Thanks To The Yanks show a few nights ago. It wasn't the comedian, however, it was a young fellow from Brooklyn. Bob asked Fred Allen if he had ever met Fred Allen. The unknown Fred Allen shook his head, then said, "Got any tickets to his show?" Hawks didn't have any, but he got some tickets for Brooklyn's Fred Allen, who was very glad to get them. He still wants to meet Jack Benny's nemesis.

Getting contestants for a Quiz show these days is no simple task. For a recent CBS Quiz show, Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson were notified at the last minute, that of three male contestants, their draft boards already had two. Other worry of Quiz masters is the "professional Contestant." This man or woman makes a business of getting on Quiz shows and knows all the answers. Most Quizzers know who they are and rule them out, but now and then one slips by them and gets the jackpot.

A new program offering the best in sweet and hot music—Barry Wood—guest band leaders—a top ranking quartet, the Double Daters—a thirty-four piece band—is hot news along radio row!

The title of the program, "The Million Dollar Band," certainly is jus-



Three lovely NBC starlets are spending lots of their time on the farm these days—left to right, Dale Evans, Trudy Erwin and Vyola Vonn.



WBT's new announcer, Alonzo G. Squires, is also a very clever comedian and imitator.

tified. A quick glance at the composition of this half hour of entertainment, heard on NBC every Saturday at 10:00 p.m. EWT confirms that.

The unique feature of the show is that listeners choose the tunes to be played, and are rewarded with a diamond ring if their letter requesting a song and telling what memories make this their favorite is read. Five of these are read on each program, and diamond rings sent to the writers.

The band is equipped to handle both hot and sweet arrangements, and does a swell job by both kinds of music, satisfying the jitterbugs, and—as one jitterbug put it—the older people too.

The program is emceed and baritoned by Barry Wood, whose reputation in both capacities is well established. His early background as a saxophone and clarinet player with Buddy Rogers, Paul Ash, Vincent Lopez and Abe Lyman is well known, as are his years with the Hit Parade program and his recent brilliant record as the Treasury Troubadour on the Treasury program. He is responsible for the outstanding success of "Any Bonds Today" and "Everybody Every Payday" which have done such a wonderful job in boosting bond sales. His records are all top sellers, and his is a valuable name on the roster of Victor artists.

Certainly a good spot to turn your dials to on Saturday nights is "The Million Dollar Band."

* * *

NEWS NOTES: That international tour of Bob Hope and Company may be in North Africa now . . . It's a boy at the Arthur Lakes . . . Jimmy Cash of the Burns and Allen show is now doing spare time duty at a local war plant . . . Charlie Spivak and band are soon to be seen in the Fox flicker "Pin Up Girl" . . . Billy Leach, vocalist with Guy Lombardo, is a proud Papa and it's a girl named Hannah. For the first time, Irving Berlin's "God Bless America" will be sung on the screen—and by none other than Kate Smith in the picture, "This Is The Army" . . . Bing Crosby will play the life of Will Rogers for Warner Bros. . . . Frank Buck is slated for a radio show which will acquaint us listeners with Brazil's part in the war effort . . . Between his radio shows for CBS, Al Jolson is working on his life story with columnist Sidney Skolsky . . . That's all 'til next month. Happy listening.

"I married for love...not this"



HOW A DISTRESSED WIFE OVERCAME
THE "ONE NEGLECT"
THAT SO OFTEN ENDS ROMANCE



1. There never was a happier couple than Van and I—at first. But a strangeness grew up between us . . . Then bickerings . . . Day after day, I cried my eyes out.



2. One day I came to my senses. I went over to see our physician—a woman with a heart as big as all outdoors. She guessed the trouble, almost before I'd told her anything. "So often," she explained softly, "a man can't forgive this one neglect . . . carelessness of feminine hygiene (intimate personal cleanliness)."



3. Her recommendation was simple. Lysol disinfectant. "It's so gentle," she explained, "it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow the easy directions. Lysol deodorizes, and cleanses thoroughly and daintily. It's no wonder that thousands of women use this famous germicide for feminine hygiene."



4. I did just as she told me—and was delighted to find Lysol so easy to use, so inexpensive. Today, Van and I are ideally happy. I'm everlastingly grateful to my doctor.

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



Cop., 1943, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet R.M.-743. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York

* BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS *

Be a Smoothie

THERE are exercises galore to reduce hips and tummies, legs and arms, and other individual parts of our anatomies. Very efficient many of them are too. What often is most needed, however, are exercises which not only influence a general streamlining but also maintain it. There may be better streamlining exercises than those which Georgia Gibbs (she sings on the Jimmy Durante-Garry Moore program, heard on NBC Thursday nights), practices daily but we haven't heard of them. So, we give you Georgia's . . .

TO BE A SMOOTHIE FROM SHOULDERS TO WAIST . . .

. . . make Georgia's simple breathing-and-bending exercises part of your daily routine. Hands on hips, heels raised slightly from the ground, bend from the knees while you inhale deeply for the count of ten, from the diaphragm. Rise slowly and exhale to the same count. Make certain your back is straight and your shoulders are pulled back. Do ten of these bends a day at first and increase the number gradually until you're up to fifty or more. This exercise, properly done, is a fine bust and waistline regulator—also beneficial in promoting the proper breathing for singers, would-be singers, actresses, would-be actresses and anyone who wishes to speak in a voice that has rich resonance. Who doesn't?

TO BE A SMOOTHIE FROM HIPS TO TOES . . .

. . . be faithful to this modern version of the old rowing-machine stint. Sit on the floor, legs spread out straight before you, toes together. Raise your arms before you—at shoulder level. Pull your arms back sharply. At the same time move your body forward at the hips along the floor. Be careful, however, not to change the position of your legs. You'll find this will be a somewhat bumpy process at first. But cherish those bumps! They're just the thing that's needed to keep the hips where they belong. This also is a wonderful way to strengthen leg muscles. Try five minutes of this exercise as a starter and gradually increase your daily dosage to fifteen minutes.

All right!—you're on your way to better and smoother streamlines, to better and smoother beauty.

Get rid of those bulges from shoulder to waist! Try this bending exercise recommended by radio singer Georgia Gibbs.



If you want to streamline your hips and legs, you'll get results from Georgia's version of the old rowing-machine stint.

BE BEAUTY-WISER

Large pores are thieves of beauty—and no one has to tolerate them! Following a cream cleansing, squeeze the pores of your skin until you are sure all the excess cream has been removed from the pores. Immerse a cotton swab in rubbing alcohol and rub it over your face—briskly. Occasionally use a complexion brush on your face, with either cleansing cream or soap and water as a lubricant. This will remove the dead outer skin and stimulate your skin.

* * *

Cold baths, you'll find, act as tonics. They invigorate you, give you new

vitality. If, at first, you cannot step into a cold tub or under a cold shower run the tub or shower warm and lower the temperature gradually.

Troubled with tired, aching feet? Add a little borax, table salt, or lemon juice to your foot bath. Then, after drying your feet thoroughly with a rough towel, massage your feet with cleansing cream or olive oil.

* * *

When summer lurks around the corner and swimming-suits and play-suits are featured in advertisements and shop-windows, superfluous hair on arms and legs again becomes a problem. To bleach this hair add one half a tablespoon of household ammonia to six tablespoons of peroxide. Beat this combination with a fork until it becomes cloudy. It's then ready to be patted lightly on the hairs with a cotton swab. Let it dry, of course.

* * *

Warm olive oil is first-aid to brittle finger nails. Dip the ends of your fingers in the warm oil every night until the condition is rectified.

*The girl with bright and shining hair
Can count on lots of beaux to spare!*



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



SMART FOR SUMMER! Cool, crisp low-necked washables with massive beads. And your shining hair (washed with Special Drene) brushed smoothly into a simple pompadour and up off the back of your neck!

For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added . . . the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange.

MEN can't keep their eyes off you, when your hair has that lovely shining look that's glamour's first rule! So never lose this key to romance.

Don't let soaps or soap shampoos hide the lustrous beauty men adore!

INSTEAD USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far 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!

And remember, Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.



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

Avoid this beauty handicap—by switching to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner



*Wear your Alluring Alix-Styled Shade of the
New Jergens Face Powder*



YOUR LOOK-ALIVE LOOK

You need a new kind of beauty today—have that look-alive look or you lack allure. And the shades of the New Jergens Face Powder were styled by Alix, famous fashion designer and color genius, to give that gorgeous, young, *alive tone*. Her dresses made even plain women glorious. Her shade for you can make hearts spin with your fresh glamour!



YOUR VELVET-SKIN CHEEK

Yes! That Dream-Boy in uniform will be yours for keeps when he sees your new complexion. Here's why: the texture of exquisite Jergens Powder is velvetized—by an exclusive process. Result—it makes your skin look smoother, finer, more flawless (it helps hide tiny skin faults). Wear your enticing Jergens shade today—see him stop, look and adore!



CHOOSE YOUR SHADE

Peach Bloom (for fair or medium skin)—to give a colorful, dewy look.
Rachel (for creamy-fair skin)—to give clear, striking glamour. **Naturelle** (for blonde-fair skin)—to give fragile, delicate beauty. **Brunette** (for medium or dark-toned skin)—to give dramatic, radiant allure. **Dark Rachel** (for medium or dark-toned skin)—to give a tawny, vivacious look.
 Big Boudoir Box \$1.00... Try-it sizes 25¢, 10¢.

I'll love you more tomorrow



Suddenly she knew what she must do to restore Jeff's faith and courage in himself, even though it would mean losing his love should her plan fail

HE didn't look like himself there on the high, white hospital bed. His head was covered with bandages and lines of pain etched deep on either side of his mouth. But it wasn't that that made the difference. It was the expression of his eyes. They looked empty, as if something had gone from him—something that was as much a part of Jeff Lewis as his straight black brows and his keen, flyer's face.

His smile, though, hadn't changed. When I leaned over and kissed him, it was just the same. "That's better than a super-charger," he said. "With kisses like that, I'll get this old fuselage patched up and flying again in no time."

"Of course you will, darling. Of course you will."

Then he saw Sparky Ranlett standing beside me, and the smile changed. "I'm the guy," he muttered, "who al-

ways said I'd fly planes, not crash 'em. Remember? Well—this time I made a mistake. You can always be wrong a first time."

"You couldn't help it, Jeff," Sparky said quickly. "Nobody could have done better with the trouble you had. It wasn't your fault. Stop worrying about it and just get well."

"Yeah," Jeff said. "Sure."

But there wasn't any confidence in it. And we all knew it.

The doctors had said it all depended on the way his injuries responded to treatment whether Jeff would ever fly again. It was his legs. They were badly broken, and if they didn't heal properly then Jeff would be grounded for good. It was incredible! It was impossible. Captain Jefferson Lewis, the best pilot in the Ferry Command, the man to whom flying was life itself, who had "wings in his soul," as Sparky put it . . . it would kill him to be grounded for good.

And only yesterday he'd been so confident, so sure of himself. Only yesterday—

Jeff had been given fifteen hours leave, and we were going to spend it together. It was to have been our day, to do with as we wished, the longest

time we'd ever been given. Pilots in the Ferry Command don't have much time for dates, even with the girls they're going to marry. And this date we'd looked forward to and planned for, for days.

He'd come to my apartment, the little, two-room place that next month would be our apartment. Next month, there would be a card on its door reading *Capt. and Mrs. Jefferson Lewis*, instead of *Miss Elizabeth Rand*. And he'd said he was going to spend every one of those fifteen hours just sitting there on the sofa looking at me. Then he'd kissed me in the way that always sent sweet fire pulsing through my veins, until I'd pulled away half afraid of its sweetness.

FIFTEEN hours," I breathed in a hushed voice. "And all of it ours. Every minute of it. Ours to do with as we want. Oh, Jeff—"

"We're rich," Jeff agreed solemnly, "as Croesus—or whoever the guy was. Count 'em—fifteen. From now till five a.m. tomorrow."

"With no planes to fly—"

"No orders to take—"

"With nothing to do but what we want. Oh, darling, if you knew how I've lived for today! 'Our Day,' I've called it. All our other dates have been such puny little ones—a couple of hours here, an evening there, sandwiched in between your flying all over the face of the earth. . . ." I extended my hand in mock formality. "Happy to meet you, Captain Lewis."

"The same, Miss Rand. . . . I know what I'm going to do with my fifteen hours. I'm going to sit right here on this sofa and spend every one of them looking at you. You know," he went on judicially, "you're prettier than you were the last time I saw you, two weeks ago. Why, I bet you're prettier than you were even yesterday. In fact, I'll bet next month's pay you get prettier while I sit here and look."

"You're making me vain. You're not going to want a vain wife, are you?" I said lightly.

"I'll worry about the kind of wife I want. Come here, Betsy."

I went and sat beside him on the sofa. That was the funny thing about Jeff Lewis. He never ordered people around, but when he suggested you do something, you went ahead and did it automatically. I'm not saying for a minute he is the "masterful," overbearing type. He just had the sure, quietly forceful way of doing things that makes the natural leader. It went with his kind of face—the face that always reminded me somehow of a free, soaring hawk, with its long straight nose and dark brows. He looked at me seriously.

"I've always known the kind of wife I wanted. I've always had her picture in my mind—especially when I'm fly-



ing. Up there, you shake off the fuzzy, confusing things and your mind sees only what is important and precious to you. Your sense of values, I guess you'd call it. Well—I could always see my wife. I didn't know the color of her eyes or that her hair would be red-gold like yours or that she'd be slim and have pretty legs. But I did know those eyes would be clear and steady. And her mouth, no matter how soft, would have strength in it. And that she'd be a girl who could take it—because a flyer's wife has got to take it. And then—I met you."

I sat still, looking down at the long hard fingers that held mine. It was the most beautiful thing that anybody had ever said to anybody—what Jeff had just said to me. "Sparky made us meet," I said softly. "Remember? It was a night I didn't want a date and a

night you didn't want a date, and he talked us both into it. . . ."

"And ever since the minute I walked in that door with him, I've known it was your face I saw when I was flying. It's hard to believe three months ago I didn't know you. . . ."

"Such a short time—and yet, we always did know each other. Forever and ever. Didn't we, Jeff? And next month . . ."

"Next month we'll be married—if I can wait that long. . . ."

"If only you didn't have to be gone from me so much! If only—" I cried, tightening my hand in his.

"Don't think about that, Betsy. Think

A Stars Over Hollywood Story

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"I want a real ceremony and all the trimmings. I want to be carried over the threshold," I said.

He fumbled at the flap of his uniform pocket. No matter how often I saw Jeff, his uniform gave me a special sort of thrill. The Ferry Command suited him so. It was like him. It represented something deep in him.

He pulled out a small box—a jeweler's box. The lid flipped up and I was looking at an old-fashioned wedding ring of simple gold. It was a lovely thing. "Look inside," Jeff said.

IN TINY, engraved letters I read the words that encircled it. "I love you more than yesterday, less than tomorrow."

More than yesterday, less than tomorrow. My eyes filled with tears. "Jeff," I murmured. And then he was holding me again, his mouth seeking as hungrily for mine as mine sought his.

The phone jangled, and we both jumped.

"Now who—I've got the day off from the office. It can't be them. And you've got leave—"

"Probably wrong number," Jeff said lazily. "Let's not answer."

But I was already on my feet. I picked up the receiver. If I hadn't, if we'd pretended to be out—but that wouldn't have done any good. They'd have found him somehow.

"It's Sparky," I said and handed the receiver to Jeff. "He wants you."

There was an odd expression on his face when he cradled the phone. "He's calling from Operations. I have to go."

"Have to go?" I echoed stupidly.

"Afraid so, honey. Special orders. Something important."

"But Jeff—" I glanced at the icy rain lashing the window pane. "In this weather—"

"I told you," he said patiently. "It's a special, secret flight. As for the weather—I fly planes, I don't crack 'em up." There was no manner of the braggadocio in his voice. Only simple pride in his skill.

He turned to pick up his hat and raincoat. Suddenly the finality of it, the shock and disappointment, seemed to break something inside me. I flung myself on him.

"Why, Betsy," he said startled. "You're crying . . ."

"No, I'm not," I lied in a stifled voice.

"Yes you are. What's wrong, darling?" Gently he took my arms from around his neck and forced me back so he could look at my face.

"Nothing."

"I'm as sorry about our date being broken as you are—you know that. But when you're in the Ferry Command, you—"

"It isn't that. It's nothing—really." I tried to smile at him.

But I couldn't fool Jeff. I never could. He gave me a long, searching look, and his face changed. It wore an expression I'd never seen there before—a worry.

There was no more time. He gave me a swift, hard kiss and then he was gone—out into that icy rain to start his special secret mission. With a look of worry on his face that I had put there. I couldn't get it out of my mind. Once, months before, (Continued on page 56)

about today only. It's our day."

Obediently I pushed the sad thoughts from me, and smiled. This wasn't the time to think of future separations, or of past ones. This time we were together, with icy rain shutting us in the tiny, bright apartment, and fifteen hours ahead of us to spend. This time next month we would be living here together.

"Let's have lunch, like an old married couple," I said. "And then tonight I thought we could go dancing at the Hamilton and then on to the swing-shift dance at Murray's. Or—whatever you want."

His dark eyes were on my face. "You

know what I want," he said. Almost roughly, his hand was against my throat, cupping my face, turning it up to his. And his lips, against mine, were whispering, "I want to kiss you. I want to hold you. I want to think you're mine. . . ."

After a while, I pulled away. It was too sweet, too heady. This was a special day, a unique day. Next month there would be special days, too, but this—one had to be different from them.

"Let me show you the linen the girls gave me at the office shower last week," I said hastily. "It's lovely—"

"Wait a minute. I've something to show you first."

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Come Back, Beloved!!

SOMETIMES I feel that each detail in our story, Michael's and mine—yes, and Julie's, too—was engraved in our hearts from the day we were born, and that I couldn't have escaped the joy and the laughter and the heartache of knowing Michael Shannon if I had tried.

For how else can you explain the strange chain of events that linked us inevitably together—drew us closer and closer until our fate was sealed forever in the small golden circle of a wedding ring?

As I look back on it now, it was so typical of Michael, the way he came crashing, blundering into my life. I was just starting as a stenographer at Interstate Press. It was my second day there. My desk, I remember, was near the aisle, between the printing plant and young Mr. Bogart's office; Mr. Harry Bogart, the puffy, stuck-up son of our boss.

Like the rest, I was already growing accustomed to the sounds that came from the print shop, to the rhythmic drone of the presses that went on hour after hour. And like the rest I looked up when the noises stopped.

And that afternoon, over the unfamiliar quiet, we heard a man shouting. Shouting and swearing in such a mighty wrath that the others around me looked at one another and smiled.

Suddenly the door of the printing plant was jerked open. And out of it plunged a man, a six foot tornado with black hair that seemed almost to stand on end. There was a wild look in his stormy blue eyes, and they were fixed in terrible anger on the door to Mr. Bogart Jr.'s office.

In one hand he held a proof, a big square of paper with a corner that was torn as he had ripped it off the press.

I could almost feel the heat of his anger as he came my way. And the next thing I knew there was a collision. He had knocked against a corner of my desk and a wire basket went

crashing to the floor. It had been filled, stacked high with cleanly typed pages and cleanly typed envelopes, the whole day's work. Now they were scattered over the floor, crumpled under Michael's feet.

When he saw what had happened, he stopped. It was as though he had jammed on the brakes. He looked at those papers on the floor, and at me, and back to the papers again. There may have been tears in my eyes—I needed that job and I had worked so hard, so carefully over those neatly typed letters.

In a moment he was on his hands and knees, picking them up in his grimy, ink-stained fingers. I sat, frozen to my chair, watching him with a feeling of terror and dismay, no more thinking of trying to stop him than I would have tried to stop a tornado.

He was still on one knee when he turned to me. And as I bent over to save just one letter, his shoulder touched mine and his dark hair brushed

against my face, and then he had ruined that one too.

He looked up at me humbly. The anger had gone out of those stormy eyes and they seemed to be telling me that he'd make it up to me somehow.

Then he handed me the letters. And when he saw what he had done to them, saw the way he had inked them with his fingerprints, he gave me such a look of shocked alarm that I burst out laughing, and then he was laughing too—a deep chuckle that came from somewhere down inside his chest.

He went on to Mr. Bogart's office. I turned around and followed him with my eyes. And when he turned too, and our eyes met again, he grinned, and I felt myself blushing.

I looked around at the other girls. They were watching me with knowing smiles.

"Who . . . who's that?" I asked.

"That's Michael," one of the girls said. It was as though she were giving me the name of a famous movie star, "Michael Shannon, the night foreman."

If you could have seen him, if you could have seen just those eyes of his, eyes that could be so friendly if he liked you, so distant if he didn't—you would understand how he could be what he was, the foremen of a printing plant, and still be known as Michael, instead of Mike.

I learned a little about Michael then. He had something of a past, it seemed, and there was a girl, a girl named Julie. . . . No, I didn't learn the whole story, for that was locked in Michael's heart. And later I was to get it from him, one tortured fragment at a time, until I had pieced all the fragments together.

That night I stayed late at the office, working on the letters Michael had destroyed, doing every one of them over. I knew they were important, that they had to go out. And if they weren't mailed on time, what excuse could I give, except that Michael had knocked them on the floor?



Adapted from an original radio play, "Christmas Cottage," by Done Lussier, first broadcast on Stars Over Hollywood, heard Saturdays at 12:30 P.M., EWT, over CBS, sponsored by Dori-Rich.



The story of Ann, who gave her heart to Michael, and of Michael, whose heart belonged to Julie—the lovely memory who stood between them

said. He stood there wiping his hands on a bit of cotton waste, looking down at me with eyes so full of woe that I could have forgiven him a dozen times over. "I ought to be shot," he said.

I tried to tell him it was my fault, that I'd left the basket too near the edge of the desk, but he wasn't even listening. The way he was looking at me, I felt he was just watching the words come out of my mouth.

"You're a pretty thing when you try to lie," he said.

I blushed. Michael was a man who could look at you and make you blush.

"Stick around till twelve," he said. "I'll have Battlin' Bessie drive you home."

"Battlin' Bessie?" I repeated.

"The old gray car," he said. He didn't even smile. It was only later that I learned to look for that twinkle he had tucked away in a corner of his eye.

I stuck around. And he drove me home in his old gray car. It was an automobile of ancient vintage, but under his persuasive mechanic's hands, the motor was kept tuned up to perfection.

On the way, we stopped in front of a bowling alley. The sign outside said, "Open day and night, never closed."

"I could take you home and come back," he said, "or you could stop off and do a little bowling with me. I always like to get in a game or two before I go to bed."

I had to be at work at nine, while he could sleep. I thought it just hadn't occurred to him, and I was a little angry at first. But he'd thought of it all right.

"You're all tensed up," he said. "I can feel it when I touch your arm. It's the work that's made you that way. A little bowling now and you'll relax, and sleep like an angel."

He was right. I could already feel myself relaxing in the friendly warmth of his voice. "But I've never bowled," I protested.

"Fine," he said. "I'll teach you." He

I sat there outside the print shop, hearing the sound of Michael's voice occasionally above the drone of the presses. He was the night foreman. His hours were from four to twelve. And he knew that I, ordinarily, would have left at five. So when he happened to open the door of the shop, about nine o'clock, and saw me sitting all alone in that deserted office, he looked surprised.

"What in thunder are you doing here?" he asked.

I just smiled—a little sadly I suppose—and kept on working.

He came out again at eleven-thirty. He was startled when he saw I was still there. And he wore a reproving look that was half real, half playful.

"So it's all on account of me," he

"I thought I told you to go home," he said. "Have you gone daft?" He came over to my desk, where I was working on the one letter I had left to type. "What's the meaning of this nonsense?" he asked. "Expect to get a raise?"

I tried to smile, but I was almost too tired. "No," I said, "I just happen to need this job."

He looked down at my desk and then he realized what I was doing—typing over those letters he had spoiled. That was the first time I was to see that sad, repentant look, which later I came to know so well. Michael could hurt people so quickly, so deeply, and then he'd be so terribly sorry.

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"The old gray car," he said. He didn't even smile. It was only later that I learned to look for that twinkle he had tucked away in a corner of his eye.

I stuck around. And he drove me home in his old gray car. It was an automobile of ancient vintage, but under his persuasive mechanic's hands, the motor was kept tuned up to perfection.

On the way, we stopped in front of a bowling alley. The sign outside said, "Open day and night, never closed."

"I could take you home and come back," he said, "or you could stop off and do a little bowling with me. I always like to get in a game or two before I go to bed."

I had to be at work at nine, while he could sleep. I thought it just hadn't occurred to him, and I was a little angry at first. But he'd thought of it all right.

"You're all tensed up," he said. "I can feel it when I touch your arm. It's the work that's made you that way. A little bowling now and you'll relax, and sleep like an angel."

He was right. I could already feel myself relaxing in the friendly warmth of his voice. "But I've never bowled," I protested.

"Fine," he said. "I'll teach you." He

got out and helped me out of the car as though he were Galahad and I were a queen. It was such an elaborate gesture, the way he did it. Suddenly the thought occurred to me that it was something that girl, Julie, had taught him, that he was showing off the manners he had learned.

A shout went up when we entered the bowling alley. There was a group of men, a girl or two. Michael's friends, all of them. I could see how much they thought of him here.

HE introduced me with a wave of his hand. He didn't bother to give me their names.

"This is Ann," he said.

"Ann Jerrold," I added.

And just in the way they looked at me, I could see what an honor it was to be a friend of Michael's.

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He sat there for a while without saying anything, and then I could see him swearing under his breath, and I knew the curses were meant for Harry Bogart—Harry, who couldn't forget that he was the boss's son, and that he had once been a star on his college football team.

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I was to remember that threat a little later.

It was early morning, of course, when

he drove me home. I was tired, but I would have climbed a mountain with him that night, if he had asked me to. It was as though he were pouring some of his strength and vitality into mine.

"So now you know what bowling is like," he said. "Did you enjoy it?"

I told him it was wonderful. And I said I liked being made a member of his inner circle.

"My inner circle," he repeated. The phrase seemed to please him, and at the same time to strike a note of sadness somewhere in his memory. "My inner circle," he said again. Then he mentioned Julie for the first time. "I had a girl once," he said. "Her name was Julie. It was always her little circle of friends, not mine. To hear her talk you'd have thought I didn't have an inner circle, or anyway, none that amounted to anything."

I didn't know what to say. I sat there beside him in the car, hoping he would tell me more, and not daring to ask. I reached out to put my hand on his arm, and then I didn't, for he had stepped on the gas and was driving along at a reckless pace.

He stopped in front of my door. I had to point out the house, for my father and sister and I lived in one of those little houses built in a long row, all of them exactly alike.

He didn't show any interest in where I lived—or for that matter, any further interest in me. It was as though our evening was simply an end to the incident of the spoiled

letters. I didn't have to be a mind reader to see that he was thinking about Julie now, that he had been thinking of her all during the last part of our ride.

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He looked at me suddenly in such a bitter, almost scornful way, that I wanted to turn and run.

"Listen," he said, "you're a good kid. A . . . a nice girl. I want to give you a piece of advice. Leave me alone. Don't be inviting me to parties, or anything like that."

"Well," I said, "I only . . . of course if you . . ."

He forced a laugh, but it was still a bitter laugh.

"I didn't mean to scare you," he said, "but . . . well anyway, I hope you enjoyed the bowling."

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SOMETIMES when we were working together, he would stand very close to me, and our hands would touch. I felt then that by taking this job, by being so near to him every day, I had lost him. For he seemed to have grown accustomed to me, and I was sure that when our hands touched, there was not a spark of the thrill in it for him that the touch of his hand had for me.

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"We can stop at a place I know and have dinner and dance, if you like," he said.

I could hardly believe my ears. "I thought you told me once to leave you alone," I said, teasingly.

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So he was still married to Julie! I'd heard she was getting a divorce some time ago, and I'd learned never to ask him about her. When I did, he seemed to (Continued on page 81) 25

Once in a while we'd spend a whole Sunday at a nearby lake resort, just the two of us.



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My Heart Remembers

I DIDN'T know that a human being's eyes could look the way Steven's eyes did the night I met him. Drained of all feeling or even the possibility of feeling, his eyes seemed to be—past love, past fear, past pain, past hope. His eyes looked the way I had thought my heart had felt, until I met Steven, until I learned what real suffering can be, making my own suffering a small thing beside it. Steven's suffering had gone beyond the point where you feel that there is nothing left to live for, to the point where you wish you weren't alive, but the dull apathy which has closed over you doesn't let you do anything so positive, so actual, as taking your own life.

When I first saw him, he was sitting in a far corner of the U.S.O. Canteen where I was serving. Some other soldier, I learned later, had brought him there in a sympathetic attempt to rouse him to remembrance of the joy of being alive, and when the attempt had failed, had dumped him there on the straight little settee in the corner and gone his way.

I walked across to the solitary figure and said, with some of the gaiety I was always able to muster for my work here, "You don't look like the wallflower type—how about dancing with me?"

And then he turned his eyes up to me, and I saw what was in them. I couldn't find anything to say, but I dropped down beside him on the hard seat, as if I knew, even then, that I could never go away and leave him to face the world alone.

He turned a little, and blinked at me as if he had entered a lighted room from the dark. After a moment he said, "Hello. I was thinking, I guess." His voice was dull, too, and spilled the words out carelessly, as if they were not worth the trouble of speaking them. Then he looked at me again and, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, he put his hand in mine, simply and trustingly, as a child who is lost in a crowd puts his faith in the first adult who has the sympathy and takes the time to stop and talk to him.

In the face of Steven's eyes I could summon no tact, no delicacy. I heard my own voice saying bluntly, "What's the matter?"

There was another little silence, as if words took a longer time to reach Steven than other people. At last he answered, "Don't talk about what's wrong with me. That's what I'm trying to forget. If you want to talk, talk about you. You look nice. I'd like to

hear you talk about you." He blinked again, looked at me more closely. Perhaps he was actually seeing me for the first time. "There's something wrong with you, too," he said.

I realized then that it would not be just kindness to talk to him. But to talk trivialities would be no good, either—no talk about the weather, or the music issuing from the juke box across the room. No "How cold it's been for April, hasn't it?" or "Don't you think that new song is sort of silly?" It would have to be something that would make him think, make him answer—make him feel. And besides, somehow I knew that with Steven, sick or well, you'd never have to dress your conversation with the ribbons and lace of conventionalism. With him you could talk as if he'd known you all your life, as if he knew the inmost workings of your mind, the smallest secret places of your heart.

And so I told him. "Yes, there's something wrong with me, too. I—I'm in love."

I saw a flicker in his eyes, then, and I knew, I had his attention, that he was beginning really to listen to me. My own feelings were such a strange mixture—a tight, unreasonable fear that just looking at Steven had brought me, and a warm, blessed release in talking at last about the hurt that was eating my heart away.

My voice hurried on. "Dick's my foster brother. His mother and father adopted me when I was just a baby, and we've been brought up like brother and sister—lived together all our lives. . . ."

Sitting there, with Steven's hand in mine, I felt again some of the happiness I'd known as a child. The pleasant white house in the suburbs in which we'd lived, Mother and Dad and Dick and I, with the stretch of green lawn in front, and the garden behind, divided half-and-half, flowers for Mother and vegetables for Dad. There had been a swing in the big tree that shaded the lower end of the backyard, and Dick used to push me in it, standing uncomplaining at the task sometimes when he probably would rather have been playing with some of the boys. But once, I remembered, he had pushed me too high, and I'd fallen. And instead of comforting me, as I'd expected him to do, he'd laughed and called me a crybaby.

It's funny how you remember little things almost better than you remember big ones—little things like the hair ribbon Dick had bought me one

Christmas with the first money he'd ever earned, and how Dick had liked dancing class and I'd hated it—just the opposite of the way it should have been—and how mad Dick was when I went out on my first real date, because it was with a boy he didn't approve of. I remembered picnics and parties and just pleasant day-by-day living, until the lump in my throat grew until I could hardly force words past it. "We had—we had a wonderful time when we were children," I told Steven lamely.

Steven's eyes were brighter now, and I knew with a quick rush of relief that he had stopped thinking about himself and was thinking of me. His hand tightened over mine, and he said, softly, "Why should being in love make you sad?"

Why? If I could only have burdened this lonely soldier with the story I could have told him so exactly—I could name the very night it began: three

"You are more than love, you are life to me," Steven told her, and she knew she must forget Dick—she must learn a new happiness

years ago, when I was sixteen, but it might as well have been three days ago, for I could remember every word, every gesture, every look that passed between Dick and me.

That was the night I found out what was wrong with me, the night I found out that I was in love with Dick. It sounded simple, but it wasn't simple! It was complex and complicated and frightening!

*I carry their pictures together in the locket I wear.
Steven, my husband—and Dick.*



I'd had a wonderful time, that night. A group of us had gone dancing, and we'd had permission to stay out until one in the morning—the first time I'd ever been out so late. I'd gone with Ralph Emory—Ralph, who had lived down the block from us all our lives, who'd played with us when we were children.

My feet were still moving to rhythm when I slipped into the dark hall and

walked silently toward the stairs. But Dick's voice came out of the dim recesses of the living room to stay me—and that voice was like cold water thrown on the warm remembrance of the fun I'd had that night.

"Susan!" The light he snapped on dispelled the last of the magic. "This is a fine hour for you to be getting in!"

I turned to face him. "I had Mother's permission to stay out till one," I told

him sharply. "And what business of yours is it, anyway, I'd like to know?"

But I heard my own voice fading away, because I was seeing Dick then with new eyes. It was as if I'd never noticed before how tall he was, how straight, as if I'd never before realized how blue his eyes were, how his hair lay close over his ears like the feathers on the wings of a bird, how the ears themselves were strangely shaped, a

little pointed. I walked slowly across the hall to him, magnetized. Oh, he may have dispelled the magic of the evening that was behind me, but he was binding me to him forever now with a new magic of his own.

I felt that he must surely hear the pounding of my heart, see how my hands were trembling. And he must have caught the change in my voice when I said, very softly, "I'm sorry, Dick," for the anger left him, too. He put out his hand and with a doubled fist struck me lightly, mockingly on the chin—an old familiar gesture of his.

ALL RIGHT," he said. "Get up to bed and get your beauty sleep—you'll be an old woman before your time at this rate." But before I turned, his hand slid down to my shoulder and tightened on it, just for a moment. Then I wrenched myself away and flew up the stairs—to lie awake, dreaming of Dick all night.

I raised my eyes to Steven's then, seeking understanding in them. "Dick—who might as well have been my brother, who was just like a brother to me—and I fell in love with him."

But it was all right, then, I had told myself, because it was my secret. I wouldn't ever let Dick know. I realized, even then, that I mustn't ever let anyone know. Mother and Dad wouldn't understand—they'd think it was wrong. Probably Dick would, too. And as for our friends and neighbors—well, half of them didn't even know that I was adopted. They thought I was really Dick's sister.

Steven was smiling at me now, a small smile, curving lips that seemed almost to have forgotten how, almost as if he could read my mind.

"How long ago did all this happen?" he asked.

"Two years ago," I told him.

Two years that were partly heaven and partly far removed from it! Because that night marked the beginning of

My Heart Remembers was suggested by an original drama heard on *My True Story*, daily at 3:15, over the Blue Network.

what seemed to me an utterly incomprehensible attitude toward me on Dick's part. Oh, we'd squabbled as kids do before that, and once in a while we'd had a real argument. But after that night we fought. There's no other word for it. It seemed that there wasn't anything in the world I could do right as far as Dick was concerned. He didn't like my friends. If I bought a blue dress I should have bought pink. If I went out he didn't like it, and if I stayed home he teased me about being unpopular. I was getting plump, and then, when I dieted, I was too thin and scrawny.

Looking back on it, it seems to me that I spent at least half my time crying in my room, those two years, trying to wash away with tears the hurts Dick had inflicted on me. And how many times my heart cried out to him, "Dick—Dick, don't shout at me—take me in your arms and kiss me, Dick—love me!"

I didn't understand, didn't understand that Dick had a secret too, and that in his own way he was fighting against it, hiding it, just as I was hiding my love for him from the eyes of a world that would mistake its meaning. I didn't understand—until one night, that still has for me all the unreality of a dream—the culmination of all I'd dreamed since the moment I'd known I loved Dick. It was late—probably three or four in the morning—and a high moon outside sent long fingers of pale, ghostly light through the windows. I was restless, and I tried to blame my restlessness, as I so often did, on hunger, and I decided to go down to the kitchen. My groping feet found my mules, and without bothering to turn on the light to locate my robe, I slipped out of the room and down the hall.

It was on the stair landing, with the moon showing pale through the old leaded glass window there, that I met Dick. I stood still a moment, staring at him, conscious of my light pajamas, and of the fact that he, too, had left his room without a robe. Then, after a moment, we said, in chorus, "I was hungry, and—"

We stopped, on a little duet of foolish laughter, and then the laughter died away, leaving us in silence that was thick and heavy, like a swirling curtain of black velvet. Suddenly I began to tremble to the beat of the quick thudding of my heart. I tried to edge past Dick, to get downstairs and away, but his hand came out and caught my wrist, and his voice, thick and strange, cried, "Wait!"

He pulled me around to face him, and we stood there, not thinking, not breathing. Then his voice again, crying my name like a heart-wrung prayer.

"Oh, Susan!" And I was where I had longed to be—in his arms, his hungry mouth closing my eyes with kisses, bruising my lips with a delicious pain. His words were little stars in the timeless heaven into which we had slipped—"Susan, dear! My darling—my baby sister!"

That was the word that broke the spell. We fell apart then, and stood, strange and still and cold for a moment that was whisper-short and long

as forever. Then I turned and fled, up the stairs again, and into my room, to bury my hot face in the pillow, to hate myself and Dick and the world.

I had forgotten where I was, forgotten the man with the pain in his eyes, forgotten everything but the memory of that one sweet moment. The pressure of Steven's fingers on mine awakened me to the realization of where I was—and to the realization that I had almost told to a stranger the secret I had shared with no one else in the world.

It was hard to raise my eyes to Steven's, but when I did I knew once again that he could never be a stranger, that he was one of those rare people whom you seem to have been born knowing, who, when you meet them, are closer to you than the people you've known all your lives. And I knew, too, looking at him, that I had succeeded in making him forget himself. His pale, flat-planed face had regained some of the animation which once must have lighted it. There was warmth in his eyes—compassion, which above all makes you forget yourself in pity for someone else. Now he was—well, he was *human* again, a man, alive.

"Why did you come here, to Evans-ton?" he asked gently.

How could I tell him—or anyone—about the next morning when I knew so surely that it was impossible for Dick and me to go on living in the same house. It was simpler for me to go—simpler for me to say I wanted to take a job in the city, to get a job which would require my living close by. So I went away and went to work, and—"And," I said out loud, because something in his eyes made me say it, "it's been eight months since I left. I've almost forgotten."

But that was a lie.

We were silent for a little while after that, and I suddenly realized that I didn't even know this man's name. Of course, I've been calling him Steven all the while I've been telling you this, but you must remember that I had just met him a little bit before, just sat down to talk to him, a strange and lonely soldier.

"I—I don't know your name," I faltered. "How funny, to talk to you like this, and—"

He smiled again, that gentle, sweet smile. "Not strange at all. Maybe we were born for tonight, you and I, and all our lives have just been leading up to this meeting." Then he laughed, but I knew that the laugh was only for me, to keep me from thinking he was too serious—and I knew, as well, that he believed what he said.

Disengaging his fingers from mine, he got to his feet. "My name is Steven Day. And yours is Susan—Susan what?"

"Susan Lothrop."

"And now that we've been formally introduced, let's get away from here, Susan. We're a couple of lost people—let's go walk along the riverbank, and maybe we can find ourselves."

Silently, yet somehow bound together, we left the big, crowded, smoky room, and walked down the quiet streets to the (Continued on page 69)



IN LIVING PORTRAITS

LONE JOURNEY

In its western setting of wheat fields, of glistening beaver ponds, with its hills of ever-changing mood and color, see the people of Judith Mountains Country that you meet daily on this true-to-life radio story



Lone Journey, written by Sandra and Peter Michael, is heard daily at 9:45 A.M., CWT, over NBC, sponsored by Draft. Fields of golden wheat, as in this Montana scene, are typical of Lone Journey's real life setting near Lewistown, Montana



WOLFE BENNETT was born on the Spear-T Ranch. He was educated in Illinois, became an architect and married beautiful, ambitious Nita Lord. They lived together in Evanston, Illinois, for six years when suddenly Nita decided that their marriage was a failure. Disillusioned and saddened, Wolfe returned to Montana. During the next year, he met and fell in love with Sydney Sherwood, who was visiting her uncle. Then Nita came from Chicago to visit Wolfe at the ranch and they were reunited.

(Played by Reese Taylor)

SYDNEY SHERWOOD MACKENZIE is the niece of Henry Newman, an old friend and neighbor of Wolfe Bennett's. Soon after Nita's and Wolfe's reconciliation, Sydney married a young music school director, Lansing Mackenzie, who is now in the Solomons with the United States Army. Before her marriage she was a piano teacher and when Lansing went away, Sydney decided to continue giving lessons. She now has a studio in the same building with Wolfe, and they are very good friends.

(Played by Laurette Fillbrandt)





LEILA MATTHEWS is a modern young ranch wife. She and Wolfe Bennett grew up together in the valley. They went to the same school and everyone supposed they would some day get married. But Wolfe went away to college, met and married Nita. This was tragedy for Leila, but being a very sensible person, she eventually married young JIM MATTHEWS (upper right), a nice, not too bright neighbor boy. She and Jim are contented on their ranch and have two very fine children. (Leila played by Genelle Gibbs) (Jim played by Frank Dane)



HENRY NEWMAN, left, is one of radio's most loved characters. In the *Lone Journey* story he is a bachelor sheep rancher, a philosopher, good neighbor, wise counsellor to the friends who come naturally to him for advice. The character of Old Henry Newman is based on a real-life Montana rancher by that name. The actor who portrays him on the program falls naturally into the part, since he has many of the qualities that have endeared this story of the West and Henry Newman to so many listeners these many years. (Played by Cliff Soubier)

MRS. KING AND KYLE are mother-in-law and daughter-in-law. Jessie King, almost single-handed owns and operates a Montana cattle ranch. She and Henry Newman are great friends. Over a cup of Henry's special and wonderful tea, these two old timers can always settle the world's ills and come to a happy awareness of life's goodness. Mrs. King has a son in the army. Kyle King is his wife, and she has come to live on her mother-in-law's ranch for the duration. Kyle is a rather misunderstood, rather tragic figure.

(Mrs. King played by
Bess McCammon)
(Kyle King played by
Geraldine Kay)



MEL TANNER was foreman of the Spear-T Ranch before he joined the Army, where he is now serving as a technical sergeant. Mel is a confidant and old friend of Wolfe's who considers him the salt of the earth. He is sincere, unselfish, and friendly, the kind of man you always think of when the people of the "great open spaces of the West" are mentioned.
(Played by Dewitt McBride)

Must we say goodbye?

What can come of loving another woman's husband but bitter regret? Mary knew that—still she cherished a hope that somehow their love would find a way



ELBOWED my way out of the bus, stepping on the toes of a large lady who only glared at my hurried apology. I couldn't really blame her. We'd stood all the way out from town, jostling each other, swaying back and forth, being pushed and pulled around every time someone else got on or off, until it was as hard to keep your temper as your footing.

As soon as I was on the sidewalk I started up the block, just not actually running. The super-market closed at six, and it was ten minutes to, already. At that, I was lucky tonight. Often enough I had to stay five or ten minutes late at the office, and as a result, those nights Margie and I dined on delicatessen food or something out of a can—neither of which we could afford.

But at the thought of Margie, as always, my body felt a little lighter—just as if her chubby, five-year-old magic had lifted an actual physical load off my shoulders. The worries about money, the tired end-of-the-day feeling, the loneliness—these weren't half so bad, any of them, simply because of Margie's existence. It was funny, I thought, that a little girl could complicate one's existence so much, and still be so infinitely precious.

The market was crowded, and I went straight to the meat counter first, digging into my purse for the precious ration book and equally precious money. I hoped they had some liver; the doctor had said Margie needed it once a week. . . . I looked in dismay at the people ahead of me. By the time I was waited on the vegetable counter would be closed, and I had to get some kind of vegetable!

I edged in closer. I hated to be the kind of person who tries to get waited on ahead of her turn, but—

One of the two butchers behind the

big glass counter glanced at me inquiringly, and I opened my mouth. But I wasn't quick enough. A feminine voice beside me said grimly, "I've been standing here for ten minutes, young woman, if you please!"

Feeling like a criminal, I stepped back while the woman gave her order. There was a man on the other side of me, a tall man with a kind, humorous mouth. He was vaguely familiar, but I didn't know why. And suddenly, in a conspiratorial tone, he spoke.

"I think they'll wait on me in a minute or two. If you'll just tell me what you want I'll get it."

"Oh, would you?" I said breathlessly. "Then I could go over to the vegetables and—Two slices of calves' liver, if they have any, and if they haven't—oh, I guess a couple of shoulder lamb chops." Lamb chops were extravagant, but there wasn't any sense in getting something that would take too long to cook. I poked my ration book at him. "Here, you'd better take this."

"Aren't you afraid I'll run off with it?" he asked with a smile.

"Why—" About to hurry away, I stopped and looked at him. He was quite right—it was foolish to give your ration book to a perfect stranger. But in this case—"No," I said honestly, and found myself laughing up at him. "Not in the least."

Before I had finished at the vegetable counter, he joined me there. "Liver," he announced proudly. "And here's your ration book." Without asking me about it, he picked my bundle off the counter and added it to the ones already in his arms. "All ready?" he asked.

It came to me, then, where I'd seen him before. "Of course!" I said aloud. "You live up the street from me, don't you?—in the white house with the blue shutters, on the corner."

"That's right," he said, holding the swinging door to the street open with his foot so I could pass in front of him. "And you live in the brown house with the wistaria vine, in the middle of the block. You have a little girl who is just about the prettiest thing I've ever seen."

I always told myself I didn't care whether Margie was pretty or not, as long as she was healthy—and so it was foolish to feel such a warm glow of pleasure at his praise. "It's nice of you to say that."

"Well, it's true," he answered simply. We were walking side by side through the busy little suburban shopping district, the cool spring breeze sharp on our faces. "You work in town?" he asked.



"That's right," he said.
"You live in the house
with the wistaria vine."

"Yes. I'm a stenographer at Schley and Mortimer's."

"Must make it hard for you, with the little girl to take care of."

"It is hard, a little," I said. "Margie's awfully good, and can take care of herself very well, for only five years old, but I can't quite leave her alone. And of course I have to work—my husband," I said quietly, "was killed in an accident at the factory where he worked, two years ago."

"Oh—I see," he said, and I hurried on. "Mrs. Boland, next door, has been looking after Margie in the daytime,

but she's going to work in a war plant in a week, and after that I don't know just what I will do. . . . And then, of course," I added, wanting for some reason to go on talking, "the shopping is a nuisance. If you hadn't helped me tonight, I guess we'd have gone without meat or vegetables, one or the other."

"I'm glad I happened to be there. My wife usually does the shopping, but she wasn't feeling so well today so I picked up some things on my way home." He chuckled under his breath. "What do you bet I've bought all the wrong things?"

"Probably," I said. "Men usually do, don't they?"

It was pleasant, walking up the street with him. He had a natural gift for friendliness; and I felt as if I'd known him a long time. In a very few minutes —the five or six it took to get to the corner where he lived—he'd told me that his name was Blaine Edwards, that he was an accountant at the Drysdale plant, that he and his wife had lived out here for three years, and that he didn't think he'd try putting in any peas this year, he'd had such poor luck with them last. But his corn—well,

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just wait until I tasted it, next July!

That—the mention of food—reminded me. "Oh—I didn't pay you for the liver. How much was it?"

"Thirty-five cents," he said matter-of-factly, and I liked that, too. It would have been—unpleasant, if he'd thought it necessary to be gallant and say that such a small sum didn't matter. Some men would.

HE took off his hat to say goodbye, and I really saw his face for the first time. It was thin, like his body. It was the face of a mature man—he must be about thirty, I guessed—but it was boyish, too. His eyes were a very clear gray, with thick, dark lashes, and looking into them I had the impression that he loved laughter and gayety, but hadn't had a great deal of either.

"Look," he said suddenly. "One nice thing about not having any gasoline to go riding is that we have a chance to meet our neighbors. Why don't you and the little girl come over Sunday afternoon, about four? We'll have a bite to eat, and you and Bernice can get acquainted."

"I'd like that very much," I said, and meant it.

"Good. We'll expect you."

I went on then, warmed by his parting smile, and at the same time feeling once more the loneliness I knew so well. Oh, Ned, Ned, I cried soundlessly. I still miss you, darling. Days like this, with spring whispering in the air—times like this, when I see men coming home to their wives—I miss you most of all. It doesn't seem to matter, so much, that our marriage was never what it should have been—we were both too headstrong, too bent on having our own ways. But we were learning. If we'd had more time, we could have built a life together . . . maybe. Maybe.

I ran up the front steps of my own little house. It was smaller than Mr. Edwards', and not nearly so well cared-for, and the rent was higher than it should have been, but I considered myself lucky to have found a place at all. Of course, if I'd been alone, I could have lived in a single room in town, but with Margie I really needed a place in the suburbs. Ned and I had always said we wouldn't let a child of ours grow up in the city. . . .

In the hallway I caught sight of myself in the diamond-shaped mirror of the old-fashioned hatrack—and for a second I looked at the reflection as dispassionately as I would have inspected a stranger. You're twenty-eight, Mary Manning, I thought, and darned if you don't look it, and more. Fine, soft yellow hair can be lovely when you take care of it, but not when it's just combed out any old way. All right, so you can't afford beauty parlors—you could find

an hour to fix it yourself, couldn't you? And you always did look like a ghost without lipstick . . . no wonder Mr. Edwards took pity on you.

"Margie!" I called, and heard the icebox door slam in the kitchen. She came running, and launched herself into my arms as if she'd been shot out of a gun.

"Mummy, you're late!"—accusingly. "I was just deciding I'd have to cook supper myself. I was going to make a pie and a chocolate cake and roast beef and mashed potatoes . . ."

"Mmm—sounds good," I told her. "Maybe I'd better let you go ahead with the job."

"The prettiest thing I'd ever seen," he'd called Margie. Well, he was right! Funny he didn't have any children of his own—and I was sure he didn't, because Margie would have known, and

reported on their presence, if he had.

On Sunday afternoon at four o'clock I'd washed and brushed my hair until it positively shimmered, and I'd remembered the lipstick. I'd warned Margie to be on her best behavior, and I'd dressed her and myself in crisp cotton dresses which felt wonderfully fresh and light in these first warm days of spring. The minute we entered the Edwards' house I was glad I'd taken the trouble to see that both Margie and I looked our best, because the atmosphere of Mrs. Edwards' home—not once did I think of it as his home—said plainly it was used to nothing but the best.

The living room was like something cut out of a magazine, printed in full colors. The hardwood floors gleamed around slippery oases of throw-rugs,



From a radio drama entitled, "The Little Things," by Edward Jurist, heard Wednesday on Manhattan at Midnight, at 8:30 P.M., on The Blue Network, sponsored by Energine.

the slip covers had just that second come from the iron, the snowy-white organdie curtains were looped back to frame the windows in precise symmetry, and if there was a speck of dust anywhere I was sure it would have taken a detective to find it.

Mrs. Edwards herself was a little dark-haired woman, with eyes to match, and delicate, finely-cut features. She was pretty, and she certainly was hospitable to me, a comparative stranger. On a table in front of the window she'd laid out a buffet supper of delicious food—beans baked to a molasses brown, ham in shaving-thin slices, a salad bowl of lettuce, tomatoes, asparagus and watercress, tea and little cakes. All of it tasted as good as it looked.

While we ate, I told her how lovely

I thought her room was, and when she made a small deprecatory sound her husband said proudly:

"Yes—and Bernice made the curtains and slip-covers herself . . . and her dress, too."

"It's a beautiful dress," I said—and it was; if it was also a little too frilly to be quite right for her edged good looks, that didn't alter the fact that she'd worked hard and well on it.

"I love to sew," she told me. "As far as that goes, I love doing almost anything around a house—even cleaning. I simply can't stand not having things nice—No darling!" she interrupted herself, leaning forward in her chair. Margie, slipping away from my side, had picked up a little china ornament from the coffee table. "Put it down, dear."

She was smiling, but Margie looked scared, and I reached out and took the piece of bric-a-brac from her. And then I forgot the incident. Mrs. Edwards' concern for her belongings was entirely natural, but I have thought since—oh, how very often!—that if only I'd been more observant, more sensitive to the undercurrents of character, I would have known better than to let Margie go every day to the Edwards'.

For that was what happened. It was Blaine's suggestion—as so many kind and helpful things originated with him—but as far as I knew it came from Bernice, too. At the end of the week, when we had progressed to first names in our friendship, I still hadn't found anyone who could look out for Margie while I was at work, and I was on the point of advertising for a woman to come in, which I couldn't have afforded. That's why it was such a relief when Blaine dropped in one evening with his offer.

"It'll be nice for Bernice, too, remember," he parried my gratitude. "Margie will be company for her. She gets lonesome, there all day while I'm at the office."

Yes, I could understand that. Bernice seemed to have no particular women friends in the neighborhood. I supposed she was one of those women who don't take much interest in the ordinary activities of suburban social life. She'd hinted, the preceding Sunday, that she found the few women she knew on our block either stupid or dull. . . .

BLAINES leaned down, the better to talk to Margie. "How about it?" he asked her. "Would you like to visit Aunt Bernice every day?"

"Can I take Shirley with me?" Margie asked, not suspiciously, but in a reasonable spirit of wanting to get everything down in black and white before committing herself. Shirley Temple was her doll, alternately loved passionately and completely forgotten. "And is she really my aunt?"

"No, not really," Blaine said, "but she'd like to have you call her that. And of course you must bring Shirley."

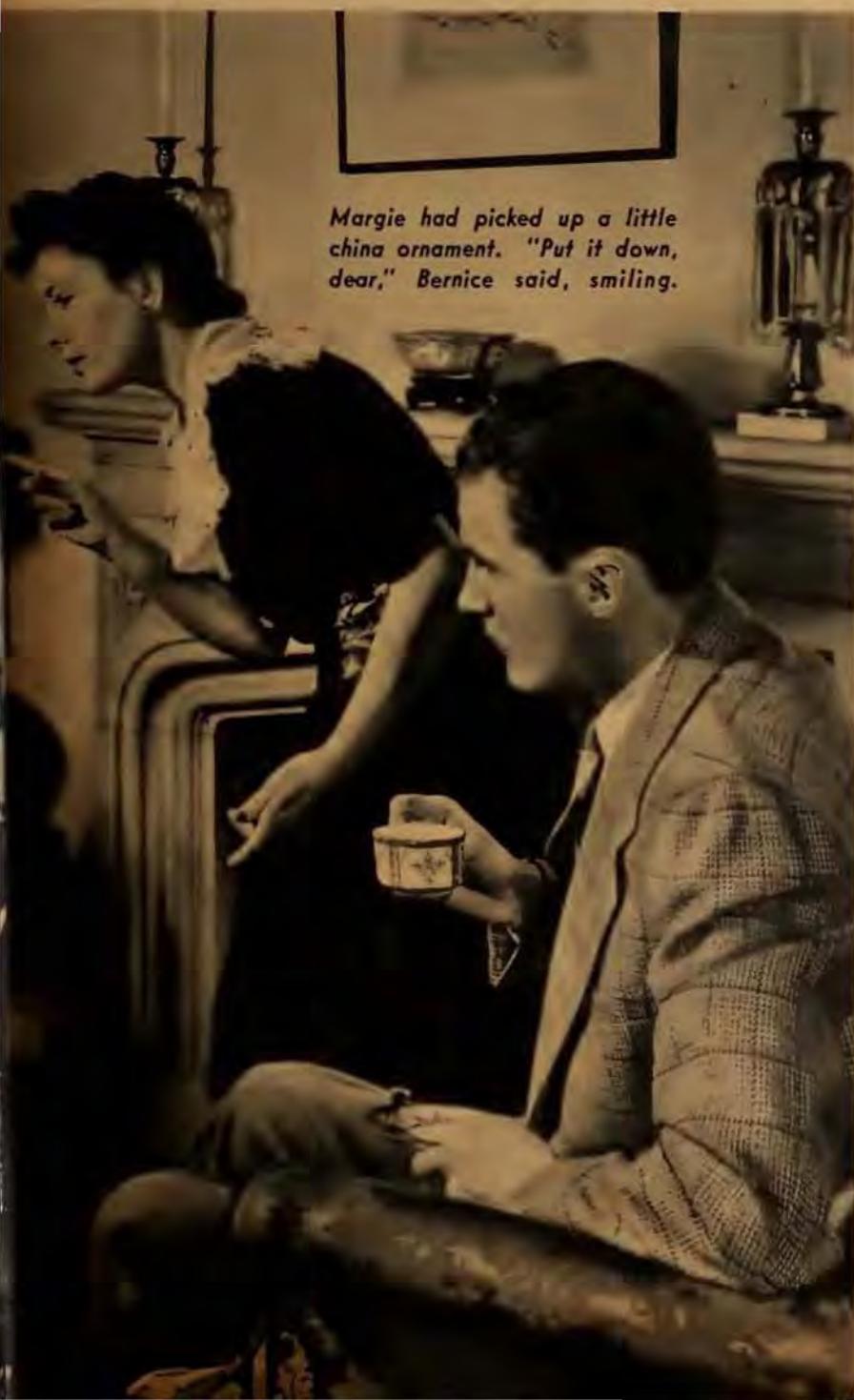
". . . All right," Margie agreed—and then, catching my eye, "Thank you."

We were still laughing when the telephone rang, and I suppose the remnant of laughter was in my voice when I answered. There was a barely perceptible pause before a woman's voice which I recognized at once said, "Mrs. Manning? Is my husband there?"

Strange that she should be so formal, I thought—we'd been calling each other Bernice and Mary, quite naturally, only a day or so before. Well, I wouldn't notice it. "Oh, hello!" I cried. "Yes, he's here, being a Good Samaritan about Margie. It's wonderful of you to take her, Bernice, really. But are you sure she won't be too much trouble?"

She laughed at that. "I won't let her be!" she promised. "Can I speak to Blaine, please?"

"Of course." I handed him the telephone, and listened to his end of the conversation. (Continued on page 62)



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In the hallway I caught sight of myself in the diamond-shaped mirror of the old-fashioned hatrack—and for a second I looked at the reflection as dispassionately as I would have inspected a stranger. You're twenty-eight, Mary Manning, I thought, and darned if you don't look it, and more. Fine, soft yellow hair can be lovely when you take care of it, but not when it's just combed out any old way. All right, so you can't afford beauty parlors—you could find

an hour to fix it yourself, couldn't you? And you always did look like a ghost without lipstick . . . no wonder Mr. Edwards took pity on you.

"Margie!" I called, and heard the icebox door slam in the kitchen. She came running, and launched herself into my arms as if she'd been shot out of a gun. "Mummy, you're late!"—anxiously. "I was just deciding I'd have to cook supper myself. I was going to make a pie and a chocolate cake and roast beef and mashed potatoes. . . ."

"Mmm—sounds good," I told her. "Maybe I'd better let you go ahead with the job."

The prettiest thing I'd ever seen, he'd called Margie. Well, he was right! Funny he didn't have any children of his own—and I was sure he didn't, because Margie would have known, and

reported on their presence, if he had. On Sunday afternoon at four o'clock I'd washed and brushed my hair until it positively shimmered, and I'd remembered the lipstick. I'd warned Margie to be on her best behavior, and I'd dressed her and myself in crisp cotton dresses which felt wonderfully fresh and light in these first warm days of spring. The minute we entered the Edwards' house I was glad I'd taken the trouble to see that both Margie and I looked our best, because the atmosphere of Mrs. Edwards' home—not once did I think of it as his home—said plainly it was used to nothing but the best.

The living room was like something cut out of a magazine, printed in full colors. The hardwood floors gleamed around slippery oases of throw-rugs,

the slip covers had just that second come from the iron, the snowy-white organdie curtains were looped back to frame the windows in precise symmetry, and if there was a speck of dust anywhere I was sure it would have taken a detective to find it.

Mrs. Edwards herself was a little dark-haired woman, with eyes to match, and delicate, finely-cut features. She was pretty, and she certainly was hospitable to me, a comparative stranger. On a table in front of the window she'd laid out a buffet supper of delicious food—beans baked to a molasses brown, ham in shaving-thin slices, a salad bowl of lettuce, tomatoes, asparagus and watercress, tea and little cakes. All of it tasted as good as it looked.

While we ate, I told her how lovely

I thought her room was, and when she made a small deprecatory sound her husband said proudly:

"Yes—and Bernice made the curtains and slip-covers herself . . . and her dress, too."

"It's a beautiful dress," I said—and it was; if it was also a little too frilly to be quite right for her edged good looks, that didn't alter the fact that she'd worked hard and well on it.

"I love to sew," she told me. "As far as that goes, I love doing almost anything around a house—even cleaning. I simply can't stand not having things nice—No darling!" she interrupted herself, leaning forward in her chair. Margie, slipping away from my side, had picked up a little china ornament from the coffee table. "Put it down, dear."

She was smiling, but Margie looked scared, and I reached out and took the piece of bric-a-brac from her. And then I forgot the incident. Mrs. Edwards' concern for her belongings was entirely natural, but I have thought since—oh, how very often!—that if only I'd been more observant, more sensitive to the undercurrents of character, I would have known better than to let Margie go every day to the Edwards'.

For that was what happened. It was Blaine's suggestion—as so many kind and helpful things originated with him—but as far as I knew it came from Bernice, too. At the end of the week, when we had progressed to first names in our friendship, I still hadn't found anyone who could look out for Margie while I was at work, and I was on the point of advertising for a woman to come in, which I couldn't afford. That's why it was such a relief when Blaine dropped in one evening with his offer.

"It'll be nice for Bernice, too, remember," he parried my gratitude. "Margie will be company for her. She gets lonesome, there all day while I'm at the office."

Yes, I could understand that. Bernice seemed to have no particular women friends in the neighborhood. I supposed she was one of those women who don't take much interest in the ordinary activities of suburban social life. She'd hinted, the preceding Sunday, that she found the few women she knew on our block either stupid or dull. . . .

BLAINE leaned down, the better to talk to Margie. "How about it?" he asked her. "Would you like to visit Aunt Bernice every day?"

"Can I take Shirley with me?" Margie asked, not suspiciously, but in a reasonable spirit of wanting to get everything down in black and white before committing herself. Shirley Temple was her doll, alternately loved passionately and completely forgotten. "And is she really my aunt?"

"No, not really," Blaine said, "but she'd like to have you call her that. And of course you must bring Shirley."

"All right," Margie agreed—and then, catching my eye, "Thank you."

We were still laughing when the telephone rang, and I suppose the remnant of laughter was in my voice when I answered. There was a barely perceptible pause before a woman's voice which I recognized at once said, "Mrs. Manning? Is my husband there?"

Strange that she should be so formal, I thought—we'd been calling each other Bernice and Mary, quite naturally, only a day or so before. Well, I wouldn't notice it. "Oh, hello!" I cried. "Yes, he's here, being a Good Samaritan about Margie. It's wonderful of you to take her, Bernice, really. But are you sure she won't be too much trouble?"

She laughed at that. "I won't let her be!" she promised. "Can I speak to Blaine, please?"

"Of course," I handed him the telephone, and listened to his end of the conversation. (Continued on page 62)

From a radio drama entitled, "The Little Things," by Edward Jurist, heard Wednesday on Manhattan at Midnight, at 8:30 P.M., on The Blue Network, sponsored by Engle.



THAT WE MAY SERVE

by Aunt Jenny

I HEARD a story the other day that I just can't get out of my mind. It happened to a friend named Ruth Smith. Ruth's a lovely young woman who lives over in Metropole with her husband and young boy

One Friday morning not long ago Ruth went marketing early. Her brother, John, and his wife, Helen, were coming for Sunday dinner and she wanted to be sure to get the choicest meat and fruit and vegetables. She was anxious to have a specially fine dinner for John and Helen. She felt they deserved it. You see, they have two sons in the Pacific—which means a lonely home and troubled minds. Besides, they work long and hard for Victory right here. John's in a defense plant. Helen, in addition to taking care of John and their little home, supervises a community nursery school where they look after the small children of mothers who have war jobs.

A short time back—like everybody else—Ruth didn't think twice about having a roast beef for Sunday dinner. These days she counts it a treat. She hoped, walking to the store that Friday morning, that luck would be with her and she'd be able to get the cut she wanted. Ever since her brother John has been knee-high roast beef has been his favorite food. She planned to have asparagus, too, and potatoes cooked with the meat. A mixed green salad. Apple pie for dessert. All week she had saved points.

The week before, so she told me, her butcher shop had opened under new management. Her old proprietor had sold out when his son had gone into service. Well, when it came her turn to be served she asked the new man if he had a nice roast of beef. He smiled and offered her the first three ribs. "That's just fine!" she said, and she fairly beamed. She could picture her brother John's grin when that roast came on the table, all brown and crisp on the outside, rare inside.

When the ribs went on the scale the price seemed high. However, it wasn't a time when Ruth was counting the cost. Not until a few hours later, in fact, as she was putting her order away and spiking her sales slips did she really compute what that roast had

A challenge to all women of America—the longer it takes you to do your all-out share, the longer this war will last!

cost, pound for pound. She realized then, instantly, that the price she had paid far exceeded the fixed ceiling price. That meant, undoubtedly, that she had bought Black Market meat! She stood at her kitchen table faint and sick all over. If only, she thought, I had reckoned the cost while I was in the store! Then I could have done something about it, questioned the butcher, refused to take the roast. But it was too late! She wondered, too, if there was any way she could detect Black Market meat, beyond any doubt. And she decided to ask John about it.

At dinner that Sunday, when Ruth told John and Helen what had happened, Helen tried to console her. "After all," Helen said, "you didn't set out to buy Black Market meat, Ruth! If the roast is Black Market you bought it innocently enough"

But Ruth knew, by the set expression of her brother's mouth, that he felt otherwise. "No use fooling ourselves about that roast," he said, seriously. "It's Black Market meat! Its cost wouldn't have exceeded the fixed ceiling price if it was legal meat. You've got to wake up, you women! Black Markets are counting upon your indifference and your ignorance of the way they operate to survive. There aren't Black Markets just in meat either, you know. There are Black Markets to spring up in anything else which our government rations or places a fixed ceiling price upon"

Then John went on to explain to Ruth and Helen that the more often a tradesman had to answer questions—questions which his customers asked to guard against buying Black Market products, you know—the more convinced he would be that it would be stupid for him to deal in illegal goods.

And the more mindful of Black Markets he would be, too . . . and the less likely to be taken in by them.

John said: "You women must even give up the men you've traded with for years if necessary. I know the difficulty of marketing in these days," he went on, "when you have no car and there are points and costs to consider, and when you're busy with all the extra war work you're tackling. But you've got to do your part in stamping out the Black Market. Even though you end up walking several blocks further to do your shopping, you must not patronize any tradesman who doesn't respect you for making sure you aren't buying so much as a nickel's worth of Black Market's products."

"Don't forget either," John went on, frankly, "that you jeopardize your family's health every time you bring Black Market meat or Black Market anything else into the kitchen. No government inspectors pass upon Black Market meat, remember. And the thieves who sell it don't care what happens to you once they have your money. . . . You bought Black Market meat, Ruth," he insisted, "else, as I said before, you wouldn't have paid more than the fixed ceiling price for it! But, so you won't buy it again—let me tell you and Helen here about the Government stamps"

Well, he went on to say that every legal piece of meat that enters a retailer's store bears both a slaughter permit number and a grade stamp. "You won't (Continued on page 85)

In the kitchen of her home in Littleton, Aunt Jenny lets Dan Seymour, her popular announcer taste her meatless walnut patties before she goes on the air to tell one of those Real Life Stories you hear Mondays through Fridays at 11:45 A.M., EWT, or the CB Network, and sponsored by Spry





A wedding

It was her wedding dress—her

A MAN'S nature is a treacherous thing. I had always known, I suppose, that love can turn to hate, that the closest friendship can become the bitterest enmity, that tenderness can change into a savage desire to be cruel, to return hurt for hurt, but I had never actually realized that I was capable of such complete corrosion within myself until that June morning I walked into Sally Lou Shand's hotel room.

It should have been Carolyn's room. I had expected it to be Carolyn's; it was Carolyn, with her wide green eyes and her hair like sunlight, and her lovely lightness of voice and her lovely lightness of person, Carolyn, the girl I was engaged to marry, whom I had left the Post to meet that morning. Instead I found Sally Lou, Carolyn's sister.

She was eighteen, three years younger than Carolyn and four years younger than I, but to me—she was just a youngster. I remembered her as the youngster who'd run her legs off to keep up with us at Cops and Robbers when we were all children, who later on hung around the field when I went out for spring football practice in high school, who still later obligingly lured Petey and Bub, the youngest Shanes, out of the living room when I went to call on Carolyn.

And it was Sally Lou who had traveled from our home town near Richmond, Virginia, to that Manhattan hotel to speak the words which turned all of my hopes into hopelessness, which made dust of my every dream.

"Carolyn can't marry you, Jim," she said. "Not tomorrow, and not ever. She eloped three days ago with Captain Emory Lee."

That was all, and that was everything.

I hadn't known that I could be hurt so much. I hadn't known how bitter hurt could be, nor that the poison of bitterness must gain release, no matter who else suffered. The truth was that I had been ill-prepared for that day. Until then life had been too kind; until then all of the important things had been pretty much as I wanted them to be.

I was the only son of indulgent parents. I had the Shanes next door

in June



by right of all those years of devotion. But Jim, in his anger, was robbing her of it

as confidants and company. I was a good athlete and a good student, and won my share of such honors as our town offered its young people. When I was graduated from high school I walked straight into a good job with Southern Textiles, a job with a future, and when I joined the Army it was with the assurance that my job would be waiting for me when I came back. And I joined the Army with the assurance, too, that Carolyn would be waiting for me when I came back.

That was the best part of my living, and had been ever since high school—Carolyn, grown-up all of a sudden, it seemed, from the long-legged, laughing playmate of my childhood into a lovely young woman—and she was mine. Or at least, from the first she gave me preference above her other beaux—and there were many of them. It was my Scholastic Society pin she wore; it was I who had the first and the last dance and most of the dances in between with her. At first she would give me no promises. She moved always a little ahead of me, laughing at my attempts to be serious, unattainable, yet just barely beyond my reach.

Then, the night before I left home, she did pledge herself to me. She accepted the ring I had bought for her in a surge of self-confidence, and the kiss she gave me was a woman's kiss, deep and sweet and as full of promise as the words she whispered.

Yes, life had been too good. Even being away from Carolyn for a year, moving from camp to camp, and finally being stationed near New York, hundreds of miles away from her—even then I could be happy, knowing that I had her to return to. Ironically, it was the final touch of good fortune, the circumstance which made suddenly possible the realization of my most cherished dream.

On the same day I got my orders to the effect that after a ten-day furlough, I must hold myself in readiness to depart for a port of embarkation, I received also a letter from the agency representing a tobacco company which sold a well-known brand of cigarettes and sponsored, in the name of the cigarette, a well-known orchestra's radio program. The letter said that an

invitation had been extended to Carolyn, as the fiancée of a serviceman, to come to New York to be married during the orchestra's broadcast. Carolyn would be presented with a trousseau and a wedding gown, and we would be given a week's honeymoon in the bridal suite of one of the largest and most expensive hotels. . . .

It seemed too good to be true. I had been expecting to be sent overseas, but I had never expected to be given a chance to marry my girl on my last furlough. The fellows at camp marveled. "The original Whitlock luck," they said. "Lucky Jim does it again!"

I was excited. I wrote to Carolyn, explaining that it would be my last furlough in this country, urging her to accept the agency's invitation—never dreaming, of course, that she wouldn't—and spent the happiest hours of my life looking forward to her arrival. Ten days to be with Carolyn. Ten days to be with my bride—my wife.

I PLANNED little, inconsequential things—we would have breakfast in bed on gray or rainy days, with Carolyn, blonde and languorous and beautiful, propped up against the pillows beside me. On sunny days we would breakfast at a little table drawn up before the windows in the living room of the suite. We would look out over the city together, and Carolyn's slim white hands would pour the coffee and uncover the dishes full of steaming, fragrant things. . . . On one or two evenings we wouldn't use the theater tickets and the supper club cards which the agency was to send us. Carolyn liked to go out, but I knew that she wouldn't mind, since I would be leaving so soon—on one or two nights we would just stay at home together, and we'd read the papers and listen to the radio with Carolyn curled contentedly as a kitten in my lap. . . . Ten nights to sleep with my wife beside me, feeling her soft and close against me in the dark, listening to her breathing, realizing the miracle that she was mine, that all of the sweetness and the dearness of her was mine to hold and to cherish. . . .

I took the Long Island train into the city with my mind so full of the next

ten days that I didn't know where to begin to tell Carolyn—

Instead, there was no Carolyn; there was Sally Lou. Instead of Carolyn's big white leather trunk there was Sally Lou's small suitcase, half-unpacked. There was the small, but perfect diamond ring I had given Carolyn lying on the floor where it had fallen when Sally Lou had tried to give it back to me.

I had not been gentle with Sally. I had questioned her exhaustively about Carolyn and the Captain, as if by knowing every little detail the thing would become real to me. Reality, however miserable, was better than a nightmare. There was, after all, very little to tell. Carolyn had met the Captain a short while ago—three weeks—and they had eloped on the very day the letter from the agency had arrived for Carolyn.

Sally Lou repeated the story over and over again as I questioned her, speaking in a small, meek voice, as if by talking softly she could minimize what her sister had done. But there was still the secretive, stubborn look on her face, as if she were still holding something back, and I prodded her relentlessly.

"My letter arrived night before last. And you took the morning train to New York—for what?"

Sally's head snapped back, and her dark eyes flashed with anger. Sally had always been the most peppery of the Shanes.

"Stop it!" she cried. "Stop badgering me, Jim! There's nothing more to tell. I didn't want to come here in the first place. I knew you wouldn't want to see me, knew you'd hate everything connected with Carolyn. It was her idea—"

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"Yes—Carolyn's. She thought—well, she thought that it might be easier for you if one of us told you. After all, you've been so—so close to our family—"

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wedding in June

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Sally Lou rose from her chair and came to stand before me, her short dark curls trembling, her small fists clenched. "I didn't want any part of it.

Maybe Carolyn couldn't help falling in love with the Captain, but at least she could have told you about it when she knew it was happening. And then your special delivery came. No one was at home—they'd all gone with Carolyn to drive the Captain back to his Post. I opened it, and—and I just couldn't stand it. You—you sounded so happy—" Her voice broke, but in a moment she recovered herself. "That's what made me decide to come. I tried to telephone you first, and the Post wouldn't let the call through. I didn't want to come here, but at least it seemed better than telling you in a letter. There was so much to explain, and all of these plans to be called off—"

HER dark eyes glowed, and her mouth trembled, a soft and vivid scarlet. In her anger she was no longer a pert youngster, Carolyn's kid sister, but a woman defending her own convictions. Angry, Sally Lou was a woman, a beautiful woman. I realized it suddenly, a new and interesting phenomenon in the wreckage of my plans.

I took a step toward her. She did not retreat, but stood looking at me steadily, her eyes very wide, very dark, still harboring their secret. "Why should they be called off, Sally? After all, you're here."

She knew instantly what I meant, and for a moment it was as if her whole being were lighted by a transfiguring flame—a flame that went quickly out, leaving her eyes dead and her mouth twisted like a bit of burnt paper.

"Why should they be changed?" I insisted. "You came here as Carolyn Shane, didn't you? You didn't tell anyone—you didn't tell the people from the agency who met you—that you weren't my fiancée?"

"Only because it was simpler," she said colorlessly. "I wanted to get to you quickly, and I didn't want to be stopped. I knew you could explain to them—"

I shook my head, beginning to smile a little, and it was a strange sensation, as though a robot smiled. "Oh, no, I don't want to make any explanations. This is my last furlough—do you hear that, Sally?—my last ten days in my own country, for who knows how long. I don't want it cluttered up with answering a lot of whys and wherefores, and facing a lot of strangers who are sorry for me. I'd much rather explain



just one thing—that there's been a mistake about the name—that my fiancée is Sally Lou, and not Carolyn Shane. Do you think you could help me with that, Sally? You'll buy your trousseau today as these people had planned, and tomorrow night we'll be married while the orchestra broadcasts, and then we'll come back to the bridal suite for our honeymoon—"

She flinched as though I had struck her, and her face was drawn and paper-white. Yet I knew she would do as I wanted. Sally had always done what I wanted, ever since we were children. There are compensations—when a man's heart leaves him, his mind becomes clearer and sharper as an eye is strengthened when the sight of the other eye is impaired. I saw the flicker of expression which crept into Sally's dead black eyes, and I knew it for what it was—a bit of feminine reasoning, handed down by generations of women who had set their heart upon a man. She would marry me not so much to please me as for the hope of winning me later. She would make me love her....

I knew then that I would never again love anyone.

The telephone rang. Sally did not

move, and after a moment I picked it up. A brisk feminine voice announced its owner as Miss Towne, from the advertising agency. She was waiting in the lobby to take my fiancée shopping. I placed the mouthpiece against my chest. "Miss Towne is waiting to take you shopping," I said. "Will you go?"

For a long moment she looked at me without speaking, and then she picked up her hat and went to the mirror to put it on.

"Miss Shane will be right down." I hung up the phone. Sally was already half way out the door. "Haven't you forgotten something?" I called after her.

She hesitated, and then as I went over to her, she raised her lips—cool child's lips—to mine. She was quiet in my embrace, and very still, and then I felt her mouth crumple under my kiss; I caught a flash of tears in her backward glance as she broke away from me and hurried down the hall.

I walked around the room after Sally had gone, trying to think what I was to do next. Whatever plans I had originally made for the day were gone as completely as if they hadn't been made at all. I stared out the window for a time at the unfamiliar expanse of

This story was suggested by the Sammy Kaye show on which each week a serviceman and his sweetheart, wife or mother, are brought together by the sponsors, Old Gold Cigarettes. The program is heard on Wednesday nights over CBS at 8:00 P.M., EWT.



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roofs, and then beyond them to the trees of Central Park.

The trees at least marked a place I knew. I had visited the Park often; earlier in the spring I had gone there frequently on my free Sundays, pausing most often where family groups congregated—at the lake and at the merry-go-round. Hearing the children's voices, watching them play, had been a little like being back home and living next door to the Shanes.

But the Jim Whitlock who had sat by the merry-go-round on sunny Sun-

day afternoons, buying rides occasionally for the children who had no grown-ups of their own to buy them rides, seemed to have no connection with the Jim Whitlock who stood in a hotel room awaiting Sally Lou Shane's return. I went to the bureau and leaned over it to look in the mirror, trying to identify myself, to grasp my new position and my circumstances, to find a starting-point for action. My eyes looked back at me with the eyes of a stranger.

I remembered Sally's unwilling

description of the Captain, Captain Emory Lee. Dark, she'd said, and whip-slim, with a small moustache. He sounded dashing. Carolyn would like that. When we'd first started to go out together, when I was still no more to her than the boy next door, she had made no secret of the fact that she liked to be with me partly because we looked well together—both of us blond, Carolyn very fragile-looking in contrast to my almost too-rugged build.

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The flowers I remembered especially. They were the corsage of tiny yellow roses I had bought Sally on the one night I'd broken a date with Carolyn, to take Sally to her class dance. I remembered how pretty she had looked that evening, with her face alight with happiness, her eyes rapturous. . . .

I looked briefly at the other objects which had fallen from the lid compartment. Every one of them had been mine, or had had some connection with me. There was even a discarded necktie, one I had left at the Shane house. . . .

"Oh, God," I (Continued on page 58) 43

Maybe Carolyn couldn't help falling in love with the Captain, but at least she could have told you about it when she knew it was happening. And then your special delivery came. No one was at home—they'd all gone with Carolyn to drive the Captain back to his Post. I opened it, and—and I just couldn't stand it. You—you sounded so happy—" Her voice broke, but in a moment she recovered herself. "That's what made me decide to come. I tried to telephone you first, and the Post wouldn't let the call through. I didn't want to come here, but at least it seemed better than telling you in a letter. There was so much to explain, and all of these plans to be called off—"

HER dark eyes glowed, and her mouth trembled, a soft and vivid scarlet. In her anger she was no longer a pert youngster, Carolyn's kid sister, but a woman defending her own convictions. Angry, Sally Lou was a woman, a beautiful woman. I realized it suddenly, a new and interesting phenomenon in the wreckage of my plans.

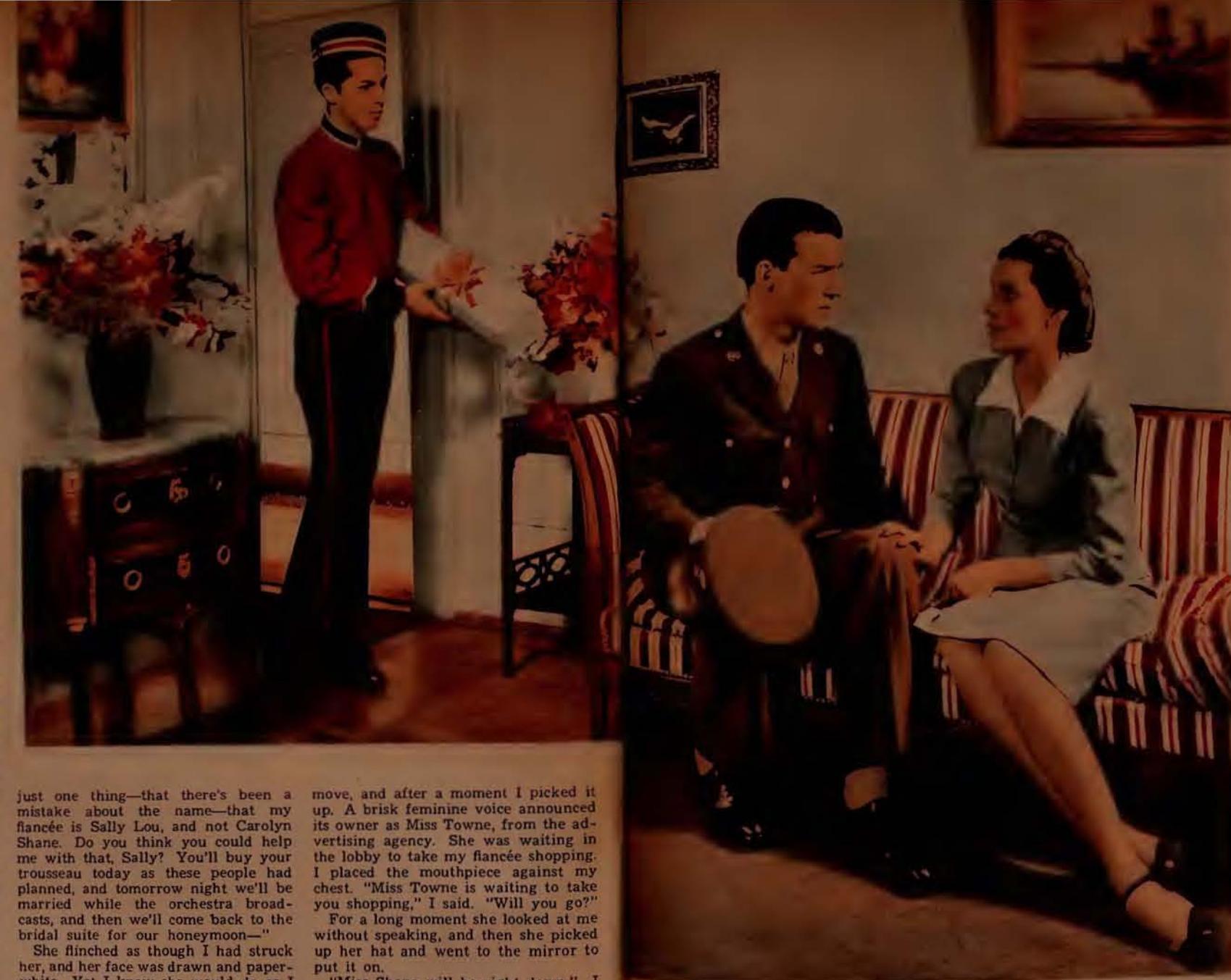
I took a step toward her. She did not retreat, but stood looking at me steadily, her eyes very wide, very dark, still harboring their secret. "Why should they be called off, Sally? After all, you're here."

She knew instantly what I meant, and for a moment it was as if her whole being were lighted by a transfiguring flame—flame that went quickly out, leaving her eyes dead and her mouth twisted like a bit of burnt paper.

"Why should they be changed?" I insisted. "You came here as Carolyn Shane, didn't you? You didn't tell anyone—you didn't tell the people from the agency who met you—that you weren't my fiancée?"

"Only because it was simpler," she said colorlessly. "I wanted to get to you quickly, and I didn't want to be stopped. I knew you could explain to them—"

I shook my head, beginning to smile a little, and it was a strange sensation, as though robot smiled. "Oh, no, I don't want to make any explanations. This is my last furlough—do you hear that, Sally?—my last ten days in my own country, for who knows how long. I don't want it cluttered up with answering a lot of whys and wherfores, and facing a lot of strangers who are sorry for me. I'd much rather explain



just one thing—that there's been a mistake about the name—that my fiancée is Sally Lou, and not Carolyn Shane. Do you think you could help me with that, Sally? You'll buy your trousseau today as these people had planned, and tomorrow night we'll be married while the orchestra broadcasts, and then we'll come back to the bridal suite for our honeymoon—"

For a long moment she looked at me without speaking, and then she picked up her hat and went to the mirror to put it on.

"Miss Shane will be right down." I hung up the phone. Sally was already half way out the door. "Haven't you forgotten something?" I called after her.

She hesitated, and then as I went over to her, she raised her lips—cool child's lips—to mine. She was quiet in my embrace, and very still, and then I felt her mouth crumple under my kiss; I caught a flash of tears in her backward glance as she broke away from me and hurried down the hall.

I walked around the room after Sally had gone, trying to think what I was to do next. Whatever plans I had originally made for the day were gone as completely as if they hadn't been made at all. I stared out the window for a time at the unfamiliar expanse of

This story was suggested by the Sammy Kaye show on which each week a serviceman and his sweetheart, wife or mother, are brought together by the sponsors. Old Gold Cigarettes. The program is heard on Wednesday nights over CBS at 8:00 P.M., EWT.

I knew then that I would never again love anyone.

The telephone rang. Sally did not

"Carolyn can't marry you, Jim," she said. "Not tomorrow and not ever." I hadn't known that I could be hurt so much.

roofs, and then beyond them to the trees of Central Park.

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"Oh, God," I (Continued on page 58) 43



SHO' NUFF

You'll be singing this new tune after you hear your popular swing and sway maestro, Sammy Kaye, play it on the Old Gold program Wednesday nights at 8:00 EWT, over CBS

Voice Moderato (with a lift)

Words and Music by
BILLY WILLIAMS



A boy and a girl were dan-cing And just hap-pened to dance my way It



seemed they were ver - y much in love And I heard the young man say,

Refrain



SHO' NUFF— did you say you love me? SHO' NUFF



can your love be true? Re-mem-ber all those nights we spent be-

neath that yell-ow moon, And how we both a-greed—that they end-ed all too soon.

— SHO' NUFF — there's a par-son wait - in' SHO' NUFF

— we'll build a home for two. So come on say that

you'll be 'mine and make my dreams come true,— SHO' NUFF —

I'm in love with you. SHO' NUFF you.

That Brewster Boy

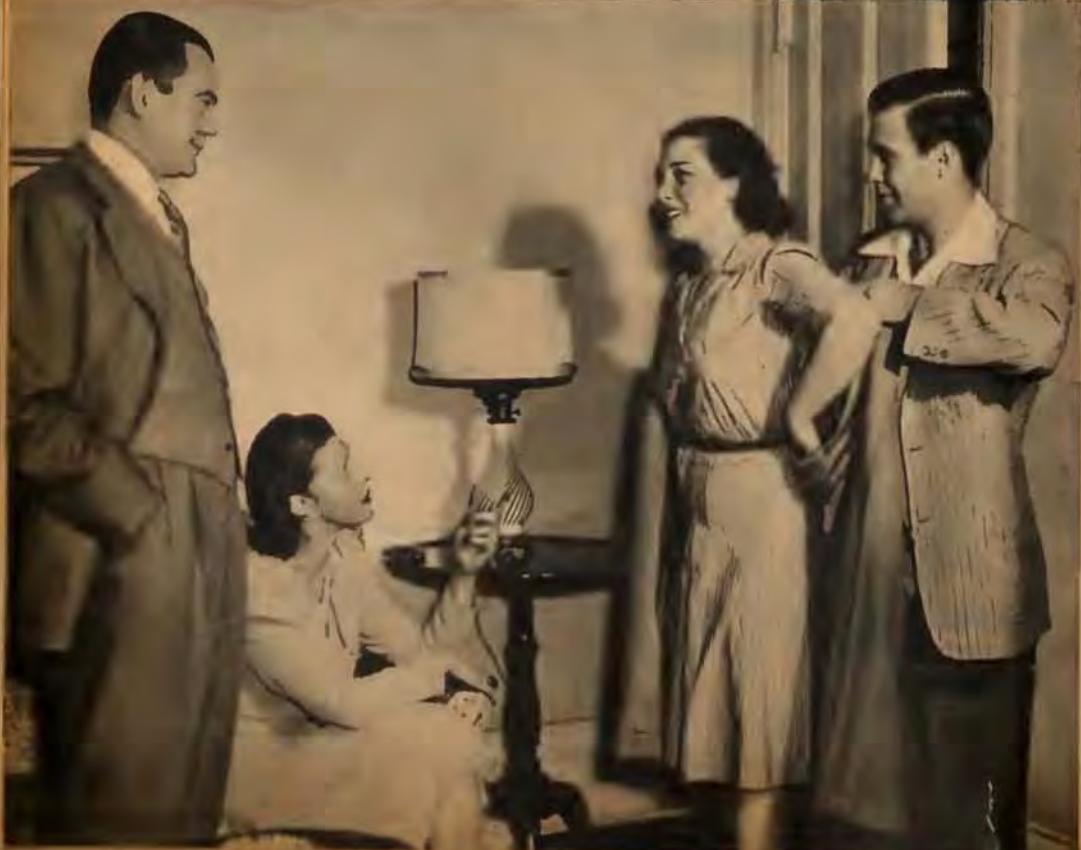
Here's your chance to meet that madcap young fellow, Joey, his grand family and his girl friend, Minerva



While preparing dinner for that hungry son of hers, Mrs. Brewster worries about his next prank. (Played by Connie Crowder)

Right, as he helps Minerva do the supper dishes Joey gives out with some information about love. (Minerva played by Jane Webb)

Below, Joey and Nancy get a bit of parental advice before going out. (Nancy played by Louise Fitch, Jim Brewster by Hugh Studebaker)



THE antics and pranks of Joey Brewster are enjoyed by his family and friends as well as millions of radio listeners each Friday night at 9:30 P.M., EWT, on CBS, sponsored by Quaker Oats. In Mrs. Brewster's eyes, Joey can do no wrong. As for Dad, who is often aggravated to distraction, his son is the essence of young manhood. Even to his sister Nancy, Joey is a hero, although, goodness knows, he has embarrassed her no end of times. And, of course, while getting in and out of trouble Joey always has his girl friend, Minerva, to fall back on—and does she love it! (Joey Brewster played by Eddie Firestone, Jr.)

If love were all—

This last mad act of Gene's had broken the power he had over her. And now Arda was free to find comfort in the arms of Tim, who had waited so long, who had loved her so hopelessly

THE STORY

I HAD married Gene, but it was Tim, Gene's brother, who had made our marriage possible, giving us financial security—indeed, even doing Gene's proposing for him. And now, after less than a year of marriage to Gene, I knew that I didn't love him, could never love him again. How could I ever again care for the man whose thoughtlessness had been the cause of my losing my baby? And Gene was utterly selfish and ruthless, caring for nothing in the world but his own comfort and happiness. Worse still, I knew that it was Tim I really loved—big, strong, sweet Tim, whom I loved all the more because my love for him seemed hopeless.

WHEN Tim came home on leave, late in February, I didn't guess why. Perhaps it was because my brain unconsciously set up its own defenses against a truth it did not want to know.

Seeing him again was like being given a drink of cool water when you were dying of thirst. The days with Gene had gone by in a gray mist of monotony. Sometimes I had the uncanny feeling that I was not married to him at all. We inhabited the same house, I wore his wedding ring and his name, when he desired me I lay passively in his arms, but our marriage simply did not exist. It had existed once, but it had died.

Yet I had no strength left to fight against this false marriage. I could neither bring it back to life nor escape from its ghostlike, clammy grasp.

It made no difference that I knew Gene was unhappy, too. I could not help him; I'd tried, and failed. He didn't want my kind of help. All he wanted was my blind adoration, the kind of unthinking love I had given him in such abundance when we were first married—the kind of love I didn't have to give any more.

He spent less and less time at home. I did not think he was with another woman—several times I heard him make telephone dates with the man named Miller—but even if he had been I could not have found it in my heart to feel anything but pity. Yes—pity, I realized wonderingly. I did pity Gene. There must have been many women who would have been glad to accept him as he was: innocently selfish,

spoiled, without conscience but infinitely charming when things went well for him. It wasn't his fault that he'd married someone who wanted more.

It was on one of the evenings when I was all alone in the house that Tim walked in unexpectedly. He rang the doorbell, but before I could answer he was in the hallway, dropping his battered suitcase on the floor with a thump and crying, "Arda! Gene! Anybody home?"

"Tim!" I cried, the short, beloved little word sticking in my throat and then coming out with a gasp. In one bound he crossed the hall and swept me into a great bear-hug. In the excitement of his sudden appearance I forgot everything but my hunger for him and unthinkingly, instinctively, answered his embrace, straining my body against his. Only for an instant, though, before I remembered that this was my husband's brother, who must never know how much I loved him—must never know, even, that my marriage to his adored Gene was not perfect—and I pulled away, the hot blood flooding my skin, stammering confusedly:

"Tim—for goodness' sake—you took me by surprise—"

To my shame, I saw that he had felt the unrestrained passion of that moment, for as he released me his eyes flicked over me and then away in something very like embarrassment. And his voice was a little too loud and hearty as he said, "I didn't know I was coming myself until I was practically on the train! Where's that no-good brother of mine?"

"Why—downtown. Something to do with his job at the plant," I said quickly. "He'll be home any minute."

Oh, please, I was thinking, let that be true. Let Gene come home soon—at once—because if he doesn't how can I sit alone with Tim, make polite conversation with him, without letting him see how much he means to me?

But it developed that Tim hadn't had anything to eat—the dining car on the train had been too crowded—and I was thankful for the opportunity to bustle around the kitchen, frying bacon and scrambling eggs, measuring coffee into the percolator with my back turned to Tim so he wouldn't see how my hands were shaking. I took as long as I could to prepare the food, and while Tim ate kept plying him with

more. I must keep busy, must hide behind a screen of activity, so that he wouldn't see what was in my heart—so that he'd forget how desperately I had held him to me in the hall.

And still, with another part of me, I knew how precious this little time was. An hour alone with Tim, in the warm kitchen, seeing him eat food prepared with my hands—oh, this was something to be treasured forever!

Reality returned when I glanced up from my seat across the table from Tim to see Gene standing quietly in the doorway, his face blank and closed-in looking. I had no idea how long he'd been there, watching us—no idea what he'd seen or heard. And then, in the split-second of recognition, I reminded myself that he could have seen or heard nothing, for the very good reason that nothing had been done or said.

"Gene!" I said, too brightly, too loudly. "Look who just showed up!"

He came into the room, smiling so suddenly and so delightedly that it was hard for me to believe I'd just seen him with his eyes dead and his lips closed tight over clenched teeth. "For the Lord's sake!" he said. "Here's the old brass-hat back again."

They shook hands in the hard, quick way that men have, while I stood by, trying to read a meaning into the expression I had seen on Gene's face when I first looked up. Had he guessed, watching me, the love I felt for Tim—had he seen it, shining from me like a light? But I realized, even as I considered the possibility, that I didn't care if he had. He could know—it made no difference to me. The only one who must not know was Tim himself.

But one thing I was sure of. For some reason, Gene was displeased at having Tim home again. I knew that as certainly as I knew my own name.

He hid it well. He sat down at the kitchen table and had a cup of the extra-strong coffee I'd made for Tim, and talked easily and naturally, about his job, in the experimental section of the airplane-instruments factory, about the way the town was filled with people, about simple, everyday things.

Only at the last, as he set down his empty cup, he remarked quietly, "This leave of yours—does it mean what I think it means?"

"Why—" Tim hesitated, but he'd never been able to lie. "Yes," he said. "I guess I'll be leaving the country as soon as my fifteen days are up. Of

A black and white photograph of a man and a woman in a dimly lit room. The woman, wearing a dark dress and a necklace, stands on the left, looking down at the man. The man, wearing a light-colored shirt, sits on a couch on the right, looking back at her. A lamp is visible in the background.

I slipped to my knees beside him. "Tim," I cried, "Let's take our happiness together, now."

course I don't know where. . . ."

A sensation of bitter cold crept all over me. I'd known, of course, that a soldier must go away and fight, but in my heart I had never believed that they'd take Tim. Not Tim . . . crawling through steaming jungles, a target for rending steel. Not Tim.

Without turning my head, I knew that Gene was watching me. Well then, he knew, or at least he suspected. It didn't matter, but I could play the game out. I forced the stiff muscles of my lips to move.

"You didn't want to tell us, did you, Tim?" I said. "So we'll pretend you didn't, and just have a good time while you're here."

"That's the idea, Arda," Tim said in

relief. Gene was silent, his mouth curved sardonically.

Fifteen days, I thought while I stacked the dishes in the sink and began to wash them. Such a short time, then at its end Tim would be gone, perhaps forever. Such a long time, when every minute of it I must pretend, must fight against the craving to touch him!

Gene and Tim were still at the table, talking, when I finished the dishes, and I said, "I'm rather tired, so I think I'll go on up to bed and let you two visit." It was an escape. Now I could lie silent, as if I were asleep, when Gene came up. It would have been torture to be alone with him—alone with his quick mind which could probe so acc-

urately into mine. Alone—so infinitely worse—with the possibility that he might take the opportunity of reminding me that I was still his wife.

Long after he had come up and quietly undressed in the dim light shining in from the hall, long after his steady breathing in the bed next to mine told me he was asleep, I lay with my eyes wide open, staring at the pale square of the window. I was thinking, there will be fourteen more nights like this, nights when the nerve-ends of my skin will almost feel Tim's presence under this (Continued on page 74)



Whether or not you have a Victory garden, you should do some extensive canning this summer so that you will have your favorite vegetables and fruits in December. The process is simple if you follow directions given here. Start with sweet potatoes and peaches.

FOOD for NEXT WINTER

NOW that your Victory garden is planted—some of the vegetables are already showing through the ground—the next thing to think about is canning. Whether you have done any canning before or not, you may think the task ahead of you is a difficult one, but the results more than justify the effort and many of the headaches may be cured in advance by a little careful planning.

First, whenever you plant a new crop, write down in your housekeeping book the date on which the crop should mature and plan to reserve time then for canning. Next, estimate how many quarts or pints of various foods you will need next winter and if your own garden won't furnish sufficient quantities arrange to buy local produce when it is plentiful and, consequently, at its most economical price. If yours is a large family you will probably want to use quart jars, but for the family of two adults and one or two children pint jars may suit your needs.

A pressure cooker is an economy where great quantities of food are to be put up, but processing in a hot water bath is satisfactory for small quantity preparation. The hot water bath cooker is simply a kettle with a tight fitting lid and a wood or metal rack which holds the jars at least half an inch from the bottom of the kettle. The kettle must be big enough so that the jars will not touch each other and deep enough for the boiling water to

cover the jars by at least one inch. Other important canning points are: Always sterilize jars by washing, rinsing and then boiling (together with tops and rubbers) for 20 minutes. Be sure that the water boils all during the processing time (add more boiling water if it boils away). Count the processing time from the minute the water begins to boil after the jars have been placed in the cooker. Read carefully the directions that come with the jars you buy to learn whether jars are to be completely or only partly sealed before processing.

We have all discovered in the last few years the convenience of canned sweet potatoes and onions so I am going to start with recipes for canning them.

Sweet Potatoes

Sweet potatoes should be canned as



BY
KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR'S
FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday show at 8:00 P. M., EWT, both on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.

quickly after digging as possible. Select potatoes of uniform size, wash and cook in boiling water until skins can be removed easily. Slice and pack into hot sterilized jars. Seal or partly seal jars as directed and place on rack in kettle. Cover with boiling water, and cook, covered, for 4 hours.

Onions

Small onions of uniform size are best for canning. Peel onions and cook for 5 minutes in boiling water. Pack into hot sterilized jars and add $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt to each pint jar. Bring water in which onions were cooked to a boil, adding sufficient freshly boiled water to make liquid enough to fill all jars. Seal as directed and process for 3 hours.

Spinach

Remove coarse stems from spinach, wash thoroughly and steam until leaves are wilted, using only the water which clings to the leaves after washing. Put into hot sterilized jars, packing tightly. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt to each pint jar and cover with boiling water. Seal as directed and (Continued on page 87)



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

SUNDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME		Eastern War Time
8:00	CBS:	News and Organ
8:00	Blue:	News
8:00	NBC:	News and Organ Recital
8:30	CBS:	Musical Masterpieces
8:30	Blue:	The Woodshedders
8:45	CBS:	Golden Gate Quartet
8:00	9:00	News of the World
8:00	9:00	Blue: Robert Bellaire—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: Commando Mary
8:30	9:30	NBC: Marcia Nell
8:45	9:45	CBS: English Melodies
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: Will Osborne's Orch.
8:05	10:05	11:05 CBS: Egon Petri, Pianist
8:30	10:30	11:30 MBS: Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Josef Marais
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Invitation to Learning
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: Olvio Santoro
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Transatlantic Call
9:00	11:00	12:00 Blue: News from Europe
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Emma Otero
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Stars from the Blue
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: That They Might Live
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Horace Holt Drch.
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Rupert Hughes
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC: Labor for Victory
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Quincy Howe
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: We Believe
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Stoognagle's Steeparesos
		1:45 Blue: Martin Agronsky
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: University of Chicago Round Table
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: John Charles Thomas
		2:30 Blue: Sammy Kaye's Drch.
11:50	1:50	2:50 CBS: Aunt Jemima
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Columbia Broadcasting Symphony
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Moylean Sisters
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Reports on Rationing
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: 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: Green Hornet
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lands of the Free
		5:00 NBC: Summer Symphony—Dr. Frank Black
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Family Hour
		5:00 Blue: Gunther & Vandercock
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Ella Fitzgerald
2:15	4:15	5:15 MBS: Upton Close
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Musical Steelmakers
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: 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: Here's to Romance
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: Arch Oboler Drama
8:00	5:30	6:30 NBC: The Great Gildersleeve
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Chips Davis, Commando
4:00	6:00	7:00 MBS: 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: Edward Tomlinson
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: 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: Corliss Archer
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Roy Porter, News
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Charlie McCarthy
8:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor
6:30	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 CBS: 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
7:30	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: Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin St.
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Fred Allen
8:15	8:30	9:30 Blue: Jimmie Fidler
		8:30 NBC: American Album of Familiar Music
		9:45 Blue: Dorothy Thompson
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: The Man Behind the Gun
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Eric Sevareid
		11:10 CBS: Larry Lesueur
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Tommy Tucker Orchestra
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Cesar Saechinger
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Glen Gray
		8:30 NBC: Unlimited Horizons



MORE ABOUT MOORE . . .

Thomas Garrison Morfit, known to the followers of screwball comedy as Garry Moore, has an incurable passion for crew haircuts and greets amazed strangers with, "What did you expect? Feathers?" He weighs only 145 pounds, with a rock in each hand, has a wild but lovable face, mad brown eyes and light brown hair. Garry wears clothes that would put a Hollywood screen writer to shame, his slacks are loud, his coats are zooty. To give you a few simpler statistics about the simple Mr. Moore, he was born in Baltimore, Maryland, 28 years ago and he is married, is a father, and has a home in a suburb of New York. And, oh yes, he is radio's newest and most sensational comedian, now pinch-hitting for Abbott and Costello on Thursday nights at 10:00 EWT on NBC.

Garry needed a job, so he joined station WBAL in Baltimore as a continuity writer. One day the comedian of WBAL's only comedy show took sick and the manager rushed Garry in to fill the spot. Garry wound up with a permanent assignment. Only Garry didn't like being a comedian, so he quit and went to St. Louis and became a sports and news announcer. He wasn't at the St. Louis station long, before he was asked to handle a comedy show. He tried to get out of it by stating he didn't know a thing about comedy. The gag didn't work. Garry stood being a comedian for seven long months. Finally, he gave it up. He handed in his two weeks' notice, stuck his hands in his pockets and started out of the studio whistling. When he got home there was a call for him from NBC in Chicago. They wanted him to take over the Club Matinee show. Garry gave up, decided he was a comedian, after all.

For two years, Garry wowed 'em on the Club Matinee, writing script in addition to starring on the show. Then, in August, 1942, with Club Matinee on the Blue network, Garry moved to New York at the request of NBC and started to build a new morning show. Out of that grew Everything Goes.

After several guest appearances on Comedy Caravan, Garry Moore's name was being tossed like a ball about radio and agency men and network officials were deluged with sponsors who wanted him for a comedian on a big nighttime, commercial. When Lou Costello took sick, Garry was rushed in to fill that spot. That's where he is now and the Hopes and Skeltons have moved over to give him room. Along with the irrepressible Jimmy Durante, he is providing American listeners with laughs enough to last them through this war time.

His ambition is to do a broadcast from a subway. "Because," says Garry, "that will be the first street on the man broadcast."

MONDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
8:30	9:00	CBS: News
8:30	9:00	Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
8:15	9:15	CBS: Chapel Singers
8:15	9:15	Blue: This Life is Mine
8:45	9:45	CBS: Sing Along
8:45	9:45	Blue: Valentine Lady
9:00	10:00	CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson
9:00	10:00	Blue: Robert St. John, News
9:15	10:15	CBS: Kitty Foyle
9:15	10:15	Blue: Roy Porter, News
9:00	10:15	NBC: The O'Neills
9:00	10:15	Blue: Honeymoon Hill
7:30	9:30	CBS: The Baby Institute
7:30	9:30	Blue: Help Mate
2:45	9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	Blue: Gene & Glenn
8:00	10:00	CBS: A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	Blue: God's Country
8:00	10:00	NBC: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	Blue: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	Blue: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	Blue: Jimmie Driftwood, Songs
8:30	10:30	NBC: Snow Village
1:15	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jemima's Stories
	10:45	Blue: Little Jack Little
	10:45	NBC: David Harum
	10:45	Blue: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:00	11:00	CBS: Big Sister
9:15	11:15	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	CBS: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	Blue: Baukhaage Talking
10:15	12:15	CBS: Mr. Perkins
10:15	12:15	Blue: Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:30	The Goldbergs
	12:30	Vincent Lopez Orch.
10:45	12:45	CBS: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	Blue: Light in the World
11:30	1:15	CBS: Justice Jordan, M.D.
11:45	1:45	CBS: Mystery Chords
11:45	1:45	Blue: Lonely Women
11:45	1:45	Blue: We Love and Learn
11:45	1:45	Blue: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	Stella Unger
11:45	1:45	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	CBS: News
12:00	2:00	Morton Downey
12:15	2:15	CBS: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	Blue: Joe & Ethel Turp
12:15	2:15	Blue: Mr. Perkins
12:15	2:15	Blue: My True Story
12:30	2:30	CBS: Pepper Young's Family
12:30	2:30	Green Valley, U.S.A.
12:45	2:45	CBS: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	Blue: Ted Mack
12:45	2:45	Young Home Front Reporter
1:00	3:00	CBS: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	Blue: Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	Blue: Stella Dallas
1:15	3:15	CBS: Perry Como, Songs
1:15	3:15	Blue: Merry of the Sea
1:30	3:30	CBS: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	CBS: Mountain Music
1:45	3:45	Blue: Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	Blue: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	CBS: Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	Blue: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	CBS: Are You a Genius
2:30	4:30	Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	Blue: Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	Blue: Superman
2:45	4:45	CBS: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	Blue: Keep the Home Fires Burning
5:45	5:45	CBS: Captain Midnight
3:00	5:00	CBS: Quincy Howe
3:10	5:10	CBS: Eric Sevareid
3:15	5:15	CBS: Today at the Duncan
3:30	5:30	CBS: Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	Lowell Thomas
4:00	6:00	CBS: I Love a Mystery
4:00	6:00	Blue: Victor Borge
8:00	6:00	CBS: Fred Waring's Gang
	7:05	Blue: Coast Guard Dance Band
4:15	6:15	CBS: Ceiling Unlimited
7:30	9:30	CBS: Blenda
	7:30	Blue: The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	CBS: Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	Blue: Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	Blue: Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	CBS: Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	CBS: GAY NINETIES
8:30	7:30	Blue: True or False
8:30	7:30	Blue: Voice of Firestone
8:30	7:30	Blue: Bulldog Drummond
5:55	7:55	CBS: Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	CBS: LUX THEATER
6:00	8:00	Blue: Counter-Spy
6:00	8:00	Blue: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	Blue: The Telephone Hour
6:10	8:30	CBS: Spotlight Bands
6:10	8:30	Blue: Doctor I. Q.
6:10	8:30	Blue: Dale Carnegie
6:15	8:45	CBS: Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	Blue: Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	Blue: Contented Program
8:30	9:15	CBS: Gracie Fields
7:30	9:30	CBS: Information Please
7:30	9:30	Blue: Three Ring Time
7:30	9:30	Blue: Alec Templeton

TUESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
		8:30 Blue; Texas Jim
		9:00 CBS: News
		9:00 Blue; BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:00 NBC: Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: Melodic Moments
		9:15 Blue; This Life Is Mine
		8:45 Sing Along
8:30	9:00	10:05 CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson
		9:00 10:05 Blue; Robert St. John, News
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
9:00		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; Baby Institute
		9:30 10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
		9:45 10:45 Blue; Gene & Glenn
		9:45 10:45 NBC: A Woman of America
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	9:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:25	9:25	11:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
8:30	9:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
		8:30 10:30 11:30 Blue; Hank Lawson's Knights
		8:30 10:30 11:30 NBC: Snow Village
11:15	10:15	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
B:45	10:45	11:45 Blue; Little Jack Little
		10:45 11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
		9:15 11:15 CBS: Big Sister
		9:15 11:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
		9:30 11:30 CBS: Farm and Home Hour
		9:45 11:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
		10:00 12:00 Blue; Baukhae Talking
		10:00 12:00 NBC: Air Breaks
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 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Carey Longmire, 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
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: News
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue; Morton Downey
		3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Joe & Ethel Turp
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue; My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Green Valley, U.S.A.
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue; Ted Malone
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Your Home Front Reporter
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: Green Valley, U.S.A.
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
4:25	4:30	4:30 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue; Men of the Sea
		4:30 CBS: Perry Como, Songs
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Mountain Music
1:45	3:45	4:45 Blue; Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue; Hop Harrigan
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 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Are You A Genius
5:30	5:30	5:30 Blue; Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
		5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Keep The Home Fires Burning
5:45	5:45	5:45 Blue; Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
7:45	5:00	6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Bill Stern
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: John B. Kennedy
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
		6:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas
		6:55 CBS: Meaning of the News, Joseph C. March
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue; Victor Borge
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: I Love A Mystery
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue; Men, Machines and Victory
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 CBS: Salute to Youth
8:20	7:00	8:00 CBS: Lights Out
8:30	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
5:55	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 CBS: Dr. Carnegie
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John E. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue; Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bob Hope
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Jazz Laboratory
7:15	9:15	10:15 Blue; Gracie Fields
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Red Skelton
		10:30 CBS: Congress Speaks
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Mary Small Sings



WEDNESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
		8:30 Blue; Texas Time
		9:00 CBS: News
		9:00 Blue; Breakfast Club
		9:00 NBC: Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: Chapel Singers
		9:15 Blue; This Life Is Mine
		9:45 CBS: Sing Along
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
		9:00 10:00 Blue; Isabel Manning Hewson
		9:00 10:00 NBC: Robert St. John
		9:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
		9:15 Blue; News
		9:15 NBC: The O'Neills
		9:30 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
		9:30 10:30 Blue; Baby Institute
		9:30 10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
		9:45 10:45 Blue; Gene & Glenn
		9:45 10:45 NBC: A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Breakfast at Sardi's
		8:00 10:00 Blue; Road of Life
8:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:25	9:25	10:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
8:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
		8:30 10:30 11:30 Blue; Hank Lawson's Knights
		8:30 10:30 11:30 NBC: Snow Village
11:15	10:15	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
B:45	10:45	11:45 Blue; Little Jack Little
		10:45 11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
		9:15 11:15 CBS: Big Sister
		9:15 11:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
		9:30 11:30 CBS: Farm and Home Hour
		9:45 11:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
		10:00 12:00 Blue; Baukhae 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 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Carey Longmire, 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
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: News
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue; Morton Downey
		3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Joe & Ethel Turp
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue; My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Green Valley, U.S.A.
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue; Ted Malone
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Your Home Front Reporter
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: Green Valley, U.S.A.
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
4:25	4:30	4:30 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue; Men of the Sea
		4:30 CBS: Perry Como, Songs
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Mountain Music
1:45	3:45	4:45 Blue; Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue; Hop Harrigan
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 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Are You A Genius
5:30	5:30	5:30 Blue; Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
		5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Keep The Home Fires Burning
5:45	5:45	5:45 Blue; Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
5:00	6:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe, News
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
		6:55 CBS: Meaning of the News
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Victor Borge
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
		7:00 CBS: I Love A Mystery
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Easy Aces
		7:30 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: Sammy Kaye Orch.
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue; Earl Godwin, News
9:15	7:00	8:00 MBS: Cal Tinney
		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 NBC: Tommy Dorsey
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: The Mayor of the Town
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue; John Freedom
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Eddie Cantor
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Milton Berle
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 CBS: Dale Carnegie
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John E. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Kay Kyser
7:15	9:15	10:15 Blue; Raymond Gram Swing
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Cresta Blanca Carnival
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Alec Templeton

Good music is first on the list of Ethel's diversions, reading is second. Whenever she can get a hold of a spade, she joins her friends in Victory gardening. She loves to watch things grow, which is unusual for a woman who has moved around so much all her life. In her spare time, Ethel has knitted literally hundreds of sweaters for the British soldiers. Her yarn, her knitting needles, her quick, warm smiles are a familiar sight to her radio friends.

Ethel is a trouper and would undoubtedly go right on playing, whether she ever became famous or not. She played light comedy in Australia with Marie Tempest, then came to America, in 1924, to do the "Farmer's Wife." Then back to Australia for a few more years, playing stock all over that continent. Since she has been in America, Ethel has appeared in Broadway plays too numerous to mention, has appeared with most of the great names in the American theater. Although radio was a new technique to her, she was so much at ease, even during her first broadcast, that those on the show with her thought her to be a veteran radio performer.

Ethel is a good music fan, reading is second. Whenever she can get a hold of a spade, she joins her friends in Victory gardening. She loves to watch things grow, which is unusual for a woman who has moved around so much all her life. In her spare time, Ethel has knitted literally hundreds of sweaters for the British soldiers. Her yarn, her knitting needles, her quick, warm smiles are a familiar sight to her radio friends.

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: The Sophisticators
		9:30 CBS: This Life Is Mine
8:45	9:45	9:45 CBS: Sing Along
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
		9:00 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
		9:00 10:00 NBC: Robert St. John
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: Baby Institute
		9:30 10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
		9:45 10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn
		9:45 10:45 NBC: A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
		8:00 10:00 11:00 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	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
		8:30 10:30 11:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Snow Village
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
		8:45 10:45 Blue: Little Jack Little
		8:45 10:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	10:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
		9:00 11:00 Blue: 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: Baukage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Air Breaks
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
		12:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, 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.
12:30	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
1:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
1:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: James McDonald
1:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
1:45	3:45	4:45 Blue: Stella Unger
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
2:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: News
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Joe & Ethel Tarp
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Green Valley, U.S.A.
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Ted Malone
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Your Home Front Reporter
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: Green Valley, U.S.A.
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Perry Como, Songs
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Men of the Sea
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Off the Record
		4:45 Blue: Sea Hound
1:45	4:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Hep Harrigan
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 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius
5:30	5:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Keep the Home Fires Burning
5:45	5:45	5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
7:45	5:00	6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Golden Gate Quartet
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: John B. Kennedy
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
		6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
		6:55 CBS: Meaning of the News
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Victor Borge
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery
4:05	6:05	7:05 Blue: Those Good Old Days
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Easy Aces
7:00	6:30	7:30 NBC: Bob Burns
4:45	6:45	7:45 CBS: Mr. Keen
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Coffee Time
		8:00 CBS: Grapevine Rancho
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner
8:30	8:30	8:30 CBS: Death Valley Days
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: America's Town Meeting
5:30	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
		9:00 Blue: Gabriel Heatter
		9:00 NBC: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
6:30	9:30	9:30 CBS: Stage Door Canteen
6:30	9:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	9:30	9:30 NBC: Rudy Vallee
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Dale Carnegie
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Garry Moore
7:15	9:15	10:15 Blue: Gracie Fields
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: March of Time
7:45	9:45	10:30 CBS: Talks
		10:45 CBS: Mary Small, Song
		10:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News



JOKY JOE . . .

The little guy above with the gamin grin is Joe Laurie, Jr., one of the three stars of NBC's zany program, *Can You Top This?* Joe refers to himself as a pint sized comedian and says he is so small that midgets look down on him. Just about every time Joe opens his mouth, out falls a gag pulled at random from the huge store of jokes, stories and puns he has amassed after years of service in all branches of the theater. Thirty years ago, Joe Laurie, Jr. was the youngest comedian on Broadway. Before that time, he sold newspapers on the sidewalks of New York, along with other lads who have also since grown to be famous men. Joe traveled from vaudeville to musical comedy and then to radio. He not only wrote radio scripts for Eddie Cantor and Al Jolson, but has penned over 100 vaudeville skits, has written plays, movies, articles and each week bangs out a column for *Variety*, the famous magazine about show business.

Joe does not like fresh air and the open spaces. The famous Lambs Club is his favorite haunt. He spends most of his time there, swapping stories and shooting pool.

Laurie's first professional engagement was in 1908, in a double act with Aleen Bronson in the old Dewey Theater. They were a hit and worked together for years. Joe was also a monologist in an act for 20 years. He always introduced his mother and father to the audience because, "people won't throw eggs at an aged couple."

Heading Joe Laurie, Jr.'s stationery is a line from Mark Twain. "I don't give a damn for a man who can spell a word only one way." He chose this quotation, because his own spelling is remarkably original. In private life, Joe is married to an ex-chorus girl, June Tempest. A devoted husband and proud father, he has a twenty-two-year-old son, Joe Laurie III, who is serving with the Royal Canadian Air Force. Joe loves to wisecrack about how he met his wife. "I opened my wallet," he grins, "and there she was."

Visiting the Laurie menage for the first time is an exciting experience, although slightly wearing. After you ring the doorbell and the door is opened you are jumped upon by a pack of hounds. Once inside, you wander around among Siamese cats, eighteen canaries, dozens of fish bowls, four dogs and other wild life. Through all this the Laurie gags flow unceasingly.

Frequent visitors to the Laurie house are his two radio cronies, Senator Ed Ford and Harry Herschfield. Right now, Joe is working on a book about vaudeville and its fascinating characters. Joe can do entire acts of vaudeville teams that toured the circuits twenty and more years ago. He can dance their routines, sing their songs and do the patter, which usually began when the pretty girl dropped the hanky in front of the big guy with the checked suit and the cane.

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	9:10 CBS: Chapel Singers
		9:30 CBS: This Life Is Mine
		9:45 CBS: Sing Along
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
		9:00 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
		9:00 10:00 NBC: Robert St. John
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: The Baby Institute
		9:30 10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
		9:45 10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn
		9:45 10:45 NBC: A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Breakfast at Sardi's
		8:00 10:00 11:00 Blue: 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
		8:30 10:30 11:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Snow Village
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
		8:45 10:45 Blue: Little Jack Little
		8:45 10:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
		9:00 11:00 12:00 Blue: 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: Baukage Talking
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		8:45 10:45 NBC: David Harum
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		10:30 12:30 1:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Snow Village
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
		8:45 10:45 Blue: Little Jack Little
		8:45 10:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks

S A T U R D A Y

PACIFIC WAR TIME	Eastern War Time
	8:00 CBS: News of the World 8:00 Blue: News 8:00 NBC: News
	8:15 CBS: Music of Today 8:30 CBS: Odd Side of the News 8:30 NBC: Dick Leibert 8:30 Blue: United Nations, News Review
CENTRAL WAR TIME	8:45 CBS: Woman's Page of the Air 8:45 NBC: News
	8:00 9:00 CBS: Press News 8:00 9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club 8:00 9:00 NBC: Everything Goes
	8:15 9:15 CBS: Red Cross Reporter 8:30 9:30 CBS: Garden Gate
	9:00 10:00 CBS: Youth on Parade 9:00 10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson 9:00 10:00 NBC: NBC STRING QUARTET
	9:30 10:30 CBS: U. S. Navy Band 9:30 10:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights 9:30 10:30 NBC: Nellie Revell
	9:45 10:45 Blue: Betty Moore
8:00 10:00 11:00 CBS: Warren Sweeney, News Game Parade 8:00 10:00 11:00 Blue:	11:05 CBS: Let's Pretend
	8:30 10:30 11:30 CBS: Ration for Fashion 8:30 10:30 11:30 Blue: Little Blue Playhouse 8:30 10:30 11:30 NBC: U. S. Coast Guard Band
	9:00 11:00 12:00 CBS: Theater of Today 9:00 11:00 12:00 Blue: Music by Black 9:00 11:00 12:00 NBC: News
	9:15 11:15 12:15 NBC: Consumer Time
	9:30 11:30 12:30 CBS: Stars Over Hollywood 9:30 11:30 12:30 Blue: Farm Bureau 9:30 11:30 12:30 NBC: Mirth and Madness
	10:00 12:00 1:00 CBS: Columbia's Country Journal 10:00 12:00 1:00 Blue: News 10:00 12:00 1:00 NBC: Beverly Mahr, vocalist
	10:15 12:15 1:15 NBC: Melodies for Strings 10:15 12:15 1:15 Blue: Vincent Lopez
	10:30 12:30 1:30 CBS: Adventures in Science 10:30 12:30 1:30 NBC: All Out for Victory
	10:45 12:45 1:45 CBS: Highways to Health 10:45 12:45 1:45 NBC: People's War Singo 10:45 12:45 1:45 Blue:
	11:00 1:00 2:00 CBS: News 11:00 1:00 2:00 Blue: Musette Music Box 11:00 1:00 2:00 NBC: Roy Shield and Co.
	11:05 1:05 2:05 CBS: Serenade from Buffalo
	11:30 1:30 2:30 CBS: Spirit of '43 11:30 1:30 2:30 Blue: Tommy Tucker
	12:00 2:00 3:00 CBS: Of Men and Books 12:00 2:00 3:00 NBC: U. S. Air Force Band
	12:30 2:30 3:30 CBS: F.O.B. Detroit 12:30 2:30 3:30 NBC: News
	12:45 2:45 3:45 NBC: Lyrics by Liza
	1:00 3:00 4:00 CBS: Saturday Concert 1:00 3:00 4:00 NBC: Report from North Africa Matinee in Rhythm
	1:15 3:15 4:15 CBS: Bobby Tucker's Voices
	1:30 3:30 4:30 CBS: Calling Pan-America Minstrel Melodies
	2:00 4:00 5:00 CBS: To be announced 2:00 4:00 5:00 Blue: Joe Rines Orchestra 2:00 4:00 5:00 NBC: Doctors at War
	2:30 4:30 5:30 CBS: Three Sons Trio
	2:45 4:45 5:45 CBS: News, Alex Drier 2:45 4:45 5:45 Blue: Country Editor 3:00 5:00 6:00 Blue: Korn Kobblers
	3:00 5:00 6:00 NBC: Gallicchio Orch.
	3:15 5:15 6:15 CBS: People's Platform
	3:30 5:30 6:30 Blue: Message of Israel 3:30 5:30 6:30 NBC: Religion in the News
	3:45 5:45 6:45 CBS: The Three Sisters 3:45 5:45 6:45 NBC: Paul Lavalle Orch.
	4:00 6:00 7:00 CBS: Report to the Nation 4:00 6:00 7:00 Blue: Adventures of the Falcon 4:00 6:00 7:00 NBC: To be announced
	4:30 6:30 7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks 4:30 6:30 7:30 Blue: Danny Thomas 4:30 6:30 7:30 NBC: Ellery Queen
	5:00 7:00 8:00 CBS: Crummit and Sanderson 8:00 7:00 8:00 Blue: Roy Porter, News 8:00 7:00 8:00 NBC: Abie's Irish Rose
	5:15 7:15 8:15 Blue: Boston Pops Orchestra
	8:30 7:30 8:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby 8:00 7:30 8:30 NBC: Truth or Consequences
	5:55 7:55 8:55 CBS: Eric Sevareid
	9:00 8:00 9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE 6:00 8:00 9:00 NBC: National Barn Dance
	6:15 8:15 9:15 Blue: Edward Tomlinson
	6:30 8:30 9:30 NBC: Can You Top This 6:30 8:30 9:30 Blue: Spotlight Band
	6:45 8:45 9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
	7:00 9:00 10:00 Blue: Gunther or Vandercook 7:00 9:00 10:00 NBC: Bill Stern Sports Newsreel
	10:15 Blue: Tailor Time 10:15 CBS: Blue Ribbon Town
	7:15 9:15 CBS: Eileen Farrell 7:45 9:45 10:45 Blue: Betty Rann
	11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News
	11:10 CBS: Major George Fielding Elliot

Ginny Simms really knows how to can those fruits and vegetables you see on the cover, for she owns her own farm in California.



AMERICA'S SINGING SWEETHEART



THE beautiful blue-eyed, dark-haired girl you see on our cover this month is Virginia Simms. Of course, you know her as Ginny and thousands of soldiers and sailors all over the world write her letters, listen to her Philip Morris program every Tuesday night on NBC and love the way she sings their favorite songs and talks to them in a sweet, simple, down-to-earth voice. Ginny is no stranger to the ways and means of canning those fruits and vegetables you see before her on the cover. Born in a little farming town near San Antonio, Texas, and raised in an even smaller town in the rich farming valley near Fresno, California, she knows as much about raising and caring for food as she does about music. Today, when Ginny Simms is not in a radio studio, she is out on her own forty-acre farm, where she helps raise alfalfa and citrus fruits and vegetables. She is the owner of more than a thousand chickens and nineteen cows.

Asked to pick an all-American girl, you couldn't make a better choice than Ginny Simms. There is nothing flashy or sensational about her, or the life she has lived. Like most young girls in the small town of Fowler, California, she was given piano lessons. She sang while she practiced and her thin, soprano voice developed over the years to the rich contralto voice you hear today.

At seventeen, Ginny entered the Fresno State College. She planned to specialize in music and some day teach it. With two other musically inclined girls, Ginny formed a trio known as the "Triad In Blue." They used all of

their spare time singing at sorority and fraternity dances and for the small clubs in town that would hire them. During summer vacation, the trio went to Los Angeles and sang at a well known beach club. It was shortly after that, that Ginny Simms met Kay Kyser. Kay couldn't afford to hire a singer then, but he talked his manager into placing Ginny in a trio with Guy Lombardo's band. Ginny sang with the girl-Lombardo trio while Guy was in the west, then joined Tom Gerun's band. That was in January, 1935. For two long years, she toured all over the country singing in bands, working hard, her voice improving every day. In 1937, she was singing in the French Casino in Chicago. A successful Kay Kyser, playing at the Blackhawk Cafe near by, would run over during his intermission to listen to Virginia Simms.

KAY could afford to hire her then, and he did. Her name was still Virginia, but he began calling her Ginny and it has been Ginny ever since. She rose to fame with Kay's band, and then went on alone to become what she is today, one of America's singing sweethearts.

Ginny is pretty much the same, easy going, quiet, lovable girl she was at seventeen. Radio people love her because she is so unaffected, natural and sweet. What Ginny Simms is, inside, comes out in her voice. And what she is now is a plain, talented American girl, doing everything she can to help win this war for the decent people of the earth whom she knows so well and loves so much.

Dura-Gloss picks you up . . .



Working hard for Victory? Look at your nails. Are they bright and beautiful, or—the other way? You'll feel better if you give yourself a manicure with Dura-Gloss. Put yourself "back in shape" again, ready for anything. Bright nails mean bright spirits, and bright nails are Dura-Gloss' business! Gee, how this polish radiates life and sparkle and color! And it wears better, too, because it contains a special ingredient, Chrystallyne, for that very thing. So get DURA-GLOSS today.



Cuticle Lotion
Polish Remover
Dura-Coat

DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH

I'll Love You More Tomorrow

Continued from page 21

when I'd confided in Sparky about the fear that always gnawed at me when Jeff was off on a flight, he'd said: "Now look here, Betsy," and his voice had been stern. "You're going to be a flyer's wife and there's one thing you've got to learn now. He's going to have to leave you often. Every time he does, you've got to know he's flying home again. Why, do you think I could write his name down so calm and easy on operations sheet for a flight, if I didn't know it? The guy means a lot to me, too, you know."

"But how can I know it?" I cried in desperation, fighting down the terror that assailed me—the terror that whispered *what if he doesn't come back?*

"Then you can act like you know it. You've got to learn to act. Nobody is going to do his best flying—or fighting, or whatever he's doing—if he thinks the girl back home is crying her eyes out from fear of what might happen to him. If Jeff ever found out you were afraid, heaven help him. He'd worry because you worried. Good as he is, he'd be no good any more as a pilot and no good as a husband. Some day either Jeff himself or his love for you would spin in."

SO I'd tried to learn to act. To hide my fear, to make Jeff feel that I thought what he was doing was swell—while all the time he was gone my heart was in my throat. I'd succeeded, too. Until yesterday. Yesterday when he'd said he was making a "secret" flight. All flights of the Ferry Command are secret, as a military necessity. The very fact he'd used that word could mean only one thing—that this was terribly important, and terribly dangerous. And I hadn't been able to bear that knowledge alone, buried deep inside me. By my tears I'd let him see. And I'd sent him away with worry on his face and in his heart—worry that I was worried.

And now today, Jeff lay helpless on a hospital bed, with a cheerful grin on his face—and nothing at all behind it.

Outside in the corridor, I turned and grabbed Sparky's arm. "Tell me what happened," I demanded. "I've got to know how he crashed."

For I'd known nothing at all until I'd seen Jeff lying there. Early this morning there had been only Sparky's grimly terse voice over the phone, saying, "Meet me at the hospital as soon as you can." And I'd gone, knowing instinctively and with icy certainty,

what had happened. But not how.

"Everything went wrong, from spinner to flippers. He got ice on the wings. One engine curdled on him. The beam went out. It was just one of those trips—that's all. To make it worse, he had somebody with him—somebody important—I can't tell you who. Jeff made a crash landing in the mountains, and nobody could have made a better one under the conditions. But the passenger was hurt, too—not as bad as Jeff, but hurt. That's what's preying on his mind. . . ."

"Not only that." I was staring at the blank corridor wall but I was seeing Jeff's face when he left me yesterday. "He knew I was worried. Yesterday—I couldn't act, Sparky."

The big, raw-boned flyer didn't look at me. "It wasn't your fault, Betsy. It just—happened. . . . Don't cry, honey. You and I have got to concentrate on rallying around now. Because Jeff's going to need all he can get if it turns out he's going to be grounded for good."

During those pain-wracked weeks of treatment, Jeff was braver than I'd known a man could be. He was always cheerful, he bore the torture of his body stoically. But the emptiness that had been in his eyes that first day grew. It was as if something in him that none of us could reach had shriveled up and died. It was as if his soul had sustained a mortal hurt.

I was there every minute the office could spare me. Gradually, his body improved. The bandages came off. The splints were removed. Physically, Jeff was responding to the treatments. But he never left his bed. He couldn't walk. He couldn't move his legs. And the nurse told me that sometimes in the night, he muttered in his sleep. "I always said I'd fly 'em, not crack 'em up," he'd say.

Finally the doctor had a talk with me. "It's mental now," he told me gravely. "He can walk again and he can fly again if we can only make him believe it. If he'd once use those legs of his own free will, I'm sure we can cure him. Unless he makes the effort, there is nothing more we can do."

"But what is it, doctor? What keeps him from it?" I cried.

"My dear, when you deal with the human mind you're dealing with pretty uncharted territory," the doctor told me. "He simply hasn't the incentive. You'd think for a man as crazy about

flying as he is, that would be incentive enough. It's his whole life—except for you, Miss Rand. Airplanes and you—that's all he cares about. But somehow his heart's gone out of everything. We've done absolutely all we can. You two must somehow, between you, try to find the incentive that will give him the will to walk."

WE did everything we could think of, Sparky and I. We brought him books. We devised games. Other flyers from the Command came and talked shop; they told him how much they missed him, how his famous passenger on the fateful flight had said he was the best pilot he'd ever seen. I talked to him about our future—the things we'd do when we were married, plans for the wedding, now, of course, indefinitely postponed.

And nothing worked.

He was getting more listless every day. He listened politely as we chattered, he read the books, he played the silly games, but he was removed from it all. The fire was gone from his eyes, and his face lost its keenness. And when I kissed him, instead of taking me in his arms and giving me a real hug and a kiss, he received it passively, almost humbly.

"He's lost all his force," I cried in despair to Sparky, "that thing that made him what he was. When I kiss him, it's almost as if he thought I were doing him a kindness. He lets me do all the planning for the wedding, for everything, as if—as if marrying him were a tremendous favor I was doing. I can't bear it!"

"He loves you as much as ever," Sparky said quickly. "More maybe. He talks about you all the time. And he worries now that getting married wouldn't be fair to you—with him like he is. But don't ever think he's not still crazy in love with you."

"But if—" and then I forgot what I was going to say. An idea had come to me—an idea so drastic, so shattering, that it struck like a blow.

"I think I know the answer," I told Sparky. "You said I had to learn to act—well, I'm going to act as nobody ever did before!"

"What are you going to do?"

I shook my head. "No—it's better if I don't tell you!" I said.

He put his hand on my arm. "What if it doesn't work?" he asked gravely.

What if it didn't work? But it had to work! It was Jeff's spirit, not his body, that kept him helpless. If it failed—he'd hate me. And I'd hate myself. I'd have to go away, never see Jeff again. But it couldn't fail.

It was like playing with dynamite. If this didn't work, then not only would Jeff stay indefinitely tied to his bed, but our love would be killed forever. He'd never trust me again, never want me. And who could blame him? But we'd tried everything else. It was time now for dangerous measures or the battle was lost.

Several times during the next ten days my heart failed me. I felt I couldn't go through with it. And then I remembered what the doctor said. Incentive to get up and use his legs.

I bought a new dress—a close-fitting one that outlined the curves of my figure. And a perky new hat with a seductive half-veil that ended just

Continued on page 58



Say Hello To—

ARTHUR ELMER, glib-tongued master of ceremonies of Natalie Purvin Proger's Game Parade, the Blue Network's children's quiz program heard every Saturday at 11:00 A.M., EWT. Arthur is a whiz when it comes to impersonations, and he knows more than eight dialects. He has a rare gift for ad libbing and has had vast experience as an emcee. Elmer made a brief but eventful venture into the theater when Clifford Odets, the dramatist, was forming a permanent acting group. Although Elmer talked his way into a part, the company fell apart before it got under way. He then went into radio, appearing on such programs as Forty-Minutes in Hollywood, Myrt and Marge, and others. Elmer was born in New York City and raised in Brooklyn, which makes a difference.

Times like these teach us a new gratitude for the simple things. A quiet evening of rest, a friendly game with neighbors, good talk, good refreshment, these make a welcome interlude of sanity in a seething world. For millions of Americans that interlude becomes calmer, more content with a glass of friendly SCHLITZ...truly the beverage of moderation...brewed with just the *kiss*

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*Like a Melody
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—all of the delicate hop flavor—none of the bitterness. That famous flavor found only in Schlitz is *in tune with American taste*. Once you drink America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter brew.

In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!

Copr. 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, W.I.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

above my lips. It was—well, it was a daring outfit. The kind some girls get whistled at when they wear.

And when Saturday came I dressed in it as carefully as I'd ever dressed in my life. I was icy calm now. My whole future happiness was staked on this one throw of the dice—and the dice were ready to be thrown.

Usually on Saturdays, I went to the hospital right after lunch so we could have the whole long afternoon together. Today I was deliberately late—an hour late. And when I got to the room I paused for a moment, just inside the door, so that he would get the full effect of my outfit. He did. His eyes widened a little as his gaze swept over me.

"Sorry I'm late, darling. But Sparky and I went dancing last night, and got in so late I slept till noon," I lied. "It was fun—dancing again with a tall, good-looking soldier boy. More fun than I've had in ages."

JEFF regarded me soberly as I sat down in the chair facing him. "I'm glad," he said. "It's been pretty dull for you lately, I guess, without a beau."

"I'm going again tonight—with a new pilot, one you haven't met yet. Sparky introduced him to me last night."

"That's good," Jeff said. But I saw the beginning of hurt bewilderment on his face and for a moment I thought I couldn't go on. I wanted to rush over and cradle him in my arms as one would a child. Instead I chattered airily on. Oh, I didn't overdo it. I didn't make it obvious. But where before I had talked with Jeff only of himself, and of us, now I talked of the good time I'd had, the music, what a good dancer the new pilot was, and how attractive. Subtly, but definitely, I was making Jeff the outsider instead of the very center of my life.

"Well, that's good," he said again. And then with an attempt to return to our old mood that almost broke my heart, he said. "How about a nice kiss for an old cripple, honey? You haven't greeted me yet."

I went over to him slowly and sat on the edge of the bed. My lips brushed his briefly. Then I sat back with a little laugh. "Not much like the old days, Jeff. The way you kiss me now

makes me think our wedding ring ought to read 'Less than yesterday, more than tomorrow.'

This time there was no doubt about his hurt bewilderment. His eyes went suddenly dark with it. "Don't say that! You know it isn't true. You know I'm lying here like a helpless invalid."

"And that reminds me of another thing," I went on callously. "What about our wedding? We're not going to have to have it here, are we?" And I looked around the bare hospital room.

"I thought a wheelchair—I mean, they could lift me into it and we could have the ceremony here at the hospital chapel. I think I could manage that all right—"

"With me standing there, towering over you, with a bottle of smelling salts instead of a bouquet?" I forced the brutal words out, feeling each one cut me with the same stinging lash that Jeff was feeling. "Not me! I want a real ceremony and all the trimmings. I want to be carried over the threshold into the apartment, too!"

"Betsy!" Pain edged his voice. "You know I can't!"

"I want to be held in a real man's arms again." I rushed on. "Like any woman does. I want to be a wife when I'm married—not a nurse!"

He was white to the lips. "Are you saying I'm no longer a real man just because I'm lying here?"

I looked at him a moment. Then I turned my back and picked up my bag. "It doesn't look like it, does it?" I said carelessly.

There was a brief, electric silence. I couldn't breathe, I couldn't move. Suddenly Jeff's voice rang out, clear and forceful like it used to be. "Come here! I'll show you a real man's arms—"

Peering into my small mirror I began applying fresh lipstick. No actress on the stage ever made a more deliberate gesture. "I can't. I've got an early date."

"Betsy! Come—here!"

"Really, Jeff, don't be unreasonable. I've got to go." I started backing toward the door. "I'll drop in tomorrow."

"I'll show you what you're going to do! You—you—" With one violent movement he swept the covers back and swung his legs toward the side of the bed. His face was white with anger.

He grabbed the bedtable with one hand and pulled himself up. His feet were almost touching the floor. He leaned forward and grasped the foot of the bed.

I stood paralyzed, nearly suffocating, for those few seconds that seemed to last an hour. One step—if he took one step toward me—His feet were on the floor. He was standing, half bent forward. "I'll show you," he said again. And then—and then he took it!

I leaped forward and grabbed him in my arms. I pushed him gently back toward the bed. "Darling!" I was half babbling, half crying. "You did it, you did it! You walked of your own free will. You used your legs. Oh, darling—"

He stared up at me. There was disbelief in his eyes, then a sort of dazed incredulity, like a man shocked suddenly back into reality, into having to believe the impossible. "I—I did it," he said slowly. "I—walked. I thought I couldn't. But I got so mad—I walked. You made me"

I ran to the door and jerked it open. I cried hysterically to the nurse who was passing, "Get the doctor! Get everybody! He did it—he walked! Oh, he's well"

We were married a month later, with Jeff standing straight and tall beside me, fitter than he'd ever been in his life.

HE'S flying again, of course. He's still the best pilot in the Ferry Command. He still makes those lonely, dangerous flights and my heart is still wrenched when he leaves me and torn with fear while he's gone. But he never knows it.

In a way, it's as if I sent him out on those missions, as if by helping make him well I'd sent him away from me. But I learned a lot during that half hour when I acted a part in that hospital room. Sparky was right. "No guy's going to do his best flying—or fighting or whatever he's doing—if he thinks the girl back home is crying her eyes out for fear of what might happen to him." We wives and mothers and sweethearts have to learn to act—all of us. And not just for a moment, but all the time. Because it's part of the victory, just like the fighting and the flying is.

We have to act. We have to learn to smile when we kiss them goodbye.

A Wedding in June

spoke aloud, and I wasn't swearing—forgive me—"

I knew then that Sally loved me. She loved me, and her love had in no way been like Carolyn's feeling for me. I'd been first a convenience to Carolyn, and then when I joined the Army, I'd perhaps taken on enough of a romantic aspect to let her feel sentimental about me to the point of accepting my ring. And it was Sally, who had loved me, since childhood, as those mementoes proved, devotedly, unselfishly, never asking anything for herself, never hoping, who had been as dear to me as a sister—it was Sally whom I had treated so brutally that morning, of whom I had asked what I would have asked of a very different sort of woman, had I had the stomach for it.

I picked the letters, the flowers, the other souvenirs together, put them carefully back where I'd found them,

retied the string with unsteady fingers. All of the raw hurt and bitterness which had directed my actions that morning was gone; in its place was complete humiliation in the face of a devotion I did not deserve.

NO R was I any longer at a loss as to what must be done. I had to find Sally quickly, before she suffered further from the role I'd forced her to play. I had to beg her forgiveness, and try to make some amends, if possible.

I called the agency. They could not tell me where Miss Towne and Sally would be at the moment, they said, but they could give me a list of the shops they were to visit at some time during the day. I wrote the names down feverishly, impatient to be on my way.

I must have been a comic figure—an over-large soldier in rough Army clothes, blundering into those over-

grown jewel boxes—the exclusive shops, softly lighted, deep carpeted, smelling faintly of perfume. I didn't feel comic, however; I even backed out of the elegant rose and blue salon, where Sally'd had her hair waved and her nails manicured, without the least embarrassment. All I felt was more and more desperation as the chase seemed fruitless.

Some of the shopwomen had not seen Sally and didn't know when to expect her: some of them had waited upon her, but could give me no clue as to where she would go next. Finally one of them, a milliner, offered real hope. Miss Towne and Miss Shane had been in an hour ago, she said, and she believed that they were on their way to a gown shop. She named a place a few blocks up Fifth Avenue. The driver of the cab I'd commandeered for the search took one look at me

Continued on page 60

IF A GIRL ISN'T
DAINTY, NO OTHER
CHARM COUNTS. A
DAILY **LUX SOAP**
BEAUTY BATH
MAKES YOU **SURE!**

BETTY GRABLE

Star of 20th Century-Fox's
"CONEY ISLAND"

SCREEN STARS ARE
RIGHT—THIS CREAMY
ACTIVE LATHER DOES
THE TRICK! LEAVES
SKIN DELICATELY
PERFUMED, TOO



BETTY GRABLE, like so many other Hollywood stars, uses her complexion soap as a bath soap, too. Lux Soap's **ACTIVE** lather is so rich, so creamy, swiftly carries away every trace of dust and dirt. Leaves skin soft, smooth, delicately perfumed with a fragrance you'll love!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—it leaves skin **SWEET!**

(Continued from page 58)

as I left the milliner's, said, "Found her, huh?" and went through two red lights in his eagerness to deliver me at my destination.

I burst into the shop unceremoniously, nearly colliding with a startled saleswoman. "Miss Shane!" I demanded. "She's supposed to be here with Miss Towne—"

The woman hesitated. "Miss Shane's having a fitting—" And then she looked at my face and added hastily, "But if it's important, I think you can see her."

She led me down a long hall to one of many closed doors, tapped once lightly, and discreetly withdrew. I opened the door.

AS I remember it now, there were others in the room. A smartly dressed middle-aged woman, Miss Towne, who sat smoking and looking on with critical eyes, a fitter with a tape measure around her neck and a pin cushion at her waist, who knelt on the floor, spreading yards of white satin into a train. But at the time I saw only Sally—Sally in her wedding dress, a mist of veil around her head and shoulders, her skin as white as her gown, her dark eyes enormous.

And her face was no longer hurt, her eyes not dead-looking as they'd been when she'd left me at the hotel. They were startled—frightened, almost—as she saw me, but there was something else in them—a Madonna look, a compassion that stopped my breath in my lungs and the words in my throat. I could only stare at her, while all of the urgent phrases I'd prepared to get her out of there and away from Miss Towne died unspoken.

It takes a shock sometimes, to wake a man up to what he really is; it takes a thrust like that of a surgeon's knife to cut what is important in his life away from the unimportant, the reality from the things he has built in his mind. I'd had my thrust of the knife that morning; it had hurt, and I had been aware of nothing but the pain; I'd had a second shock when I'd realized the lengths to which pain had driven me, and through that realization another—the extent of the—of the operation.

A part of me had been cut away—a useless part—I understood suddenly, and the bigger reasons behind my hurts and my disappointments became clear when I saw Sally in her wedding dress.

For it was her wedding dress. It had been rightfully hers all of the years of her devotion, hers by right of all we both were or ever would be, rightfully hers all of the time I

had been building in my own mind an illusion called Carolyn.

Sally said faintly, "Jim. Oh, Jim, I—" and the fitter rocked sharply back on her heels.

"That will be enough," she said. "We can take it off now."

Miss Towne, who had been eyeing me curiously and with some concern, rose at once and motioned to me. "We'll wait for her outside, Private Whitlock."

I followed her out of the fitting room, my mind set at ease and my heart lifted by the glance Sally threw me—a look of mute understanding, of reassurance.

We waited in silence. The hall off which the fitting rooms opened ran at right angles to the foyer in which we sat, and presently we saw the fitter emerge and disappear into another part of the shop. The hands of the small black and silver clock on a side table moved to the quarter-hour, to the half-hour. Miss Towne stood up nervously. "Surely she's had time to dress by now—"

I waited while she went back to the fitting room, refusing to admit the fear that was plaguing me—the fear that when I found Sally, it would be too late. I put faith in the look of reassurance she'd sent me.

In a few minutes Miss Towne came back, running. "Private Whitlock! She's gone!" I sent one of the girls out the back way to look for her—"

"Gone!" I rushed past her, back to the fitting room. It was empty, only the white dress and the veil, hung carefully on hangers, left as evidence that she had been there at all. At the end of the hall was a French window giving out on a court, and across the court the back door of a restaurant. The shopgirl dispatched by Miss Towne came out of the restaurant, hurried across the court toward me. "She went this way, all right. The restaurant people saw her. She caught a cab out in front."

Miss Towne was at my elbow. "Private Whitlock—" her voice was sharp, "can you tell me what's wrong? I thought she seemed unusually quiet, even for a shy person—"

I don't remember what I told her. I muttered something inane about Sally's being excited and probably over tired by the trip, and I got her to go back to the hotel to do all she could to locate Sally from there.

I did not want to go back to the hotel myself, for I knew almost positively that Sally would not go near it. She had run away deliberately, and she knew that the hotel would be the first place we would look.

The search I'd made for her through

the succession of shops had been a game compared to the next few hours. I tried the railroad stations first—Pennsylvania, where she'd got off the train in the morning, then Grand Central, then the 125th Street Station. None of them had seen a girl of Sally's description turning in a return ticket, or buying a ticket to Richmond, Virginia. I called them repeatedly at intervals all afternoon.

I made guesses as to what places—what hotels or restaurants—Sally might have noticed particularly on her ride from the station that morning and on her tour with Miss Towne, and I tried them all, making quick but thorough inquiries at each one. I tried the library, on the premise that it was a good place to rest and to think through a problem. I kept in touch with Miss Towne at the hotel, with increasing reluctance. Each time I called, Miss Towne was a little more frantic, a little more demanding as to my guesses for Sally's reasons for leaving. Miss Towne and I had only one thing in common—we were equally reluctant to go to the Missing Persons' Bureau or to any other official source unless it became absolutely necessary.

It was dusk when not the search, but my own morale, gave way. The nagging voice had followed me all afternoon, repeating "Too late," and I had ignored it, refusing to admit that it might be. I had to face it finally, had to examine the worst of the possibilities it offered.

I walked on into the park, grateful for the empty paths, grateful for the deepening shadows which shut me in, away from the city of people. I could relax now, meet the fear that tormented me without being afraid of its showing in my face and being reflected in the faces of others.

HABIT led me toward the merry-go-round. Habit, and an animal instinct to retire to cave-like recesses and wait until fear passed. The merry-go-round stood in a glen-like semi-circle, hemmed in on three sides by trees and shrubs, approached obliquely by walks on the open side—a good place to hide, even from myself. It was dark and very quiet as I passed the ticket booth and sat down on one of the benches. It was completely different from what it had been when I'd seen it before—children might never have played there; a calliope might never have tooted its tinny tune—just as I was completely different.

Sally. I had known another loss that day, the loss of Carolyn. I had known remorse when I'd opened the lid of Sally's suit case. But the loss of Carolyn, and the remorse I'd felt in the hotel room would be small things compared to what I'd have to face if—

Sally would be found; she must be found. She was a strong girl, full of life and the love of living, and she was contemptuous of any weakness, of those who gave up. Yet she had been under an unusual strain—Carolyn's marriage, the trip, and finally, my brutality, and it was not like her to knowingly worry anyone. She must know that by the next day we would call her parents. . . . The Madonna-like look, the look of mysterious reassurance haunted me.

I jerked myself away from the thought. I was a fool—I had better pull myself together, get out of the

Continued on page 62



Say Hello To—

GEORGE LOWTHER—actor-narrator-director of Mutual's Superman, heard daily at 5:30 P.M. EWT. George was the first page boy ever hired by NBC, way back in 1927. Then he worked his way into the Script Department and from there became director of Radio Recording. But he also free-lanced, acting, writing for Dick Tracy, Terry and the Pirates and other network shows. Lawther resigned from NBC to assume his duties with Superman, Inc. Did we forget to tell you he also writes Superman and that twice this month when three actors failed to show up for the broadcast Lawther narrated, directed and acted the roles himself! He lives in Dabbs Ferry, N. Y. Has a wife, baby and a great Dane. Another little Lawther is en route. Radio circles call him "The Orson Welles of Juveniles."



Cheryl Walker

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"Stage Door Canteen"

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(from a letter by W. T., Muncie, Ind.)

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soft like Kleenex



DELSEY Toilet Paper (T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Continued from page 60

park and back to the business of a systematic search. I rose, and heard a sound in the shadows, a soft little sound, a muffled, continuous weeping. And I made out a figure in the dark shelter of the opposite bank, the figure of a girl, crying.

I crossed quickly to her, knowing somehow, not daring to believe what I knew, not daring to believe in miracles. I spoke to her as I drew near, softly, so as not to startle her too much.

"Sally—"

The weeping stopped, and she raised her head. After a long moment the answer came, tentatively—"Jim?"

I sat down beside her, not touching her, so shaken with relief, with gratitude, that for a long while I could not speak. At last I said stupidly, "Sally—what are you doing here?"

Her head snapped back; her face was all eyes and quivering mouth. "Oh, Jim, I'm not brave! I tried to go away—I tried to go home! I couldn't—"

I dared to touch her then. My hand closed over hers, gently. "I know, Sally. I think I knew when I asked you. If you'll—" I stumbled miserably—"Can you forgive me for—"

She stared at me, apprehensively and then, suddenly electrified, she said, "Oh, Jim, I knew you hadn't meant it, I knew you were just striking out blindly, any old way."

"Then why did you run away?" My voice was hoarse, frayed. I'd had to

drag it up out of depths of combined shame and wonder—shame for myself, wonder that there could be a person like her.

She shrank back, afraid again. My fingers tightened over hers as she tried to pull away. "Because when I saw you in the gown shop, I knew you'd come to send me home. And Jim, I couldn't go—not right away. I had to stay awhile, to be in the same city with you, to see some of the things like this—" she nodded toward the merry-go-round, "—you'd mentioned in your letters to Carolyn. I had to stay for a little while, even if you didn't want to see me—"

"If I didn't want to see you! Oh, Sally—" I told her then, or tried to tell her—tried to make it coherent—of everything that had happened to me during the day. I told her about finding the things in her suitcase, about the awakening I'd experienced when I saw her in her wedding dress, about the torture I'd gone through, and my wild fears for her. She listened, disbelieving at first, then slowly believing, happiness spreading through her, shining like light in that dark glen.

"Jim," she whispered when I finished, "Jim, are you sure?"

"Sure—Sally, does a blind man know when he can see?" My arms closed around her then, and my lips found hers, telling her all that I couldn't put into words.

Must We Say Goodbye?

Continued from page 37

"Yes.... Oh. Well, what time is it?... Sure, if you want to.... All right, get your hat and coat on. Goodbye."

As he hung up I thought I saw a slight flexing of the muscles around his wide, sensitive mouth, but before I could be sure, it was gone. "Bernice wants to go to a movie," he remarked. "So I'll run along."

Such little things, they were, that revealed Bernice Edwards to me. Each unimportant alone, but adding up to a woman tortured by herself.

A desire to have everything in her house shining and clean and just so... a loneliness during the day while her husband was at work... a sudden decision to attend a movie, and a telephone call when my house was only a few steps away. And later, as one day took its place beside another in the orderly procession of time, other things....

MARGIE, saying wonderingly, "Aunt Bernice is always sewing. Mummy. She says she likes to sew. You don't, do you?"

"I would, if I had the time." Ridiculous, that little pang of envy I felt at the picture of an ordered life, a man-and-woman life, with leisure in it to take fabrics and build out of them something lovely. Ridiculous, because I'd always hated sewing, and no two ways about it.

"Well, she has a whole big box full of buttons and another full of little pieces of silk and stuff, and she lets me play with them but—" Margie was aggrieved—"she won't let me have any of them so I could sew some nice dresses for Shirley."

"Aunt Bernice needs all those things herself," I told her. "And you mustn't bother her when she's sewing, either."

"Oh, I don't." But the little face was

downcast. I said impulsively:

"You like Aunt Bernice, don't you, dear? I mean—you must tell me if you don't like going over there."

Margie seemed to ponder. Oh, five-year-olds can be so incredibly wise! She knew, little Margie, that I was hoping for her to like Bernice and be happy there; she didn't want to disappoint me. And yet—

She compromised. "She's all right," she said. "She gets cross sometimes, but I like her. I like Uncle Blaine better, though."

Yes, Margie, I said wordlessly. Yes, so do I.

It was not right that all my gratitude should go to Blaine. It was not Blaine who had to undergo the day-long nervous strain of having an energetic youngster around the house; it was not Blaine who carried the responsibility. Still, in my thoughts, it was always Blaine I thanked, not Bernice.

Bernice herself would not accept spoken thanks. "Really, Margie's no trouble at all," she said once, almost sharply. "We understand each other perfectly, of course. Margie realizes that there are things she can't do in my house—so she doesn't do them. We get along beautifully."

It was as if caring for Margie was a challenge. She would not admit, to herself or anyone else, that it was difficult in any way—although there must have been times when she would have given anything to be free of the bargain she'd made.

I didn't see a great deal of her, and not much more of Blaine. I took Margie with me on my way up the block to the bus-stop, but I was always too rushed to do more than call a good-morning, and at night Bernice always sent Margie home alone, a few minutes before six, so there was no need for me

to stop by for her. Now and then, on Saturday afternoons or Sundays, Blaine would come over on one errand or another; he and Bernice were going into town to do some shopping, did I want anything?—or would I like him to turn over the little scrap of backyard I possessed, with a view to a Victory garden? I accepted the latter offer, and he put in an hour with a fork and rake, gravely discussing the merits of different crops as he worked. I remember we settled on three tomato plants, two rows of carrots, one of beets and one of radishes, as being the simplest and most suitable.

And afterwards—not very often, nor for long at a time—he came to see how things were growing, to pull a few weeds or hoe the grainy earth.

No, not many meetings. And yet, with Blaine, it didn't seem to matter that I saw him so seldom. Minutes spent with him were a world in themselves, complete and filled with content; and when, for days at a time, I did not see him I still had a sense of his presence. As you might feel the presence of the sun behind thick clouds.

I LOVED him. I knew that—had known it almost from the first. I loved him for his kindness, for the innocent gayety of the small-boy spirit that lurked deep in those gray, heavily-lashed eyes, for the incompleteness I was sure was in his marriage, for—oh, even for the loose-limbed way he walked and the length of his arms.

It was all right for me to love him, and I didn't fight against it. As long as he didn't know, I was harming no one.

But sometimes secrets have a way of shaping events for their own purposes, until suddenly they emerge into the light of day, secrets no longer.

Imperceptibly, spring crept toward its close, and Blaine talked of a picnic for all of us, for Margie and Bernice and himself and me—but mostly, I suspected, for Margie and himself. He had been saving up his gasoline coupons until he had enough for a whole tankful. We'd start out early on a Sunday morning and go to a place on Galena Mountain—a wonderful place, he said enthusiastically, with a stream for fishing and a flat clearing surrounded by pines, open to the sun and sheltered from the wind.

"—And with plenty of mosquitoes and ants and wasps," Bernice said acidly. "Also a family party of factory workers drinking beer."

Blaine's face fell for an instant. Then he brightened. "It's too early in the season for bugs," he promised, "and almost nobody knows about this place."

I thought Bernice was going to object again, and more strongly, but she surprised me. Her eyes narrowed, then she smiled and shrugged. "Oh, well," she said, "I suppose we'll have to let him get it out of his system."

"Next Sunday!" Blaine cried. And Margie set up a whoop of glee.

Impatiently, Bernice brushed aside my offer to prepare part at least of the picnic lunch. "I'll do it—I've plenty of time," she said, managing to give the words an intonation that made them mean exactly the opposite. I smothered a wave of irritation. This picnic was such a small thing, and Blaine could have found so much pleasure in it. Why couldn't she be gracious?

However, the preparations for the picnic went ahead, although Margie must have been the only one who looked forward to it with unmixed anticipation. She, of course, was wildly excited, and on Sunday morning she



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was awake at six. By eight, when the Edwardses were due, we had been ready for fifteen minutes, and Margie was keeping a vigil on the front porch. Eight-fifteen, and I had explained for the tenth time that they had so much to do, getting ready . . .

Blaine's two-door sedan stopped at the curb. Bernice was not with him.

"Bernice has a headache," he said shortly. "She can't go."

Conscious of only two things—Margie's stricken face and my own inner voice saying, "I knew something like this would happen! I knew she'd spoil it if she could!" I exclaimed, "Oh, I'm so sorry! Then—"

"All ready, sweetheart?" he said to Margie.

"Oh, we can't—" The words were forced out of me.

He didn't look at me. "Of course we can. I'm not going to disappoint Margie. And Bernice will be perfectly all right."

HE led the way to the car, and we drove away in a strained silence, the three of us all in the front seat, Blaine's hands tight on the wheel, his profile when I glanced at it out of the corner of my eye set and grim.

I knew what had happened, as well as if he'd told me. All along, Bernice had been determined not to let him have his outing. She had been unable to discourage the idea at the outset, so she had developed a headache at the last minute. It hadn't worked. Blaine did not believe in the headache, and neither did I. But if he had believed, I would have pretended to.

They must have quarreled.

"We couldn't have picked a better day," Blaine said carefully, after a while. "It's just warm enough."

"It's lovely," I answered, and again we were silent. But slowly, as he drove the car through the diminished traffic of a war-time Sunday, the set lines of his face relaxed, and the atmosphere in the car became easier. It was as if, in separating ourselves from Bernice in distance, we were at the same time separating ourselves from her in thought. And, out in the country, having turned off the main highway to the one that led to Galena, I heard Blaine sigh softly. It was a sigh of contentment—of happiness for the sun, the breeze pregnant with growing things, the blue line of the mountain ahead of us. For, perhaps, my companionship.

Not once, all day, did either of us mention Bernice again. It was a day of innocence and sunlight. We might, Blaine and I, have been no more than Margie's age. We found the spot Blaine had promised, and it was just as he'd said, with neither bugs nor people to bother us. We ate the lunch Bernice had prepared, and Blaine gave Margie a fishing lesson, and we strolled out of the clearing into the woods, and late in the afternoon Blaine and Margie dozed in the sun, while I sat near, happy, just being together.

It was dark when we got home—and I noticed, as we passed it, that there was no light in Blaine's house. He stopped in front of my place, and picked up Margie, who was fast asleep.

"She's had such a good time," I whispered. "Thank you for taking us."

Over Margie's head his eyes met mine. "Thank you for coming," he said. "This day—being with you—did me good."

That was all. But it was enough to crown my day, already perfect, with beauty.

I did not see him again until Thurs-

day, I saw Bernice, the next morning and every morning, but only for a minute each time. To my inquiry about her headache she answered only that it was better, thanks, in a tone indicating she didn't intend to discuss it.

UNEASILY, I wondered if I should take Margie away from her. I had no way of knowing what the atmosphere was in that house, all day long. Casually, I tried to question Margie. "Did you have a good time today? What did Aunt Bernice give you for lunch?"

"Bread pudding." By her own account, Margie's meals always consisted exclusively of dessert.

"What did you do all day?"

"Played in the yard with Lois." That would be Lois Baker; the Bakers lived next to the Edwards'. And naturally, in this weather, she'd be outdoors most of the time. That was good; she'd be much less trouble to Bernice and still she'd be easy to watch.

On Thursday, though, the weather broke. In a few hours a wind came up, bringing with it heavy clouds from the north. We were in for one of those late-spring cold snaps that always seemed to make the very flowers shiver. When I came home that evening, a sniffing, subdued Margie greeted me. But when I asked her if anything was wrong, she shook her head, so I blamed her disposition on the weather and a possible beginning of a cold, and put her to bed early. I was debating calling Bernice—but what, exactly, could I say if I did call her?—when the doorbell rang once, sharply.

It was Blaine. Even as I opened the door, before he said hello, I knew that something urgent and painful had brought him here. There was that look

about the tightly-stretched skin over his jaw. All his first casual words—how was I? and had Margie gone to bed?—could do nothing to shake that knowledge.

Into the first awkward silence I dropped my question—not to hurry him, but to help him if I could.

"What is it, Blaine?"

He looked at me. "I don't know how to say it. I thought I'd tell you Bernice was ill, the doctor said she needed a rest. But you'd know I was lying. So there's no way of saving my pride. . . . You mustn't let Margie come over to our place any more. It isn't—it can't be—good for her."

"Oh." It was hardly a word, hardly even a sound, and he went on.

"Lord knows I hate to tell you this. I've put it off already, two or three days—I can't put it off any longer. But maybe you know it already, or at least everything but the details, and I won't tell you many of them. Bernice and I—we're not happy together. Happy!" He laughed shortly, harshly, at the word. "That's a crazy way of putting it. I shouldn't even use the word. . . . We could have been happy—we were in love when we were married, six years ago. But Bernice—whatever belongs to her, has to belong to her completely. No half measures. Sometimes I've felt as if her fingers were digging into my heart, trying to hold it. . . . That sounds fanciful. It's not. It's the truth."

"Yes, I know," I said. "I know it's true. I . . . felt it. . . ."

"She's been jealous before—not always of women. It's not just a sexual jealousy. I could understand that. I don't think she even wants me to have a friend. I should have known better

than to introduce you to her. But she'd promised—and I thought, she dislikes so many of the women around here, perhaps you could be her friend more than mine. And Margie could have been an interest for her. It could have worked out that way." He said it almost pleadingly, as if begging for my approval, my forgiveness.

I gave him both, freely. "Oh, yes, it could have! It was worth trying, Blaine!"

"Yes—but it didn't. Sunday—the picnic—brought things to a head. Ever since, she's been—oh, well, there's no reason I should tell you what we've said to each other. But you see, don't you, it's impossible to go on with this arrangement about Margie?"

I NODDED, sorrow for him running through me like the blood through my veins. "I see that—yes. I'll get a woman to come in . . . or something."

In spite of my efforts to keep it steady, my voice trembled. His rang out more strongly. "Knowing you has been very wonderful."

It was goodbye. We both knew it. Goodbye, on his part, to a friendship—on my part, to a love. We might see each other on the street or the bus, might nod and smile, but that would be all. I felt tears rising in my eyes and stood up. Mechanically, I said, "I suppose it will be all right to leave things as they are for tomorrow. Then I'll find someone over the weekend."

"Oh, of course," he agreed quickly. "And if you could think of some way to make taking Margie away seem entirely natural, I'd—appreciate it."

"Yes—I'll think of some way." The tears were insistent. I turned my head away, hastily. But not hastily enough.

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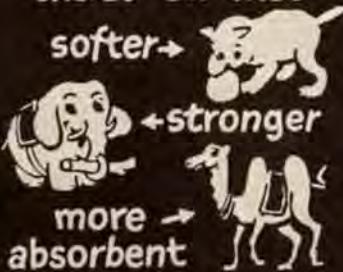
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CLEANSING TISSUES

"Mary—dearest!" he muttered.
"Don't cry—don't!"

I was in his arms. He was crushing the breath—the very life—out of me. Oh, take that life, take it! Take it through your lips, your arms.

He let me go—stood back, his face white.

"I never meant to do that," he said. "I didn't want you to know."

"But I'm glad to know," I whispered.

"No," he said painfully. "Because it can't mean anything. If there were any hope... if I dared divorce Bernice. But I'm afraid. I'm afraid of what she might do to herself. Six years ago, when we were married, I promised. It's a promise I have to keep."

So it was goodbye to love for him, too. A promise he had to keep. Yes, when Blaine made a promise he would keep it—no matter how much it hurt.

My face was in my hands. I didn't see him leave. I only heard the door close softly behind him.

BUT then, I saw, I couldn't even stay here, in this house, this neighborhood. For myself, I could have stood it—being so near to him, having to hide what I felt. For myself—yes, but I couldn't ask him to undergo that torture too, in addition to the rest.

When that was decided, there was nothing for the rest of the night—nothing but the memory of Blaine's kiss, snatched so roughly away from my lips before they had had time really to taste it.

In the morning I left Margie at Bernice's back door, without even making a token effort to see Bernice. I would have given anything to have somewhere else for Margie to go, but if I were to move soon I had to go downtown. As it was, I would probably take most of the day off from work.

Ten hours later, I came home, drenched by the rain and aching with defeat. There was nowhere, simply nowhere, to live. I had looked at houses and apartments, and the more I saw the more I was appalled at the prices that were charged for squalor.

I went into the house, to find Margie in the living room, sobbing as if her heart would break. Her face was streaked and dirty with tears; her hair and her clothes were soaking wet. At the sound of my step she threw herself into my arms, clinging to me like a refuge, gasping out broken sentences and disconnected words, so that it was minutes before I learned what the matter was. When I did, I sank back on my heels, filled with a cold horror that soon gave way to rage.

How could she have done this to a little girl! It was sheer, wanton cruelty—this breaking of her spite against me on whatever was dearest to me, and no matter if that victim was small and trusting and helpless. She had struck Margie—her cheek was red and swollen in evidence—had screamed at her that she was a bad girl, had then turned her out of the house.

But I tried to be fair. It was just possible she'd had some reason: "What were you doing?" I asked. "You're sure you weren't naughty?"

"No, I wasn't!" I knew when Margie was lying to me; this wasn't one of those times. "All I did was play with a pretty piece of silk—it was blue, with pretty gold threads in it—and I was putting it around Shirley for a coat and she said I couldn't have it and then she slapped me. But she's let me play with it before!"

I cuddled her face against mine.

"Well, never mind," I tried to comfort her. "Mummy won't ever send you over there again."

After a minute I stood up, still holding her hand. More than anything, I wanted to go up the block and tell Bernice Edwards what I thought of her. But of course I couldn't. I glanced out of the window, at the Edwards' house, instead. And stood there, not breathing.

A little knot of people stood on Blaine's lawn, looking at the house. Even as I watched, a police car drew up with a rasp of brakes, and two uniformed figures shot out of it, ran up the steps.

I think I told Margie to stay where she was and be a good girl; it was in my mind, but perhaps it never got any farther. I don't really remember—I don't remember anything, until I was standing at Blaine's front door.

He opened the door for me. He seemed not even to see me, at first, then his face crumpled in relief. "Mary! Ah, I'm glad you came."

"What is it?" I cried. "Blaine, what's happened?"

He shook his head, as if he couldn't understand. "Bernice," he muttered. "I came home and—" His hand flung out, at something on the brightly polished living room floor behind him, at something crumpled and sprawled, at silken skirts and twisted legs and an outstretched arm.

"I told her," Blaine was saying, as if it were a lesson he was repeating for the hundredth time, "I always told her these floors were too slippery."

Softly, almost reverently, one of the policemen was drawing some kind of cover over the still form on the floor. The other was approaching us. He gave me one quick glance of curiosity, that was all. "There's nothing we can do, Mr. Edwards," he said. "It must have happened at least an hour ago. She struck her head on that table-leg when she fell."

I covered my eyes, but I could still see it—Bernice, striding into the room, quick and careless in her anger after turning Margie out, and falling.

Blaine spoke, dazedly. "I can't understand it," he was saying. "She must have slipped on that piece of cloth—and she was always so neat, so careful about picking up things."

I LOOKED down, knowing what I should see. A scrap of silk cloth, of blue with gold threads running through it, not more than a foot square—just the size to make a cape for a doll. It was on the floor—tossed down and forgotten once it had served its purpose of providing an excuse for Bernice to vent her anger upon Margie.

The picture of Bernice lying there will stay long in my mind, and longer still in Blaine's. But it will fade in time, and so will Blaine's recollections of her jealousy, her thousand little pettish unkindnesses, her nagging—all the memories of that poor woman who was so entangled in the skeins of her own neurotic imaginings. They will all be forgotten, because I know that I can give Blaine something precious to replace them—a love as full, as kind, as understanding as it is humanly possible for me to make it. He will be able to remember without bitterness the woman who was destroyed at last by her own jealousy, because there is happiness ahead for the three of us—a life of happiness for Blaine and Margie and me. Time, and the love we share, will do their healing work.

Overheard

CORKED IN OIL

To preserve precious steel needles, place a small bottle in the sewing machine drawer . . . put your needles in it . . . and add a drop of machine oil. Insert the cork, and there will be no rusty needles when you come to use them. — Household hint prize-winner Myrtle Oland on Meet Your Neighbor with Alma Kitchell, the Blue Network.

CELLOPHANE COCKTAIL

Carrot juice cocktail in a cellophane bag is one of the latest wartime products. By dehydration a cocktail powder is prepared which contains celery and salt as well as carrots. Packed in moisture-proof, airtight, laminated cellophane packages, the product not only saves metal can, but much weight in transportation. — Watson Davis, Adventures In Science, CBS.

IN DEFENSE OF PA

There are mothers who tell the child to "wait until daddy comes home" when he has misbehaved. To thus use the father as a threat of punishment is unfair to the father . . . but even harder on the child. Punishment should be given immediately after the offending act and should be brief. — Dr. Harry Bakwin, Associate Professor of Pediatrics, New York University College of Medicine, guest speaker of The Baby Institute, the Blue Network.

IF THE ROUND ROBIN COMES HOME TO ROOST

Chain letters: Isn't it a stupid and foolish waste of time to copy a lot of drivel over and over . . . to spend good money for stamps . . . when our Post Office Department has all that it can do to handle important mail? It may be that these chain letters are kept in circulation by Axis agents who want to confuse us and make us waste our time. But whatever the source, don't, I beg of you, let yourself be intimidated or coerced into "not breaking the chain." Break it and break it quickly by throwing the chain letter away. —Kate Smith Speaks, CBS.

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS IN BLUE

The Commander of the submarine base at New London, Connecticut, where we went to put on our radio show, did not allow any officers and their wives to attend either of our broadcasts. The seating capacity was not too big and the Admiral said the show belonged to the boys . . . that they came first. Need I say more? —Kate Smith Speaks, CBS.

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SHE OPERATES SHIP'S RADIO

RADIO Officer Adeline Richards (Peggy, to her fellow-officers) has been serving on an eleven-thousand-ton Norwegian cargo boat for nearly two years. Back from her roughest-ever trip across the Atlantic, during which she got concussion, she is only waiting for her ship to refit before she will be off again.

Twenty-five years old, a five-foot blonde, Peggy is Australian-born of seafaring folk. She came to Britain for her first visit when she was four, then, arriving again at the age of nineteen, took a post as secretary to a cinema manager.

But the call of the sea was too much for her, and early in the war she began to make plans to get a berth afloat. "My mother was a nurse on board ship, both in the last war and in this one," Peggy says. But nursing did not appeal to Peggy so she thought up a better idea.

Although she knew that the British Merchant Service would not accept

By Mary Bradley

women as radio officers, she decided to take the training. Four months later, armed with her ticket, she tried first British shipping officers and then Norwegian. They were not interested. But she left her name and address, and sure enough in May 1941 a Norwegian line gave her her chance on a trip to Canada.

At first a number of the crew refused to sail with a woman on board; they reckoned that she would be a liability in an emergency. But the Captain told them they must sail or he would replace them. So they sailed.

Now Radio Officer Richards shares watches with a man radio officer, taking down news bulletins and warnings of Axis shipping, straight from the earphones to her typewriter. Messages are often received in code, but ship transmissions are made only in extreme emergency. Between-whiles Peggy

does clerical work for the Captain—paysheets, crew-lists, doctors' reports and so on. She also does odd mending jobs for the eleven officers.

First thing she does when she sails up the Hudson, is to go ashore and order a thick steak.

Peggy loves New York and its lights. After the war she'd like to settle down in Philadelphia.

Most of her outfit comes from the Women's Royal Naval Service. On the navy suit, however, she wears Merchant Service buttons, and she has a navy forage cap with the gold and velvet badge of the Merchant Service. Her shoulder flash labels her "AUSTRALIA." At sea she wears slacks, sea-boots and oilskins, and sleeps in her clothes till she reaches port again.

Peggy knows what it is to brave air attacks, torpedoes, E-boats, minefields and gales. But the call of the sea is stronger than ever. She will soon be back.



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you'll look prettiest in a fresh, rosy-beige powder like Pond's new Dreamflower "Dusk Rose." It's not too dark—not yellowy—makes your tan *glow!* Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, blonde society beauty says, "'Dusk Rose' is the most attractive summer shade I've ever found!"



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My Heart Remembers

Continued from page 28

river. For a while we wandered aimlessly along the path that bordered the high bank, and at last we found a spot on the bluff directly in the path the moon made across the water, and there we sat down on the grass. And there I learned what was wrong with Steven, what had dulled the life of his eyes, what had sent laughter away from his mouth, what had changed his joy of living into hate of living.

Steven was on convalescent leave, I found out. He didn't tell me much that first night on the riverbank—not as much as he needed to, to cleanse his mind and his heart of some of the dark places there—but I knew just the same that it was far more than he had told anyone else. Just the bare, grim outline of a climb up a fortified hill in Tunisia which Rommel's men had seeded thick with mines to blow up in our soldiers' faces as they climbed: a suicide task that didn't turn out to be quite suicide for Steven, but was worse, almost, than if it had, leaving him with memories that he could not shake off, injuries that took long months to heal—and injuries of another kind, leaving raw, sore spots in his mind and his soul that couldn't be healed so quickly.

SO he had come home—to news that his older brother, whom he had hero-worshipped all his life, had been killed in action in the Pacific. To news that his mother—the last of his family—had died a month before. "None of my folks are left," he finished, in that dull, tired voice of his.

My hand fumbled for his and held it hard. I couldn't find anything to say, but I guess that the tears in my eyes told him that I'd be his folks for as long as he was here.

That was the way it started. And things that start, nowadays, don't move slowly. I spent all my spare time with Steven, after that—knowing that I must, at first, and afterward because I wanted to. Especially after the second night, when we walked along the river again, and I asked him, "How long before you must go back, Steve?"

He stopped then, and swung around to face me, looking seriously down at me in the half-dark of the moonlight.

"I'm not going back."

He was silent, and as he turned a little, and the moonlight struck his face, I saw that he looked dazed, uncertain. And I knew then that this was the first time he had put that into words—that he had known it all along, and tried to hide it even from himself. Now it was spoken—out in the open, to be examined, to be talked about. "I'm not going back!"

I knew better than to talk about it then. Gently, I led the conversation away, around to other things. Now was the time to talk about the weather, about the music we heard, about anything and everything except the war. Because I was sure that if I tried, if I gave my whole self to it, I could help Steven find his way out of the maze of fear and desperation in which he had lost himself.

I didn't know that he would fall in love with me. I thought that I would help him to find his way of life again, not be his way of life. But that's what happened. And when he said to me, one night less than a week after we had met, "You're all I've got to live for, Susan!" what could I say? What

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could I say, except, "I'm glad, Steve."

Being with Steven was good for me, too. Because helping him fight his way out of his trouble was a full-time job, and it kept my mind off myself. I just didn't have time, during that first week, to sit and dream of Dick. With my job, and my service at the Canteen, and going out with Steven somewhere afterwards, I was so tired by the time I got to bed that I was grateful to drop into profound sleep, instead of lying awake to be sorry for myself as I used to do before Steven came along.

IT was a hard job, and a challenging one, to coax Steven's mind out of the protective wall of "I will not" which he had built around it. It was slow work, and it took careful planning so that I could be sure I never said or did the wrong thing. But I managed it. I managed it so that one night, about a month after I had met him, I could feel free to ask once again, "When are you scheduled to go back on duty?" And when he told me, as he had a month before, "I am not going back," I was so sure of myself that I wasn't afraid to reply, "Nonsense, of course you're going back, Steven!"

He shook his head, but I knew that I had won, all the same. There was reason in his eyes now, instead of dullness, and fear no longer lurked there.

"It wouldn't be so bad," he said, slowly, "if I had something to come back to, if every fighting day meant one day nearer coming home to something worth coming home for."

I leaned back against the bole of our favorite big tree—we were on the riverbank once more—and I said, lightly, "But not having someone to come back to ought to make it easier to leave, Steven."

He moved closer to me, then, and caught my hand in his in the gesture that was now so familiar. "It's you that makes it hard to leave, now, Susan," he told me. He sat very still a moment, holding tightly to my hand, and then he began to talk, to pour words out at me as if he were thinking aloud, as if he were trying to straighten out his own tangled, troubled thoughts.

"I'm not afraid, Susan, the way I was when you met me. Not the way I was, I say—which doesn't mean that I'm not afraid. A man's a fool, I think, not to be, in the face of danger and death. Sometimes I think that a lot of the men you hear stories about—the kind they say go laughing into battle—are just not smart enough to realize what they're up against. The real heroes are the fellows who know what the odds are against them—and then pull up their pants and cock their hats over



their eyes and do the job they're supposed to do in spite of knowing.

"But I'm not trembling in a blue funk anymore, Susan—and that's your doing. All yours. You've done—"

And then I was afraid. I was afraid of what he was going to say, afraid to let him go on. I disengaged my fingers and got to my feet.

"Steven, if I don't go home I'll never be able to get up in the morning. You're bad for me—I've been keeping disgraceful hours since I met you."

Reluctantly, he stood up beside me. "All right, Sue. I know you're cutting me off—you can't fool me. But there's plenty of time."

Only there wasn't plenty of time. Maybe if there had been, things would be different now. You see, when Steven called for me the next night, some of the fear was back in his eyes. A little muscle at the side of his mouth twitched tortuously, and his voice, when he spoke, was flat in an effort to keep it controlled.

But he only said, "Come along. Out to the river. I've got to talk to you."

And that was all he said, until we were seated side by side on the grass once more, his hand held tightly in mine. Even then he was silent for a little while, but when he did speak it sounded as if he were pronouncing sentence of death.

"I've got my orders. I've got to leave on Wednesday."

HE had to leave on Wednesday—and this was Friday. In less than a week, he must go. And for almost the first time, I had a personal feeling about Steven. Until then, I had considered him a sort of human problem, a challenge. But now I knew, with a swift pang, that I should miss him—dreadfully. He had become a part of my life, filling my days with thoughts of him, my evenings with his company. I remembered then, what I had tried to put out of my mind—that I was a woman, with a woman's feelings, and that Steven was a man. I didn't want any more of love—not even the kind of sweet affection that I felt welling up in me for poor Steve. Love, love of any kind, can hurt too much.

"Wednesday." He repeated it in that flat, dull voice—but now there was feeling behind it somewhere—the feeling that I had taught him. "Susan—I can't!"

I turned to face him squarely. "Yes you can, Steve. Don't you see, dear—it isn't just you. There are thousands of men all over the country who are hating the orders that send them away just as much as you are. And thousands of women who are finding out

Say Hello To—

JACKIE KELK, who as Homer Brown is the principal thorn in the side of Henry Aldrich, Thursday nights on NBC. At the age of eight, he made his stage debut with Madge Kennedy in "Bridal Wise." In 1934, he went to Hollywood for a role in "Born to Be Bold," with Loretta Young and Cory Grant. Born in Brooklyn, Jackie would have been a jockey if he had allowed his small size and his parents' suggestions to sway him. He felt more like acting, and so that is what he did. Funny Brice saw him in a play and brought him to radio, as her son "Oiving" in The Cohens. Roles in Terry and the Pirates and The Gumps were all he needed to help him decide that radio was the place for him. When he's not working as a bus boy at the Stage Door Canteen or doing a broadcast, he relaxes with his collection of swing and classical records, or in a gin rummy game.

what fear and heartbreak are, saying goodbye to those men. It isn't just you. It's everyone, in these days. It's something that has to be faced, and that's all there is to it."

"I could face it," he said. "I could face it—if you would face it with me. I could hate those orders and still go, if you were the woman who said goodbye to me."

I looked at him then, in a new way. I looked past the fears and the self-reproach, the anguish and the heartsickness. And I saw a man—the man Steven could be. Just a boy, really—a boy with a mouth shaped for laughter, fine, strong hands, and a fine strong heart, too.

With a quick movement, he got to his feet, held out a hand to me. And when he pulled me up, he caught me to him in one swift gesture, so that I was held in his arms, knowing the questing of his mouth, the touch of his hands, even as my mind cried: No—no—it's too soon. Not yet, not yet!

But his voice, soft and low and urgent, pushed back my thoughts. "Susan, oh, Susan—you'll never know, if I tell you from now till I die, how much I love you! But honey, it's more than just love. You're my life. You're what I live by now. You've made yourself to me, just as if I'd been dying, and you'd saved my life!"

I STOOD very still in his arms, not resisting, yet not answering his caresses, listening to the urgings of his voice. "Susan, if I knew that you were mine—mine to live for, and mine to come back to—I could face anything. I know you don't love me, honey, but if you'd wait for me, I know I could make you love me, little by little, when I come home. Susan—say you will! Say you'll marry me tomorrow!"

It was strange, how I felt. I was seeing Dick, then—and it was as if I were saying goodbye to him. I'd known before that love was not for Dick and me, but in a woman's heart hope dies hard. But another part of me was crying out to Steven. I wanted to hold him close to me, to tell him that his world was a safe world, that everything was all right. And almost without my own volition, I heard my voice saying, "Yes, Steve. Yes, I'll marry you. Tomorrow!"

After that, there were so many things to be done, so many plans to be made, that I didn't have time to think of anything but what I was doing from minute to minute.

I knew that I must take Steven out and introduce him to Mother and Dad. I'd hurt them badly enough when I came to live and work in the city—came with lame and feeble reasons to cover up the real one. I'd hurt them, too, by not coming out often to see them after I moved to town, because the excuses I offered for not coming were poor ones, too, and how could I explain that I didn't want to stay in the same room with Dick, couldn't sit across from him at the Sunday dinner table, couldn't have him walk with me to the bus when I left?

Steven and I almost ran away from our spot on the riverbank, and we just managed to catch the 8:30 bus which would take us to Riverdale, where I had lived most of my life. On the two-hour-long ride out there I sat very still, ordering my thoughts, telling myself that I was glad—proud—that Steven needed me. It was better to forsake a memory that, however sweet, would turn bitter under time's hand, for a reality that could be as sweet if I would let it be. Steven loved me because I

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had brought him life. I would forget my own hunger, feeding his.

But the nearer we got to Riverdale, the harder my heart pounded, until it made me feel weak and almost ill. And when we left the bus and walked up the long, familiar, elm-shaded street I thrust my arm through Steven's with an actual physical need for support.

"You'll love Mother and Dad," I told him, in a strained voice that was not my own. "They're wonderful people. And they'll love you."

"What about Dick?" Steve asked softly, and I knew that that question had been on his tongue since the moment I had proposed coming to Riverdale.

"He probably won't be home," I said. "He'll probably be out somewhere. And we won't stay long—just long enough for you to meet Mother and Dad. Here—this is the house."

THE front door wasn't locked; it seldom was before eleven or so. I opened it slowly, walked into the familiar, dimly-lighted hallway.

"Mother!" I called. "Mother, where are you?"

For a second there was silence. Then I heard footsteps upstairs, and I was answered.

"Susan! Susan, is that you?"
Dick!

He came down the stairs two at a time, smiling a welcome that lost some of its warmth when he saw Steven.

"Dick," I said, "this is Steven Day." And then I added—quickly, quickly, before he could say anything—"Steven and I are going to be married. I brought him home to have Mother and Dad meet him."

There was a brief silence which seemed to last a year before I could break it with, "Where are they, Dick?"

"Down at Cousin Ann's."

His voice was heavy. I found courage to look at him, and my heart careened to my throat. Oh, Dick—Dick, with your absurdly twinkling eyes, your square chin with the deep cleft in it, your abundant joy of living—Dick, big and gay, and all my life until now!

And so I turned to Steven, because I could not bear to look at Dick.

Dick turned away. "I'll call Mother," he said, and the spell of strangeness which filled the little room was broken. I had a peculiar feeling, when he turned away—as if he had closed a door between us forever. I waited for the hurt to sweep over me, the overwhelming grief, the sense of loss. But it didn't come, and I told my heart that I was incapable of more emotion.

After that, there was little time for thinking. Mother and Dad came hurrying home, bringing our cousins Ann and George with them. There was much questioning and exclaiming and handshaking and plan-making, and Mother cried a little, as mothers will, and Dad blew his nose to make sure no one would think he was crying, and patted Steve on the back.

Mother wanted us to be married, when we had obtained our special license next day, in the little church we'd always gone to. For a moment I thought: no, I can't! That would be too much! But then I realized that I really wanted to be married there, with my family and my friends around me—yes, even with Dick standing beside Steve at the end of the aisle, waiting for me.

I was a little frightened then—frightened, if you can understand this, because I wasn't afraid, because I wasn't afraid to be married to Steven with Dick standing by.

I linked my arm with Steven's as we walked down the elm-shadowed block. Somehow I didn't know how I felt, what I felt. I just wanted to cling to Steve, to feel his arm held tight against my body, to lean on him and let the rest of the world take care of itself.

Suddenly I began to cry, and turned into the shelter of Steve's arms, feeling his dear hands patting me awkwardly, man-fashion, trying to comfort me, hearing his voice close to my ear.

"Susan—don't cry, Honey, it's no good. We can't go through with it. I wouldn't make you go through with it. It's more important that you're happy than that I am dearest. I—"

But I put a hand up to his lips to stay the words. "No," I cried, "No. It's not that. I'm crying because—because—"

And then I knew. I was crying because I was free. I had made a mistake in running away, in not seeing Dick all those months. Perhaps, if I had stayed at home, I would have found out much sooner. Or perhaps I needed someone like Steve to show me the way.

I turned my face up to Steve's. "I love you, Steven. I want to marry you. I didn't really want to until now. But now I know. I know."

But what's the use of speaking words at a time like that? Lovers' mouths were made for kissing.

At last Steve pushed me away a little. "Do you mean it, Susan? Do you mean it?" And so sure was I, that I could laugh my assurance.

So sure was I that I could turn clear, free eyes to Dick and to the world next day when Steve and I stood before the altar in the little church. So sure that my voice rang a clear, firm, "I will!" to the minister's "... and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?"

So sure that now, now that Steven has gone back to his fighting, now that Dick, too, has gone to war, that I can carry their pictures together in the locket I wear. Steven, my beloved, my husband. And Dick—my brother.



AUGUST RADIO MIRROR On Sale Friday, July 9th.

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If Love Were All

Continued from page 49

roof, nights when I must cling to my courage as I would cling to a rope swinging me out over an abyss. Fourteen more nights . . .

I was wrong. There was not even one more such night.

The next day was warm and balmy, one of those days that sometimes come toward the end of winter, like a reminder of the spring that is still many weeks away. I had no desire to see spring come this year, but I was glad that the weather was so nice Tim could spend most of the morning and afternoon downtown, seeing old cronies. It would mean so much to him, these last few days before he went overseas, to feel that he was once again part of the town where he'd grown up. And it was better for both of us if he was out of the house.

He came home about five o'clock, though, and sat in the kitchen while I got supper ready, watching me in silence. There was something tense about that silence. It was not the companionable time I had known before, with Tim. It was crackling, electric.

Suddenly he spoke.

"What's the matter, Arda?" he asked quietly.

I WAS at the sink, my back to him, and I didn't want to turn around. But I did, because not to have done so would have appeared unnatural. "Matter?" I said. "Why—nothing. I don't know what you mean."

"You've changed a lot since you and Gene were married," he said, as if I hadn't spoken. "Aren't you happy?"

"Why, of course I'm happy," I said with a little laugh that seemed to rasp my throat. "And as for changing—well, I hope I've grown up a little bit. I should, you know."

Moving his muscular shoulders impatiently, he said, "That's not what I mean, and you know it, Arda. I think you know what I do mean. Why won't you tell me?"

"But really, Tim, there's nothing to tell! I can't imagine where you got such an idea—"

"You don't have to be afraid to tell me," he urged gently. "My Lord, I'm not blind. I can tell that—" He broke off and tried again. "Being in the Army has taught me things. Before I left I used to think Gene was just about perfect. Now I know he's probably not so easy to get along with. My fault, I guess—I spoiled him. But—"

I couldn't let him go on like this. His deep, worried voice was breaking down all my defenses; in another minute I'd have to say things that would show him the truth—that I'd lost whatever little-girl love I'd ever had for Gene, that I loved him, and only him.

"Oh, you're wrong, Tim," I cried, trying so hard to put earnestness into my voice that I sounded shrill. "Really you are. If I've seemed—quiet—it's because—well, maybe it's because you can't go through what Gene and I've gone through together without changing a little. And of course it makes me sad to think of you going overseas—"

I was throwing excuses at him, almost at random, and he knew it. His drooped, and he said, "All right. If you don't want to tell me—I guess it's maybe none of my business . . . except that I'd do anything in the world

to make sure that you and Gene were happy."

"I know you would, Tim dear." The words were muffled by the lump in my throat. "I know. But we are—really."

Without answering, he looked down at his hands, lying relaxed on his knees. They were big and brown, those hands, with a sprinkling of fine golden hairs on their backs, and square-cut, scrubbed-up nails. And if once, even by accident, one of them should touch me, at that moment all my determination would crumble away, and this ghastly farce I was playing would come to an end . . .

The slamming of the front door made us both start. My eyes flew to the electric clock over the sink, while quick, hard footsteps came down the hall. Six-thirty—even earlier than Gene usually got home. Before I saw him I knew from the thud of his heels against the hardwood floor that something—something terrible was going to happen.

His face was chalky in the glare of the kitchen light, and his eyes shifted back and forth from me to Tim when he spoke.

"Arda—I've got to leave town. Right away. You better come with me. Just throw some things into a suitcase and come on. We'll go in the car. I'll tell you all about it when we've started—no time now."

THAT'S how he talked—in short, bitten-off sentences, breathlessly, as if he'd been running. It was odd that just then I was more impressed by the way he shot out the words than by the words themselves. Because what he was saying didn't make any sense.

"Come on!" he said when I didn't move. "I tell you we've got to hurry! Bring all the money you've got in the house—we'll need all we can lay our hands on—but don't bother about too many clothes—"

Tim must have realized it was hysteria, the hysteria of blind panic, before I did. He stood up, walked across the room, and took Gene by both shoulders.

"What's the matter?" he asked tightly. "What's happened?"

Gene tried to squirm out from under Tim's hands. "I tell you there isn't time to explain now!" he insisted, his voice rising to a scream.

"There's always time to explain when a guy rushes in and starts talking about leaving town at a second's notice," Tim said with a calmness that didn't exactly fit the out-thrust angle of his jaw.

But now, for the first time, Gene's face became ugly. Fury was there, mingled with the fear. One clenched fist came up, aimed for Tim's jaw. Tim saw it, and twisted his body without letting go of Gene so the blow cut through empty air. He began to shake Gene, and he said, "Don't try that again, you crazy little mug. Now, you tell us what this is all about. What have you done?"

The question rang through the room like the beat of an immense bell. Its sound was horribly real, cutting through the confusion of Gene's sudden appearance and his babbling insistence that he had to leave town; releasing the spell that had held me with every muscle tense and still, so that I slumped back against the cold rim of the sink.

What had Gene done? Because of course his panic was born of guilt. Tim had seen that, had had the cour-

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age to recognize it and bring it out into the open.

As if he too saw that there was no hope of erasing that question, once it had been asked, Gene went limp under Tim's hands. He was still shaken with fear, but sullenness had replaced his fury.

"All right," he said quickly. "I'll tell you about it, and then maybe you'll see why I've got to get out of here. I'm in a jam. It's nothing I meant to do, but—Herb Miller, Arda's heard me talk to him on the phone, wanted to get a look at some blueprints for a new type of direction-finder we're developing out at the plant. He said he was from Berryman's—you know, they're a competing firm."

Tim nodded impatiently, as if all this were something he'd heard before, or could have guessed.

"Well," Gene said querulously, "he had an employment badge from Berryman's, he showed it to me once. And he knew all about the direction-finder. He mentioned it first. And the damn thing's no good anyway—we've been working on it six months and haven't been able to get it right. So I thought, if he's crazy enough to—I mean, it was just one gib outfit trying to find out what the other one was making—"

"You knew better than that," Tim snapped. "But let it go. How much did he pay you?"

GENE hesitated, trying not to answer, but Tim's will was stronger. "S-seven hundred and fifty," he said, his face turned away from Tim's demanding gaze.

Tim winced, as if someone had thrust a knife into his flesh, but all he said was, "So you gave him the blueprints. Then what happened?"

"I didn't give him the prints," Gene declared. "I only let him have them overnight, so he could look at them." He said it with great insistence, as if it made all the difference in the world, but Tim didn't move, his face didn't relax, and after a moment Gene went on. "That was last night. He gave me back the prints this morning, before I went to work, and I put them back . . ."

"Well?"

"I stopped in at Berger's tonight on my way home, for a beer, and Harold down there told me Miller's been arrested. The FBI grabbed him this afternoon, just a couple hours ago." Panic seized him again. "That's why I've got to get out, don't you see? Maybe Miller copied the prints—"

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"Maybe!" Tim interjected sardonically.

"—And if they find them on him they'll want to know where he got them. He'll tell about me—or even if he doesn't, people around town've seen me with him. The FBI'll know as soon as they begin to ask questions—"

Suddenly Tim released him, let go of his shoulders with a little push that sent him thudding back against the door frame.

"You crazy dope!" he said. "You damn sneaking fool!"

Gene straightened himself and moved a few steps away from the door. Tim's violence seemed to have given him back a little of his courage—enough at least to make him say defiantly, "Well, you wanted to know about it."

Tim turned his back on him.

I had been waiting, all this time. For all the attention either of them paid to me, I might as well not have been in the room at all. If only I hadn't! But I knew that the moment would come when I could no longer stand on the edge of their conflict, watching it. Inevitably, I would become its center. And now—

"Are you going to get ready and come with me, Arda?" Gene asked bluntly, like an ultimatum.

Before I could answer, Tim spun around. "Of course she's not!" he cried. "She didn't have anything to do with you—your treachery! Good Lord—talk about the Japs being slimy rats! They didn't stab their own country in the back, anyway!"

Gene's eyes narrowed. "You let Arda do her own talking," he ordered. "And cut out the flag-waving, too." He turned back to me. "How about it? Are you coming with me or do you want to make like you never knew me at all?"

EVEN in my heart-sickness, I recognized his unerring instinct for touching me upon my most vulnerable point. I could have refused him if he had begged and pleaded. But by appealing to my loyalty, my pride, he was cunningly making a refusal infinitely harder. I couldn't answer. I covered my face with my hands, wishing I could blot out my marriage, my association with him, as easily as I blotted his image out of my sight.

"Gene," I whispered. "How could you do this? How could you?"

"All right," he said, impatient to bring this delay to an end and be on his way making his voice razor-edged. "I shouldn't have done it, but I did, and now I've got to beat it."

"You can't get away," Tim said. "If they want you, they'll get you. Where can you go where they won't find you?"

"I've got the money Miller gave me," Gene insisted with a kind of sly stubbornness. "It'll take me a long way. I'll go to—" But he stopped, and then added suspiciously, "Never mind where I'll go. That's my business. But I'm going! And Arda's coming with me."

Something exploded inside me—like a rocket, soaring free into the air. For Gene had over-reached himself. He had given me the key that released me from him forever. "Arda's coming with me." He'd said it so positively. Even in this last extremity of danger—even now, when he was running away—he found it important to assert his power over me. As always, he needed my allegiance, to build up his own vision of himself as a daring, wonderful, clever fellow. But this time he could not have it.

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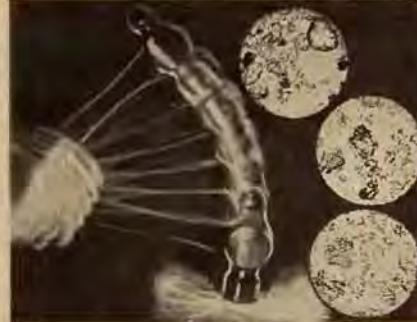
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"No," I said. "I'm not going with you, Gene. If you go, you'll have to go alone."

He hated me then. I saw it in the sick starkness of his eyes. And he hated Tim too. He wanted to hurt us both. He laughed. "All right. I might have known you couldn't take it." His head was thrust forward a little, and his eyes darted glitteringly back and forth while he searched his mind for something cruel and bitter. He found it. "Nice for you, Tim. This time you'll have a clear field with her, won't you?"

The darkness of the hall swallowed him up. For a few minutes we heard him moving about upstairs. Then he came down and the front door closed behind him, and the house was very quiet.

The vegetables on the stove had boiled dry. Mechanically I reached out and turned off the gas. Behind me I heard the creak of a chair as Tim sat down, and the hiss of a lighted match. If only we need never talk! If we could wipe out the memory of Gene, make Tim without a brother and me without a husband!

"I'm not hungry," I said at last in a voice I hardly recognized as my own. "Are you, Tim?"

"No."

"Then let's get out of this kitchen, can't we?" It was so ridiculous, this sudden compulsion I felt to move from the kitchen into another room—as if it made any kind of difference! But we'd been here for years—centuries. If we didn't watch out we'd be here forever, hemmed in between the same four walls.

"Watch it." Tim spoke from just behind my shoulder, gently, warningly. He'd seen how near I was to breaking down entirely. He touched me . . .

A WAVE, cresting in from some wide, dark sea, lifted me and flung me into his arms. I clung there, sobbing, whispering broken words of endearment that seemed to be spoken by my heart, not my lips at all. Time didn't exist any longer, nor space—there were only Tim and me, the two of us, lost in a whirling ecstasy.

Sanity came back, finally. I was on the couch in the living room, every muscle of my body weak, relaxed, and Tim sat beside me, holding one of my hands in his. He had touched a match to the fire, and the little flames, like cats' tongues, crackled and snapped avidly over the dry wood. For a long time, theirs was the only sound. Even when Tim spoke he did not seem to break the silence so much as to underline it.

"It was my fault," he said. "All of it. For a year, now, I've tried not to believe that, but after tonight I can't kid myself any more. Ever since Pa and Ma died, I've seen to it that there was never anything Gene wanted that he didn't get—one way or another. He never had a chance to grow up. I wouldn't let him."

"That isn't true, Tim." The words came without any thought from me. They had to be said, that was all. "People like Gene are what they are. You can't change them. I tried. But I think I knew all the time that someday—something like this would happen."

"Yes—you tried," he assented. "Thanks to me, it had to be you that tried."

"You thought you were helping us, Tim. You weren't to blame . . ."

He raised his head, and in the firelight I saw the anguish in his eyes.

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"You never knew the whole story," he said. "You thought Gene wanted to marry you, but couldn't because he didn't have a job, security. I knew that—that wasn't so. Gene didn't want to marry anyone. He—wanted you. That was all. And I was afraid . . . he's always been so clever at getting around people, and I knew you loved him . . . I was afraid he might get what he wanted. But I knew he wanted money, too. So I made a bargain with him. He could have my share of our inheritance if he'd marry you.—Oh, it wasn't as blunt as all that. It wasn't a deal, in so many words, but we understood each other. And by coming to you first, telling you my plan before I told him, I put him into a position he couldn't get out of very easily, even if he'd wanted to."

MY fingers were gripping his hand so tightly that the long nails cut into his flesh, hurting him. Hours later I saw the red, curved scars. But now neither of us was conscious of anything but Tim's slow, painful words.

"And I thought I was doing something wonderful for you, too," he went on bitterly. "I was that much of a fool. I didn't see what a low trick I was really playing on you, or how impossible it was that Gene would settle down and be a model husband. All I could see was the fine, big sacrifice I was making." His mouth twisted into a soundless laugh. "I was being noble. Fixing it so the girl I loved, but who didn't even know I existed, got married to my brother."

"Oh, Tim! Tim, my darling! I never knew."

"No, you never knew. But Gene must have, or he wouldn't have said that, tonight, about me having a clear field with you this time. He's known, and it's eaten into him so that—He might have been different if he hadn't known."

"No." I shook my head decisively. "That's something you mustn't reproach yourself for, Tim. I think it pleased Gene to know that he had—something you wanted. It gave him the queer kind of happiness that was the only kind he understood."

Tim sighed and got to his feet. "I had to tell you this—tonight, before they come here looking for Gene and things get all messed up. Even if you hate me for it."

"How could I hate you?" I asked, with something between a sob and a laugh. "How can I hate somebody I love?"

"I used to imagine how it would be to hear you tell me you loved me," he said. "The way you imagine something that's impossible. I still can't believe—" He knelt beside me, kissed me on my lips, my eyes, my throat, my lips again. But he whispered brokenly, "And now that you have told me, I'm in the Army, going away soon, and Gene's—we don't know where he is, we may never know, and you'll still be married to him."

The hopelessness of his words couldn't, just then, get past the rim of my mind. It was enough for me that we were together, for this little hour out of time, enough to feel him near me while the fire crackled and burst into spurts of flame and then died again.

The ringing of the bell was like a whip against our ear-drums. At first, as Tim sprang to his feet, we didn't know whether it was the door or the telephone. Then, when it came again,

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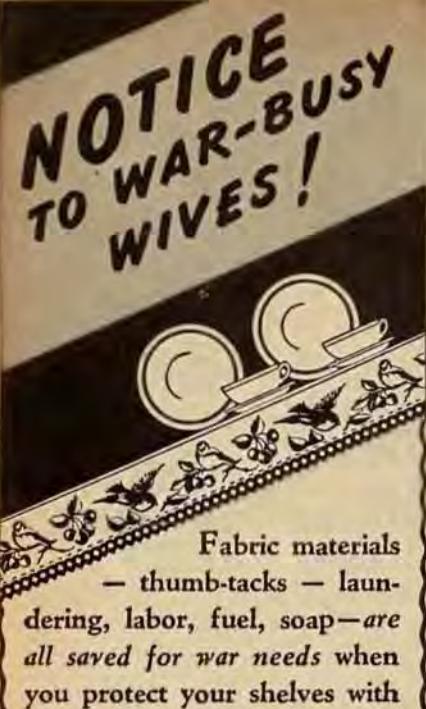
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we knew it was the latter, and Tim went out into the hall.

"Hello? . . . Yes . . . This is Mrs. Gorman's brother-in-law. Is there anything . . .?"

He didn't say anything more. I waited, while the pulse of a dreadful apprehension beat faster and faster in me. Suddenly, without a sound, he was back, standing just within the door. The fire was so nearly out I could not see his face, only the bulk of his body, ghostly in its khaki.

"Arda," he said. "That was the police at Westerton. The grade-crossing near there—Gene was speeding, trying to cross it against the signal. The train—"

He stopped, and after a moment I finished for him.

"Gene's dead," I said. "Is that what you're trying to tell me, Tim?"

"Yes."

AFTER all the dreadful activity of the funeral, the house was a refuge. I came into it alone, and went about pulling up shades so that the healing sunlight could enter.

I hadn't had to talk to the FBI men. I had Tim to thank for that. He had told them all they wanted to know and I would never inquire into the details of that interview. It was enough for me that it had been agreed to let Gene take the secret of his treachery with him. No one knew that he had been running away when the train struck him—no one except Tim and me and the government men.

When we were alone for a minute, the night before, Tim had said. "They've given me back the money Gene had on him—the seven hundred and fifty dollars and a little more. I—I thought maybe I'd give it to the Red Cross, unless—" He ended on a questioning note.

"I'd like that," I said, "very much." And he smiled, as if to say he'd known that would be my answer.

Now, in a few minutes, Tim would come in, and—But I couldn't see past that moment of his return. I couldn't predict what I would find the courage to say to him.

I was sitting beside the window when he came up the walk from the street and I didn't move to greet him. I watched, as if I couldn't watch enough, the controlled grace of his stride, the way his muscles flexed under his uniform, the quick glance up at the porch as he reached the steps. Just so, if things had been different, I might have sat at this window late every day, watching him come home to me.

In the hall, he hesitated to look in, then came to my side. "Hello, Arda," he said quietly.

"Hello, Tim."

"It's over."

"Yes."

With a sigh, he tossed his cap on the sofa and sat down near me.

"What are you going to do now, Arda?" he said.

"I don't know. I—haven't thought much about it."

"You ought to go away somewhere—have a rest."

"Yes. Perhaps."

Suddenly he burst out furiously, "It's the devil—knowing that I've got to leave so soon and be gone for—for so long. There's things I want to say to you, and this isn't the time or place for them, but I'll say them anyway. I love you—I'll always love you—and if you'll wait until I come back—"

I slipped to my knees beside him. "Tim," I said, "wait. Maybe this is going to shock you. As you said, this isn't the time nor place for talking about how much we need each other. But we've made so many mistakes—I don't want us to make another, just because we're afraid of conventions and proprieties. There's a little chance for happiness left to us. Let's take it—take it now. Let's go away together, tonight, and be married tomorrow, in Chicago or wherever you want to go."

He held me with his eyes for a long time before he said, "Are you sure, Arda? You know what it would mean to you?"

"I know," I answered. "Nobody here will understand. I won't be able to come back and live in this town. It will hurt Mother and Father, for a while. All right. I'd rather have it that way than let people know what Gene really was. I'd rather they'd blame me than Gene. We owe him that much—and it really doesn't matter. We'll know we're doing the right thing, and that's all that counts."

"You're brave, Arda," Tim said humbly. "I wanted to ask you—but I was afraid."

Tears came into my eyes, and I tried to blink them away. "I was afraid too, of what you'd think. I didn't know, until I was actually doing it, if I'd have courage enough to tell you what I wanted."

Without a word, he knelt beside me, holding me in his arms. It seemed right, somehow, that we should be there, in the attitude of prayer, because there was a prayer for the future in both our hearts.

THE END

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Come Back, Beloved!

Continued from page 25

shut a door between us, barring me out. So I had to wait, until rare moments like these, when he felt like talking.

"You're the best printer in the state," I said. "You're not beneath anybody."

He thought about that for a moment. "The best printer," he said, "but only a printer, eh? Julie's folks, they came over here on the Mayflower, or something. And she's a college graduate."

I took a deep breath. I tried not to let him see how it hurt me to hear him talk about Julie, and yet how eagerly I waited for every word.

"Well," I told him, "my father says a good printer is a real artist, and that the people in the trade have a lot of respect for you. He heard of you before I came to work for Interstate Press."

It made him feel better, I was sure. Later at dinner, he told me more about Julie, about how they had met, and fallen in love, and why she had walked out of their apartment two years ago and hadn't come back.

WHEN she'd first met Michael, Julie had already been making a place for herself in the advertising business. She was clever, very clever, in many ways. She could write radio commercials that snapped and crackled. She could assist in the planning of a whole campaign, from helping to put the radio show together, to getting out the brochures; the printed material that sold the advertising to the trade—that was how she happened to meet Michael Shannon.

She'd come into the print shop one evening with the stride of a tigress, waving a proof in her hand. She was furious. Something had gone wrong, hadn't come out the way she had planned it, and Julie was the kind of girl who couldn't stand not having things come out the way she planned.

She'd bumped into Michael, the foreman. He didn't have to tell me what had happened then. I was sure that under the spell of his blarney, the tigress had turned to a starry-eyed kitten.

She'd been in the printing plant several times after that, for no urgent reason, or rather none that was apparent from the looks of the proof. And once, while they were bending together over a printed page, their heads and their hands had touched, and he'd drawn a heart, instead of the corrections she'd suggested. He'd put his initials in one side of the heart, and Julie had laughed and written her telephone number in the other.

They were married, although her family, her friends, every one but Julie herself, had felt it wouldn't turn out right. Even Michael had known that danger must surely lie ahead. But then, Michael never was one to avoid a thing simply because it was dangerous.

That was as much as Michael told me that evening at dinner, except that they had fought bitterly, and that when they weren't fighting they were making love. She'd walked out of their apartment one day leaving half

her things. She was afraid, he said, that if she'd stayed to pack them, she would have stayed forever.

When he had finished talking, he sat there across the table from me, staring at nothing. It hurt me to see that blank, hopeless look on his face. "Let's dance," I said.

He got up to dance, and then he heard what the orchestra was playing, an old song, "If I Forget You."

"We won't dance to that," he said, sitting down.

I DIDN'T have to ask why. I knew it must have been their favorite, his and Julie's. I reached across the table and put my hand on top of his.

We went out together a lot after that. I felt he was lonely for the company of a girl he could talk to, a girl he could respect. There were other women in his life. I knew that. Once when I found a bobby pin in his car, a dark hairpin that surely wasn't mine, I tried to hide my jealousy by teasing him about it.

"Who is she?" I asked.

He shut me up quickly. "She's nobody you'd want to meet."

I didn't ask any more questions after that, though I couldn't help feeling a little jealous, a little hurt, and so I consoled myself with the thought that she didn't mean a thing to him, that she was some one he couldn't respect.

He did respect me. I had that to cling to. But sometimes I felt . . . well, that the only reason he was with me so much was that he knew his heart was

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Just rub it on the gums

safe, that he wasn't going to fall in love with me.

I didn't know what to do. I had fallen so terribly in love. I used to look forward to those good times we had, dancing, bowling, and those lovely long rides in his car. And once in a while we'd spend a whole Sunday at a nearby lake resort, just the two of us, together. And yet I felt that I had become a habit to him, that it would go on and on like this until one day he would tire of it, and that would be the end.

Then came that horrible Fourth of July.

I'd been looking forward to it for weeks. The plant would be closed, of course, and I'd told myself that we'd have a long, glorious day together, Michael and I. Perhaps we'd spend our time at the lake, or maybe we'd go on a picnic somewhere, just the two of us, or to one of the resorts where there'd be the amusement park in the daytime and dancing and fireworks at night. It didn't really matter to me where we went—as long as we were together.

But the Fourth kept getting nearer and nearer, and Michael didn't say a word about it. Finally I simply couldn't stand it any longer, and I asked him, very casually—as I knew you had to do with Michael, by that time, to get anything out of him—what he was going to do on the Fourth. I thought surely that would bring our plans out into the open, but it turned out that there weren't any *our* plans.

"I don't know," he said. "Not much I guess—hang around with some of the boys." And when I tried to press the point, he repeated with emphasis, "I don't know!" and closed his mouth into a firm, hard line that told me I'd better not ask any more questions if I knew what was good for me.

I SWALLOWED the lump that rose in my throat, and told myself that there was still time. But the next day went by, and the next, and then it was the Fourth of July, and I was home, without any idea where Michael was.

Most of the day I sat home, hoping he'd call, but he didn't. So of course I was just in the right mood when one of the girls from the office telephoned to suggest I go out with her and some friends of hers. "Just because we're a bunch of old maids without dates on the holiday is no reason why we shouldn't have some fun," she persuaded. "We're going to the Patio."

I'd heard about the Patio. It was a big, noisy night club on the east side of town. It had a floor show people talked about in whispers and a reputation that was nothing to be proud of. But after all, I told myself, it would be fun to find out what a place like that was like. Michael often went to places like that. Besides, there'd be six of us—surely that would be safe enough.

"All right," I said, making up my mind swiftly, "I'll go."

We took a table near the wall, in one of the booths. It wasn't long before we began to hear a woman's shrill laughter in the booth next to us. It was a sharp, grating laugh that cut right through the pounding, brassy noise of the orchestra.

Suddenly the orchestra stopped. And then, from the booth where that woman was, I heard the voice of a man—and the next thing I knew the girls were telling me I had turned as white as a sheet.

Yes, it was Michael's voice, and yet it wasn't, for it was the voice of a man who wasn't himself. I had never seen Michael drunk before. I had never heard him talk like that.

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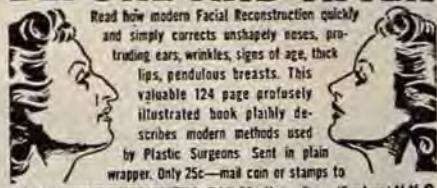


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Golden Peacock BLEACH CREME
25 Million Jars Already Used

The orchestra started playing again and Michael got out and stood in the aisle. They were going to dance. He hadn't seen me yet. I turned my face away from him. And suddenly one of the girls said, "Look, there's Michael Shannon," and I had to look.

Our eyes met, Michael's and mine. He seemed to sober up in an instant.

"Ann!" he said.

And the next moment the woman had staggered out of the booth and had thrown her arms around his neck.

"Kiss me," she demanded.

I couldn't stay there. I got up and left, as rapidly as I could without running, threading my way between tables and around the dance floor and out through the heavy glass doors. I stood outside for an instant, looking tearfully up and down the street, not knowing which way to run. Then I felt one of the girls put her arm around my shoulder.

"I'll go home with you, Ann," she said. Blindly I turned and followed her down the street to the bus stop, not able to think, not wanting to think.

I could hardly look at Michael the next day in the plant. I hurried through my work and left as quickly as I could so he wouldn't ask to drive me home.

I WENT home on the bus. When I got off, I saw there was a car in front of our house—Michael's car. In the night shadows I saw him sitting on the porch steps, waiting for me.

He got to his feet when he saw me coming.

"I want to talk to you, Ann," he said.

I drew a hand across my forehead. "What is there to say?" I said.

"Ann," he said, "you know I've never lied to you. I've never said there weren't other women."

"No," I said flatly, "you've never said there weren't other women."

"Look, Ann," he said, "I know you wanted to go to the beach . . ."

"It doesn't matter," I said.

"But it does," he insisted. "Only . . . well, when you mentioned it, it was just after I'd gotten some news—some news about my wife." He paused a moment. "My ex-wife," he said. "She went ahead with the divorce."

I wanted to put my arms around his neck, to comfort him, tell him that it didn't matter, for I saw how badly hurt he was. But just knowing he was hurt made me realize how much he was still in love with Julie.

"I'm sorry, Michael," I said. "I suppose you're terribly in love with her."

He didn't say yes or no. "I wanted to go out and get drunk," he said.

"I understand," I told him.

"But I don't think you do," he insisted. "That woman—she didn't . . . she couldn't mean anything to me. That kind never does. But you—you're different. You're like a friend to me—you're my pal."

The hot tears stung my eyes, and I couldn't force them back. A pal. What girl could ever want anything less from the man she loves than to be called a pal? But he didn't have to tell me—I knew how he felt. "You're my pal . . ." as if he had to remind me that he didn't care about me any other way.

"Good night, Michael," I managed, and I hurried past him, fumbling for my keys, half blind with tears.

His hand reached out, caught my arm. We stood very still for a moment, and I felt every movement in that hard, muscular hand—even the white lead-burn at the base of his thumb, the place I had wanted to kiss some-



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times, and then been ashamed of my foolishness. All this in the space of a second that seemed like all the years of my life.

And then I was in his arms. I knew how strong he was, how hungry his mouth bruising mine. I had known how this would feel, how the blood would pound in my throat and in my temples, how my whole body would turn to water so that my weight hung limply in his arms.

"Let's get married tonight!"

For a moment I couldn't believe that he had actually said it. And then I thought all the wild things that other women must have thought in circumstances like those from the beginning of time. He doesn't mean it... but if I do, I'll make it up to him... he'll be sorry tomorrow... but I'll make him love me....

"Oh, yes, Michael," I whispered against his ear. "Oh, yes!"

And that was how it was—one moment I felt that my last hope was gone, and the next moment I had more than I had dared to hope for in my wildest dreams.

ONCE he had made up his mind, it seemed as if Michael couldn't get started fast enough. He hardly gave me time to throw a few things into a bag, to write a note to leave behind me. Then we were off in the car, driving to Elkton, just over the Maryland border—driving like mad all the way, as if Michael were trying to escape all that he had left behind him.

We got to Elkton hours too early. The town was still in bed.

"There's a—a hotel around here somewhere," Michael said uncertainly as he parked the car in front of the place where you get your marriage license. "If you want..."

I shook my head. "Michael, darling—it's such a lovely, warm night. Let's stay here, in the car."

He didn't say anything. For a moment we sat very still, and I felt cold, even though the night was stifling. Then Michael opened his arms to me, and I crept into the shelter of them, and I spent the next two hours—I think they were the happiest hours I will ever know in my life—half-asleep, half-asleep, safe in Michael's arms, his lips hard against my forehead.

We were married in the morning. And if it had been up to Michael, he would have chucked his job then and there and taken me away for a honeymoon. It was I who suggested we go back to his apartment. I knew he was badly needed at the plant.

"We can arrange for a honeymoon later," I said.

So we went back to the little two-room apartment where he lived.

"It's a messy little place I'm taking you to," he said.

I laughed. "That's my job from now on," I told him. I was terribly happy.

He carried me across the doorway. Leave it to Michael to think of that. And when we got inside, I saw he was right. The living room looked as if it had been visited by a cyclone. The curtains looked as though they hadn't been washed since... I didn't want to say her name, not even to myself... since she had left.

I went into the tiny bedroom. The bed was unmade, of course.

"Michael darling," I said, "where do you keep the clean linen—the sheets and pillow cases, for instance?"

He gave me a strange look. For a man who had just been married, he didn't seem so happy.



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When feet burn, calloused sting and every step is torture, don't just groan and do nothing. Rub on a little Ice-Mint. Frosty white, cream-like, its cooling soothing comfort helps drive the fire and pain right out... tired muscles relax in grateful relief. A world of difference in a few minutes. See how Ice-Mint helps soften up corns and callouses too. Get foot happy today, the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.

Let Nadinola's 3-way action help you LIGHTEN, BRIGHTEN DULL, DARK SKIN and clear up freckles, surface pimples, loosen ugly blackheads, too!

Don't give in to unlovely skin! Try famous Nadinola Cream, used and praised by thousands of lovely women. Nadinola is a 3-way treatment cream that acts to lighten and brighten dark, dull skin—clear up externally caused pimples—fade freckles—loosen blackheads. Used as directed, its special medicated ingredients help to clear and freshen your skin—to make it creamy-white, satin-smooth. Start today to improve your complexion—buy Nadinola Cream! Full treatment-size jar only 55¢, with money-back guarantee; trial size 10¢. Or write Nadinola, Dept. 24, Paris, Tenn.

"In the bedroom closet," he said, "Julie used to . . ."

He stopped when he saw my face. I must have looked as though he had stabbed me.

"In the closet," he said again, flatly.

I turned quickly away. "I'll get them," I said, trying to control my voice. Julie, Julie, I thought. Why does she have to interfere with us now?

I went to the closet and opened it, and began shoving aside his suits. And suddenly I couldn't repress a little cry. For in the back of the closet were a woman's clothes. Dusty dresses. Julie's dresses, in his . . . in our bedroom closet.

And so Ann starts her married life with Michael—and with the memory of Julie standing between them. Can there be happiness for Ann, in spite of her love for Michael, or for Michael himself, who persists in cherishing his dream? Read the exciting second instalment of "Come Back, Beloved!" in the August RADIO MIRROR.

That We May Serve

Continued from page 38

find these stamps on the comparatively small pieces of meat you buy," he explained, "but you will find it on the big wholesale pieces from which your meat is cut—always! Consequently your butcher will have no trouble proving he's doing an honest business—if he is!"

Then he reminded Ruth and his wife, Helen, that it was simple enough, after all, to ask to see the wholesale piece of meat from which their order was cut any time the price was excessive.

Ruth told me she didn't sleep well that Sunday night. She was unhappy because she had bought Black Market meat, of course. She says she felt a traitor and a fool, too. Also, she kept rehearsing what she was going to say to the butcher in the morning. She hated the thought of a scene. I guess the Black Market thieves know how we all hate scenes—and count on this, among other things, for their protection.

MONDAY morning, soon as Ruth Smith had her breakfast dishes done and her beds made, she marched straight to the butcher shop and told the butcher he had charged her too much for her roast. She asked to see the wholesale piece from which it had been cut or—if that particular piece was gone—another wholesale cut. He evaded her request. He was busy, he said. He made joking remarks about folks who had bought a fine roast like hers not knowing when they were well off.

It seemed to her this proved he was deliberately dealing with the Black Market. So she went over to her local rationing board. In just no time at all, it seems, she got to an official who felt as strongly about the source of her roast as she did. "Too many women let matters like this slide," he told her. "They feel anything they can do alone won't count. That's wrong! In these times it's every woman's duty to do whatever she can do. Her effort multiplied by the number of housewives in the United States has power—power enough to wipe out Black Markets overnight!"

Right then and there, while she waited in the office, that official referred her transaction with her butcher to the regional OPA. And I'm happy to

DO YOU KNOW *

POISON IVY

...WHEN YOU SEE IT?

Here's how to spot this "snake in the grass"! Poison Ivy has 3 leaves. The leaves are oily—have a waxy appearance. And, as seen above, they are pointed like spearheads.

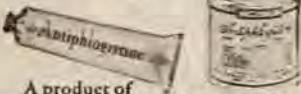
Beware! Poison Ivy grows everywhere—from backyard to backwoods. KNOW IT WHEN YOU SEE IT! And know what to do if you get it!

Don't scratch those Poison Ivy blisters. That spreads it. Instead use ANTIHLOGISTINE! Apply ANTIHLOGISTINE, at room temperature, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick on gauze or cotton cloth. Change the dressing every 8 to 12 hours. ANTIHLOGISTINE eases the itching. It helps to promote healing.

Here's an efficient first aid dressing! Keep it in your home for many emergencies! ANTIHLOGISTINE'S ALL-AROUND USEFULNESS: for burns, sprains, strains, muscular lumbago, chest cold symptoms—ANTIHLOGISTINE is always a friend in need!

Antiphlogistine

Always keep a package handy for emergencies.



A product of The Denver Chemical Mfg. Co., New York, N.Y.
"Save this picture to help you identify Poison Ivy."

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Take orders now—Super Value Victory Line—20 Beautiful Designs \$10 for \$1, to 23 for \$1.25. Name Imprinted. Call NATIONAL, 11-1212. Other Lines—11-1212. Cards \$1.00 each. Expensive Photo-Cards, Tins, Foil, Glitter, Currier & Ives, Glitter Boxes, Gift-Wraps, Religious, Every day. 21 A.M. on approval. FREE SAMPLES of Super Value Line. Don't Write Unless You Mean Business. SUNSHINE ART STUDIOS, 113 Fulton St., Dept. MA, New York City.



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It is no longer necessary to scrub and scour toilet bowls to insure complete toilet sanitation. A detailed report by eminent scientific authorities shows how quickly and thoroughly Sani-Flush cleans toilet bowls without messy work. It proves—without a shadow of doubt—that Sani-Flush is one toilet cleaner which is perfectly safe in all types of septic tanks, used according to the simple directions on the can.

FREE FACTS: This authoritative report is available for use by septic tank owners. It's free. For complete information just address a post-card to The Hygienic Products Company, Dept. KK, Canton, Ohio.

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Beautify your FORM

Contour

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Your flat bustline can be amazingly beautified into full and alluring contours. Or, if you are the pendulous type, it can be rounded into high and youthful loveliness. All you have to do is follow the easy directions on exercise, nutrition, hygiene, diet, etc., given in the great medically-endorsed book, *THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO BUST CULTURE*. Adopt these simple, self-help measures at once and your bust will positively appear full, firm and shaped to give you the proud, glamorous curves which make you more attractive than ever.

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Free: Generous sample, write postcard to Poslam, Dept. 7-W, 254 W. 54 St., N.Y.C.

POS LAM

say that butcher, as well as the group of Black Market racketeers from whom he bought meat, have been dealt with—as they deserved.

That's the story, just as she told it to me. . . . It set me to thinking. . . . It set me to thinking how full the hands of women are in this war. . . . Many of us are closer to the firing line than women ever were before. The WAACS, WAVES, SPARS, and Women Marines, in their pretty, practical uniforms, are being sent to many important places. We're part of vital assembly lines, too. Some of us, of course, spend much of our time at home. We have to! We contribute to Victory, too. We have little ones who are busy growing up straight and strong. We have big ones who are working hard in defense plants, on farms, in offices and shops where they're short-handed because so many already have left.

And it just stands to reason all these people have to be well fed.

Ordinarily—I know—it's easy enough to get up savory dishes that please the appetite and supply bodies with the necessary mineral salts, proteins, carbohydrates, vitamins and fats. But right now I know how much figuring and allotting and reallotting of ration stamps it takes to make a family's points provide healthy, tempting meals throughout a week. That's why I'm always urging folks to try my recipes, especially those which are fine meat substitutes and such. . . .

This is an all-out war. We hear this on the radio. We read it in our magazines and newspapers. But often we don't fully grasp what it means. We think all-out means more men, more planes, more ships, more war bonds, more bombs, higher taxes. It does. But it means more too. It means, among other things, women serving in the armed forces, working on assembly lines. It also means women working as nurses' aids and in AWVS enterprises. Women hoeing Victory gardens and preserving summer crops. Women turning in fats for explosives and old stockings for parachutes. And every woman in the land appointing herself a vigilant committee of one to see that no Black Market meat or vegetables or eggs or anything else enters her home-ground, since without our support the Black Markets cannot survive!

Which means, above all, that the longer it takes every last woman of us to do our all-out share, every day in every way, the longer this war will last, the more it will cost us!



Father's Day for busy band-leader Woody Herman would be unhappy indeed if he couldn't find a spare moment to play with his little girl, Ingrid.

WATERY BLISTERS BETWEEN TOES?

This Often Helps Quickly

For 10 minutes tonight, soak your sore, tired, itching feet in the rich, creamy lather of Sayman Wonder Soap—and pat dry with a soft towel. Then smooth on plenty of medicated Sayman Salve—over the painful cracks, sore spots and watery blisters. Do this for 10 nights and shout with joy for comforting relief. Only 25¢. All druggists. Get the genuine

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

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The liver should pour out about 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sick and the world looks puny.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. For a free package of Carter's Little Liver Pills, also a free book entitled "How They May Help One Feel Better," address Carter's, Dept. P-103-53 Park Place, New York, N.Y. Or ask your druggist for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 10¢ and 25¢.

Food for Next Winter

Continued from page 50

Process for 3½ hours

Cauliflower

Break into sections, wash and soak in salted water for 15 minutes. Cover with boiling water and cook for 5 minutes. Pack into hot sterilized jars, add ½ tsp. salt to each pint jar and cover with boiling water (include the water in which the cauliflower was cooked). Seal as directed and process in hot water bath for 2½ hours. Broccoli and brussels sprouts may be canned by this same method.

Corn

Corn should be canned immediately after picking. Slice off tips of kernels and scrape out pulp. Measure, and for each pint of corn pulp add 1 cup boiling water and ½ tsp. salt. Boil 5 minutes. Pour into hot sterilized jars, but do not pack it down since corn swells during processing. Seal as directed and process in hot water bath for 4 hours.

FRUITs may safely be canned by the open kettle process and many times this method is more convenient for putting up small quantities.

Cherries

Wash cherries, remove stems and stones and measure. For each pint of stemmed cherries, stir in ¼ cup sugar. Let come to boil slowly, then boil hard for 15 minutes. Pour into hot sterilized jars and seal immediately. Gooseberries may be prepared by this same method. Other berries, with the exception of strawberries, may also be put up by this same recipe, although they will require only 5 minutes cooking.

Peaches

Use firm, ripe peaches. Wash, cover with boiling water and let stand for 5 minutes. Immerse in cold water, drain and remove skins. Cut in halves or quarters, or into slices as preferred, removing stones. In cooking kettle, place 2 parts sugar and 1 part water and bring to a boil. Add peaches (there should be enough of the syrup barely to cover the peaches) and cook until tender. Pour into hot sterilized jars (halves should be placed cut side down, overlapping each other until the jar is filled, then the jar filled with the syrup) and seal immediately. A few kernels from the peach stones, cooked with the fruit, add a nice flavor.

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He Married the Blonde

It was love at first sight. When George eased into Hogan's Lunch Wagon, the two sisters were standing side by side—Dolly, the baby-doll blonde, and brunette Vicky, intelligent featured, and tall. It was Dolly with the dimpled cheeks and pouting red lips that George fell for. So he married her, pampered her and let her walk all over him until something happened that brought him back to a sense of life's true values. This story from life is the stirring, yes, intimate book-length novel, "The Sweetest Promise," in the new July True Story Magazine. Don't miss a single word of this powerful story that every member of your family will understand and enjoy.



"MARRY ME TOMORROW"

When you're seventeen the one thing you're real sure of is that every blessed morning something wonderful's right around the corner. "Marry Me Tomorrow" is the exquisite story of seventeen-year-old Pauline and the two men in her life—young Dave and an older, sophisticated man. A story you'll enjoy to the closing word.



ONLY TWO—These are but two of the soul-stirring stories you'll find in the big July issue, containing the book-length novel mentioned above, two dramatic novelettes, three exciting serials and twenty other exclusive stories and features to supply you with reading pleasure for days and days. All are beautifully illustrated with real life photographs, many in gorgeous full color. Don't risk disappointment.

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JULY True Story

TUNE IN!

MY TRUE STORY—A Blue Network Presentation. A complete story for a full half hour every week day afternoon at 3:15 EWT.



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To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort we are scheduling coming issues of RADIO MIRROR to appear upon the newsstands at slightly later dates than heretofore. RADIO MIRROR for August will go on sale Friday, July 5th. On that date your newsdealer will be glad to supply you with your copy. The same circumstances apply also to subscriptions. While all subscription copies are mailed on time, some may reach you a little later than usual. Please be patient. They will be delivered just as soon as prevailing conditions permit.

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PAPER DOYLIES

Save essential war materials, such as linens and cottons. No laundering either!

By makers of ROYLEGE Paper Shelving

Two of a Kind

Continued from page 8

from round about fished for trout. They lived in a little shack without plumbing. They read the books they had talked about and were impatient to introduce to each other—by smoking lamplight. They visited the Indian village nearby and became so absorbed in archaeology that they drove miles to a nearby city for an armful of books on Indians, their history and their lore. Then they turned back to Chicago, rented a sumptuous apartment overlooking the Yacht Basin, ordered up meals under silver covers and glass bells, and went downstairs to the big blue pool to swim or to loll in chairs under sun lamps.

AFTER a particularly luxurious evening Bill suddenly announced, "Know what, Merc? We've got to clear out of here. We're spending money as fast as we make it."

"I know," she said, "I know, Bill." That very afternoon walking along Michigan Boulevard she had had the same idea.

"We'll never get to do anything we want to do at this rate," he went on. "You'll never do the things you want to do in the radio or the theater. I'll never write my book about a bullfighter. We've got to move into a cheaper place and begin saving. Agree?"

He could scarcely hear her answer. It came muffled and breathless from the closet. She emerged pulling their enormous bags after her. It was always like that with them.

For three months after that, living in a little flat, they saved assiduously. It was as exciting in its way as their extravagant spending earlier had been. Every hundred dollars that went into the bank meant another week or two or three in Mexico, depending upon their mood of that moment and the quality of their living and the spending it entailed.

The day their bank account totalled three thousand dollars they resigned their jobs. It didn't matter they were extraordinary jobs which paid extraordinary salaries. As they both said "What's five hundred dollars a week compared to doing what you really want to do?"

They took weeks and weeks to reach Mexico. They broke the speed laws driving through the dull stretches and lingered days wherever their fancy held them. When they finally arrived in Mexico City Bill went into the country to live with Calesero, the matador, behind his family's little chemist shop. For weeks he did everything Calesero did. He learned from Calesero to fight the calves on the ranch. He went with him to the bull ring, the offices of the managers, and to dinners and fetes. His letters to Mercedes, living at a hotel in Mexico City where he had installed her in Latin luxury, were filled with all he learned, all he saw, and his plans for his novel "I Wed Thee Till Sunday."

She could not wait for the writing to begin. The same day Bill came back she pulled their bags out again. "Let's head west for Acapulco," she suggested, "live at that hotel you told me about high on a rocky cliff above the sea and you start writing . . ."

This time they did not even have to prod Fate. Two months later Arch Oboler, producing radio dramas in California, wired Mercedes he wanted her for a show and CBS wanted Bill

as a writer and would they, please, shake the dust of Mexico from their feet and come back to work.

Their bank balance, down to a slim three figures now, decided them.

"After all," Merc told Bill "you can always come back to Mexico for more material or more color and I can stay on . . ."

It was good to be at work in the studios again. Mercedes and Bill, as usual, overflowed with ideas and the manner in which they would execute them. They found a small house in the hills looking down over Hollywood. At night when the lights came out in the town and the stars shone in the sky they seemed, appropriately enough, to be suspended between two heavens.

When they weren't arguing about radio dialogue—having rows sometimes which were as violent as they were brief—they were discussing "I Wed Thee Till Sunday."

"You'd better go back to Mexico," Mercedes told Bill at last, when a new chapter didn't progress too well, "and soak up more of that atmosphere. You've lost it, I'm afraid."

While he was gone she closed the house and went to live with two girls she knew. Her work kept her occupied. She had his letters. Sometimes she wouldn't hear for a week, then three and four letters would arrive the same day. She wrote in the same spontaneous way. Neither of them wanted dutiful notes written every morning at eight. They wanted only the impulsive outpourings they received born of the emotion of the moment in which they had to be written.

St. Patrick's Day, Mercedes' birthday, passed with no word from Bill. She discounted it as a birthday. Then a week later he called her on the phone. "I'm back," he said, "but I'd rather not see you for the first time under the eyes of those two dolls you're living with. So I've taken a suite downtown here at the Ambassador. Hurry up. And bring some money along, Merc. I've only thirty-six cents."

THE instant she entered the suite and saw his eyes, warm and thoughtful, she knew he had a new conviction.

"What is it?" she whispered as he held her close. "What is it, Bill?"

It didn't surprise him she was so aware. "I want us to have a baby," he told her. "Down in Mexico this time—lonely because I didn't have you—I watched men and women and thought about what made them close."

Later they went downstairs for dinner. Color flushed Mercedes' lovely face when the lights of the Cocoanut Grove went out, when the orchestra played "Happy Birthday" and the waiter set a cake with lighted candles before her. "Bill," she said. "What a darling thing to do. It makes up for my birthday being eight days late."

On Christmas Eve, 1941, two weeks after Pearl Harbor, Bill drove Mercedes to the hospital. And the next thing she knew it was morning, Christmas morning, and Jon Lawrence Fifield was in her arms and Bill was standing at the foot of the bed with the very silver Christmas tree with blue tinsel and blue balls which she had admired all the week before in a florist's window. And Bill's eyes were very shiny—he was so happy and so grateful.



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WHAT THEY WANT *They Satisfy*

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