

# *Radio Mirror*

THE MAGAZINE OF

# *Radio Romances*

JANUARY

15¢

MARIE  
ROGND AHL



*Lost Christmas*  
A STORY OF FAITH

*Yours...*  
**Softer,  
 Smoother  
 Skin**  
 with just One Cake  
 of Camay!



*Mrs. Ralph Bidwell Carter III* BOSTON

"Your complexion counts—in romance," says this lovely bride. "Try Camay . . . see if your first cake doesn't make your skin ever so much softer, fresher-looking too . . . as it did mine."

**Tests by doctors prove—Camay is Really Mild**

It's exciting . . . to see the lovely new softness, the new smoothness that comes to your skin . . . with just *one cake* of Camay! Change today, from improper cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this care on over 100 complexions . . . on skin like *yours*.

And with the first cake of Camay, most complexions fairly bloomed! Looked softer, fresher and clearer!

**. . . it cleanses without irritation**

These tests gave proof of Camay's mildness . . . proof it can *benefit* skin. Said the doctors, "*Camay is really mild . . . it cleansed without irritation.*" So do try this helpful care on *your* skin . . . see the softer beauty that comes with just *one cake* of Camay!

**Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet**

One minute—night and morning—does the trick.

You simply cream Camay's *mild* lather over your face—nose and chin. Rinse warm. If you have oily skin, add a C-O-L-D S-P-L-A-S-H. That's all! But watch, day by day, as that one cake of Camay makes your skin really lovelier.



*Please*—make each cake of Camay last, as long as possible. Precious war materials go into making soap.



# Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

A radiant smile  
holds a world of charm!



**Help keep your smile bright and sparkling. Start now with Ipana and Massage!**

**R**EACH FOR A STAR, plain girl. You can find happiness, fun—without being beautiful.

Take a look at other girls who stir up excitement. Proof, most of them, that good times don't go just to the prettiest. Proof that you can be singled out *by your smile*.

So smile, plain girl, smile. Not a mere shadow of a smile, but one of radiant charm—the kind men can't resist. Remember, though, a smile like that needs sound

teeth—sparkling teeth that depend so much on firm, healthy gums.

### "Pink Tooth Brush" is a warning

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist*. He may say your gums have become sensitive—deprived of exercise by soft, creamy foods. And like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every

time you clean your teeth. Circulation speeds up within the gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

For brighter teeth, firmer gums, a smile that really sparkles, start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.



Product of Bristol-Myers

*Start today with*

## **IPANA and MASSAGE**



Eyes Light Up at the sight of the girl with a bright, shining smile. Let Ipana Tooth Paste and massage help you keep your smile sparkling and attractive!

*Radio Mirror*  
THE MAGAZINE OF  
*Radio Romances*

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**CONTENTS**

LOST CHRISTMAS .....	13
Doris was bitter—for she had found Tom, only to lose him!	
SIXTEEN .....	16
Poor Joyce! She found that stolen happiness was not so sweet	
OUT OF REACH .....	21
“You and I were made for work, not play,” her mother had told her	
MY BEST GIRLS .....	25
Living portraits of radio’s new family—The Bartletts	
TWO IN HARMONY .....	29
The true love story of Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson	
EMILY’S HUSBAND .....	32
Heaven help men who fall in love with girls like Laurie!	
LOVE’S SHINING HOUR .....	34
Love to Penny was one of those silly, impractical things, until—	
BLACK IS THE COLOR .....	38
Radio Mirror’s song hit of the month—arranged by Burl Ives	
LET’S COOPERATE .....	40
A sermon for today and tomorrow by the minister of The Guiding Light	
THERE IS NO YESTERDAY .....	42
Now Mildred Abbot knows who and what she is	
NICE ‘N’ SPICY .....	44
Kate Smith’s cooking article	

**ADDED ATTRACTIONS**

WHAT’S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST .....	Dale Banks 4
CINDERELLA OF SONG .....	Eleanor Harris 8
FACING THE MUSIC .....	Ken Alden 9
INSIDE RADIO .....	45
BE YOURSELF! .....	Pauline Swanson 76

ON THE COVER—Marie Rogndahl, Hour of Charm contest winner—color portrait  
by Salvatore Consentino, Smolin Studios (Dress, courtesy of Saks, Fifth Avenue, New York)

RADIO MIRROR, published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc., Dunellen, N. J. ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO: General Business, Advertising and Editorial Offices, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Carroll Rheinstrom, Executive Vice President; Harold A. Wise, Vice President; Mayer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Director. Chicago office: 221 North La Salle St., E. F. Lethen, Jr., Mgr. Pacific Coast Offices: San Francisco, 420 Market Street. Hollywood, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Lee Andrews, Manager. Reentered as second-class matter September 17, 1942, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price per copy in United States and Canada 15c. Subscription price \$1.80 per year in United States and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland. \$2.80 per year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. All other countries \$3.80 per year. While Manuscripts, Photographs, and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage, and explicit name and address. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking unnecessary risk. The contents of this magazine may not be printed, either wholly or in part without permission. (Member of Macfadden's Women's Group.) Copyright, 1944, by the Macfadden Publications, Inc. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Copyright also in Canada, registered at Stationer's Hall, Great Britain. Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.



## In an emergency A MIGHTY GOOD FRIEND TO HAVE AROUND

**T**HERE'S nothing like a good friend to help you through an emergency whether it be great or small. If Listerine Antiseptic isn't in your medicine cabinet you're missing a wonderful feeling of security and protection this trustworthy antiseptic inspires.

Think how often it can render real first-aid . . . how often you and your children may appreciate its quick germ-killing action!

Remember how Listerine Antiseptic was called in to take care of those little cuts, scratches and abrasions that you grew up on?

And, of course, you simply can't overlook its value as a precaution against the misery of colds and their accompanying sore throats. Bear in mind that in tests made over a 12-year period, those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually milder ones, and fewer sore throats, than non-users.

Keep Listerine Antiseptic always at hand to fight infection. It combines a delightfully refreshing effect and complete safety with rapid germ-killing power.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

*Sixty years in service*

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

# WHAT'S NEW

## from Coast to Coast



*Eddie Cantor is proud of his 22-year-old orchestra leader, Leonard Sues, on his Time to Smile show.*

**R**ADIO'S a real chummy business. Ever notice how many husband-and-wife teams there are on the air? Beginning way back in the 1920's with Julia Sanderson and the late Frank Crumit, look at the famous couples—Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Jim and Marian Jordan—Fibber McGee and Molly to you—Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa, Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard and, now, Kay Kyser and Georgia Carroll.

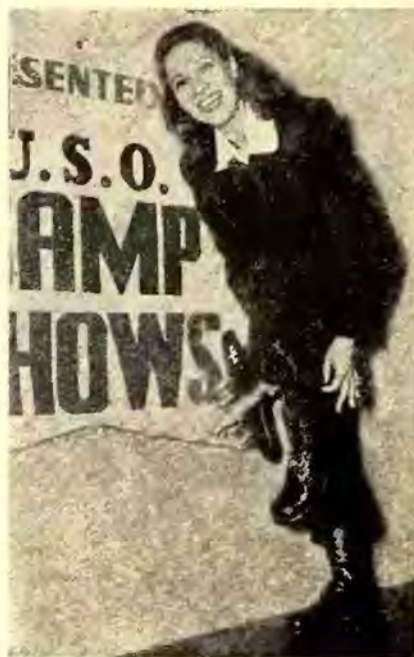
Something for the Boys—NBC's announced a swell idea. Members and former members of the Armed Forces are going to have a chance to show what they can do in the radio line. NBC has started a series of Welcome Home Auditions, for men and women who want to be musicians, vocalists, announcers, commentators, actors and script writers.

It's a big thing NBC has planned. These auditions will not necessarily lead to jobs for applicants. They will serve, however, to create a sort of pool of talent for the network in the post-war period. After each audition, applicants will receive a certificate attesting to the individual's audition and NBC will also forward a file card of the judgment of a staff of experts on the result of each audition to network stations near the contestant's home. In this way a file of future tal-

By  
**DALE BANKS**



*"Duffy ain't here!" That's what Archie says every week on NBC's Duffy's Tavern Friday evenings.*



*Dinah Shore sports a size five pair of paratrooper boots acquired on her tour in France.*

ent can be on hand, comes demobilization. Besides, recordings made during the auditions will be available to station managers on request.

Applications for the auditions may be mailed or filed in person. Mail should be addressed to Welcome Home Auditions, National Broadcasting Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. The auditions are held every Saturday from 9:30 in the morning until noon.

Good luck—

You always have to learn something new. We had to learn how to show our appreciation and pleasure in a—for us—fantastic way, the other day. At a For the Record broadcast, the

audience was asked not to applaud, or whistle or stomp, because it would creep into the recording made for service men. So there we were, at the end of a number, wildly shouting with our hands—waving them madly in the air. And not making a sound.

If you heard the Truth or Consequences show some time ago on which Ralph Edwards asked a contestant whether she would like a pearl and got the natural answer, "I sure would," you might like to know the aftermath. The lady got her pearl, all right, but not until she had gone through seven of nine barrels of oysters which the T. or C. emcee had shipped to her New York hotel room.

Mrs. Elizabeth McMahon is eighty-five years old, but the bobby sox brigades can take a lesson in hero worship from her. Fred Waring is Mrs. McMahon's special passion. She's never missed a Waring program in six years. She owns a copy of every phonograph record he's ever made. She has a more complete file of pictures and press notices about Waring than the one owned by Fred's press agent. She attends all broadcasts in person, both the first broadcast at 7:00 p. m. and the repeat performance, which goes on a few hours later for the benefit of Pacific Coast listeners.

Such devotion deserves a reward. Mrs. McMahon got one—a beautiful blue orchid from the hands of Fred himself.

When the girls hand out bouquets to a girl—that's one for the record. Not to be outdone by all the boys choosing pin-up girls and handing out titles, the WACs at Camp Swift, Texas, voted Evelyn Knight their favorite radio thrush. So far as we know, this is the first time such a thing has happened.

He's been back a long time, now, but

Jack Benny's still running up a terrific phone bill and loading the U. S. mails, relaying messages for the boys he met in the Pacific battle area this summer. Jack's determined not to let down one of the boys who asked him to say hello to his family back home. And there were hundreds of G.I.'s who made Jack their messenger.

Have you noticed that you never see Cliff Edwards without a hat? Cliff claims he hasn't had his picture taken without a hat since 1929 and that includes 103 movies in which he's worked in that time. He claims it—but he doesn't explain it.

Funny how some things get started. Way back in 1931, Chet Lauck and Norris Goff—now famous, as Lum and Abner—organized a show to raise funds for the victims of a flood. Their campaign was so successful that the two men were invited to appear on radio station KTHS—that's in Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Chet and Norris were doing a black-face act, then. When they got to the studio they discovered that another blackface act was one thing radio could very well get along without. Practically on the spur of the moment—that awful dead moment before going on the air, too—Chet and Norris decided to change themselves into characters from the Ozarks. And Lum and Abner they've been ever since.

Talk about France's spirit and love of freedom—Dinah Shore said that one of the biggest thrills she got was singing the "Marseillaise" with a bunch of French kids. The thing that made Dinah's throat go all of a lump was the fact that the children had been born during the war, during the German occupation—but they all knew the words of their national anthem.

You get used to hearing people on the radio and, somehow, you begin to think of them as permanent features on the air and almost nothing else. Stars like James Melton and Alec Templeton, however, lead very active—in fact scrambling—lives off the air. They're both continually hopping on and off planes and trains to keep their concert dates all over the country on weekdays and rushing back to New York on weekends for their Sunday broadcasts.



Vaudeville comic Harry Savoy supplies the laughter on Kate Smith's Sunday night hour show.

# - this One Complete Cream is all you need!

Tireless war worker—busy film maker—is dazzling Dorothy Lamour, like many other Hollywood stars. Lucky for their loveliness, they've discovered that Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream does *everything* for skin beauty... takes just *seconds!*



Dorothy Lamour

soon to be seen in "ROAD TO UTOPIA," a Paramount Picture

See this satiny cream help your skin look film-star lovely as it gives complete care: Cleanses. Softens, smooths. Holds powder. Helps erase tiny dry-skin lines. And Stericin, exclusive ingredient, works constantly right in the jar to purify the cream, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.

Tonight and every night take the Beauty Night Cap of the Stars: First, cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream—then, use as a night cream for extra softening. Use for daytime clean-ups, too. Jars 10¢ to \$1.25, plus tax.



## Woodbury COMPLETE BEAUTY CREAM

FORMERLY CALLED COLD CREAM. CLEANSSES AS THOROUGHLY—DOES SO MUCH MORE BESIDES



*Hezzie Trietsch, Ken Trietsch, Gabe Ward and Gil Taylor, The Hoosier Hot Shots of National Barn Dance fame, celebrate eleven years together.*



*Like daughter, like mother—Rosemary (Dr. Christian) de Camp copies Nana's pinafore.*



*Comedian Jack Haley (right) and Dave Sireet of NBC's Village Store relax at rehearsal.*

In spite of his heavy schedule, Alec Templeton finds time to have become one of the most ardent radio fans in the country. When he's at home, he keeps three radios turned on different stations simultaneously—and he manages by some miraculous extra talent to hear every show. Alec even listens to soap operas—and can tell you who's doing what in the scripts.

Beulah Karney, who can tell you What's Cookin' in everything culinary, couldn't possibly have become anything but a home economics expert. Her minister-father, before his ordination, spent several years as cook on a world cruising ship and served up tales about exotic foods instead of nursery rhymes to his young daughter.

Beulah also spent a lot of time in the family kitchen as a child and, when she was in her last year at high school, she won top honors in a city-wide contest, surpassing experienced housewives with her perfect meal of baked fish.

Beulah wanted to be a newspaper-woman. Her father wanted her to be a home economist. They compromised and Beulah was graduated from Occidental College with a Bachelor of Arts degree in journalism and a minor in home economics. After graduate work at the University of California, she got a job as a reporter on the Los Angeles Times. Then she became editor of the women's page and a writer, doing a syndicated column on nutrition, menus and family problems.

Beulah went on to conduct cooking schools for the Kansas City (Missouri) Star and then to work for the government, supervising 10,000 employees at canning centers. She broke into radio in 1935 in a fifteen-minute home economics broadcast over KMBC in Kansas City. That led to her being made women's program director for the station. Later she went to Chicago in 1941 to work for the Blue Network.

With all her menus and recipes—Beulah's favorite dish is, of all things, spaghetti.

A unique honor has fallen on Sammy Kaye. The Library of Congress has accepted a collection of musical Americana from him. The collection includes original manuscripts and arrangements

made famous by the swing and sway band—numbers like "Avalon," "Melancholy Baby," "Remember Pearl Harbor" and "Is You Is." Accepting the collection, the chief of the music division of the Library said that it would form the basis for the compilation of orchestrations to portray a development in popular music, which the average citizen has enjoyed in theaters, over the air and on records.

Every time you're tired and don't feel that you can do another thing, think of Betty Philson, who plays Rachel in *Woman of America*. Betty's sixteen. She's a student at the Friends Central School in Overbrook, Pa. She commutes to Radio City in New York from her home in Broomall—that's a suburb of Philadelphia—to do her stint in the radio show. She has homework, of course. She has some living to do. In spite of all this, she finds time to work regularly as a nurse's aide in a Philadelphia hospital.

**GOSSIP AND STUFF** . . . Anniversaries—Hour of Charm has been around on the air lanes for ten years. The National Barn Dance show is eleven years old, now. . . . Everett Sloane is playing the part of Borth in the Broadway production of "A Bell For Adano" . . . James Melton is the owner of eighty antique automobiles.

Kate Smith is the gal chosen unanimously by song pluggers to guarantee that a new number will be a hit. They claim that almost every song she ever introduced became a money maker. . . . Ted Malone, the voice of those new dramatic war features from Europe, is an editor of *Good Housekeeping Magazine* as well as a foreign correspondent. . . . The first Television course ever to be given for credit toward a university degree has been started at Columbia U. . . . Changes are taking place—advertising executives are now willing to let commercials be "kidded" on the air. In the past this practice was forbidden. We think it's a big relief. . . . At a dinner in New York, sponsored by the cast of *Can You Top This?* Hildergarde got a golden egg for telling the worst story of the year. . . . Good listening until next month.





Soft, endearing hands.  
They're part of every love story...  
part of your love story, too.

So be sure your hands stay romantic...  
even though you're busier than ever before.  
It's easy with Trushay to help you.

Before your everyday tasks, smooth on  
this rich, fragrant, "beforehand" lotion.  
It's the new idea in hand care.

Trushay guards your hands, even in  
hot, soapy water... helps keep them  
smooth and thrilling! Try it today.

# TRUSHAY

The  
"Beforehand"  
Lotion



PRODUCT OF  
BRISTOL-MYERS

She's  
very  
very...

SHE'S VARVACIOUS!



The moment she enters, all else stops; she wins eyes and hearts effortlessly, without seeking them... for she is *varvacious!* Varva's perfumes "Follow Me" and "Nonchalant" are the subtle reasons she's so very very...

Varva extracts—\$1 to \$15 • Bath Powder, \$1  
Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, \$1 • Bubble Foam, \$1  
Sachet, \$1 and \$1.75 • Talc, 55c  
(plus tax)

**NONCHALANT**  
(Your Secret Weapon)  
The Devil-May-Care Perfume



**FOLLOW ME**  
(Súivez Moi)  
The Perfume That  
Leads and Lasts

VARVA

Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.



Cover Girl Marie Rogndahl

## CINDERELLA of SONG

By ELEANOR HARRIS

**MARIE ROGND AHL** is the real-life Cinderella from the far-west state of Oregon who just won the Singing Cinderella contest on the NBC Hour of Charm broadcast—and everything about her bears out the famous Cinderella story. (Except for one important item: the Prince! He hasn't come along yet.)

For one thing, she's beautiful. She's a golden-haired, blue-eyed girl who carries her five-foot-six-inch figure with the dignity of Viking ancestors.

For another thing, she's young—she was 21 last September 5th, 1944.

For still another, she's poor—which means that her singing lessons were things she struggled for. She was 15 when she decided to take singing lessons to bring out her coloratura voice. She broached it at the dinner table the night she made her decision, looking over the Norwegian fish stew at her two blond parents, who had come from Norway to the United States only a few years before her birth. Her father was a cabinet maker of modest means and conservative tastes, and she already knew his reaction to what she was about to say.

But she said it anyway. "Daddy and Mother," she said in her high, sweet voice, "I want very much to take singing lessons. There's a wonderful teacher here, Mrs. Vida Bennett. . . ."

"No," said her father. "I don't think it's right for a girl to plan on singing for money. Our family has never been theatrical, and this is no time to start."

"No," her mother chimed in. "Besides, what would we use for money to pay the teacher?"

"That," said Marie, "I will decide somehow, myself."

She decided it by going over the next day after school to call on Mrs. Bennett, the singing teacher. She sang for Mrs. Bennett—and then suggested that, to pay for her lessons, she do housework and marketing. Mrs. Bennett, who had listened in amazement to the blonde girl's lovely voice, agreed at once . . . and for the next three years Marie went to high school until three o'clock every afternoon, took singing lessons for an hour after that, and spent the rest of the day doing housework for her teacher.

At the end of that time, she had graduated from high school, and she had also won a scholarship to the University of Oregon. Here she continued her Cinderella existence—studying hard at her college courses, taking singing lessons from the University's music professor Sigurd Nilssen, and earning her food, room, and clothes by ringing the cash register at a local department store, and working in the college library. It was Mr. Nilssen who gave her the first gentle push toward the American limelight, one cloudy afternoon in the music department rooms at the University.

"Marie," he told her, "I think it is time for you to try out in a country-wide competition for singing. I will take you to Portland for the audition."

"What audition?" said Marie, astounded.

"For the Hour of Charm program—with Phil Spitalny's all-girl orchestra," said Mr. Nilssen firmly. "Pack your bags, my girl, and at once!"

Things developed fast from then on for her, as fast as they had for the original Cindie of the glass slippers. Marie didn't know it, but *nine thousand, eight hundred and thirteen* girls all over the country had tried out for the prized position—and out of all of them, she was to be the winner!

She was rushed East. Then, during her next 13 weeks as soloist on the Hour of Charm program, she turned her attention to the great city of New York, which delighted her as much as the glamorous ball had delighted the first Cinderella. She took a small apartment with another Oregon girl who had come East to study voice; and the two girls wandered up and down Fifth Avenue staring as if they had just arrived from Mars. But the height of excitement came to them with the opening of the Metropolitan Opera Season, when Marie felt as if she'd truly come to the ball!

When her thirteen weeks with the Hour of Charm were up, Phil Spitalny wanted her to continue singing indefinitely with his orchestra, but Marie had another decision to make, and she made it . . . she returned to the University of Oregon for another year of college. Then she'll put in a final year of voice study. Then, at last, she'll try her professional wings on the singing world in all earnestness.

The Prince? Well, Marie doesn't know for sure just who he is yet . . . he may be clad in Army khaki or Navy blue—instead of velvet knee-britches!

But then Marie Rogndahl, the 1944 Cinderella, is dressed in sweaters and skirts instead of rags—and it certainly looks to all bystanders as if she's truly going to be a Princess of Song.



Lovely Evelyn Knight and Jerry Wayne sing and romance on comedian Ed Wynn's new radio program, *Happy Island*, heard on Friday nights over the Blue network. Below, Bing Crosby is back on "K.M.H." He's been overseas, entertaining American G. I. Joes.



## FACING the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

**D**INAH SHORE, target of the worst set of ugly rumors in years, plans to do a number of her NBC Open House shows from Army camps this year. Dinah is deliriously happy with her husband, Corporal George Montgomery, and they make one of Hollywood's nicest pairs.

I saw Dinah when she came back from her successful U.S.O. overseas jaunt. Dinah was the first girl singer to sing for our boys on liberated French soil. While over there she also sang for the Nazis as a V-2 propaganda weapon. The songs she selected had a slightly ominous ring for them, "I'll Be Seeing You" and "There'll Be A Hot Time In The Town of Berlin."

Dinah told me she got a real kick out of getting a hair-do in the original Antoine of Paris. But because the famous beauty shoppe had no electricity the embarrassed operator had to substitute bandanas. The nail polish was of ersatz material and wouldn't dry. Dinah brought back French toys for her nieces and nephews and a captured German pistol for George.

That's Matty Malneck's orchestra you hear on Duffy's Tavern although he isn't billed. Another sponsor won't let Matty get billing on the Ed Gardner show.

Tommy Dorsey's scuffle with Jon Hall may cost him a radio commercial.

Raymond Scott's CBS band which is a radical departure from the quintette which first brought him fame, is becoming quite a favorite with the G.I.'s. The Office of War Information has heeded the requests of service men and has Ray doing a daily broadcast for the troops.

A certain young radio star is not winning any friends by his exaggerated tales of his service record when he was in uniform.

Composer Johnny Green and statu- esque screen star Bunny Waters have a new baby daughter, Jennifer.

By the time you read this The Andrews Sisters will have their own sponsored air show.

Look for Lawrence Tibbett to head up a big time radio show for an insurance company.

Benny Goodman's brother Jerry was killed in a plane crash. He was completing his training course as a bomber pilot.

Bobby Hackett, one of the country's truly great trumpet exponents, has joined the Casa Loma orchestra.

Fred Waring's swell new Blue Network show getting everything but listeners. His listener rating is a big disappointment.

Phil Spitalny is doing such a tremendous business in the light concert field that he may keep his "All Girl" orchestra out of theater and movie work indefinitely.

Boyd Raeburn is dissatisfied with his present band and is junking it to start out all over again.

Hal McIntyre will be heard again over CBS when he brings his band into New York's Hotel Commodore.

Continued on page 10

## ACTIVE DUTY



When you're home curled up with a book it doesn't matter if your hair slips its moorings... But when the party's in full bloom and the music to your taste, you want a hair-do built for speed and endurance.

So anchor it, for keeps, with DeLong Bob Pins... They have the strength of true love and the grip of a habit. They'll hold your curls securely, keep your hair-net snugly in place and help make you the glamour-puss of the party.

## Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years  
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS  
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS  
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES  
SANITARY BELTS



Left, Shirley Ross, star of radio and motion pictures, is now heard on Bob Burns' show.



Above, Scat singer Jeanne McKenna sings with unusual style on NBC's Roy Shield and Co.



Young Milena Miller, below, former Powers model, has joined the CBS Johnny Morgan variety show.

Artie Shaw hasn't changed a bit. He's reportedly asking \$12,500 a week for a theater engagement with his new band.

The reason you don't hear much about Richard Himber these days is that the portly magic-minded maestro is busy producing a Broadway musical show called "Abracadabra." His friend, Orson Welles, is helping him stage it.

The Gene Krupa-Carol Bruce romance is just a memory.

The Jerry Waynes are on again and off again with their friends hoping they'll patch up their differences amicably.

How would you like to be married to Ozzie Nelson? He has a habit of writing his comedy material late at night and then waking up wife Harriet Hilliard for a three A.M. reading.

Radio wiseacres blame miscast comedy material for shortening the life span of the once popular Lower Basin Street show.

**MAN BEHIND THE BANDSTAND:** An aspiring radio bandleader may have the natural musical talents of a Bix Beiderbecke or Bunny Berigan but if he lacks the initiative of a Sammy Kaye, the cooperative spirit of a Harry James or the business acumen of a Rudy Vallee, he'll never reach the charmed circle of big-time, all-time popular musical greats.

Take that bit of advice from one of the shrewdest buyers of dance bands in America. He's soft-spoken, affable Robert K. Christenberry, President of the famous Hotel Astor in New York. In the decade this Tennessee-born Marine veteran of World War One has been hiring orchestras, he has two shock-proof barometers: customers and cash registers.

"I've seen them all, the good musician with the bad business approach and the mediocre musician with the financial wizardry of Bernard Baruch, and it's the latter lad who'll reap a harvest for himself."

Christenberry admits he's no musical critic but his ability to pick a band when it's hot gives him a right to judge the values of our various bandsmen. Such world famous bands as Harry James, the Dorseys, Tommy Tucker, Sammy Kaye, Rudy Vallee,

and Abe Lyman have worked for him.

"Show me a successful bandleader and I'll show you a good business man," Christenberry told me. "In my opinion Rudy Vallee and Guy Lombardo are the shrewdest of the maestros. You'll never hear about Rudy or Guy investing in fly-by-night operations or making a foolhardy decision."

Perhaps the most important decision a bandleader must make is the selection of proper hotel sites.

"The hotel is the showcase even if it doesn't directly bring the bandleader great profits," Christenberry continued. "In the proper setting a band takes advantage of the powerful radio broadcast time. It gives ballroom operators, theater, radio and movie scouts a place to catch the band. But if the hotel is not the right location, the result can often be disastrous."

Many will recall the time Wayne King, the erstwhile Waltz King brought his dreamy music to New York and settled in the swank Waldorf-Astoria. His music, so vastly popular with the radio listeners, failed to woo the society trade. Yet such leaders as Eddy Duchin and Xavier Cugat break box office records at the Waldorf.

Bandleaders must also keep an eagle eye and ear on changing musical tastes of the dancing public. Several years ago Hawaiian music was the rage. Now it's the South American tempos.

Christenberry never has any trouble with orchestra leaders. He has a simple rule. Those who don't measure up never get a second booking.

I asked Christenberry to set down four basic rules for astute bandleaders. Here they are.

1. Look as pleased as the people are.

Bandleaders with deadpan expressions don't even get plaudits from the bus boys.

2. Give the customers surprises. Tommy Dorsey is always up to some trick like switching instruments with drummer Buddy Rich, or trumpeter Ziggy Talent.

3. If the crowd is "hot" stay with them. Harry James never lets down a minute and often plays his trumpet to the exhaustion point.

4. Be considerate. The crowd loves request numbers, anniversary and birthday tributes, menus that are autographed. Don't get a big head.

Better than the rules is a little story Christenberry told me about Harry James, Betty Grable, and four young American eagles.

It was a hot summer night. Christenberry noticed four wounded officers of the Air Corps come into the room. Two were on crutches.

"Can I help you boys?" he asked. "Gosh, yes," replied the leader of the group, "Can you get us a table where we can look at Betty Grable? We understand she's here every night with her husband. We promise not to bother her. All we want to do is look at her."

Christenberry led them to a choice table hard by the bandstand and the beautiful blonde. Then he told Harry and Betty about the boys' request.

"Between every set Harry and Betty sat with those flyers and took care of their every request. It was one of the nicest gestures I've ever seen."

### "FULL SPEED AHEAD"

THAT Jerry Wayne has a way about him—and a clear, straight way

R  
M  
10

ahead of him to success, can be doubted by not even the most skeptical these days. For in less than a year the 28-year-old singer, who recently stepped into the singing role on Ed Wynn's new Blue Network show, Happy Island, has created a reputation that practically no one, including Sinatra, can afford to ignore.

It was less than a year ago that the young man, who had planned nothing more glamorous in his life than a career in dentistry, inaugurated his night club career with an appearance at the Coconut Grove of the Park Central hotel in New York City—an engagement which will live long in the memories of his fans. That appearance broke all previous attendance records at the Grove, a sensation which was recapitulated with his ensuing success at La Martinique.

As a result of Jerry Wayne's night club "victories," B. P. Shulberg signed him for the leading romantic role in the musical comedy, "Marianne." Jerry's role as emcee and singer on the U. S. Maritime Service radio program, Full Speed Ahead, a patriotic service which earned him a government citation; his starring on Mutual's program The Songs of Jerry Wayne, and on NBC's All Time Hit Parade; his appearances in theaters throughout the country, further solidified the tremendous impression he has made.

**JERRY'S** beginnings were as small as the next man's. Born in Buffalo, N. Y., where he attended public school, Jerry had no notion of what his natural gift of a more-than-pleasant baritone might bring. He attended the University of Buffalo and Ohio State University where he devoted most of his attention to sports and dramatics. On both campuses he was a varsity swimmer and boxer, and at Ohio he held the Junior tennis championship.

He spent much of his time in school dramatic productions acting, directing, and just plain moving the scenery. He studied dentistry, meanwhile, but his heart was in the highlands a-chasin' a stage career while he drilled away at molars. Consequently when he was graduated he began to work in summer stock companies back home.

At the time that mature decisions had to be made as to what he intended to do, Jerry knew it was the stage or nothing. So he came off to the big town to haunt the producers' offices. He met with nothing but cold shoulders at agents' doors, and at the broadcasting companies he was rewarded with only a few small roles. So he turned his eyes to the west and Hollywood. Here the pickings were even smaller, but Jerry was convinced that he had the goods, and he began taking dramatic lessons.

The discovery of his singing voice was the most dramatic thing the lessons accomplished. Local radio programs occasioned such favorable notice that he soon began to travel along in those seven-league boots which have since taken him great distances in record time.

He worked as vocalist with several dance bands on the Coast, at the same time learning to tap dance, write songs, and play several musical instruments.

And so to New York, and the rest—history. Now the only mustachioed crooner in the big-time, one of his lesser distinctions as he himself admits, Jerry can safely assert, what with the Ed Wynn show, movie and stage offers, personal appearances, etc., that New York has indeed proved a "Happy Island" for him.



**"O Rarely Soft,"**  
the touches of her hands,  
As drowsy zephyrs in enchanted lands"  
—"Love Lyrics," James Whitcomb Riley



\* Are your hands  
"O Rarely Soft," or  
**Really Rough**  
as a January Nor'easter?

*Don't let Winter make your hands look OLD*

"DROWSY zephyrs," did you say, Sir Poet? Wake up!—Mr. Riley—this is January. And a brutally workaday world. Don't you think there should be a footnote to your lovely lyric to lovely hands? Something like... "If you want 'em, use Pacquins—quick!"

Because work and weather chap,

roughen, redden, ruin a woman's hands ... often make them look older than her actual years. And Pacquins Hand Cream says "pooh" to work and weather—hands keep smooth, white, youthful-looking. Snowy-white, non-greasy. As delightful to use as the results are to see. Get Pacquins now!



**Pacquins**  
**Hand Cream**

Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, whose hands take the abuse of 30 to 40 washings and scrubbing a day.

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

# Are you in the know?



Do you think her dancing position —

- Is smooth and relaxed
- Helps a tall girl look shorter
- Looks affected

Let your dancing be light but not fantastic. Strangle-holds are tiring. Any exaggerated pose *looks affected*. So stand naturally, comfortably . . . for comfort is the first step toward dancing skill. That's why, on trying days, most prom-trotting girls choose cushion-soft Kotex sanitary napkins. They know there's all the difference in the world between Kotex and pads that just "feel" soft at first touch . . . because *Kotex stays soft while wearing*.



Would you entertain a mixed crowd with —

- Your snapshot album
- A radio concert
- A Valentine party

Hope you'd choose the Valentine party! To find partners, have your gang match halves of broken hearts. Make blind-folded couples hunt for candy motos (a prize for the most). Cover your dartboard with a king-size heart, let everyone sling for top score. You can be a *carefree* hostess even on problem days, with the help of Kotex — for Kotex has patented ends — *pressed flat*, so they don't cause outlines. Not like thick, stubby pads, Kotex keeps your secret.



- Between sets, do you preserve your wave —
- By combing only
  - By brushing and combing
  - By using a net

You can brush your wave and keep it, too. Best hair care calls for *brushing and combing* in direction hairdo will follow. Then wave can be gently coaxed into place. Fastidious grooming promotes your confidence. So does Kotex — the only napkin made to suit your *own* special needs. *Only* Kotex comes in 3 sizes, for different women, different days. Choose Regular Kotex in the blue box, Junior Kotex in the green box or Super Kotex in the brown box.



What medal is he wearing?

- Sharpshooter
- Purple Heart
- Congressional Medal

Every medal has a meaning you should know! Maybe he's been wounded in action, or awarded the highest military honor. Or, he may be a crack marksman — as the *sharpshooter* medal above tells you. Being *sure* saves embarrassment. And it saves needless dismay on "certain days" to be sure of extra protection — with Kotex — the napkin with the 4-ply safety center that keeps moisture away from the edges, assuring safety *plus*.

More women choose KOTEX\*  
than all other sanitary  
napkins put together



*Christmas always brought bitterness to Doris. But this one was worst of all, because it had given promise of being so wonderful. She had found Tom, only to lose him!*

**I** NEVER knew how the fire started. One minute I was sitting there in the darkened movie theater with my date—Jake Bristol, who worked in the same store with me—watching a war film. And the next, a sheet of red flame swept across the screen blotting out everything. At the same instance, black smoke began belching out over the audience. A woman screamed shrilly. There was a hideous shout of "Fire!" And then panic broke loose like a wave of thunder.

You go blind with terror in a moment like that. Struggling with all your might, trying to fight your way out as if you were a trapped animal. I didn't know where Jake had disappeared to. I was not conscious of anything but being swallowed up by that frenzied mob . . . Of being brought to my knees, choking, gasping . . .

Then a long arm reached out and caught me. A voice close to my ear said, "Steady there! You're all right now." A cool, assured voice that seemed to make a little island of safety for us in that inferno. His G.I. coat was rough, good against my cheek. He held me as he might have a child. I heard him directing other soldiers in the audience in handling the situation, by some miracle bringing it under control. You could feel the people responding to the authority in that voice, quieting . . . Streams of them poured through the exits in something like order. Before long I felt the raw cold of the December night on my own face and knew that we were safe.

That was how I met Sergeant Tom Driscoll—at a fire in a movie theater two days before Christmas.

"You're still trembling," he said. "Let's get some hot coffee over at that drugstore." We sat in a booth, and a smile came into his eyes. Gray eyes, they were. He looked crisp and hardily fit, and brown as if he had just come out of tropical sunshine instead of sleety cold. He looked nice.

"You've got spunk," he grinned and it was a funny little one-sided grin. "The way you took that mauling by the mob!"

"I'd probably be all in pieces by now if it hadn't been for you!" I said feelingly. "How did you ever manage to get things under control like that?"

"It's the sergeant in me!" We both laughed. Without warning, my heart



# Lost Christmas

**A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY**

*Inspired by "If The Shoe Fits," by Mildred Hark and Noel McQueen, heard on Stars Over Hollywood, Saturday, CBS*



began to pound thickly and I couldn't look away. We talked. There was suddenly so much to say, to find out about each other. He was stationed at the camp below town. Had just been sent back there from Africa for a six-weeks' special gunnery course. He was unmarried, not even engaged . . . "You know," he leaned forward on his elbows, "I was blaming my luck tonight. I'm on a three-day pass and it's not enough time to go home for Christmas. So here I am in a town where I don't know anyone!" "You know me!" I said.

HE pretended to consider that seriously. "Let's see—I know you'd fit very nicely into some lucky man's Christmas stocking. I know you have hair the color of the wheat back on our farm, and brown eyes and a look of going places. But I don't know your name!" "Oh that," I laughed. "It's Doris Reynolds." Just a name. A name I had taken from a magazine three years before when I ran away from home. A new name that would help me forget all the hurt. I had been sixteen then . . .

Excitement was mounting in me like fever. "If you're free, supposing we plan the holiday together. Would you like that?" "More than anything else!" Tom said with eagerness.

I lay awake most of the night thinking about it. My room in the boarding house was dimly cold. But I was warmed by an emotion I had never experienced before. Certainly not in connection with this season of the year which I had come to hate. The forced good-will-among-men which lasted for twenty-four hours only and had never brought me anything. The static smile of department store Santa Clauses. All the gushing and silly, sentimental trappings . . . I had loathed everything about Christmas. And now I was actually looking forward to this one!

At the store the next morning, Regina, who was one of my best friends, looked at me speculatively. "My, you look happy! New man?" she guessed. We were putting out trays of perfume, preparing for the day's rush, and I smiled at her over a whole row of "Toujours Amour." "Oh Regina, he's wonderful."

"They always are!" she chuckled. Regina was a dear really, but

*The children were watching me eagerly—and then I saw in the doorway a familiar figure that made my breath catch.*

old-fashioned in her ideas. I thought of her as hopelessly "settled," almost old—twenty-six. When her husband went overseas she and their two children had moved in with her parents, and she had taken this job in the store.

"What about Jake?" she asked. Jake was supposed to be a matrimonial prize. He was an assistant buyer and a nephew of Mr. Bristol, the president of the store.

"Oh, I'll handle him," I said airily. He had called me early that morning to find out what had happened to me. It seems he had spent hours searching for me long after the fire was extinguished.

Regina was taking a doll out of a bag. A doll dressed like a WAC officer. "For Bunny, my youngest," she said. "Isn't it cute?"

I held it for a moment and black memories rushed in on me. "She'll love it," I said. ". . . Every year I used to start praying for a doll a whole month before Christmas. But I never got it."

ONCE, my mother had tried to fashion a doll for me. But Steve burned it. On Christmas Eve before I had a chance to play with it at all. Steve was my stepfather. Big, rough, with a brute quality about him that made our home a nightmare. My mother, a sweet, timid soul, had re-married when I was five, and Steve had hated me from the start. I reminded him too much of my own father, who had died when I was two. Steve could not bear the thought that my mother had belonged to another man, had been terribly happy with that other man. Shortly after her second marriage she became an invalid. We were entirely dependent on my stepfather. There was not another human being we could turn to . . . And Steve became almost sadistic in his treatment of me . . . I had tried so desperately to blot all that out. When I ran away from home after mother's death I even changed my name. There was very little of the shy, sensitive girl who had been Jean Adams in the woman who was now Doris Reynolds!

Some of the bitterness of those memories must have showed in my face because Regina put her hand on my arm. "I think a girl has to grow a bit hard outside when she's as soft and sweet inside as you are, Doris," she said gently. "It's a (Continued on page 49)







# Sixteen

*Poor Joyce! She wanted so much to be a part of the young laughter and gaiety around her. So she made a bid for freedom—and found that stolen happiness can be bitter as well as sweet*

**M**Y MOTHER was one of the strict kind. She always had been. As far back as I can remember, there were things that I wanted very badly to do, and wasn't allowed to do. I couldn't play outdoors with the other children under the arc light on summer evenings. I couldn't stay with a girl friend over night. I couldn't have a permanent until I was through high school, although Esther Findley, who lived next door, had one when she was twelve. I had to come straight home from school—no playing with the other children on the school lot after three; no lingering in the coke shop when I reached high school.

They sound like little things, don't they? Petty little restrictions that you laugh at when you're grown up. But they're important—terribly important, especially when you get to be sixteen and a junior in high school, and find yourself completely cut off from the crowd, without a share in the interests of other people of your own age, without, actually, any friends.

I don't mean that I was disliked at school. There were plenty of girls—and boys, too—who came up to me when I entered history class—because they hadn't done their home work, and I had done mine. At class meetings I was elected to committees—but they were the uninteresting jobs, like doing research on the costumes for the French Club play. I wouldn't be in the play itself. Even if anyone had thought to ask me, I would have had to refuse because rehearsals were held

after school. I walked from class alone, or with another "odd" girl—like fat little Julia Knight, who was going to be a science teacher and who always had her nose in a book, or with poor Prudence Kenney, whose mother was even stricter than mine, and who wore her hair in a thick braid with a butterfly bow at the back of her neck, a fashion twenty-five years old.

I had scarcely a word to say to the girls I'd grown up with, like Esther Findley and Marian Nelson. I saw them in the halls—arms linked, faces laughing and animated, and always with a boy or two in eager attendance—and they went by me as oblivious to my existence as if I'd been a part of the wall. They were the prettiest and the most popular girls in the junior class. They were the vibrant center of the group that gathered outside of study hall in the morning, talking about things I'd only heard of—movies seen with a boy friend the night before, the Sunlight dances held in the gymnasium after school, of picnics and parties.

There wasn't any use trying to explain this set-apartness of mine to Mother. "Parties?" she would say. "There'll be time enough for you to go to parties when you're older, Joyce. Why don't you invite your friends to the house—perhaps from eight to ten-thirty on Saturday night? Your father will drive them home—"

It wasn't any use. Mother meant to help me, but she just didn't understand. How did you go about inviting people you never spoke to except in regard to

a history lesson? And if I did invite them, and if they should accept—and I was sure they wouldn't—what would we do? The living room wasn't big enough for dancing, and as for games—perhaps girls like Esther and Marian would think games childish. I didn't know them well enough to be sure. And ten-thirty! Esther and Marian stayed out until twelve on Saturday nights. I knew. I often heard Walter Daniel's car when he brought them home, heard them calling gay good-nights when I'd been in bed for hours.

The bitterest loneliness of all came on the walk home from school in the afternoon. I had to pass Markham's Confectionery on the way—Markham's where the crowd gathered between the hours of three and four. At Markham's everything that went on at school was talked over; plans were made for football parties; candidates were decided upon, unofficially, for class elections and parts in the class play. Markham's was terribly important to any upper classman, and I had to walk straight past it, trying not to see the boys scuffling for places beside Marian and Esther in a booth, trying not to see the little group at the soda fountain, their heads together in serious discussion of some party or outing that I would only hear about. It was enough to make me completely despondent, not only about the present, but about the future. I saw myself getting to be a senior, and being still left out, still never a part of things.

And then one December afternoon



*Tommy swung in beside me. "Where've you been lately?" he asked casually.*

I was no longer alone. I'd just passed Markham's when a car rattled up beside me and a voice called, "Hey, what's the rush?"

I kept on walking. It couldn't be anyone I knew. None of the boys at school—and certainly none who owned cars—would look twice at me.

"Tea-cher!" called the voice, and then I did look around. It was Tommy Davis, a new boy at school. He'd started late in October, and I'd helped him sometimes before history class with lessons he'd missed. I stopped, went toward him. I couldn't think of anything to say but, "I don't like to be called teacher."

He grinned. "I don't know why not. You're smart enough. Hop in, and I'll take you home."

**I HESITATED**, not at all sure what my mother would say. Then I thanked him and got in.

Maybe it doesn't sound like a triumph to you—to ride in an ancient rattling open car on a cold winter day, in a car all painted over with cartoons and nicknames, and so noisy you had to shout to be heard. But it was thrilling to me, so much so that it was all I could do to seem casual and natural.

"How come," Tommy shouted, "that you're not at Markham's? I thought all you girls hung around there in the afternoons."

"We do," I lied boldly—and it didn't seem so untruthful when I said "we." "I just don't feel like it sometimes."

He nodded. "I see what you mean. It gets to be a waste of time after a while."

"Yes," I said, "it is, when you stop to think about it. Why, you can spend just hours over a coke—"

"Sure, you can. It's silly. What I can't understand is why those guys on the football and basketball teams hang around there. You'd think an athlete would know better—"

I stole a glance at his broad shoulders, his pugnacious jaw. "Aren't you an athlete?" I asked.

He shrugged. "I was. Played a lot of sophomore football last year. But I'm not sure I'll go out for it again. It's kid stuff, in a way."

Right then and there, perhaps, I should have known that Tommy was doing just what I was doing—putting up a front, pretending to be a little ahead of the other students, when actually we would have given anything to be with them. It would have been easy enough to guess the reason. It was hard for a new boy to break into organized athletics late in the year. Basketball and track teams were already formed; football was out until spring. He might not make the football team at all, no matter how good he was, because competition was stiff, and he was from out of town, and his record wasn't known. Tommy was as

much out of his side of school activities as I was out of mine. But I didn't realize it at the time. It was hard enough for me to catch the literal meaning of what he said without stopping to hunt for a deeper one.

The ride home was all too short. When the car stopped before my house, all of my happy excitement stopped with it. I was home again, and Mother would ask why I was earlier than usual, and when I told her, she probably wouldn't approve. I thanked Tommy, and he said casually, "Thank nothing of it. I'll see you tomorrow."

My heart skipped a beat. Did he mean that he would take me home the next day? And then I told myself not to think of it. Probably he meant that he would see me in history class, and

even if he should offer me another ride, I might have to refuse.

But luck was with me that week. Mother was downtown, Christmas shopping, every afternoon, and every afternoon Tommy was waiting at the door when school was out. There were no more lonely walks home; in school, Tommy's close-cropped, curly head was bent attentively toward mine as we walked from history to math; Tommy lingered at the lunch room door to walk out with me after I'd had lunch with Julia and Prudence.

I didn't tell my mother about Tommy's taking me home. After the first day I forgot about the possibility of her objecting. And it never entered Mother's head that I was coming home any way but the way I'd always come—on foot, and alone. Her mind was full of her shopping, and we were busy in the evenings, wrapping packages, making out cards, and the subject of Tommy never came up.

On Monday of the next week Tommy brought me home as usual. I waved



Tommy came running over to me. "There you are!" he said. "I've been looking all over for you."

goodbye to him as his old car rattled away, and ran into the house—to find Mother in the living room, standing by the window. She turned as I entered, and her eyes were alert and questioning. "Who drove you home, Joyce?" she asked.

**MY** heart dropped. This was the end; I knew it surely. The end of the rides, the laughter and the nonsense shouted over the noise of the engine, the end of all the fun and friendship that had come to me. Mother obviously didn't approve of the gaudily painted car; the cold winter wind wouldn't, to her way of thinking, excuse the fact that I'd been sitting close to Tommy. I'd done nothing wrong, nothing that the nicest girls in school didn't do every day; yet my voice thickened guiltily as I answered, "Tommy Rhoades."

Her eyebrows rose. "Tommy—? I don't believe I've heard you mention him. Who is he, dear?"

"He's new in town. His family moved here in October."

"I see. How long— Has he driven you home before today?"

"A few times," I admitted.

"A few—" Her brows lowered, knit in a frown. "He lives in the neighborhood, I suppose?"

"No, he lives over on Park Place."

"Park Place! Do you mean that he's been coming over here to Irving Avenue, and then driving all the way back to Park Place?" She shook her head. "You mustn't ride with him any more, Joyce."

Here it was again—something I wanted very much, something everyone else took for granted, was being refused me. I was close to tears, and I wasn't crying just for this time, but for all of the other times I'd been denied. "But, Mother," I cried, "why can't I ride home with Tommy? Walter Daniels drives Esther and Marian home every single day."

"That's different, dear. Walter and Esther and Marian all live around here. It's perfectly natural and friendly that he should drive them. But when

Tommy, who lives way over on Park Place, drives you—it amounts to a date, don't you see dear? And you know you're not old enough to have dates. You're not old enough to have a boy show so much interest in you that he goes out of his way on your account—"But—"

She shook her head, and she spoke slowly, distinctly, as she would to a very small, disobedient child. "I know what's best for you, Joyce. Believe me, I do. Just tell Tommy that you can't ride with him again, and if it's too cold to walk, I can come after you, or Walter Daniels will be glad to drive you."

I hated myself for crying, but I couldn't help it. The mention of Walter only piled frustration on frustration. "I can't ask Walter," I wailed. "Don't you see—Walter always stops at Markham's with the rest. You've never let me stop anywhere after school, and Walter wouldn't come straight home just to drive me—"

Mother sighed. "You're exaggerating,

**A PROBLEM FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR**

Suggested by a true problem presented on John J. Anthony's Good Will Hour, heard Sundays at 10:00 P.M., EWT, on Mutual.

dear. Walter is a very nice boy, and I'm sure that if you asked him, he'd—"

I gave up. I couldn't make her see. Mother wouldn't ask favors of someone who was barely an acquaintance, but she was suggesting that I do just that. All she saw was that Walter had lived near us for years, that I'd gone all through school with him; what she would not see were the invisible—but oh, so strong—barriers that separated me from him. The argument ended as arguments with Mother always ended—with my running upstairs to cry myself out in my own room, while Mother calmly went out to the kitchen to start dinner.

The next day, when I saw Tommy in history class, I tried to act as though nothing had happened. But I avoided him at noon, and at the close of school I left hastily, by the rear door. The day after that Tommy didn't wait outside history for me, and he didn't wait at noon. It was all done very casually, simply as if he had something important on his mind and had no time at the moment for me, but I knew what he was thinking. He was thinking that for some reason I no longer wanted to see him, and he wasn't going to give me a chance to tell him so to his face.

I was wretched, and I wanted to set things right with him, but I didn't know how, and he gave me no opportunity. Each day he came into history after I'd sat down at my desk, and at the end of class he was out of the room before I'd gathered my books together. At the end of the day he seemed to disappear into thin air. What was worse, now that I no longer saw him, I began to think much more about him. I realized how handsome he was, and how much fun, and how sweet. I began to think—yes, that I was in love with him. It was such a big word, love, and I hadn't expected to know the meaning of it for years to come, but it must be what I was feeling now. Otherwise, why should there be this empty feeling inside me, this lump in my throat whenever I saw his curly head in the hall? And surely, Tommy was in love with me. Mother herself had said he was showing a great deal of interest in me. What could such in-

terest be, but love? My heart ached when I thought how much I must have hurt him by ignoring him, and I almost hated my mother. She had done this to us. She had separated us. I would never again care for anyone as I cared for Tommy—

And then, just then I was thinking that I would never again have a word with Tommy, I came face to face with him one afternoon after school. It was a bitter cold day, and he was standing in front of his car, trying to crank it. My eyes watered in the wind, and I was abreast of him before I saw him. He glanced up at the sound of my footsteps, and I gave him such a bleak, lost look that he straightened from his cranking. "Gosh all everything!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," I said. "Just cold and wind-blown." The tremor in my voice could have been caused by the cold.

"We'll fix that. Wait a minute, and I'll give you a ride."

**T**HIS time I didn't hesitate. I knew what Mother would say, but I felt so wronged that I didn't care. I got into the car, and in a moment the motor started, and Tommy swung in beside me.

"Where've you been lately?" he asked casually.

"Around," I said vaguely. Not for anything would I have told him that Mother had forbidden me to ride with him. It didn't occur to me that it might hurt his feelings—no, what really kept me from telling him was his scorn of "kid stuff." Having to have your mother's permission for a little thing like a ride home would seem "kid stuff" indeed!

"Sure," he said. "I know what you mean. I've been busy, myself. I've been sticking pretty close to the books."

Tacitly, in those casual remarks, Tommy as much as said that he understood that I no longer wished to avoid him, and he agreed not to inquire into my reasons for doing so in the first place. Tacitly, by getting into the car, I'd said that our relationship was again on its old friendly basis. There was the same laughter, the same nonsense exchanged over the roar of the motor, in which each of us misunderstood—and sometimes only pretended to misunderstand—what the other was saying.

We were having so much fun that I couldn't bear to give it up again. I realized that when we turned into Irving Avenue, knew that some way, any way, I must keep my recovered happiness. This time, Mother would be doubly angry with me, because this time I was deliberately disobeying her. She wouldn't only forbid me to ride with Tommy; she would take steps to prevent it. She might even pick me up at school herself.

Two blocks from the house I shouted to Tommy, "You can stop right here."

"What did you say?" he yelled back, and then he saw that I was serious. The car slowed to a crawl.

"I want to get out here," I said. "—I've got an errand."

Tommy said, "Oh." That was all, but the syllable spoke volumes, and there was surprise and concern in the quick, penetrating look he gave me. The car stopped, and I started to get out. "Will I see you tomorrow?" Tommy asked.

My hand froze on the door, and for a moment it seemed that everything within me stopped. It wasn't a casual question; Tommy's expression showed plainly how very important it was to him that he see me again. "I—I suppose so," I answered.

"That's good." His eyes were grave, and he, too, seemed to have some trouble with his speech. "I missed you last week, Joyce. And I—well, I never thought I'd miss a girl so much—"

The blood stirred in my veins again, and it pulsed now with a new and deeper rhythm. "I missed you, too." I was horrified that the words came out in a squeaky whisper, but Tommy seemed satisfied. He smiled, and it was subtly different from and sweeter than the way I'd seen him smile before. "Tomorrow, then. I'll meet you at the front door, as usual."

I nodded, and as he started the motor, I remembered to walk down Twelfth Street, trying to look as if I really had an errand. Tommy understood. He didn't go down the street past our house to make the turn, as he might naturally have done. He made a U-turn right where he was and drove off, whistling, in the opposite direction.

Slowly I rounded the block, slowly approached the house. I wasn't afraid of facing my mother. I was sure that I'd deceived her smoothly, and that I was justified in doing so. But I wanted to be by myself for a while, wanted to get used to the wonderful, incredible change that had taken place in my life. I hadn't just imagined that Tommy cared about me. He really did care. It was a dream come true—and it was all the more wonderful because it was a dream I'd only half-known I'd had.

**T**HE next afternoon, Tommy was waiting for me at the school steps, but we didn't go directly to his car. Instead, he guided me across the street to the Weston Pharmacy. "I thought," he said, "we might stop for a coke. We've got time."

I understood what he meant. Twenty minutes for a coke, and a ten-minute ride home would add up to the time it ordinarily took me to walk. He'd guessed that my mother, not I, had put a stop to my riding with him, and he was making sure that it wouldn't happen again.

I went into the Weston with him, wishing with all my heart that he'd taken me to Markham's instead. The Weston had a bad name around school. The wilder boys frequented it, boasted—I don't know how truthfully—that the proprietor would sell them liquor. The girls I saw there were among the few at school whose hair was artificially blonde, whose lips were over-painted, who wore high heels and smoked cigarettes. For the first time in my life I (Continued on page 72)



# Out of reach

*"Never forget yourself, Hilda," her mother told her.*

*"Those college boys are not for you. You're like me—born for work, not play"*

**Y**OU ARE bread, Hilda, not cake," Olga, my mother, always said to me. "Remember they must be eaten separately—you can't sandwich life in between them."

But Joe says that Olga, with her fair hair and her strong, white teeth, is mistaken—and that I am, like the Swedish limpa she bakes—that I can be compared to her Swedish molasses bread which is the staff of life but tastes like cake. And, perhaps, Joe is right. Because I am not content to be only strong and plain and necessary like my mother, anymore than I want to be soft and frivolous and light the way my father was. I think Joe is right—I think I really did inherit the strength of my mother but a desire for gaiety from my father, too.

Until Joe came along, until I fell in love with him and decided to run away from home with him, no one ever knew about that "dreamer" side of me. No one suspected that romantic streak in me, because I look so much like my practical mother. "Little Olga" the college boys always called me when they crowded into *Olga's Place* for smorgasbord. They couldn't see that streak of imagination I got from my father—my father, who couldn't understand Olga's strength and independence anymore than she could understand the pictures he painted. I often wonder what would have happened if he hadn't died when I was two, if he hadn't gone away and left Olga, his strong young wife, his mother's former Swedish maid, to care for his child and hers.

*In Joe's eyes I read what he was going to say, before he could even speak the words.*



It was like Olga never to appeal to her husband's parents for help. Naturally, they had disapproved of the marriage—had ignored it and Olga and me. And so she had left it that way—had moved after her husband's death to the university town where year after year her smorgasbord attracted college students to her scrubbed little house with its immaculate table loaded with simple, delicious food.

All of the time I was growing up the young boyish faces which crowded into our small home were part of my life, and at the same time, something quite outside of it, too. Olga kept it that way.

"You must be nice to them," she used to tell me, "but always remember that they're out of our class."

Once when I was about fifteen and she was talking like that, she must have sensed from my expression that I didn't like to think of the college boys as belonging to a station out of my reach. Because her eyes were kind as she promised me a happy future. "You'll know a nice boy some day who looks at life the way we do. It's better that way," she said.

She thought she was making me happy with her picture of a hard-working young man so different from the exciting boys who filled our home with fun and laughter. But the kind of person she mentally selected for my husband didn't interest me at all, while the college students fascinated me completely.

TO MY mother, those bright-eyed boys stood for coal in the furnace and a new roof on the house and a warm cape and hood for me, but to me they meant gaiety and brilliance and life, itself. All during each long summer vacation, I looked forward to the time when the boys would be back again—when the bells would peal on Chapel Hill—when our little house would bulge with laughter and noise and boys.

I suppose I was about seventeen when Mother first noticed that the boys meant more to me than just money in the bank. Yes, I know I was seventeen, because that was just after I graduated from high school and started to business college. It was then that Olga began really to worry about the male customers who came to eat her delightful Swedish dishes. Anyway, that was when she began to remind me all of the time about the difference between them and me.

"Never forget yourself, Hilda," she would say time and time again, "you're not like them. You're like me—born for work, not play." And her sky-blue eyes would cloud with misty remembrance, and I knew she was thinking of her marriage "out of her class" so long ago. She was remembering the problems in her life when she was married to a wealthy artistic boy who never understood her desire to let their marriage stand alone, without the financial help of his parents. She was thinking of that talented, impractical young husband whom she had never understood even though she bore him a child. And she was resolving never to

let me tangle myself emotionally in that same kind of misunderstanding.

"But, Mother, these boys work," I argued. "Don't they have to work in school?"

"Work," she would say, smiling and shrugging, too. "Do they look like they're working to you?" And I had to admit that they didn't—not those gay laughing students who clamored at our door for food and warmth.

I wonder sometimes if Olga ever knew how much her Swedish food influenced our lives. Oh, of course, she realized that it paid for our living—but I wonder if she ever thought that it was the food and its novelty which attracted Joe Donalds to our house in the first place.

It was Christmas Eve when Joe first came—came out of the twilight with Marsha. I remember how cold and still and beautiful it was outside, how warm and fragrant and clean in our kitchen when Olga and I were preparing for the Christmas rush. You see, Christmas was the busiest day of all. Every year, the boys who couldn't get home for the holidays started coming in right after church for Plattar (Swedish pancakes) and sour cream waffles. And they thronged in again at noon for meat croquettes and smoked salmon and rye bread and all of the rest of Mother's famous dishes. And so, from the time I was just a little yellow-haired girl, instead of hanging up my stocking or decorating a tree on Christ-

mas Eve, I helped my mother in the kitchen as she prepared for the next day's business. And that's where Joe and Marsha found us.

Every instant of that first visit is stamped indelibly in my memory like the beginning paragraphs of a very exciting story. I remember that I was dipping a hot rosette iron, a pinwheel one, into the Swedish rosette batter, when Joe came in.

MARSHA preceded him, but I didn't notice her especially. I suppose that it was because, with her soft fur coat and her brushed shoulder-length hair, and her cared-for look, she was just like all the other "dates" who came to Olga's Place. But Joe was different.

I knew that from his serious, intense face even before he first asked Olga about the interview.

"I work on the college paper," he explained, "and we were thinking—well, Olga's Place—that's about like Vespers on Sunday afternoon to the boys here at school. I wonder if you'd let me write a feature story about you for tomorrow's paper."

Olga's modesty wouldn't let her accept. Anyway, she was busy and she simply shook her head negatively, even when Joe argued that the publicity would mean more business for her.

"But I can't handle any more business," she said sincerely. "I haven't any room to take care of what I've got." That was true. Until we could build

on that extra room we had planned for so long, we couldn't take care of any more business. Carefully, I dropped a wafer-thin rosette on to the absorbent paper towel, and I smiled as I thought of the money the rosettes would bring—money I intended to spend for that extra room for Olga. And then I felt the boy watching me. His voice was excited as he pled with Olga.

"But all of this—the warmth and the little cakes and your pretty daughter—all of it would make such a wonderful story."

I don't know why I wanted Mother to let him write the story. It wasn't because I wanted our names in the paper. No, I wanted Joe Donalds to have his way in this argument because



*At noon, the students almost burst the walls with their exuberance as they crowded around the smorgasbord table.*



I was excited by his lean face—because I was more attracted to him than I had ever been to any boy who had come to our house before.

"You'd be doing the school a favor, too," the boy argued. "All of the boys—even the ones who've gone away—would like to read about you."

The girl, Marsha, interrupted him then.

"Oh, Joe, don't be silly," she said. "Can't you see they'll never do it for nothing—they want to get paid for it!"

**H**OT angry blood flooded my cheeks and I wanted to lash out at this haughty girl. And then I looked into my mother's eyes. Steady, blue eyes, which weren't angry, but which said mutely, "You see, Hilda, they don't understand us—can't you see what they think?"

And then I looked at Joe and knew that he was ashamed—ashamed of the girl who stood there with her dark head high. Suddenly, he turned on her, "Marsha, you go outside and wait."

I expected her to defy him, but she didn't. She seemed to sense his power, his purpose, and to know that she must obey him. With a little shrug, she turned and went out.

"I hope you'll excuse her," Joe apologized. "This is her first trip here—and she doesn't know what *Olga's Place* means to the campus—what it will always mean." His face softened. "That's why I thought Christmas morning would be such a wonderful time for a story about you."

"Oh, Mother, I think you should," I urged. "That's one way to thank the school for the business they've given us all these years."

The boy smiled, frankly appreciative, as Mother nodded slowly and said, "I suppose that's right. What do you want to know?"

The interview didn't take very long. He asked just simple questions like, "When did you come over from Sweden?" and "Did you learn how to cook these dishes over there?" and "When did you first come to this town?" and "What does the college mean to you?"

"Hungry boys," Mother said to that one, and Joe laughed as he scribbled on his creased yellow paper, before he went away with Marsha.

I'll never, never forget Christmas that year because it's all mixed up with Joe and his story about Olga and the college and Christmas and good food. I read it aloud to Olga, and I had to stop for a minute when I got to the third paragraph. Joe's description of the strong Swedish woman with her smooth fair hair and her clear skin and his story of what she meant to her "hungry boys" blurred in front of my eyes. I didn't look at Olga, but I knew that she was moved. For the first time in her long years at the college, she was taking time out to consider what the food she served meant to boys away from home.

All of that day sparkled like a diamond in my memory—that Christmas-card Christmas outside—a day inside as full of surprise as a gay, beribboned

package under a tinsel fir tree.

The boys charged in all morning bringing simple gifts for Olga, glamorized by publicity. In the early hours they clamored for pancakes and waffles. And at noon they almost burst the walls with their exuberance as they crowded around the smorgasbord table.

"Lutfisk is better than turkey any day," one senior insisted as he gobbled the light yellow fish which shimmered like lemon jello.

"And this cheese—no one has cheese like Olga's," said another bright-eyed youth.

"Why, Mother," I whispered proudly, "they love you the way they love Flunk Day and Indian Creek and Green Lake and all of it."

And then the boys were swarming around me, buying Yule Cakes and Swedish rosettes to mail home to their parents. And I took their money happily in exchange for my pastries, thinking of the extra room I could build for Olga.

"Hilda made the rosettes this year," Olga announced proudly as I packaged the paper-thin delicacies. "And the cakes, too."

"Our sons will thank you for teaching Hilda to cook," one boy said, smiling at me. "She'll be making cakes for them some day."

**A**ND, suddenly, the bright day clouded, and I was afraid. I didn't want to carry on in Olga's shoes, cooking for university students year after year. I wanted another kind of a life—a life that belonged to me, not to the unborn sons of these students who filled the room. And that's when I looked up and saw Joe.

"I hope that you're nearly through, because I've come to take you skating if you'll go," he said quietly.

"Well, you see—Mother—" my voice trailed off in disappointment.

"I'll ask her," he suggested quickly.

I could hear every word they said but I didn't look at them. I just waited breathlessly, and I could hardly believe my ears when I heard Olga (an Olga flushed from excitement, popularity, and good cheer) answer, "Yes, I guess she can go—but she has to be back by five o'clock."

Scarcely more than an hour that somehow stretched into three—a sparkling interval in my life—as jewel-like as little Green Lake, gleaming at the outskirts of the campus. Usually, the glistening patch of frozen water was dotted with laughing college students, but on this day—our day, I think of it now—the lake was deserted except for us. As we glided smoothly onto the ice, our clasped hands (even through our heavy mittens) seemed to unify us into one being. The wind whipped around us as we cut swiftly through its interference. I shall never forget the feeling I had. It was as if we two—this boy and I—were alone in the world battling the forces of nature. We were joined together as one, fighting the bitter wind, struggling against life, itself. We skated well together, and I remember thinking that this was somehow right, that this boy and I were right for each

other, that we—that we matched.

We didn't speak. Words were unnecessary. We just glided along, content in being together on the little familiar Green Lake, strangely purple today under the winter sky. Around and around the glistening circle we drifted, filling our lungs with clean, sharp air, bending our bodies with natural rhythm. Neither of us minded the cold because together we were conquering the numbing quality of it, rising above it through our combined exertion.

I don't know which of us thought of the time first. Somehow, it seemed to come to both of us at the same time, as if our very minds were in perfect accord. But Joe spoke first—"Your mother's going to be worried, Hilda. I hate to go, but we'd better." He put his mittened hands to my waist, and guided me smoothly to shore.

Joe knelt to take off my skates, and it was then that we looked directly into each other's eyes for the first time since we left the little house. And in Joe's eyes I read what he was going to say, before he could speak the words.

There is no silence quite so still as the outdoor silence of a snow-blanketed world. And into that stillness Joe spoke the words that every woman waits breathlessly all her life to hear—gently, quietly, for my ears alone, yet thunderously and magnificently in all that silence, as if he would be proud for the whole world to hear. "Hilda—Hilda, I love you. It seems strange in so short a while, but it's as true as anything in the world, and as wonderful. I love you."

He got up slowly, never taking his dark, serious eyes from my face. And then he kissed me, deliberately. His lips were clean and firm and cool when they first touched mine, like the clean coolness of the snow, and then they warmed. And the warmth spread and filled us, until we were one again, not battling against the wind and cold now, but safe and secure in our love for each other.

"You love me, too, don't you." He wasn't asking a question.

**T**HERE was nothing foolish or childish left in me to make me protest or feel shy. I simply told the truth. "Yes, Joe." And we turned and walked quietly toward the little house, and Olga.

We walked in perfect, happy silence nearly to the house, until I remembered. Somehow I knew that his answer would be perfectly satisfactory, but I had to ask. "Joe—what about that other girl, who came with you last night?"

His face was honestly puzzled, and then he laughed. "Marsha? Oh, Hilda—she's just my roommate's sister. She doesn't matter."

And I was sure that he was telling me the truth.

As we turned into the path before the house, he asked, "What time will you be through? Shall we go to a show tonight?" And I know that he was completely surprised at my refusal—at my explana- (Continued on page 67)

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

# My Best Girls

Here's radio's new, all-American family—The Bartletts



JILL (played by Lorna Lynn) is the eleven-year-old member of the Bartlett household. She thinks her sister Linda is glamorous, but Penny, too casual. Her father is her hero—the man who really counts in her life. Having spent eleven years getting around him, she is so proficient at it that she usually gets what she wants. Jill can sell more tickets to benefits and collect more scrap than most kids her age.

*My Best Girls—heard Wednesdays at 8:30 P.M., EWT, over the Blue Network*





*LINDA, the oldest of the three Bartlett girls, is eighteen and a sophomore at Brentwood College. Her interest in things artistic gives her a certain sense of superiority that is occasionally quite irksome to the more practical members of her family. Linda is restless—she doesn't quite know what she wants from life. Though she doesn't particularly like to do it, she runs the household, but she feels it is something that must be suffered until she is finally released to Art. With Jill, whom she loves deeply, she is the little mother. With Penny she is the superior, older sister; with Father, the confidante and helper.*

*(Linda Bartlett is played by Mary Shipp)*



*PENNY, at fifteen, is an alert, positive character—a go-getter. She is practical, sniffs at Linda's artistic bent and feels that it's a pose and insincere. She loves her father and family and would cheerfully lie down in the road before an onrushing truck if circumstances demanded it. Penny is the one who gets things done and is the one who preserves the balance of power between art and temperament in the Bartlett household. She gets along with boys like another boy, a fact which disturbs Linda. Though she can't compete with Linda when it comes to glamour, Penny knows she has her own charm.*

*(Penny Bartlett is played by Mary Mason)*



**RUSSELL BARTLETT**, 44, moderately successful architect, owns his house, his car, has a modest summer place and a little money in the bank. He has worked out a fine and pleasant system for rearing his motherless daughters. He believes in letting his girls work out their own problems. He would rather laugh with them at their errors of judgment or behavior than scold them for it. He is the symbol of every young American boy's or girl's Dad. (Played by Roland Winters)



**JILL and PAUL RAUCH** (one of Jill's boyfriends) are only interested in good things to eat. When Jill's not listening to her sisters' phone conversations, you'll usually find her raiding the pantry shelf.



**LINDA and DAVE TAYLOR** (above) enjoy a musical evening. Dave is the son of the editor of the Brentwood paper. He's crazy about Linda and takes a lot of punishment when she gets temperamental.



**PENNY AND TOMMY ACKERMAN** think they are in love, and nothing anyone says will convince them that this is just the puppy stage. The Bartletts and Ackermans have been neighbors for years.

Sons David and young Eric enjoy many musical moments with their happy parents.



# Two in harmony

*They started going together because there was no one else around. But there was a moon, and the sound of lapping water—and they found they were in love!*

**O**N the eve of the premiere of our new radio series, *The adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*, over CBS last October, Ozzie and I gave a party. The papers made no mention of the affair. There were no photographers present. There were no guests present—just the two of us—but it was a gala affair just the same.

More elaborate festivities, the sort which always attend the opening of a new radio show, were to come off the next night, *after* the opening, when, as is traditional in radio, Ozzie and I were to entertain the other members of the cast, the band, and the

By **HARRIET HILLIARD**

writing and production staffs.

But on October eighth, the night before the big night, Ozzie and I had a double reason for celebrating—all alone. It was not only that we were about to see the realization of the most ambitious dreams and plans of our ten years of working together professionally—a radio show of our own, more important still to us was another significance of October eighth, 1944—it was our ninth wedding anniversary.

So, after we put David and Eric to

bed, we opened a bottle of champagne and drank a toast "to the Nelsons, all four of them." (It really was gingerale, but champagne sounds gayer.) Then we slipped off to a quiet, out of the way restaurant where we could be just another young couple out for a Saturday night date, and lingered happily over dinner until almost twelve o'clock.

"I'm so glad," I sighed happily over my third small black coffee, "that you changed your mind."

"What are you so glad about?" Ozzie asked, bridling a little, for he prides himself on his consistency.

"About our arrangements being strictly business," I reminded him.

I was remembering our first conversation, in 1934, when Ozzie came to see me with an offer of the job of girl vocalist with his band. He had seen me in a Paramount short, and decided I was just the girl he was looking for.

Even then, Ozzie was experimenting with the patter songs which have since become his musical trademark, and he wanted to try out a girl and boy team in front of the band. It was a revolutionary idea at the time.

The offer was very appealing to me, but I had to confess to Ozzie that I had never sung a note in my life.

IT didn't matter, he said. He could teach me to sing; what he wanted was someone who could read comedy lines, and my work in the Paramount short had convinced him I could do that.

"It will be easy," he said encouragingly, and then he added, "and if you are worrying about working those hours—with all those guys—don't. I'll see to it that everything is strictly business!"

It was, too, at first.

Ozzie was pretty busy—the band business, he thought then, was just a necessary evil—a way to get hold of enough money to pay his way through law school. When his father died suddenly the year before, when Ozzie was a senior at Rutgers, chances had seemed to fade for the law career Ozzie thought he wanted. But he worked hard at his music, and paid out the profits in tuition at the New Jersey Law school. When I met him he was attending classes in the daytime, leading the band until one o'clock every morning—studying, the Lord only knows when. He had to take a night off from Glen Island Casino, where the band was appearing, to graduate!

From that point, his program was cut out for him. He thought. He would stick to the band business until he had saved \$10,000. Then he would hang out his shingle.

But two factors intervened to change his plans. In the first place, Ozzie's band was catching on. The crowd of young Westchester kids who patronize the Casino liked his soft, romantic style of music, and they came in droves to hear the band. He also landed the band spot on the Joe Penner radio show, then the most popular series on the air. This happened so soon after I joined the band that Ozzie told me I was his lucky star. In any event, Ozzie was finding out that music was more than a means to an end. It was fun.

The second factor was me.

We started going out together because there was no one else for either of us to go out with. No nice girl is going to wait up until one o'clock every night for a date with a guy, even if he is as nice as Ozzie, and certainly no man worth his salt was going to wait around until I was through work for the pleasure of driving me all the way from Glen Island to my home in New York.

So, innocently enough, we began stopping off together after work for supper at the Glen Island hangout, the Bean Wagon. Our conversations at first were, as he had promised, "strictly business." But Glen Island is a very romantic place on the shores of Long Island sound. It is pretty hard to stick to chatter about song arrangements in a place like that, with a big moon hanging low in the sky, and the soft sound of water lapping at the piers making faint music in the background.

Even in that setting, it took Ozzie and me a year and a half to realize that we were in love. I liked him very much and he liked me, too. (Let me say right here I think that's the best foundation for marriage a young couple can have.)

But it wasn't until the fall of 1935 that Ozzie got around to proposing. It was late at night, we were on a train, rushing through Texas, in the throes of a killing series of one-night stands which was to culminate with a long run at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles.

Suddenly Ozzie, who had been sitting in frowning silence, turned to me and said, "How about getting married?"

I suppose that doesn't sound like a very romantic proposal—but I knew what Ozzie meant. His father's death had left him with the entire responsibility for his mother's security, and that of his baby brother. Another brother was working his way through dental school. He didn't feel that he had a right to ask me to marry him until he was sure he had a future to offer me. I understood, and loved him more for it.

We planned to be married as soon as we could get back to New Jersey from our run at the Coconut Grove. Then RKO messed up all our plans by offering me a part in the Rogers and Astaire picture, "Follow the Fleet."

I honestly didn't want to accept it. For one thing I was too young to know what a wonderful opportunity the picture was.

Ozzie had more sense. He insisted that I make the picture. I insisted that I'd rather be married. So we compromised and I did both.

We rushed home to New Jersey from Los Angeles, and were married—quietly, with just our families present—at Ozzie's mother's home in Hackensack. Ozzie's brother and sister-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Nelson, were our only attendants. I splurged on a Nettie Rosenstein gown of plum and blue, and Ozzie splurged on orchids.

Ozzie and I had a dreadful time trying to convince ourselves that the ceremony was real. I suppose all people feel that sense of unreality at all the dramatic moments of their lives. But there we were—we felt as though we were the principals playing the second act curtain of a comedy drama. When Alfred couldn't find the wedding ring—it was one of the chain rings so popular then, and it collapsed in his pocket—and when Ozzie, once it was produced, had to struggle to get it on my

finger, it seemed more like a play than ever.

There we were, legally married—and three days later I had to be in California. What were a bride and groom to do in an emergency like that? Ozzie and I settled the question by going to a movie at Loew's state! I'm afraid I don't remember what we saw.

The second and final night of our honeymoon, Ozzie's band opened its winter season at the Lexington Silver Grill. I appeared for my usual numbers and the band and the kids who were there to dance gave me a wonderful send off.

The next morning Ozzie popped me in a plane for California, trying to be cheerful for he knew I didn't want to go.

"Keep your chin up and your breakfast down," he urged me, trying to smile.

"I don't want to go," I bawled, and I didn't even try to look happy.

I guess I gave them a pretty rough time at RKO the three months I worked on the picture. I was homesick and lonesome—a combination easily mistaken for temperament. Joe Nolan, then vice-president of the studio, telephoned Ozzie frantically from time to time.

"Ozzie," he'd say, "we're having trouble with her again." And then Ozzie would get on the phone and tell me to be good and do what I was told.

I got through it somehow and flew home to Ozzie. There followed for three years one of the happiest periods of our lives.

The band alternated for three seasons at the Lexington and Hotel New Yorker. Ozzie and I lived in a suite in the hotel—no cares or worries, except to be sure that we showed up for our stint at the hotel every night and our radio program on Sundays. We had no household problems at all. Ozzie, finally rid of the bugaboo of insecurity, stopped talking about hanging out his shingle and relaxed and enjoyed himself. We worked hard, but we loved it, and we played just as hard, and just as happily. Many a morning, we came home with the milkman. It was a wonderful life.

Then, in October, 1936, our David was born. Our lives didn't change appreciably at first—although we did give up our hotel suite for an apartment in David's honor.

(Continued on page 65)

*Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson have just celebrated the ninth anniversary of a very happy business and marriage partnership—and the beginning of a grand new radio show of their own, heard on Sunday nights at 6:00 on CBS.*



**L**OOKING back on it, you could say it happened the minute I saw him. Right there at the railroad station on the day that Emily and Carter came back to Lauderdale to live—that seemed to be the beginning of it. That seemed to start all the pain of longing and the tortured sweetness. I can remember every detail of that meeting as if I were re-living it now: the way I ran along beside the train toward their Pullman car, so happy and excited at seeing Emily again for the first time in years, the way she waved and held out her arms to me, the happiness with which she tugged at Carter's sleeve and said, "Darling, here's Laurie. . . ."

And then Carter turning around from tipping the porter and looking down at me and saying in that half-laughing voice of his, "So this is little sister," He stooped and kissed me on the cheek, I remember, and I just stood and stared at him, unable to say

a word, forgetful of Emily and the curious bystanders alike, while my heart turned over and something inside me cried insistently, "This is it. This is what you've been waiting for and dreaming of all the twenty years of your life."

That was the way it happened, suddenly and all of a piece, without any questions. And you could say it was at that moment that I fell in love with my sister's husband.

But I think, in all honesty, you'd be wrong if you said that. Because I believe it really started long ago—years ago—before I'd ever seen Carter Mayfield or knew anything about him except what the town said.

Of course, the town said plenty. They always had. I imagine the worst trouble about living in a tiny place like Lauderdale is that you can never forget anything that happens. You're never allowed to. If it happens to you, you live through it and pass it and

put it where it belongs in your life. But there's always someone—a thousand someones, it seems—to remind you of it, to bring it alive again just by saying, "Why, I remember just as if it were yesterday . . ." or "I'll never forget what people said at the time . . ." And the worst of it is half the time they're saying that behind your back, and you can feel the whispering gossip and the furtive words dragging it back into your life where it doesn't belong any more. I guess there's always one person or one family that people choose to talk about more than any other. In Lauderdale, it was the Mayfields.

They lived in a big old house where Mayfields had lived for years, set back from the street and shadowed by trees and heavy shrubs. There were rumors that once, years and years ago, Mr. Mayfield had shot and killed a man in a quarrel over a loose woman. I don't know about that. Nothing was

# Emily's Husband

*"There must be lots of girls like you,  
Laurie," Paul told her. "Heaven help  
the men who fall in love with them!"*

## A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

*Suggested by the story, "Soldier's Farewell," by Anne Ray, first heard on Stars Over Hollywood, on CBS.*



ever proved and it all happened long before I was born anyway. But that's the kind of thing people whispered. Nobody liked Mrs. Mayfield because she was from the city and had always held herself aloof. Carter was the only child, and I remember when I was very small hearing people say that he was "wild." "Just like his father," they said, "It's in the Mayfield blood—" And then when Carter was about twenty, they seemed to be right because he ran away with Amy Talbot, a girl from the wrong side of Lauderdam.

That really caused a scandal. Mr. Mayfield refused to have anything more to do with Carter and forbade him ever to come home again as long as he was married to that woman. And Carter never did. There were rumors that he and Amy had had a child, then that they had been divorced, but nobody knew for sure because they lived a long way off and the Mayfields never mentioned Carter's name again as far

as anybody knew. After a while Mrs. Mayfield died—of a broken heart, people said—and old Mr. Mayfield continued to live on alone in the old house which the trees and shrubs made more shuttered every year and where nobody ever went.

You can see what an air of mystery and romance that story would have for a lonely child like me. Emily, who was seven years older than I, and I were orphans. We lived with a spinster sister of my mother's—Aunt Agnes, who was a good woman according to her lights but who didn't understand children. She was too strict with us. When Emily was in her early twenties, she rebelled against Aunt Agnes' harshness and the lack of opportunity for a young girl in Lauderdam, and left home to go to the city and study to be a nurse. That made me lonelier than ever. I used to dream of the day when I could go live with her, as she'd promised. And because when you're

young and lonely and eager for things to happen and nothing ever does, you just make up things for yourself, I used to dream up all kinds of nonsense about the life I'd have when I could escape Aunt Agnes and a humdrum town. I'd walk by the Mayfield house, and remember how Carter had defied the world for love and envision him as the most romantic man in the world. That was the kind of man I wanted, that was the kind of love.

And then Emily wrote she had met Carter Mayfield, by accident, in the city. "He was divorced several years ago," she wrote. "It was all a youthful, foolish mistake. He's terribly nice, Laurie—you'd like him." A few months later she wrote they were going to be married.

Well, that news really did stand the town on its head. The old scandal was raked up and hashed over, and everybody wondered how Aunt Agnes and Mr. Mayfield (Continued on page 53)



*I watched them as we sat listening to the radio. "She doesn't really appreciate him," I'd think.*



LOOKING back on it, you could say it happened the minute I saw him. Right there at the railroad station on the day that Emily and Carter came back to Lauderdam to live—that seemed to be the beginning of it. That seemed to start all the pain of longing and the tortured sweetness. I can remember every detail of that meeting as if I were re-living it now: the way I ran along beside the train toward their Pullman car, so happy and excited at seeing Emily again for the first time in years, the way she waved and held out her arms to me, the happiness with which she tugged at Carter's sleeve and said, "Darling, here's Laurie. . . ."

And then Carter turning around from tipping the porter and looking down at me and saying in that half-laughing voice of his, "So this is little sister." He stooped and kissed me on the cheek, I remember, and I just stood and stared at him, unable to say a word, forgetful of Emily and the curious bystanders alike, while my heart turned over and something inside me cried insistently, "This is it. This is what you've been waiting for and dreaming of all the twenty years of your life."

That was the way it happened, suddenly and all of a piece, without any questions. And you could say it was at that moment that I fell in love with my sister's husband.

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# Emily's Husband

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A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

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I watched them as we sat listening to the radio. "She doesn't really appreciate him," I'd think.

The only thing that was alive was the feeling of my heart so close to his.



# Love's shining hour

**O**H, MOTHER!" I asked in exasperation. "What is it this time?"

Mother's vivid blue eyes looked guilty and she ran a tanned, shapely hand through her short gray curls. In the perky dirndl dress her figure was as slender as a girl's and indeed, as she stood there holding the flat package behind her back, our roles did seem reversed and she was the girl meekly submitting to a scolding.

"Now, Penny, don't get upset." And then, her whole face lighting up—"It's the most heavenly material . . . just what I needed for Miss United Nations at the War Bond Rally. Rita Scandini is taking the part and she does need a rich-looking fabric to set off her dark hair. And it cost practically nothing."

"Practically nothing!" I echoed bitterly. "The Scandinis can afford cotton bunting—but no, you have to spend our money so Rita can have the best, which means, I suppose, that we eat stew for the rest of the week. At least, don't get so wrapped up in the Rally that you forget we're going to the Joneses for dinner tonight."

She made a face at me, teasing. "You're just jealous. You're afraid Rita will look so pretty that Sydney Jones will be looking at her instead of watching you play the violin at the Rally."

There was no answer to that and I walked away, angrily. Not much danger of Sydney condescending to look at a Scandini! In fact, Mother's attachment to that harum-scarum family had been a cause of contention between us for years.

My clean, shabby room had always been my refuge when I quarreled with Mother. I flung myself across the bed while my cheeks cooled and the turmoil inside me subsided. You really couldn't call them "quarrels." She always managed to evade issues with her laughter, or her teasing, or her sharp, penetrating wit.

I raised my face to the oval-framed picture of Grandmother over the bed. It was like a charm that always worked, the strength that flowed from those chiseled features into my own groping

heart. As always, something that was proud and self-contained came from that coolly-disdainful face to soothe and help me.

Grandmother Stevens was on my side. The firm, fastidious lips seemed to say to me: "You are a Stevens. Remember your forefathers built this town, that we were the first family on the 'Hill.' It is your right and your duty to go back there—where you belong." How she would have hated it, if she were alive, to see us living down here in this little back-street house, cheek-a-jowl with Jensen, the plumber, on one side and a beauty shop on the other.

Even that wouldn't have mattered so much—where we lived—we would still be welcome anywhere because of my dead Father's name, if only Mother wanted to remind people of it. But she went her blithe way, as if in moving here she had escaped the "Hill" and some intolerable burden connected with it.

Why—why couldn't she be like other mothers? I was dimly aware that in her own way she was a rare and wonderful person, but I wanted just a real, ordinary mother—someone who would flutter over me and worry about me and sympathize with me. Someone who would understand why I wanted to marry Sydney Jones and pull strings, like other mothers did, so that I would have a chance to meet him on his own home grounds.

All that maneuvering I'd had to do myself. My heart hardened as I thought of all the planning that had finally resulted in the dinner invitation for tonight.

I know how mercenary that was. But it was something else, too—the desperate, passionate desire for security in a life that was always topsy-turvy. It was the need I'd felt as a child for some kind of stability in my life; that meals would be on time; that there was a lap to climb onto and a mother's arms to shield me from the little hurts and the big fears.

Even now I could remember with a heart-breaking pang how, as a child, I

had come home one day to find Mother had given my old teddy-bear away to another little girl. She was right—in her way. I was too old for it and she felt it was silly to store things away in tissue paper and ribbons when someone else might enjoy them. But for me it was like parting with a dearly-beloved friend, almost a part of my tiny self. It was my first glimpse that nothing in our lives would ever be permanent—unless I made them so.

It is painful for a teen-age girl to learn that other people considered her mother "different." That she didn't care a hoot for the things that mattered so much to them; that she much preferred playing tennis with the Garvey twins to joining the Ladies' Bridge Club.

**O**F COURSE, there were others in town who admired Mother, and there were some who worshipped the ground she walked on.

I knew she loved me, but hers was a "sink or swim" philosophy—no pampering, no coddling. I felt that I stood alone in a shifting, insecure, changing world. Is it any wonder I looked to the other extreme, to wealth and position, for the anchor I wanted?

I wanted a well-ordered life in the old Stevens red-brick Georgian house on the "Hill." I wanted thick, monogrammed towels and polished-mirror floors and deep rugs and heavy, embossed silver and quiet, well-trained servants. I wanted to be invited to homes where my father, Judge Stevens, had once been a welcome guest. And since I couldn't have any of these without him, I wanted to marry Sydney Jones. Love, to me, was just one of those silly, impractical things that happened to people who didn't know what they wanted.

Grandmother's eyes, so very like my own through their fringed lashes, seemed to be glinting approvingly. Only where hers had been a steely blue, my own were almost a topaz. Our hair was the same—her coppery waves piled high in a pompadour, mine shining and softly-curling to my shoulders.

We both had faint shadows under high delicate cheekbones. I wished my chin were like hers, so firmly jutting, but I had to be satisfied that we both had the same slim, erect carriage.

It was only underneath, sometimes treacherously close to the surface, that there was hidden the same bubbling, gay laughter as Mother's and the same crazy, cock-eyed way of looking at life.

Once she explained it to me. "Your father and his family were sweet, Penny, but they smothered me. It was always duty—duty—responsibility—'never put off till tomorrow—' 'never give anything away,' 'improve each shining hour.' The trouble was they were so busy improving there never were any 'shining hours.' So when your father died and I found there was only a tiny income I decided I'd never worry about money again.

"I'd do just the things I wanted and only see people I liked. I'd work where I pleased—" this was when she had gone to work in the Jones' defense factory—"and buy mad, crazy hats and see the latest shows and help other people—without playing Lady Bountiful. But I'm afraid it's been hard on you, pet. I forgot that you were a Stevens, too."

I was still thinking about it when Mother and I clattered up the "Hill" that night in her old jalopy.

It had been hard. But it had been fun, too. Our house had been the gathering-place for all the kids in town and they loved to come because no one cared if the floors got scuffed or if things got broken. It had been fun—even if few of the parents ever came near us and even if they didn't approve of our having the Scandinis there.

Well, maybe—after tonight—all this would be changed. This invitation for dinner with Sydney and his father must mean that Sydney had hinted to Harvey Jones how he felt about me. I shivered in anticipation and with sharp, desperate desire. Old Harvey Jones must like me, must approve of Mother. Because no matter how much he wanted me, Sydney would never do anything without his father's consent.

Love to Penny was just one of those silly impractical things—until Jerry showed her a glimpse of heaven and then snatched it away!

As we were admitted into the broad, oak-paneled hall there was a rigid tension in my body and a creeping ache at the base of my head. *Please, please, Mother—I prayed silently—for once be proper and dignified. This is our only chance!* For I was thinking about her, too, and that she could have everything she wanted.

Dinner was a nightmare. I couldn't tell whether things were going smoothly or not. Once I realized, in horror, that Mother was upbraiding Mr. Jones for his lack of interest in the War Bond Rally! But strangely enough, he seemed pleased at her interest and he listened attentively, ignoring us, his massive white head bent towards hers—his piercing eyes fastened in eager admiration on her vivid face.

**A**FTERWARD, in the gloomy, book-lined library, Sydney told me in jubilation that everything was swell.

"Whew! Honestly, Penelope, I must confess I was worried—Father likes everything just so. I was afraid your Mother might kick over the apple-cart—but he's taken a tremendous fancy to her."

His patronizing words stung my pride. "Why shouldn't he? She's lovely—and she's charming—"

"Don't sputter, darling. So are you lovely and charming. The most beautiful girl I've ever known." Behind his thick glasses his eyes glinted with an unaccustomed warmth. He would pick his own time and place to propose, but I knew then that it was settled—I was going to be Mrs. Sydney Jones!

The glow of triumph was still in me the next day as I hurried home from my violin lesson. Snow falling in driving white flakes couldn't chill the nervous excitement that thrummed in my blood, and I could hardly control my steps as I hastened over the icy sidewalks. I had done it!

Not even Mother's quiet "Are you sure that's what you want, Penny?" as we had returned home last night could spoil the success of the dinner. Of course it was what I wanted! I had worked for that success, slowly building up the picture in Sydney's mind of me as Judge Steven's daughter, so that he would see me as someone fit to take my place as his wife.

Suddenly I felt myself lunging forward into space. The dreams crowding my thoughts had kept me from seeing the high curb and I lunged over it, skidding awkwardly, sidewise, over the hard-packed icy ruts of the street. Snow blinded me. The violin flew out of my hand, I dimly heard the screeching brakes and the frightened, blaring honking of a car, then something rudely snatched me backwards—and I was flying through space.

It seemed ages later that I picked my trembling self up gingerly, slowly, out of the snow bank piled against the curb. I was hardly conscious of the strong arms holding my shoulders and the hands brushing snow from my face. I was so shaken I could hardly hear the strong voice shooing away the curious onlookers or the face that bent above mine.



Dinner was a nightmare. "Please, please, Mother," I prayed silently. "For once be proper and dignified."

Slowly the face resolved itself into two smiling black eyes, cheeks that were flat-planed and tanned, a stubborn chin, and a sensitive, chiseled mouth that was made for—

What was I thinking of! I must be dizzier than I knew or I surely wouldn't be thinking of the feel of that mouth—or kisses—when I looked at this complete stranger in his cocky soldier's overseas cap.

"My violin!" I exclaimed, desperately. "No—that's all wrong," he replied with a crooked grin, as he handed me the snow-covered violin case. "The first thing all girls say when they're rescued is 'Where am I?' and then they open their big, beautiful—by the way, I've always wondered what color your eyes really were, Penny, ever since

you were a kid. Amber? Golden?"

By this time we had started walking, his hand firmly under my elbow. "I'm awfully sorry—do I know you? You've saved my life, but the uniform changes people sometimes—"

"You wouldn't remember. I'm Jerry Scandini. With eight of us Scandinis, it's no wonder you couldn't place me—I'm the oldest. But I should have thought you'd remember I kissed you under the mistletoe once."

Remember! I'd never forgotten the dark, intense boy who had so shyly kissed me that long-ago Christmas. So that was why my memory had linked the thought of his mouth pressing on mine—even though this tall, good-looking soldier had changed so much from the thin, girl-shy Scandini boy. For

one thing, he certainly was no longer shy.

I had never felt this close awareness and at-oneness with any man before. Perhaps it had something to do with his hand so masculinely strong holding my arm, pressing my still-trembling body close to his as we walked slowly along.

Or maybe it was because I didn't have to put on an act with him as I did with Sydney. Jerry Scandini couldn't give me anything. Instead I found myself wanting to do something for him—some little thing to bring the swift smile to his face and the twinkle to his eyes.

"You've no idea, Penny, how good it is to be home for ten whole days," he was saying.

"And then you go back?" trying hard

to remember if I'd ever heard where he'd been stationed.

"To the Pacific? No. They're sending a bunch of us who've been out there for some time and who've learned something about fighting Japs to camps here in this country to teach the new guys. Don't ask me if it was tough out there—it was. I used to think a lot about walking down Center Street like this and how good it would be to feel snow underfoot." He smiled down at me. "And we all thought about girls we knew. Do you mind very much, Penny, if I thought about you? I even had a machine gun that had a funny little sputter just like yours when you got mad. It was a good gun—right on the beam. So I called it 'Penny.'"

Quick tears rose to my eyes. That

he should have remembered me!

In the days that followed I tried to tell myself that I was only soothing my conscience by seeing so much of Jerry. After all, he was a soldier on leave and I had never even written him a friendly note when he was out there, fighting. And Sydney was up to his neck in work at the factory. Mother's words must have had some effect because Mr. Jones had ordered Sydney to spend his spare time working on the Bond Rally.

And Mother, herself, was mysteriously absent evening after evening, coming in late and looking flustered and guilty. Perhaps if it had just been my time that was so taken up, I might have wondered what she was up to and what made that tremulous catch in her voice when she answered the telephone and what put those radiant stars in her eyes.

But my heart was involved, too. It was learning strange lessons, a new, exciting tempo everytime it heard a certain step crunching over our frost-covered porch, and it would beat madly, crazily when his hands touched mine, the pulses sending tiny little thrill messages through my whole body.

I tried to keep a distance between me and Jerry. But he seemed to take a delight in brushing it aside, bringing out everything that was gay and frivolous in me.

It was happening too fast. I'd never known what love was. I didn't want to know. Anyway, not this frightening sensation that was robbing me of my power to think. This had no part in my plans for a safe, secure, unemotional life as Mrs. Sydney Jones.

I wouldn't let it happen!

**B**UT then we'd be skating swiftly over the Little Pond, steel blades clicking rhythmically under the white stars in the black night, the blood racing madly in my veins, and Jerry would bend his dark head over mine and whisper tenderly, "Are you happy, Penny? Shall we go on and on and never stop? . . . and I would answer, breathlessly—"Yes . . . oh, yes, Jerry!"

Or we would be making hot chocolate in the kitchen and he would stop and press my hand for a second against his long, smooth cheek—a tantalizing pressure that held a promise of untold delight.

It was all I could do to keep up any semblance of interest when Sydney called, as he did every morning.

Friday morning I knew it was something special from the studied way he spoke.

"Penelope? This is Sydney. Listen carefully, dear." He gave an embarrassed little cough. "Father's giving a small party after the Rally tomorrow night. I think that's as good a time as any to announce our engagement. I know it's sudden, but in these times—What do you say, dear?"

I must have said something, but the sick feeling inside weakened my voice to a whisper.

I don't know what else he said but somehow I made the right answers. With careful (Continued on page 70)

# BLACK IS THE COLOR

Here is a new arrangement of an old ballad, by radio's popular singer of folk songs—you can hear it on CBS' Country Journal

SLOWLY LYRICAL

Burl Ives Arrangement

Black, black, black is the co-lor of my true love's hair,

R.H.

Her lips — are something wondrous fair, The pur - est eyes and the

dain - ti - est hands, I love the grass on where she

stands.

1 2 Fine

D.S. al Fine

R.H.





*BURL IVES* says, "I just like to sing. That's all." This big, blue-eyed Mid-westerner left his home town of Newton, Illinois, with fifteen cents in his pocket and his banjo under his arm, and toured the country from coast to coast, learning the native songs of the villages, the plains and the hills. He is proud of the ballads he has collected in his wanderings—songs refreshing in their originality and humor and rich in Americana. He's currently being featured in Broadway's Theater Guild production, "Sing Out Sweet Land," and when he can get away from his radio commitments, he lives on a quaint, little barge on Long Island Sound—and spends time on his hobby of sketching. (Burl Ives sings on the Country Journal, Saturdays at 9:30 A.M., EWT, over CBS.)



REVEREND RICHARD GAYLORD succeeded Dr. John Ruthledge last February 25th in the pastorate of the Community Church of Five Points, a crowded slum section. He is an easterner, and came with his family—his wife and sixteen-year-old twins, Peggy and Dick—from Connecticut. Mr. Gaylord is attempting to put into practice at Five Points his own simple interpretation of the Bible's "love one another" teachings—that loving one's fellow man can be a thing of small kindnesses, daily thoughtfulness, and genuine neighborliness. *The Guiding Light* is heard daily at 2:00 P.M., EWT, on NBC. (Reverend Gaylord is played by John A. Barclay)

# Let's Cooperate

*That Brotherhood of Man is more than a Biblical precept, is the belief of the kindly minister of The Guiding Light. It is a way of life to make our world safe for free-thinking men and women*

**T**HIS is a sermon for today—and for tomorrow. A modern sermon. A sermon born out of this war—this war which we are waging at such great cost and which holds out to us such great promise for the future. This is a sermon on the Brotherhood of Man.

These are days that make great demands on the soul. They call for courage, for unstinting sacrifice, for understanding, for working together for the good of all. These days are hard days. But, hard as they are, the goal that lies ahead is worth everything that is being asked of us. Never before in the history of mankind has there been so rich an opportunity for fulfilling the ideals preached by Jesus Christ—the ideals of Peace and Brotherly Love and a rich, full, good life on earth for all.

Here in Five Points, we are far removed from the terrible clashes of armies, the roar of death-bringing planes, the whine of shells, the frightful screaming of innocent children, the sorrowful weeping of mothers. Here we feel the touch of war differently. Here the war means change—change, separation from loved ones, unrest, some deprivation, some discomfort, some pain.

I know there is unhappiness among you. There is sadness and loneliness in your hearts. There is irritation with the small details of living that have gone awry. There is restlessness—a not knowing what to do, not knowing how to make this evil time pass more quickly, not knowing how to keep the tears from your eyes and the note of good cheer in the letters you write to your loved ones at the fronts. There is too much work for some of you, too much work and too little rest. For others, there is too little work and too much rest.

To you who are lonely and restless, irritated and tired, I have this to say.

There is a new world in the making. Our men—your men—are fighting and, sometimes, dying for this. The things for which they fight and die have many names—Freedom, National Liberation, Democracy, Equality, Opportunity, Peace—many names. But behind every

By **RICHARD GAYLORD**

one of these names, behind each one and an integrated part of each ideal, lies the Brotherhood of Man. Without a deep and vast love for our fellow men, none of these is possible.

The Brotherhood of Man is a very simple concept. And, because it is so simple, because it is so sensible, very often it is taken for granted. Everyone believes in it as an ideal preached by Jesus Christ. Not everyone realizes that loving one's fellow man can be a thing of small kindnesses, daily thoughtfulness, genuine neighborliness.

It is very easy to devote oneself to large and abstract ideals. Such devotion calls for very little more than occasional lip service. It can be disposed of very nicely on Sundays and then forgotten. This may serve to still the conscience, but it is not very satisfying to the soul. It does not lead to happiness. It does not lead to the secure feeling that one has done his best. Most of all, it does not make life interesting, full of new activities, new people, new ideas.

These are days for working together. The men in our Armed Forces have learned to work together. No victory would be possible without the greatest, most trusting, most selfless cooperation on their part. We at home can do no less than our fighting men.

For some of the finest examples of the kind of cooperation I mean, we have only to look at the youth of this great country of ours. Over a million and a half boys and girls between the ages of ten and twenty are members of some 75,000 virtually autonomous 4-H Clubs. These clubs are active in every State and in Puerto Rico, Hawaii and Alaska. Last year, these million and a half boys and girls, by working together in the individual clubs, grew five million bushels of Victory Garden products and twelve million pounds of peanuts, soybeans and greens. In 1943 their pledge was "I will feed a fighter!" They kept that pledge by producing and marketing nine million poultry

birds and six hundred thousand heads of livestock. For 1944 they enlarged their pledge. It grew into, "I will feed a fighter and more in 1944!" In addition to increasing their farm output, these rural teen-agers canned fifteen million jars of food, collected over 300 million pounds of scrap, purchased and sold more than thirty million dollars' worth of War Bonds and Stamps.

These are children, yet they have an important lesson to teach all of us. They are putting into action things which many of us all too often merely talk about. To them, Democracy is not just a word. It is a living thing which they understand, which they practice toward each other and toward other people, so much a part of them that they have no need to speak of it all the time. To these boys and girls, the Brotherhood of Man is more than an abstract ideal—again—so much a part of their lives that they probably never need to mention it. If you were to ask one of them why he does the work he does, he would probably answer, "I like to do it," or, "It's fun," or, as one boy to whom I spoke said, "Well, Mr. Gaylord, it's like this. You kind of get tired of fooling around. It's swell to be doing something that gets some place. It's sort of good to know that you're being some use to somebody. And I get a kick out of knowing that I'm doing my part for the war. My brother's overseas, now. I feel like it's right I should do as much as I can. Besides, we're picking up all kinds of things—you know, how to do things, what makes them tick—that'll come in handy later on."

Of course, not all of you can see your way clearly to such selfless devotion to others. There is so much for all of you to do, just to keep things going. You have homes to run and families to care for and jobs to hold down. The fact is that by looking about you, by lending a hand to others on occasion, by combining forces with others like yourselves, busy, tied down, overburdened, you can lighten your own tasks.

For instance, did you know what has been done (Continued on page 66)

# There is no yesterday

*Suddenly, with the chiming of that old watch, she went back into her past—into the horror that was her life before she met Howard. Now Mildred Abbot knew who and what she was.*

## THE STORY:

I WAS young; I was in love. Surely that combination is enough to make any girl happy. But I wasn't. Because there was a shadow over my life, a question that filled all of my days and my nights, a fear that came, tangible as a wall, between Howard Coles, whom I loved so dearly, and me. This was the substance of my fears: I did not know who I was. I knew my name—Mildred Abbot—and that I was a secretary, and that I was young, and wore clothes that were smart but not expensive. But all of those things I had learned from clues I found in my room. It had happened this way—one morning I awoke, and I found that I could not remember one single thing about my past. I learned that I had been in an automobile accident the day before, that I had been brought home by Howard Coles, the man whose car had struck me. From my ration book, in my purse, I found my name. My clothes were in the closet. And that was all, except for a picture that I discovered in my dresser drawer—a picture of a man who was a stranger to this new me who had no memory. This stranger's face attracted me and repelled me at once. Howard Coles was more than kind; he gave me a job, took me out, made me forget my troubles for a while. But I couldn't bring myself to tell him that I had lost my memory, nor could I make myself go to a doctor. Somehow, I thought, I would remember; someday it would all come back to me, if I would only wait, and be patient, and not try to force myself. But suddenly things came to a head. I received a letter from a firm of lawyers, speaking of the "matter which I had discussed with them." And I dreamed of the man in the picture—a dream so terrifying that I could

no longer keep my troubles to myself. I told Howard all that had happened to me, and he told me that I must go to a doctor. But before we could get to one, the telephone rang—a call from a man, Edwin Anthony, who said he was my uncle, and who wanted to know what was wrong between me and my husband! My husband—the man in the picture! Uncle Edwin came to see me, told me of Chuck, my husband. The husband whom I had said I wanted to divorce in a note I'd left for Uncle Edwin before the accident wiped out my memory. And still I did not remember—I only knew that I was married to one man, who was like a stranger to me now, and in love with another. And then Uncle Edwin took out his watch, and my mind started sharply. That watch—I was beginning to remember. . . .

IT WAS as if, suddenly released from too-much pressure, my whole life was unreeling before me—beginning way, way back, as far as I could remember. I began to talk. Words rushed out, incoherently at first, as small incidents tumbled over each other in their rise to the surface of my mind.

The watch—I could remember as a tiny child sitting in my father's lap and hearing its sweet chimes. He used to press the spring that sounded them, to amuse or quiet me. And that small, silvery tune they played brought back all the childish sense of safety and protection that my father had meant. In the circle of his arms, nothing could harm me, none of the frightening things that came in the darkness of the night could reach me.

Then my father had died, and Mother had given the watch to Uncle Edwin. But it was still in my life. On the rare occasions when my uncle came

to see us, I remembered I always asked to be allowed to hold the watch and hear the chimes. And it brought back all the sweet closeness that had existed between Mother and me, left alone by Father's death. Gradually, of course, as I got older I completely forgot about the watch—or thought I did. But it had remained all this time in my unconscious mind as a symbol.

We hadn't had much money, Mother and I. But enough to get along on. And we'd been great friends, closer than most mothers and daughters usually are. Uncle Edwin probably was right when he said she'd spoiled and over-protected me. Always she was there to take the brunt of whatever childish hurt happened to me, to make everything come right.

I'd grown up in the small city of Ruxton, going to school and then to high school. I began going to parties and having fun and dates as other girls my age did, but it was always a sheltered kind of fun. Always Mother was there, watchful and protective, to guard against any harm or hurt—to guard me against life itself. I was very innocent—dangerously so—and very ignorant.

After high school I went to business school. Mother was against that but it was the one time I held out against her wishes. I wanted to learn to earn my living, to free her of the whole financial responsibility with her small income; and I wanted the independence that a job would offer. And it was then, just before my mother's last illness, that I met Chuck Abbot.

Chuck was, actually, five years older than I but he could have been any age. He'd been battling around the country, as he said, since he was fourteen. He'd worked on tramp steamers, he'd driven cross-country trucks, he'd ridden the rails when he had no money and lived





*"Look, my darling," Howard said. "Nobody can make you do anything you don't want to do."*

in first-class hotels when he had a lot. One of the fascinating things about Chuck to me was the sense of mystery and adventure. It was hard to pin him down to where he came from or who his parents were. He didn't really avoid those questions; he just, somehow, subtly dodged them and it wasn't until afterwards that you realized he'd talked a lot but hadn't answered a thing. And he was terribly good-looking in an aggressive, vital sort of way.

He'd worked for a while for a building contractor and when a distant relative died and left him some money,

he'd decided to go into that business for himself. He'd come to Ruxton, opened a small office, and started entering bids for buildings. He was good at his job, he knew how to handle the men working for him, he knew all about costs, and it wasn't long before he was under-bidding older contractors and making a success of his business. There was something truly irresistible about Chuck—when he really set his mind on getting something from you, he got it. I guess the secret of that was his vital charm.

From the very first, he wanted me.

And I—well, I'd never seen anybody like Chuck Abbot in the whole of my protected life. The very first night I had a date with him, I found myself letting him kiss me—possessively and passionately. That shocked me—I'd been strictly brought up and I'd never let a boy kiss me on the first date before. And never had anyone kissed me like that. The feelings he stirred in me I'd only dimly guessed at.

And I found, to my shocked amazement, that I could no more resist those kisses than I could stop breathing. Each time I was (Continued on page 60)

# Nice 'n' Spicy



Since the very first Christmas, the holidays have always been a time for fragrant, rich desserts, like this Mock Mince Pie.

**F**ROM the first Christmas when frankincense and myrrh ranked with gold as worthy of presentation to the Christ Child, spices have played an integral part in Yuletide festivities. Memories of our first Christmas tree, a pungent cedar or pine, gay with lights and ornaments, of a stocking crammed with oranges and nuts, bring back so vividly the fragrance of cinnamon and cloves, mace, nutmeg and allspice, that even now we cannot imagine a Christmas without them. Luckily, we do not have to imagine such a thing, for although we cannot experience again the thrill of our first Christmas, we can, by using this month's recipes, enjoy desserts as temptingly spicy as those which made it so memorable.

## Cranberry Mock Mince Pie

- 2 tart cooking apples
- 1 cup seedless raisins
- 1 cup water
- ¾ cup sugar
- ¼ tsp. allspice
- ⅛ tsp. cloves
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 2 cups cranberries
- 1 tbl. lemon juice
- 4 tbs. margarine

Cube apples small. Mix sugar, salt and spices and add, with apples and raisins, to water. Bring to slow boil, add cranberries and boil without stirring for 5 minutes. Add lemon juice and margarine. Allow to cool, then pour into unbaked pie shell. Arrange pastry strips in lattice over top. Bake

in 400-degree oven 30 to 35 minutes.

## Cranberry Chiffon Pie

- 1 cup jellied cranberry sauce
- ¾ cup sugar
- 4 eggs
- ⅛ tsp. powdered cloves
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- ¼ cup cold water
- ½ tsp. salt
- 1 tbl. lemon juice

In top of double boiler, mix cranberry sauce, ½ the sugar and the egg yolks and cook over hot water until mixture reaches custard consistency, about 8 minutes. Add gelatin, which has been dissolved in cold water, salt and lemon juice, then allow to cool. When mixture starts to congeal, beat egg whites until stiff, then add cloves and remaining sugar and continue beating until mixture forms a stiff meringue. Fold egg whites into cranberry mixture, turn into baked pie shell and chill until firm.

## Spice Cake

- ¼ cup margarine
- 1 cup light brown sugar
- 3 egg yolks
- ½ cup maple syrup or molasses
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- ¼ tsp. allspice
- Pinch salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- ½ tsp. ground cloves
- ¼ tsp. nutmeg

- ¾ cups sour milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla extract
- 1 egg white, beaten stiff

Cream margarine, add sugar and cream together. Beat eggs, beat in syrup and blend with margarine mixture. Sift together dry ingredients and add, alternately with sour milk, to creamed mixture, beating smooth. Add flavoring and egg white which has been beaten stiff, pour into greased layer pans (2 9-inch layers) and bake in 350 to 360 degree oven for 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to cool before putting together with frosting.

## Frosting

- 2 cups granulated sugar
- Small pinch cream of tartar
- 7 tbs. water
- 2 egg whites
- Small pinch salt
- ½ cup nut meats

Place ingredients in top of double boiler and cook over boiling water, beating constantly, until mixture will form peaks when beater is removed (about 7 minutes). Remove from heat and continue beating until thick enough to frost between layers, top and sides of cake. Sprinkle with nutmeats.

## Steamed Fig Pudding

- ¾ cup dried ground figs
- ¾ cup margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- ½ cup fruit juice or milk
- 2 cups flour
- ½ tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- ½ tsp. allspice
- 1 tsp. mace
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Remove stems from figs, wash and dry them before grinding. Cream margarine, add sugar and cream together thoroughly. Beat eggs and add to creamed mixture. Stir in ground figs. Sift together dry ingredients and add, alternately with fruit juice (or milk) and blend in vanilla. Pour into greased mold, filling slightly over half full so there will be room for pudding to expand, and steam over water until done (1½ to 2 hours) or steam over water in individual custard cups about 45 minutes. Serve with any desired sauce. Leftover pudding may be reheated for another meal.

Tidbits for the children are essential at Christmastime, and fruit balls and popcorn men will be popular with the grown-ups, too.

(Continued on page 59)



**BY**  
**KATE SMITH**

**RADIO MIRROR'S**  
**FOOD CUNCELOR**

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Sunday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, at 7:00 EWT.

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

## SUNDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
		8:00 CBS: News 8:00 Blue: News 8:00 NBC: News and Organ Recital
		8:30 CBS: Columbia Ensemble 8:30 Blue: Sylvia Marlowe, Harpist-chordist
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: News of the World 9:00 NBC: World News Roundup 8:00 Blue: Blue Correspondents at Home and Abroad
	8:15	9:15 CBS: E. Power Biggs 8:15 Blue: White Rabbit Line 6:15 NBC: Commando Mary
5:00	8:30	9:30 NBC: NBC String Quartet
	8:45	9:45 CBS: New Voices in Song
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Church of the Air 9:00 Blue: Message of Israel 7:00 NBC: Highlights of the Bible
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Wings Over Jordan 9:30 Blue: Southernaires 7:30 NBC: Words and Music
	10:00	11:00 MBS: Pauline Alpert 11:00 Blue: AAF Symphonic Flight Orch.
8:05	10:05	11:05 CBS: Blue Jacket Choir
8:30	10:30	11:30 MBS: Radio Chapel 8:30 Blue: Hour of Faith 8:30 NBC: Invitation to Learning
	10:45	11:45 NBC: Marion Loveridge
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Salt Lake Tabernacle 9:00 Blue: News from Europe 11:00 NBC: The Eternal Light
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Stephanie Houston, Soprano 9:30 NBC: Radiophoni Orch., Paul Lavalle 9:30 Blue: Transatlantic Call
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Church of the Air 10:00 Blue: John B. Kennedy 10:00 NBC: Voice of the Dairy Farmer
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: George Hicks From Europe
10:45	12:30	1:30 CBS: Edward R. Murrow (from London)
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Sammy Kaye's Orch. 10:30 NBC: Chicago Round Table
11:00	12:45	1:45 CBS: Matinee Theater, Victor Jory
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Those We Love 11:00 Blue: Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: World News Today 11:30 NBC: John Charles Thomas
	2:00	3:00 CBS: New York Philharmonic 12:00 Blue: Symphony 12:00 NBC: Upton Close
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Charlotte Greenwood Show
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Army Hour 12:30 Blue: Ethel Barrymore as "Miss Mattie"
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Darts for Dough 1:00 Blue: World of Song 1:30 CBS: Pause that Refreshes 1:30 NBC: Music America Loves
2:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: NBC Symphony 2:00 CBS: The Family Hour 2:00 Blue: Mary Small Revue
2:15	4:15	5:15 MBS: Upton Close
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: The Shadow 2:30 Blue: Hot Copy
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Radio Hall of Fame 3:00 MBS: First Nighter 3:00 NBC: Catholic Hour
7:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Fannie Brice 7:30 NBC: The Great Gildersleeve
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Drew Pearson 4:00 NBC: Jack Benny 4:00 CBS: Kate Smith
4:15	5:15	7:15 Blue: Don Gardiner, News
4:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain 4:30 Blue: Quiz Kids 4:30 NBC: Fitch Bandwagon
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Samuel Grafton 8:00 MBS: Greenfield Village Chapel 5:00 NBC: Edgar Bergen 8:50 CBS: Blondie 8:00 MBS: Mediation Board
8:00	7:30	8:30 Blue: Dorothy Thompson, News 8:00 CBS: Joe E. Brown 8:30 NBC: Crime Doctor 8:00 NBC: One Man's Family
5:45	7:45	8:45 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bob Trout
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Radio Readers Digest 6:00 MBS: Fashion Revival 7:00 NBC: Walter Winchell 6:00 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15 Blue: Hollywood Mystery Tune
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Texaco Star Theater, James Melton
8:15	8:30	9:45 Blue: Jimmie Fidler
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It 7:00 Blue: The Life of Riley 7:00 NBC: The G. K. Warren Show 7:00 MBS: Goodwith Hour 7:30 NBC: Comedy Theater, Harold Lloyd
	10:30	11:30 Blue: Keeping Up With the World 9:30 CBS: We The People 10:00 NBC: Bill Costello 10:15 CBS: Kurenko 10:15 NBC: Cesar Sarchinger 10:30 NBC: Pacific Sky 8:30 CBS: The Jack Pepper Show



## LORD HENRY—IN PERSON

Husky, blue-eyed, towheaded Karl Swenson plays Lord Henry Brinthorpe, the hero in Our Gal Sunday, heard over the CBS stations Monday through Friday at 12:45 P.M. E.W.T. Now in his eighth year as Lord Henry, Karl looks just the dashing, glamorous sort of fellow most people think of when they think of an actor. Actually, he's a very serious gentleman who works very hard at his job and raises bees on his eighty-one acre farm in Goshen, N. Y.

This winter, because of transportation difficulties, Karl shut up his house in the country and brought his "whole gang" into New York. The "gang" is his wife, the former Virginia Hanscom, and four sons, Peter, eight; David, five; Steven, three, and John one; all of whom are towheaded and look like their dad.

The children aren't the least bit puzzled or confused when they hear their father acting on the radio. They're always playing themselves and carry on amazingly complicated home-spun plots that go on and on and are continued tomorrow. "Radio," says eight-year-old Peter, "is the same thing, only you get money for it."

Such practicality runs in the Swenson family. When Karl bought his farm he knew that he wouldn't have too much time to devote to working it. So, very practically, he set up several colonies of bees, since they were one breed of live stock that needed very little attention. Now, with the sugar shortage and the Army coating large shells with beeswax, his choice has proved to have been a very wise one. When farm labor grew scarce, he had a complete carpentry shop with electric equipment installed in his home and turns out all the necessary woodwork around the place himself.

Karl's hobby is photography, but he finds that it takes much more time than he has to give to it. He also likes trotting races, but has always been too busy to attend the famous Hambletonian classic which is held every year right near his home.

Born in Brooklyn, N. Y. in 1908, Karl says he came up the hard way, but didn't have to take too many knocks before he clicked. The hard way is the way of little theaters, stock companies, summer theaters, minor parts in Broadway flops and one or two successes and then, if you're lucky, a real break with a real part. Karl hopes his sons get the acting all out of their systems while they're young. His advice to almost everyone who has acting ambitions is, "Stay out of it, if you can."

Of course, if Karl had felt that way a few years ago, there would be someone else playing Lord Henry.

## MONDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
		8:00 CBS: News 8:00 Blue: Breakfast Club 8:00 NBC: Mirth and Madness
	8:15	9:15 CBS: American School of the Air 9:45 CBS: This Life is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady 9:00 Blue: My True Story
6:45	9:45	10:45 NBC: Alice Cornell 10:00 NBC: Lola Lawton
	10:15	11:15 NBC: News of the World 8:30 CBS: Light of the World
	9:30	10:30 CBS: This Changing World 9:30 Blue: Cliff Edwards 9:30 NBC: Finders Keepers
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children 7:45 Blue: Lisa Sersig 10:10 CBS: Honey Moon Hill 8:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's 3:00 NBC: Road of Life
	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband 3:30 NBC: Rosemary 12:30 CBS: Bright Horizon 8:30 CBS: Gilbert Martyn 8:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories 8:45 Blue: Jack Berch, Songs 8:45 NBC: David Narum
	8:00	9:00 CBS: Glamour Manor 9:15 Blue: Kate Smith Speaks 9:30 NBC: Big Sister
	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent 11:30 NBC: U. S. Navy Band
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Makers 9:30 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful 10:00 Blue: Beach Talking 10:15 CBS: Ma Perkins 10:15 Blue: Blue Correspondents Abroad 10:30 CBS: Bernadine Flynn, News 10:45 CBS: The Goldbergs 12:45 NBC: Little Jack Little 12:45 CBS: Morgan Beatty, News 11:00 NBC: Joyce Jordan 11:00 Blue: Walter Kiernan, News 11:00 NBC: The Guiding Light 11:15 CBS: Two on a Clue 11:15 Blue: Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children 11:15 CBS: Woman in White 11:30 NBC: Young Dr. Malone 11:30 Blue: Ladies, Be Seated 11:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories 11:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches 12:00 CBS: Mary Marlin 12:00 Blue: Morton Downey 12:00 NBC: A Woman of America 12:15 CBS: Ma Perkins 12:15 Blue: Hollywood Star Time 12:30 CBS: Irene Beasley 12:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family 12:30 Blue: Appointment With Life 12:45 CBS: High Faces 12:45 NBC: Right to Happiness 2:45 Blue: Ethel and Albert 2:45 CBS: Bob Trout 1:00 CBS: Service Time 1:15 NBC: Backstage Wife 1:15 Blue: Stella Dallas 1:15 NBC: Don Norman Show 1:25 CBS: News 1:30 CBS: Westbrook Van Voorhis, News 1:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones 1:45 Blue: Hop Harrigan 1:45 CBS: Raymond Scott Show 1:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown 2:00 CBS: Sing 2:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates 2:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries 2:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life 2:15 Blue: Dick Tracy 2:15 CBS: Just Plain Bill 2:30 NBC: Queen Mary 2:30 CBS: Jack Armstrong 2:30 Blue: Terry Allen and The Three Sisters 2:45 CBS: Front Page Farrell 2:45 Blue: Captain Midnight 3:00 CBS: Wilderness Road 3:00 NBC: Quill 3:15 Blue: Bill Costello 3:15 NBC: Serenade to America 3:30 Blue: Capt. Tim Healy 3:30 CBS: To Your Good Health 3:45 CBS: Jeri Sullivan, Songs 3:45 Blue: The World Today 3:45 NBC: Henry J. Taylor, News 3:55 CBS: Lowell Thomas 3:55 Blue: Joseph C. Harsch 4:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery 8:00 NBC: Chesterfield Music Shop 8:00 Blue: Horace Heidt's Orch. 8:15 CBS: Hilda Hopper's Hollywood 7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks 4:30 Blue: The Lone Ranger 4:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn 7:00 CBS: Vox Pop 8:00 Blue: News 8:15 NBC: Cavalcade of America 8:30 CBS: Lux 'n' Abner 8:30 Blue: Frank Sinatra 5:30 Blue: Blind Date 5:30 CBS: Voice of Firestone 5:30 NBC: Bulldog Drummond 5:55 CBS: Bonanza 6:00 CBS: Lux Radio Theater 6:00 Blue: Counter Spy 6:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter 6:00 NBC: The Telephone Hour 6:30 CBS: Spotlight Bands 6:30 NBC: Information Please 6:55 CBS: Coronet Story Teller 7:00 CBS: Screen Guild Players 7:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing 7:00 NBC: Contented Program 7:15 CBS: Ted Malone—From England 9:30 CBS: The Johnny Morgan Show 10:30 Blue: Melody in the Night 9:30 NBC: Dr. I. Q.





# SATURDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Station	Program	
		Eastern War Time		
	8:00	CBS	News of the World	
	8:00	Blue	News	
	8:00	NBC	News	
	8:15	CBS	Music of Today	
	8:15	NBC	Jay Johnson	
	8:30	CBS	Missus Goes A-Shopping	
	8:30	Blue	United Nations News, Review	
	8:45	CBS	Margaret Brien	
	8:45	NBC	News	
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Press News	
	8:00	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club	
	8:00	9:00	NBC: Rhythms for Saturday	
	8:15	9:15	CBS: The Garden Gate	
	9:30	CBS	Country Journal, Burl Ives	
	8:45	9:45	CBS: David Shoop Orchestra	
	9:00	10:00	CBS: Youth on Parade	
	9:00	10:00	Blue: Fanny Hurst Presents	
	9:00	10:00	NBC: Smilin' Ed McConnell	
7:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor	
	9:30	10:30	Blue: What's Cooking—Variety	
9:00	9:40	10:45	NBC: Alex Dreier	
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue: Chatham Shopper	
8:05	11:05	CBS	Let's Pretend	
	11:15	Blue	Transatlantic Quiz—London-New York	
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Fashions in Rations	
	10:30	11:30	Blue: The Land of the Lost	
	9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Theater of Today
	9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue: Swing Shift Frolics
	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	
	11:30	12:30	Blue: Farm Bureau	
	9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC: Atlantic Spotlight
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Grand Central Station	
	10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue: Sez You
	10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC: Adventure Ahead
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue: Eddie Condon's Jazz Concert	
	12:30	1:30	NBC: The Baxters	
	12:30	1:30	CBS: Country Journal	
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: Report from Washington	
	12:45	1:45	NBC: War Telescope	
	1:00	2:00	Blue: Metropolitan Opera	
	1:00	2:00	CBS: Victory F. O. B.	
	1:00	2:00	NBC: Air Forces Band	
11:00	11:00	NBC	Opportunity Theater	
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC: Musicana	
	1:30	2:30	CBS: Football	
	3:00	3:00	NBC: Kansas City Philharmonic	
	4:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: Football
12:00	3:00	11:30	NBC: Minstrel Melodies	
12:00	2:30	3:30	CBS: Football	
12:30	3:30	NBC	Music on Display	
1:00	3:00	5:30	NBC: Rupert Hughes	
1:00	4:00	CBS	Football	
1:15	4:15	CBS	Football	
1:35	3:35	4:30	CBS: Football	
	4:45	CBS	Report from London	
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC: Grand Hotel	
	2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue: Concert Orchestra
	2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Philadelphia Orchestra
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC: John W. Vandercook	
	2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Mother and Dad
3:30	4:45	5:45	NBC: Curt Massey, Vagabonds	
	2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue: Hello, Sweetheart
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue: Edward Tomlinson	
	3:15	5:00	6:00	NBC: I Sustain the Wings
	3:15	5:00	6:00	CBS: Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: People's Platform	
	3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue: Storyland Theater
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue: Harry Wismer, Sports	
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: The World Today	
	3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC: Religion in the News
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS: Bob Trout	
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: World's Great Novels	
	7:15	Blue	Leland Stowe	
	7:00	7:30	CBS: Mrs. Miniver	
	6:30	7:30	Blue: Meet Your Navy	
4:30	6:30	8:00	Blue: Early American Dance Music	
	5:00	7:00	CBS: Danny Kaye	
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue: Boston Symphony Orchestra	
	8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Inner Sanctum Mystery
	8:30	7:30	8:30	MBS: Cisco Kid
	8:00	NBC	Truth or Consequence	
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: Bob Trout	
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Your Hit Parade	
	6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: National Barn Dance
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC: Can You Top This	
	6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: Saturday Night Serenade	
	9:55	Blue	Coronet Quiz	
	10:00	Blue	Guy Lombardo	
	10:00	NBC	Palmolive Party	
	10:15	CBS	Correction Please	
	10:30	Blue	The Man Called X—Herbert Marshall	
	7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC: Grand Ole Opry
	11:05	9:45	10:45	CBS: Talks
	10:00	11:00	CBS: Ned Calmer, News	
	11:15	11:30	Blue: Hoosier Hop	



## HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN

According to Canteen President Bette Davis, Maybelle Marr brings a world of pleasure to service men

**S**OMETHING new has been added to the world-famous Hollywood Canteen.

The new ingredient arrived in the very ample person of Maybelle Marr, wife of Eddy (I'll Tell You What I'm Gonna Do) Marr, radio and film comic.

Mrs. Marr arrived in Hollywood with her husband in 1937, ostensibly to rest. With ten or more years of radio experience behind her, Maybelle thought that, except for writing gags for her husband's guest appearances, she really had a rest coming.

But people like Maybelle Marr can't relax for long. Like other dynamic radio figures, Maybelle had to do something more. That's why she volunteered to do what she could to help out at the Canteen.

Maybelle started as a Senior Hostess, and as such was able to do a lot for the boys. But as her work stretched into the months she became aware that the boys weren't able to get into enough radio shows to cheer their favorites.

Maybelle saw her friends in the various stations and soon she was slipping the lads blocks of tickets to the Jack Benny, Bob Hope and other programs.

She spread the word among the network shows and personalities that from then on, Thursday nights at the Canteen were to be Radio Nights, and to rally to her call.

Well, they rallied all right. From that date until now Maybelle has been directly responsible for the greatest parade of talent ever assembled before mikes.

Here's a partial list of the shows and people who responded to Maybelle's appeal:

Take It or Leave It, Judy Canova, What's My Name?, Ed Gardner and Dennis Morgan, the Al Pearce show, Arlene Harris, Martha Mears, Cliff Arquette, Martha Tilton, Maybelle's husband Eddy Marr who brought in his whole Pitchman's act with people like Mel Blanc, Arthur Q. Bryan, Shir-

ley Mitchell, Dale Evans from the Jack Carson show, Ransom Sherman, The Smart Set, Paul Weston, John Scott Trotter, Cooky Fairchild, Arthur Treacher, the Camp Song Charioteers, the Town Cryers, Hoagy Carmichael, Jo Stafford from Johnny Mercer's Music Shop, Bobby Armbruster, Blondie and Dagwood, Chef Milani, Faye McKenzie, Sara Berner, who is Ruby Johnson on the Jack Benny show and—well, that gives you a rough idea.

According to her friend Bette Davis, President of the Hollywood Canteen, Maybelle Marr is the unsung hero of that worthy institution.

"Maybelle is doing a whale of a job at the Canteen," Miss Davis says, "and is getting precious little credit for it. She's a tireless worker for the boys in the service and, single-handedly has brought a world of joy to the lads who through the Canteen each week. She's a wonder, that girl."

Maybelle started in radio in her home town of Cleveland by helping to set up the very early NBC station of WTAM, when mikes were simply old-fashioned stand-up telephones with the mouth-piece removed. She then spent three years as assistant to the president of WJAY, then joined WLWL, New York, as publicity and promotion aide.

Next stop for Maybelle was in Philadelphia on WPEN of the Atlantic Seaboard network, then back to New York where she helped set up the first foreign language station in the country, WFAB.

For five years Mrs. Marr edited New York Amusements, besides doing a column for Cue under the name of Maybelle Austin. That was about the time she decided to rest awhile, so she and her husband went to Hollywood.

But the real joy of Maybelle's life, outside of Eddy, to whom she's been married thirteen years, is the Hollywood Canteen and her Thursday Radio Nights. We sort of agree with Bette Davis. "She's a wonder, that girl."

# Lost Christmas

Continued from page 15

defense against the world."

And because I could not stand anyone's sympathy, I said sharply, "All I want is fun. And I'm getting it. . . ."

At noon I met Tom for lunch. That was the first date on our holiday program. We had to duck our heads against the icy wind—but it might have been a soft April breeze the way I felt! It was an hour touched with moon-madness right in the middle of the day. Unbelievably lovely. "We can't know each other so well in so short a time!" I said once.

"But we do. Didn't you know? We've known each other forever." Tom's voice held a deep assurance.

As I went back to work I tried to caution myself: I was doing exactly what I'd always said I *never* would do—caring too much for one person. It didn't pay. A girl had to be smart and keep her heart free.

Just the same there was a singing inside me when I thought of Tom.

The afternoon was a bedlam with customers demanding to know if "Allure" was all right for a high school girl, and if somebody's grandmother might like "Black Magic." I answered thousands of questions like a good little robot, my mind entirely elsewhere. Regina stopped long enough once to smile and whisper, "Who lit the candles in your eyes?"

**DURING** my fifteen-minute rest period, I hurried to another counter at the farther end of the store. I knew exactly what I wanted to get Tom. A beautiful outfitted kit. Much more expensive than I could afford!

The day came to an end at last. Six o'clock—and the doors closed. Time for the store's Christmas Eve party to begin. Time for my second date with Tom! I put a bright clip on my black work dress and pinned a glowing red Poinsettia in my hair. Soldiers wanted girls to be gay and fun—nothing serious. I knew that. I'd been out with dozens of them from the Camp, danced with hundreds more at the U.S.O. They wanted a good time after all that rugged training and grind. Well, I was going to try to make this the gayest holiday Tom Driscoll ever had!

He was waiting for me at the employees' entrance. Very tall, with that powerful panther-smooth look to him, and his face ruddy with cold. "Hello," he said. "Hello, little Christmas star!" My heart gave a silly lurch and for a moment I couldn't seem to speak. Then we were going up to the auditorium where the party was to be held.

It was a gay party. Mr. Bristol was an exceptional boss and he did himself proud on such occasions. There was talk of his retiring soon, and of Jake succeeding him. I wondered if Jake would carry out this store tradition. Somehow I didn't think so. He was a smart business man with no nonsense about him. Some day—perhaps—I would marry Jake. But I didn't want to think about that tonight.

The other girls were looking at Tom with open admiration. Regina came up and I introduced them. "I see what you mean!" she whispered. "He is wonderful." Pride in him swept over me. Pride, and that new feeling that made me all hollow inside, and yet was like heaven too. Thrillingly sweet.

We danced the old-fashioned square

# SAN FRANCISCO... the day your ship came in



**We shopped in Chinatown.** Such gorgeous embroideries! "Not half so exciting as your hands," you said. (And me with a war job that takes the natural softeners from my skin! But—then—I use Jergens Lotion.)



**We tea'd on "Top of the Mark".** "Your hands are so sweet," you said. Girls who use Jergens Lotion do have sweet-to-touch hands!



**Exciting Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1**

Help protect hands against roughness so surely with Jergens. Encourage even neglected hands to soft smooth-

ness with 2 ingredients in Jergens Lotion, so "special" that many doctors use them. Lovely! Easy! No stickiness! Just be sure and always use Jergens Lotion.



**For the softest, adorable Hands, USE**

# JERGENS LOTION

dances that Mr. Bristol liked, and I saw Tom was enjoying it as he swung Regina in the center of the floor. Jake was my partner for the moment. He was scowling darkly. "I suppose I should thank the sergeant for what he did last night—but it would not have been necessary if I hadn't lost you. . . . Don't carry this gratitude thing too far, Doris. Remember, you're my girl!"

"Am I?" My teasing look seemed to irritate him more. He caught me to him roughly. "Stop playing fast and loose, Doris. I wish . . ." I never knew what he wished because I was carried away in the dance just then. A few minutes later Tom and Regina and I were sitting at a small table, breathless, laughing. "I've been thinking about you two kids," Regina said. "Why don't you come out to the house tomorrow? We're going to have a typical family Christmas with all the trimmings."

A family Christmas. I couldn't help it but I froze at the word. "Oh no," I said quickly. "Thanks a lot, Regina, but we're going out to Crystal Lake for the day where some friends of mine have rented a cabin. There's tobogganing and ice-skating. . . . It ought to be fun," I added a little weakly as I saw Tom's face. It was set with disappointment. He wanted to go to Regina's for the kind of Christmas she planned. But I'd make him forget all about that. I was prepared to make it a day for his memory-book, bright as holly.

**D**ANCING with Tom a little later, I pressed against him and looked up smiling. "That was nice of Regina. But Tom, it would be awfully dull. They'll probably sing carols off-key and do all kinds of old-fashioned stuffy things." I saw him draw away as if he had closed a door in my face.

Swift panic rose in me. I couldn't let our plans be spoiled. Not now. Not when his touch, his nearness, had come to mean so much to me. "Please," I said, "let's go somewhere else. . . ."

We walked for what seemed a long time, the fine snow driving against our

faces. There was that wall between us which I could not break through. *If only I had a real home to take him to,* I thought desperately. The boardinghouse was more dismal than the street. . . . We were crossing an icy intersection when the bells began peeling out. Christmas chimes from the church ahead. I looked up. "Have you ever been to a midnight service?" Tom asked. I shook my head. He turned and automatically I followed him up the steps and into the church. It was dark except for the candles lit around the Manger. There was the pungent smell of spruce and pine from the decorations, mingled with incense. People were filing in silently, filling the pews. Tom and I sat on a side aisle, quietly and not saying anything. And gradually the place took hold of me.

The choir began singing the age-old Christmas hymns. Softly at first, then swelling to a great, triumphal paean.

*Peace on earth to men of good will,* the choir chanted. Something hot stung my eyelids. I slipped to my knees beside Tom. There was peace to be had—but each individual had to find it for himself. And I didn't know where to begin searching. . . . Tom turned and studied me for a moment. Then he slipped his hand over mine. The wall between us disappeared as if it had never been.

After the service, Tom took me home in a taxi. It seemed the most natural, the most wonderful thing in the world to be sitting there with his arm around me. Talk flowed freely between us now. Eager, excited talk. "Sometimes I don't quite understand you, Doris," he said after a while. "But I know this—you do things to my breathing apparatus that no girl has ever done before!" He lifted my face and kissed me ever so gently. Then his lips came down on mine hard, and the world went into a glorious spin. Time hung suspended and I wasn't Doris Reynolds, or that frightened girl of long ago. I was part of Tom. I belonged to him. And the knowledge was sweet, heady wine. No man had ever stirred me

like this. My little flirtations seemed silly and cheap beside what was happening to me now. But even so, some perverse quality made me fight against it. Made me hold myself back from responding to Tom's kisses the way I wanted to. Some small voice kept whispering; *Don't be a fool. The smart women are not the women who give. Your mother gave—and she knew nothing but heartbreak.*

But I was greedy for the thrill Tom's love gave me. The holiday would be ours. After that . . .

**C**HRISTMAS morning. White, with pale sunshine glistening on the snow! Glorious! I woke up . . . and stared . . . and rubbed my eyes twice before I could believe it. A small Christmas tree stood on my bureau. A real one with fancy decorations. And there was a Christmas stocking, the kind you buy for kids. And a big package done up with silver stars and red ribbon. I scarcely breathed. I used to dream of something like this happening to me!

There was a note—from Tom. "To my Christmas star, with my love." He had gotten the landlady to bring everything into my room before I woke up. With trembling fingers I opened the package. It was a musical powder-box, with a little doll on top, a ballerina who danced to the music. It was the loveliest thing I had ever owned.

In the stocking were candy, nuts, a miniature family of penguins—so cute in their waddy attitudes—and a bright red scarf. I wore the scarf with my gray tuxedo coat and hat when I went to meet Tom. It lay soft against my throat, hiding the pulse that beat there so hard and fast. A smile lit up his whole face when he saw it. Then he stooped to kiss me.

"Oh Tom, darling, how did you know?" I whispered against his cheek. "Know what?"

"Know how much all this would mean to me?" For answer, he kissed me again. For a long, ecstatic moment.

Oh, there never was such a morning! After breakfast at a little Italian restaurant where they thought we were newlyweds and kept beaming at us, we walked through the park. Arm-in-arm. Close. People passing by smiled brightly and nodded, "Merry Christmas!" We didn't know them, but that genial good-will was everywhere.

We were to meet Lou Ann and Vivian and their boy friends on Market Street. The girls lived in boardinghouses like myself, and renting a cabin at the lake for the holiday had seemed like a good idea. I had met them at G.I. dances. Somehow, I'd taken for granted that they would be with soldiers now. Instead, they were with two older men, civilians. But they seemed nice enough and kept up a merry banter all the way out to Crystal Lake. Tom joined in with them good humoredly, and the party seemed to be getting off to a fine start.

When we reached the cabin, the men lit a roaring fire in the grate. I found out that they had been out the day before to stock the place with provisions.

"Let's go tobogganing first!" Lou Ann cried. It was quite wooded around the cabin. The trees were heavy with snow, and you could see the lake below, all frozen over. It was a perfect winter scene. We made our way up the hill, laughing and breathless. Then there was the swift rush of descent. Down . . . down . . . And we were plunging over the little embankment and onto

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF RADIO MIRROR published Monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1944.

State of New York }  
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Meyer Dworin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of RADIO MIRROR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor Fred R. Sammis, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Doris McFerran, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Secretary, Meyer Dworin, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock in Macfadden Publications, Inc.: Joseph Miles, 42nd Ave., Hill Station, California; Meyer Dworin, 95-18 Remington Street, Jamaica, Long Island, New York; Orr J. Elder, 276 Harrison Street, East Orange, New Jersey; Carroll Rheinstrom, 300 Park Avenue, New York City; Joseph Schultz, 341 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Arnold A. Schwartz, Easton, Maryland; Sam O. Shapiro, 9 Pondfield Parkway, Mt. Vernon, New York; Charles H. Shattuck, 221 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Harold A. Wise, 11 Mamaroneck Road, Scarsdale, New York; Edwin W. Cooney, and Irma Theile, Executors of the Estate of William Theile, Deceased, 20 Exchange Place, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: Bristol Willett, 115 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.; Charles Mendel, 720 West End Avenue, New York 25, N. Y.; Charles H. Shattuck, 221 No. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill.; (if there are none, so state).

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) MEYER DWORIN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1944.

(SEAL)

TULLIO MUCELLI,  
Notary Public, Bronx County, No 107  
Bronx Co., Register No. 90M46  
Certificate Filed in N. Y. Co. No. 540  
N. Y. Co. Register No. 31716  
Commission Expires March 30th, 1946



the lake. The sled made a dizzy spin and spilled us over the side. "That's enough for me!" said the man with Lou Ann.

So we went back to the cabin. And almost immediately things started to go wrong. The place took on the atmosphere of a barroom and Lou Ann and Vivian acted as I'd never seen them—or anyone—act before. When I'd been out with them other times they had never behaved like this. The men kept pouring drinks and pulling the girls, shrieking with laughter, onto their laps. One of them caught my arm—but at Tom's expression he let go again. "See what I got Doris!" he shouted at me. And held up a set of intimate black lace things. Vivian squealed hysterically and tried to get them away from him. In the resulting brawl they fell over a stool together.

It was all sickeningly cheap. I felt Tom's eyes on me and knew what he was thinking. These were supposed to be my friends. . . . This was the wonderful day I had planned for us! He was getting the wrong impression of me—and there was nothing I could do about it. It drove me into a kind of frenzy. I danced a crazy dance to the boogie-woogie music from the radio. I sang crazy songs. Anything to keep up some pretense of gaiety. But it fell flat. Flat and dull, and I couldn't fight the ugly thing that had crept into the room with us. Something sordid.

It was as if dirt had been thrown, spoiling the most decent thing I had ever known—Tom's love for me.

He came over and stood behind me. "Here's your coat," he said. "We're going out."

**T**HE clean, crisp air was a God-send after the cabin. "I'm sorry, Tom," I said weakly. He turned—and I froze at his look. He began to speak. Words that were like knife-thrusts. He told me a few basic truths about what a man wants to find when he comes back from the hell they call war. And the thing Christmas stands for was one of them. Something warm and real and good. Something shining, clean, to draw men back from all the bitterness. . . . "You had me fooled for a while, Doris. I thought I had found what I was looking for."

"And you know differently now?"  
"Yes." From the sharp, ragged edge to his voice I knew how deeply he had been hurt. I had done that to him.

He walked off alone to the bus station, miles distant. And I let him go. Because I was powerless to stop him. Powerless to tell him all that I felt. For years I had built up this hard little wall, and I could not break through.

I stood there watching his figure grow smaller and smaller, knowing that he was lost to me. And in that moment I knew too that I loved him for all time. With all my heart. Loved him so that it was a white flame consuming me, burning through that brittle shell I'd made for myself. . . . I started to run after him. And stumbled. I lay there sobbing helplessly.

How could I ever make him understand the queer, twisted pattern of my life? I'd had to become hard in order to survive. Steve had loved my tears. So I'd learned to cry in secret. Even when I was six. I had to keep everything from Mother because she would only have suffered more. She used to ask about the bruises on my arms and back and I'd lie to her. Once Steve nearly broke my arm when I spilled his coffee. I told Mother I had fallen.



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## ROMA Wines

MORE AMERICANS ENJOY ROMA THAN ANY OTHER WINE

But I wore a sling for weeks.

There were no children to play with. That was forbidden. They made noise that disturbed my stepfather's drunken sleep. I used to watch them with an aching hurt. . . . It was always worse at Christmas-time. How I envied the other kids then! I would pretend there was no twenty-fifth of December. On my calendar you simply skipped from the twenty-fourth to the twenty-sixth. One of my school teachers had given me a kitten once. A beautiful, soft little thing. Steve went down to the creek and drowned it.

The day my mother died I walked out of the house. And never went back. But I was mortally afraid of him, of what he could do to me before I was of age. I had hitch-hiked to this town, clear across state from where I was brought up, and changed my name. It would be difficult for him to find Doris Reynolds when he was looking for little Jean Adams. . . . But I still had nightmares in which he discovered me. And I'd wake up clammy with terror, hearing his voice again, "You devil's brat. You're fit for nothing good. . . ."

**A** THIN, gray mist had crept across Crystal Lake. The snow creaked with cold as I stood up, trembling. The last thing in the world I wanted to do was go back to that cabin. So, slipping and stumbling most of the way, I finally reached the highway and caught a ride back to town.

Christmas, I thought bitterly. *The same drab day for me, the Lost Day on the calendar.* Only this one was worse—because it had given promise of being the most wonderful.

"Doris, there's something I want to tell you." Regina and I were alone in the locker room at the store the next morning, and I could not avoid her eyes. She stood in front of me determinedly, blocking escape. "Tom came to our house after he left you yesterday. He didn't say much. He didn't need to. I think he loves you, Doris. But men are stupid sometimes."

"Tom has reason to think the way he does," I said thickly. "I don't blame him. But I never want to see him again."

"That doesn't make sense." Regina's voice was sharp for the first time since I had known her. "Listen to me, Doris. Pride has no place when you're in love. Bury it. Forget it. And for heaven's sake, stop trying to be a flash-and-glitter girl. A hard, calculating little minx. Oh Doris, don't you see what you're doing to yourself?"

I stared at her. "I only know that some people get all the tough breaks. And I'm one of them."

She turned then, and walked away swiftly. As if she were afraid I might see the wet glisten in her eyes.

The days that followed were vague, fogged. Jake Bristol told me I acted like a person walking in her sleep. "Why don't you snap out of it?" he demanded. I asked him wearily how he would suggest I do that. He surprised me then. "You could marry me!" Jake proposing. . . . A week ago I might have said "Yes." A week ago he—and his prospects—figured largely in my future. That safe, secured future I was planning for myself in which I was going to insulate my heart!

But now I shook my head. "You don't want to marry me, Jake. I'm not

right for you." He caught my shoulders roughly and pressed me against him. "I'll show you about that!" His kiss was passionate and bruising. I was still under it, unfeeling. After a long moment he let me go. There was black fury in his face. "It's that sergeant. You're seeing him!"

"I'm not seeing him. I never expect to again." I walked away, leaving him standing there under the hall light.

One evening I went out to Regina's house. She had invited me often before but this was the first time I had gone. Her children were friendly as puppies.

After that I dropped in often. One night while they were going through my pockets for candy, Regina looked up over her knitting and said quietly, "I did something today, Doris, that I've been wanting to do since the holidays. I called the camp and asked for Tom Driscoll. But I was too late. He has been transferred already."

Hope dies hard. In spite of myself I must have been hoping he would call, for now a bleak chill swept over me.

It was that night that I made my decision. I wanted to do something important with my life, something that really counted. Two days later, on my twentieth birthday, I enlisted in the Wacs. As I stood there taking the oath of allegiance, a warm pride filled my heart, as if I were standing shoulder to shoulder with Tom now, working along with him for a cause that was infinitely bigger than ourselves.

Ft. Des Moines. Women working together in a way I had never thought possible. Pulling together. Team work. I had had to enlist under my right name, naturally. I was Jean Adams again. But I was no longer afraid. Not of my stepfather nor of anyone. I was part of a great, rolling, victorious juggernaut, the American Army. I applied for overseas duty—and I had my corporal's stripes when we sailed.

None of us was sure of our destination. I hoped it would be Africa. . . . Funny, after so many months, the way I kept remembering little things about Tom. The way a smile came into his eyes first before it touched his lips. His kindness. His voice, taking command that night of the theater fire—and the way I had heard it last. Raw with hurt. "Maybe we expect too much when we come back," he had said. "Out there a man does a hell of a lot of thinking. His values change. Superficial things don't matter anymore. Only the big things. And he comes back hoping—but I guess you wouldn't be interested."

**M**Y heart cried out at that. I understood now what he meant. A man comes back hoping to find a girl who has grown apace with him, who can answer his needs of the spirit. . . . He's looking for something fine and real.

I stood at the rail of the ship, looking down at the gray sea, and it was at that moment that I said goodbye to foolish little Doris Reynolds forever.

England! Cold and misty, with a kind of story-book charm. My unit was stationed almost immediately at a base in the quiet countryside. Not far away was a shelter for a group of small refugees from London. Tenement kids with pale, drawn faces, who could watch enemy planes without a flicker. Kids who trailed you with a wistful, "Can I 'ave a piece of gum, chum?"

Shortly after our arrival, the com-

manding officer posted a bulletin: Our unit was giving a Christmas party for our small neighbors. *Christmas again.* And I didn't even stop to think about it. I just put into it everything I had, because somehow the faces of those children reminded me of another small frightened face a long time ago.

That Christmas made up for all the others I had lost. Sometimes we have to be taught that giving is getting. . . . We got a plump tank-destroyer captain to play the English version of Santa Claus, and strung holly all over our mess hall where the party was to be held. A special detail hauled in a giant yule log and we were ready.

I'll never forget the expressions of those kids when they saw that array of American G.I. food on the table. One of them poked an orange with a tentative finger and asked, "Is it real?" They hadn't seen oranges in years. They ate so that even our mess sergeant was satisfied. She had worked like a fiend preparing everything.

Later, I was running a puppet show in the corner, surrounded by eager-eyed kids, when I caught a glimpse of an officer standing in the doorway. A tall officer with a familiar look that made my breath catch. . . . He had that independent swing to his shoulders. . . . But of course it couldn't be. I was always imagining things like this.

The puppets became entangled at that point, because I was not too expert with them, and I was trying vainly to straighten them out when someone reached over my shoulder and took charge. "I think you do it this way," said a voice in my ear.

**W**E could only stand and look at each other, with the children pressing around us, pulling my skirt, begging for more. *Tom here beside me.* I couldn't believe it. He was a lieutenant now, with a D.S.C. pinned on his tunic. And the Purple Heart. . . . I had to close my eyes swiftly for a moment. I heard him say to the children, "Okay, kids, one more. What'll it be?"

"The Little Brown Bear!" they chorused. And went into peals of laughter when Tom began manipulating the Papa Bear with deep, convincing growls. His eyes, meeting mine, were full of tenderness and something else. Something that made my heart leap. . . .

Later, much later, we managed a moment alone in the outside office. Without a word, Tom reached for me and we clung together in an ecstasy that was beyond all time. "But Tom, how did you know I was here?" I said breathlessly, lifting my face.

"Regina—God bless her," he said. "She managed to get my address and wrote me about everything you were doing. . . . I got here as fast as I could from our base in Dorchester." He drew my face to his again. "Oh my dearest, what a blind fool I was. . . ."

The world was spinning in great, singing arcs. Suddenly, against my cheek, he whispered, "Darling, do you know what day this is?"

I nodded happily. "Christmas." "Yes, Christmas," said Tom. "This is where we came in—and we've got a lot of unfinished business! Army weddings take some arranging."

I had to say it then. I had to know. "Tom, you've found what you were looking for—that first time?"

As long as I live I'll never forget the dearness of his voice when he answered. "I've found more than I ever dreamed of, my darling, right here!" And our kiss was a pledge.

## Emily's Husband

(Continued from page 33)

were going to take it. Nobody ever found out about him because he refused to talk about it, as he had always refused even to mention Carter's name. But Aunt Agnes certainly made her feelings clear. Emily had always been headstrong, she said, and now she was throwing herself away on a worthless scoundrel and as far as she was concerned, she washed her hands of the whole thing. She wouldn't let me go to the city for the wedding, as Emily begged her to do, and she would never let me go and visit them afterwards. People said Emily would live to regret that marriage. . . . That's what I mean about a small town never forgetting.

But to me, of course, what people said only made it all more romantic. And when Carter's employers sent him to South America and Emily went with him, I envied her from the bottom of my heart.

And then one day old Mr. Mayfield was found dead in his bed of a heart attack. Carter and Emily couldn't get home for the funeral of course, but when the will was opened, it was found that the old man had left the house, his hardware store and everything he owned to "my son, Carter, who is, after all, a Mayfield."

EMILY wrote then they were coming back to Lauderdale, to live. "It's always been home to both of us in spite of unhappy memories," she wrote. "And now with the war coming closer to us all, Carter thinks it's best anyway. We want you to live with us, Laurie dear . . ."

So you can imagine how thrilled I was waiting for them to arrive. It not only meant seeing my beloved sister again, but it meant freedom. And then when I saw Carter, that thrill deepened and became something else.

At first, I refused to recognize it. After all, he was Emily's husband. He was twelve years older than I, and he looked on me as little Laurie, his twenty-year-old sister. But I'll never forget that first night we three spent in the Mayfield house.

We'd spent the day moving into it, going from room to room while Emily planned how to make it homey and livable instead of shuttered and withdrawn. Re-painting the dark woodwork white, transplanting the heavy shrubs to give more light and air, maybe adding a sunporch. And all during the day people had dropped in—to welcome them home, they said, but really out of curiosity.

We were all very tired so we went to bed right after dinner. Carter and Emily had his parents' old room, with the big, old-fashioned double bed and marble topped dresser, and I had the room that had been Carter's as a boy. I'd just finished undressing when there was a tap at the door. It was Emily.

"I just wanted to see if you had everything you needed, dear," she said. "And to tell you again how wonderful it is to have you with us."

Carter came out of their room and joined us. He was wearing a dark red robe over his pajamas, and the color made him look darker and handsomer than ever. He put his arm around both of us. "I certainly married into a good-looking family," he laughed. "I can't tell which of you girls is the prettiest." Then he stooped and kissed me on the cheek. "Goodnight, honey."

*Glamorous*

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I stood there and watched them go into their room. His arm was still around Emily, and she was smiling up at him with affection and intimacy and something more than that. Then the door closed behind them, and I heard their murmured voices. I got into bed and touched my cheek where he had kissed me. And suddenly I was jealous—jealous of Emily and the togetherness they shared there in that closed room across the hall, jealous of the years she'd had with Carter, of everything she had that I didn't.

And so it went during those weeks we lived together. On the surface, everything was fine. I went on working, Emily was busy getting the house in order, Carter getting himself used to being back in Lauderdale and Lauderdale used to having him back and re-establishing his father's business. But underneath there ran through my life, through my every moment, the bright but frightening thread of my response to Carter.

I LOVED Emily and thought she was a wonderful person, but I began to feel strangely about her. The way the pattern of her life matched so perfectly with Carter's, the quiet companionship they had. I used to look across the room at them as we all three sat listening to the radio after supper and think, "How can she sit there so prosaically knitting with Carter in the room? Doesn't she feel any romance, any excitement, just being near him?" And when unimportant, inevitable little disagreements flared between them, I'd always take his side. "She doesn't appreciate him," I'd think. "If he were my husband—"

Always I made excuses to be near Carter, to touch his hand as I passed him the toast at breakfast, to sit beside him in the car. And the small intimacies of living in the same house were like heady, sweet wine to me. One midnight there was a terrific wind-storm, and a tree outside my window fell with a terrific crash. Carter came hurrying into my room. He shone his flashlight out the window and gave a low whistle of dismay.

"It's a good thing it fell the way it did," he said. "Otherwise we'd have to have a new roof. You okay, Laurie?"

I was sitting up in bed, trembling. "I—I'm scared."

"No wonder—that crash was enough to scare anybody." He came over to the bed and put his arm around me. Through the thin silk of my nightgown, I felt his hand warm against my shoulder. Suddenly I longed with everything in me to be in his arms, to feel his lips against mine. I moved closer to him, and it was no longer fright that made my heart thud.

"Is everything all right?" Emily called from across the hall.

"Everything except Laurie," he called back cheerfully. "The poor child got scared half to death." And he patted my shoulder once more and was gone.

I lay back in bed. Poor child. That's the way he thought of me—a child, a little sister to be protected and loved but never seen as a woman. He hadn't even noticed my sudden, instinctive movement toward him; his touch had remained as impersonal as ever. If only Emily had not interrupted, I thought, perhaps he—he would have noticed. As long as she was there claiming his attention, being his wife, possessing him, I would never be anything but poor child. Meanwhile my heart was being consumed with hopeless longing. . . . I turned and wept into my pillow—wept with resentment for my sister and pity for myself.

It was the next day that Emily said casually, "Why don't you give poor Joe Stewart any more dates, Laurie?"

I'd gone through school with Joe Stewart and had had casual dates with him ever since. "Oh, I don't know," I said. "He's so—so young."

She laughed. "He's twenty-three, isn't he? How old do you think you are, Miss Methuselah?"

"I like older men," I said stiffly. "Men with experience, who've lived and—and everything. There's nothing romantic or exciting about Joe."

She looked at me seriously. "But you ought to go out, honey. You ought to have fun with people your own age instead of just poking around the house with Carter and me all the time. And, that kind of romance you're talking about doesn't exist except in foolish books and movies. Believe me, dear, it doesn't."

I felt a sudden, unreasoning anger. "You just say that because you don't have it with Carter," I cried. "You just have a humdrum marriage full of business and housekeeping and things like that! You don't know anything about romantic love—real love." Driven by the humiliating frustration of last night, I felt the need to strike out, to hurt her. "But I'll bet Carter does. He had it with Amy Talbot!"

It was an unforgivable, a cruel thing, to say. I was sorry the minute the words were out of my mouth. But, oddly, Emily didn't get angry. She only looked at me with something very close to pity.

"Poor little Laurie," she said at last. "How very young you are and how very ignorant. Carter and Amy Talbot never brought anything to each other but tragic heartache. Do you think it's romantic to run off and marry somebody just because you've been suppressed too much by too-strict parents,

and then discover that you aren't in love at all, that you've nothing in common, and that you've messed up your life at twenty-one? Do you call that romance? Well, Carter could tell you differently. He knows better than anybody what a costly, horrible mistake it was. Why don't you ask him?"

I was still angry, and I didn't believe her. She was just being superior because she was older than I. If it weren't for Emily, I thought, I was sure I could make Carter love me in the way I'd always dreamed of, because I loved him in that way. That was what I told myself and what I believed. But I never mentioned Amy Talbot to him.

The town did, though. Never to his face, of course, never in so many words. But the town had never forgiven Carter for Amy Talbot. Or rather, for being wild and running away, and then coming back and turning out to be a decent, upright, fine person after all. The town kept expecting the "bad blood" of the Mayfields to show itself and when it didn't they were, somehow, disappointed. But it was hard on Emily and Carter. They tried to become a part of Lauderdale, but they never quite succeeded. Lauderdale was too suspicious and too mindful of the past. All this I sensed, but Carter was the only one I was sorry for. He was the one who had counted the world well lost for love.

And then something happened that changed all our lives—all the lives, I guess, of everybody in America, maybe in the world.

Carter had joined the National Guard when he came to Lauderdale, and he and the other men of his unit were the first to go. He was the handsomest thing in his uniform I'd ever seen. And "Captain Mayfield" had such a romantic sound. I used to say it over and over to myself before I fell asleep every night during those weeks he was at camp. I used to write him long and frequent letters, too, which he answered with little notes enclosed in his letters to Emily. . . . "Dear Laurie, thanks for the swell letter. You have no idea how much mail from home means. . . ." Things like that, and into each one of them I'd try to read some special, personal message.

EMILY kept herself busy with the house and the Red Cross and war committees. But I kept on with my job in a sort of lackadaisical fashion and spent all my time thinking about Carter. Boys of my own age, even in uniform, didn't interest me. Carter filled my life as much away from home as he had when he was there.

Then he came home on leave, and we all knew it was his last one before being sent overseas. I wanted to stop going to the office, just to be with Carter more, but Emily wouldn't let me. "We've got to keep things going in their regular way," she said. "It will make the goodbye easier for him if he can remember us going on with our lives just as if he were here." So I kept on working but I hated it, and I felt, in my heart, she'd said that only to keep Carter more to herself. And I cried for hours the night he left. But if Emily cried at all, I didn't see her. She was smiling, there at the station, when she told him goodbye but I had the feeling she didn't see a thing or hear a word I said as we went home together.

Then came that awful afternoon when Aunt Agnes telephoned me at the office. "Come home at once, Laurie," she said.

And when I got to the big old house,

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## "THE BATTLE OF MILES"

. . . will go on, says the Office of Defense Transportation, almost unabated, after the collapse of Germany. The focus of attention of the war will then be the Pacific, and war output must be hauled from industrial centers of the East and Mid-West to the Pacific Coast. There will be concentrated troop movements. Furlough travel will hit new peaks. What can you and I do about it? We civilians must stay home, unless travel is absolutely essential, to clear the rails for victory!

---

Aunt Agnes was there and neighbors were there, and Emily was sitting in the living room in the chair Carter used to like, with the whitest face I've ever seen, and tearless eyes. In her hands she held a crumpled telegram.

I didn't need to read it. I saw by their faces what it said. I didn't need Aunt Agnes' broken whisper, "Carter has been killed in action, dear."

I saw Emily reach out as if to take me in her arms, to share her grief or to comfort me in mine. But she never completed the gesture. For, suddenly, wildly, I burst into hysterical weeping.

Shocked, they hurried me from the room. "Hush, Laurie, hush," Aunt Agnes kept saying. "You must control yourself. You must think of Emily now." But I couldn't. I could think only of Carter—Carter whom I would never see again.

Lauderham forgot Amy Talbot then, for the first time. It forgot everything except that Carter Mayfield had given his life for his country, as many of its sons and husbands and sweethearts might before the war was over.

Yes, Lauderham really rallied around. But it was for Emily, not for me. After all, I was only Carter's sister-in-law. Emily was his wife. And I used to think bitterly that I had loved him too, but I had to bear *my* grief in secret. I could say to no one: "The man I love is dead. My life is over."

**I** CLUNG to my grief. Even after that awful first period of numbing shock and loss was past, I kept on shutting myself off from the world. Every evening I spent in my darkened room, remembering, mourning what had never been and yearning for what never was to be. And I felt Emily was being false to the memory of Carter because, for her, life could reassert itself. She could go on with her daily routine, now that time had eased the first pain, she could talk of ordinary things, she could stifle her tears instead of dedicating her life to them. She could even try to get me to act as she was acting.

"But you must make the effort. You're young—you ought to have pleasure. It's not normal just to sit home every night like this, not even reading or anything."

"Pleasure! How can I find pleasure any more in anything?" I cried, and hurried from the room. Why couldn't she leave me alone? How could she talk of pleasure when the very fact of having to go on living without Carter was almost more than I could bear? My love had been too great. She'd never understand, because she'd never felt as I had.

A strain grew between Emily and me. I felt she was a stranger to my innermost thoughts and feelings and would always be. And so I shut off from her more and more, enclosing myself in my own pain, giving up to it.

One day when I came home from work, Emily said she'd been out to the new war plant that had been started in Lauderham. "I've got a job out there," she said happily. "I'm going to start in on Monday."

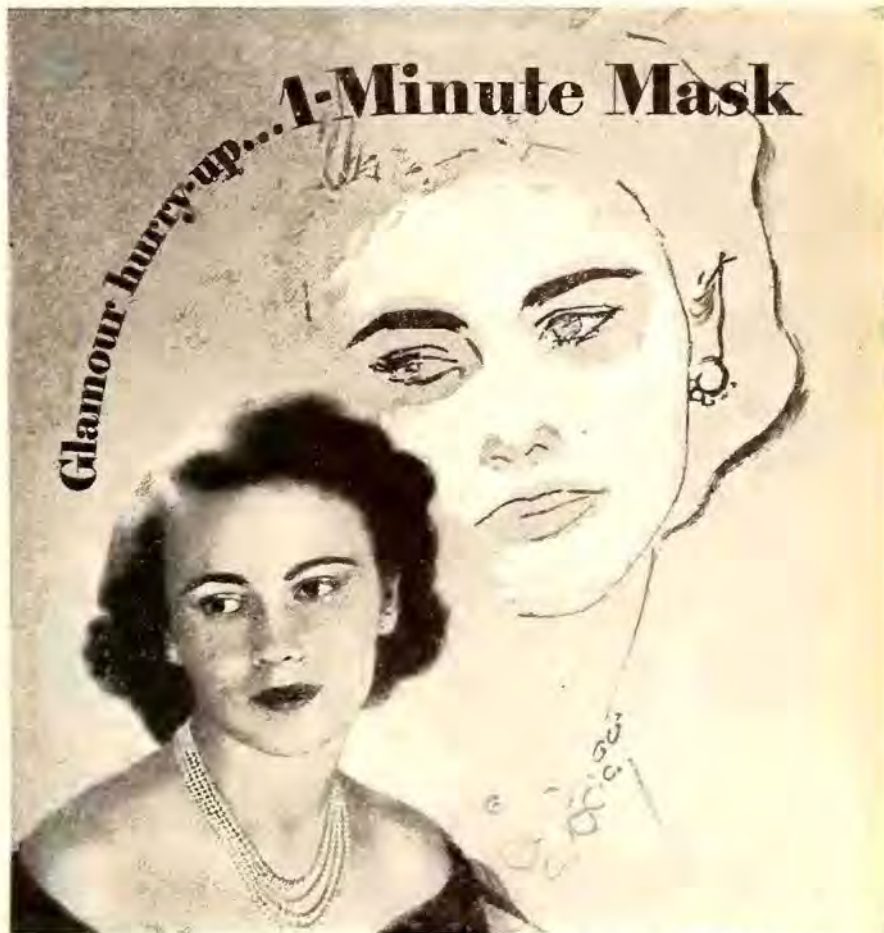
"A job! You're going to take a job?" I was shocked. "But you don't need to go to work. With—with Carter's insurance and all—"

"It isn't the money. I'll put my pay into War Bonds. But I've got to keep busy. I've got to be useful. Everybody does now, to win the war, but especially those of us who have lost someone. We—somehow, we owe it to them."

"I should think those of us who've lost someone had done enough!" I cried. "Oh, my dear, don't you understand?"

## Lovely Constance M<sup>c</sup>Cormick

Leading in California society are the Alister McCormicks . . . Mrs. McCormick, Constance's mother, has been a Pond's devotee since her teens, and her charming, high-spirited daughter is quick to understand why. "The very first time I tried a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream, I knew I could forget my make-up problems," explains Constance enthusiastically. "In the sixty seconds of Mask-time, my face not only looked fresher and softer—it *felt* smoother! Ready to take powder *evenly!*"



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I'm doing it for Carter. It's what he would have wanted me to do. I knew him, I knew his heart—" Her eyes took on that stilled and inner look they had held the day she'd seen him off at the station for the last time, the look that was as if she were remembering a place where only she and Carter had ever been, a place where no one else would ever be. "—and I know he would have hated it if my life had stopped because his did. He would have felt I had let him down."

I didn't say anything. I couldn't. Suddenly, oddly, I was remembering the night of the storm when she had called out from her room and, somehow, had claimed him so that he did not notice me. I felt the same way now.

AND so we said no more about it. But Emily knew I disapproved of what she was doing. When she would come home at night and try to tell me about her work, or about the people she was working with, I wasn't interested. I thought it was terrible that she could go out among strangers and be a part of them, so soon after Carter's death.

One night after she'd been working about three weeks, she came home jubilant. "Guess who I ran into out at the plant today—Paul Matthews, a boy Carter and I knew before we went to South America! He used to be in the factory of Carter's firm and now he's been sent here for war work because he can't get into the service—a bad leg, or something. I've asked him to dinner tonight." She paused on her way upstairs and smiled down at me. "Put on your prettiest dress, honey. Paul's a terribly nice boy."

When Paul Matthews came, I liked him in spite of myself. He wasn't a bit goodlooking, but there was good-humor and intelligence written in his face. He was only a few inches taller than I, which isn't tall for a man, and he lacked the lean liveness of Carter, but he was well and strongly built and his close-cropped blond hair gave him the look of wearing a burnished helmet.

Dinner was the gayest meal we'd had in a long time. I found myself laughing at Paul's stories as I hadn't laughed since Carter went away. When finally he got up to go he took both our hands. "Gosh," he said, "what a good-looking family. I can't tell which of you is the prettier."

All the laughter fell away and was forgotten. It was as if a knife turned in my heart. Those were exactly the words Carter had used.

I withdrew my hand quickly from

Paul's. Remembrance flickered in Emily's eyes, too, but she kept her smile steady. "Come back to see us, Paul," she said, warmly. "Come often."

"You just try and keep me away!" He was looking at me when he said it but I wouldn't meet his gaze. I was suddenly resenting the evening. How could we have sat there laughing, with Carter gone?

"Well," Emily said as we were going upstairs to bed, "how did you like him?"

"He's all right," I said indifferently. "But nothing out of the ordinary. I don't see anything special about him."

She gave me a sharp glance. "Don't judge too much by surface appearances, Laurie. A man doesn't have to be handsome to be attractive. . . . I thought you liked him—at first, anyway. He liked you, I'm sure."

I thought about him as I was going to sleep that night, the way he'd looked at me there at the end, the way he'd talked to me during the evening. In spite of myself, I kept thinking about it. And when Emily told me the next day that Paul wanted to come see us. Saturday night, I found I was really looking forward to seeing him again.

When he came, he brought with him the same air of gaiety he'd brought before. "There's a good movie tonight at the Bijou," he said. "How would you like to go?"

"You and Laurie go," Emily said hastily. "I'm tired. Really I am."

I TURNED to Paul, expecting him to ask me to go alone with him. But he was looking at Emily. "No," he said, "We won't go unless you do. If you're tired, we'll all stay here."

I felt an unreasoning stab of disappointment. It wasn't that I wanted to go to the movie. It was just that—I didn't know who it was.

"I don't want to go either," I said hurriedly. "I don't feel like going out."

"Well, then," Emily said, "I'll go make some coffee. You and Laurie get something on the radio, Paul."

As she left the room, he turned to me. "She's wonderful, isn't she?" he said. "I was always crazy about Carter and Emily—they were the nicest couple I'd ever known. But now—" He shook his head in admiration—"the way she's taken Carter's going, the way she's gone on as if he were still here—"

"She goes on as if nothing had happened!" I said with swift bitterness. "I don't see how she can. I can't!" My voice broke. "Nobody will ever understand how much his death meant to

me. Nobody!"

He looked at me, startled at my vehemence. "I can understand how fond you must have been of him," he said quietly. "He was a swell person. And how fond he must have been of you, Laurie. He—"

"Please don't talk about it," I burst out. "You could never really understand a man like Carter. You're too different from him!"

He gave me a long, strange look. "I see," he said at last. Then he went over and began fiddling with the radio. And when Emily came back, he began talking to her about her work.

Paul never talked about Carter directly to me again during any of the times he came. And he came often. I was rarely alone with him; nearly always, the three of us were together, fixing dinner in our big old-fashioned kitchen, taking long afternoon walks as the weather got better, just sitting and talking. But underneath the pleasant companionship we three had, I felt something disturbing. Nearly every time it was the same. We'd all be having a good time together and then suddenly it would be just Emily and Paul having the good time and I'd be remembering. That memory was like a shrine where no one had the right to intrude with forgetfulness for a single moment.

Sometimes I'd look at them and think, "Emily never loved Carter, or she'd never be able to look at another man even if he is younger than she and just a good friend!" Then I wondered if she and Paul were just good friends? They were obviously fond of each other, but the way he kept coming back all the time, always insisting that Emily go along whenever she tried to leave me alone with him—wouldn't that mean more than just fondness?

That thought, once imbedded, was like a poisoned dart that kept sending its evil through me. And the disturbing tension grew and grew.

Until one evening it came to a head.

I came home from work to find Emily in her room dressing. "Hurry and get into your evening dress, dear," she called out. "The plant is having a dance tonight for all the employees on the day shift, and Paul's taking us."

SOMETHING in her manner was like an affront to me. Why should she just take it for granted that I'd want to go, that I could go, when my heart was still heavy with grief? But I didn't say anything. I went on to my room and began to dress.

When I came downstairs, Emily was in the living room, waiting. At sight of her, I stopped short. She looked lovely. She'd piled her hair high on her head instead of wearing it in the loose, casual way she usually did. And she was humming a love song that had been popular two years before.

"I was remembering the last time I danced," she said, and her eyes grew tender. "It was when Carter and I were in Brazil. He kept paying the orchestra leader to play American tunes because we were so homesick. Carter was a wonderful dancer and—"

All the mixed-up, conflicting emotions that had kept me wretched for so long, seemed to boil up in that moment. I felt myself trembling. "I'm not going to the dance tonight," I said shortly.

She broke off and stared at me. "Why, Laurie. . . . Are you sick?"

"Only at the way you're behaving," I cried, and it was as though the voice that said that wasn't my own. "I think

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it's terrible the way you can laugh and have fun all the time with Paul, and now even to think of going to a dance with him when Carter—"

She just looked at me, without answering. In her eyes was an expression I couldn't read. Finally she said, very gently, "Don't you think it would be fairer to us all if you stopped grieving so openly for Carter now, Laurie? He loved life more than anyone I've ever known. He wouldn't have wanted you to stop living it, as you have been doing—" her voice trembled and broke—"because he had to."

"I'll never stop grieving," I cried. "Never, as long as I live. And if you can, then it's because you never loved him as much as I did!"

There. It was out.

FOR a moment she looked as if I'd struck her. Her face went perfectly white, and she swayed backwards. Then she steadied herself against the table, and her words, when they came, were weighted with the deepest emotion I have ever heard.

"You've thought yourself in love with my husband ever since the beginning, haven't you, Laurie? I've seen it—anybody would have seen it, except a man like Carter was. If it had been an honest, grown-up love, it would have hurt me deeply—for you. Because he and I were in love in a way that few people are lucky enough to have—a deep, rich, enduring way that was built on understanding and sharing and each making a spiritual home in the other. But yours wasn't a real love. You loved the idea of Carter—not the man himself. You fell in love with his good looks, with all you thought was the

'romance' of his youth that was really a tragic mistake, with everything that wasn't Carter at all. You never saw his fineness or his worth. You saw him as the hero of some moonlit story, and yourself as the heroine. And now that he's gone, you're still being the heroine, shutting yourself off from everything and everybody, dramatizing your grief until it isn't an honest grief at all. If it had been honest, you and I could have shared it. But you wouldn't have that. You had to shut yourself in with your selfish, 'romantic' grief—"

"It's not true! It's not true, what you're saying. If you'd loved him like that you wouldn't see Paul so much."

"Paul!" There was real shock in her voice. "If I've turned to him, it's been as a friend and as someone who knew Carter as he was, whom I could talk with about him, who could make him—come alive for me just by talking. And I also hoped that you'd like Paul and he'd like you. I hoped—"

"Maybe Paul had better speak for himself," said a voice from the door.

We both whirled. Paul was standing there, looking at us. His face was grim. "I'm sorry," he said. "The front door was open and I just walked in."

I stared at him in horror. Emily sagged wearily back against the table. All the strength seemed drained from her body. "I'm sorry, too," she said, "that you had to overhear all this. I—oh, please, just leave me alone. Both of you! Leave me alone!" And she turned and hurried from the room. Something in me wanted to rush after her, to throw my arms around her. But pain at what she'd said kept me from it.

Paul watched her go. Then he turned back to me. "You'd better go upstairs to

her," he said quietly. "And get down on your knees and ask her pardon for the way you've been behaving."

"You would take her side!" I said angrily. "You're—you're probably in love with her."

"In love with Emily?" He gave a short, bitter laugh and came closer.

"Listen to me, Laurie," he said after a long moment in which his eyes seemed to be trying to see what was in back of mine. "You don't understand, do you? You don't understand anything at all—anything of what Emily feels, or anything of what I feel."

"You—?" I repeated. "What have you to do with what either Emily or I may feel about Carter? What right—"

Paul smiled at me, and it was the smile an adult gives a child. "What right, Laurie? The very best and greatest of all rights in the world. Oh Laurie, don't you know, haven't you seen, that I'm in love with you? That I've been in love with you from the moment I first saw you?"

*I'm in love with you.* . . . The words seemed to hang in air, to repeat themselves, without meaning, like something spoken in a foreign tongue, over and over in my ears. I stared up at him incredulously. And when I saw what was in his eyes, some barrier deep inside me seemed to snap. "In love with me? But Paul—"

OH, I've never said anything, never tried to let you know. I haven't dared. Oh, I've tried not to be in love with you, and cursed myself for a fool because I couldn't help it. Because you don't know what love is all about, Laurie, you wouldn't understand if I tried to tell you how I felt about you.

*Fine to give*  
*Fine to get*

*Season's*  
*Greetings from*  
**PHILIP MORRIS**

IF YOU CAN'T GET PHILIP MORRIS, REMEMBER, OUR FIGHTING FORCES COME FIRST

You think that love is moonlight and roses, and whispers in the dark, and it isn't that at all. It's the very fibre of which human beings are made—all the pain and fear as well as all the joy and happiness. But you wouldn't understand—you haven't grown up yet, and maybe you never will. A man is a fool ever to fall in love with a girl like you."

I STEPPED back as if he had slapped me across the face. "How dare you say I don't know anything about love—all the pain and the fear of it. I've been in love—wretchedly, miserably for so long!"

"Yes, with Carter. I didn't need to hear what Emily said tonight to know that. I've seen the way you look every time his name is mentioned—as if nobody had the right to mention it or think about him or mourn him but you." The words were a cruel echo of those Emily had used and I winced under them. "Understand this, Laurie, Carter Mayfield was an ideal of mine. I looked up to him and wanted to be like him. I wanted a marriage like he and Emily had, with everything. But you wouldn't know about that. You're too selfish to know what that kind of love is. You're so wrapped up in your own emotions, you can't see what anybody else is feeling."

"That's not true!"  
"It is true. Look at what you've done to your sister. She did the bravest thing a woman could do, the way she went out and got a job and kept from inflicting her sorrow on anybody. She loved him more than life itself; she loved him enough to be what he'd want her to be and do what he'd want her to do. But you—you couldn't see that. You made it a thousand times harder

for her when you should have been making it easier. You have to know about generosity before you can know about love. And you don't know about either. I guess there're lots like you, Laurie, who don't know what it's all about. Heaven help the men who fall in love with them!"

"If you loved me, you couldn't talk like this!"

He gave a wry grin. "That's what you think. . . . Oh, Laurie—Laurie! Look my dear—will you go upstairs to your sister and behave like a grown-up?"

"No! I can't. I can't—" I shrank back from his urging.

"I was afraid you'd say that. Well—" he stopped, and his face was taut with pain. "I hoped, but—I guess that's that." He turned and started upstairs.

"Paul—where are you going?"

"To take Emily to the dance," he said over his shoulder.

I sank down on the couch. He loved me and yet he could talk to me as he did. And he could expect now to go off to the dance as if nothing had happened. How could he love me?

In a little while they came downstairs. Emily had her coat on and she looked pale but composed. She stopped in the doorway. "Laurie," she said, "what was said here tonight had to be said, sometime. It had to come out. We couldn't have gone on living together if it hadn't. Now that it has, now that we've cleared the air between us—will you come to the dance with Paul and me? Will you, dear?"

"How can you even think of going?" I cried. "Of course I won't go. I can't!"

They looked at me for a long moment. Then Paul took Emily's arm. "Let's go," he said.

They walked out and left me as if

I had been a disobedient child, alone in the big, old house, alone with thoughts that refused to come clear. I was seething too much with anger and humiliation to think. First at Emily, then at Paul. Most at Paul. How could he have stood there and said I was blind and selfish and not grown-up—I who had suffered silently all this time with aching love, who had never made the slightest gesture to reach out and claim the man I adored? How could he have left me here and gone with Emily, when he said he loved me?

Paul loved me. That was the thing that kept coming back, stronger than all the rest, finally shearing away all the rest, until it alone remained and brought the past—my whole past—into focus. It was like seeing my life un-reel before me, beginning with yesterday and going back.

I REMEMBERED how much I'd been drawn to him at first. And then how I'd resented him because his presence made the memory of Carter unclear. I thought how my liking for him had grown and the way I wouldn't let myself admit it when he'd seemed to want to be with Emily as much as me—how I'd let that jealousy turn me back more and more to Carter. And then, clear as a flash of summer lightning, came the truth: I was in love with Paul. I had been all along. That was why I'd felt as I had, and had only persuaded myself that I was jealous of Emily because she had had Carter and could forget him with another man.

I got up and walked through the house—that big, shuttered house that had figured so largely in my dreams as a child. I forced myself to see Carter in that house, see him as the person he was, not as a romantic figure that moved through it larger than life. And there, with all the echoes of all the past around me, with my inner self illumined by that flash of truth, Carter, too, came clear.

I'd never been really in love with him. Emily was right. Ever since I'd been a child, I'd fed myself on romantic nonsense as an escape from Aunt Agnes' strictness, and through it all the idea of Carter Mayfield had moved as an unreal and shadowy hero. Then when he had come into my life, it was still as the unreal and shadowy hero. I'd ignored all the qualities that would have made me love him as a brother and had seen only the picture, never the real man. And when he had died—

Shame flooded through me, leaving no place for the anger of the humiliation. Only deep and searing shame as I remembered Emily when the news came—how brave she'd been and how, sitting here in this very room, she had reached out to share her pain with me and I—I had let her down. I'd been so full of self-pity I had been blinded to my real loss—and to hers, so much greater than mine—in mourning for the false one.

Heaven help the men who love girls like you!

I'd clung to a memory of a man who never was a man, who existed only as the figment of my imagination. And I'd hurt both Paul and Emily—the two people dearest in all the world to me. Paul had given me the chance to atone for it when he'd asked me to go upstairs and make up the quarrel with Emily. And I'd refused. She had given me another chance when she'd begged me to come with them. And, again, I'd refused.

You have to know about generosity before you can know about love.

---

## WORTH FIGHTING FOR—WORTH SAVING FOR!

*It's the money you don't spend that counts these days. Every dollar that you save means a dollar you don't spend, and it's spending that causes inflation, our greatest enemy at home.*

*Inflation is simply a general rise in prices—when we have too much money and not enough things to spend it on, the things that are left to buy go up in price. It isn't selfish to keep your money right now—it's selfish to spend, generous to save.*

*What will you save for? It costs money to have a child, and to raise one—save for a baby. It costs money to send that child, when older, to college—save for schooling for your children. You'll want and need a trip when the rush of these trying days is done—save for a vacation. When the war is over, you'll be able to build that dream-house you've planned, if you have the money—save for a home. Social security will take care of bare necessities in your older years, but savings will bring little luxuries—save for the advancing years. Times are good, now, but they haven't always been, and unless we control inflation, they can be bad again—save for security. When our boys come home, they'll want the kind of world they've fought for—save for a safe America.*

*How can we save for a safe America—keep America safe from the insecurity that comes with inflation? By buying only what we really need; by paying no more than ceiling prices, and buying rationed goods only in exchange for ration points; by not taking advantage of war conditions by asking for higher wages or selling goods at higher prices; by saving—buying and keeping all the war bonds we can afford!*



How could Paul love me now? And suddenly I saw the future bleak and stark before me. For he *had* to love me. I knew with awful certainty, that I loved him. I think there in those timeless hours I spent alone in that house, and searched my heart, that I grew up. I became a woman who knows that love is giving more than taking and that the moonlit romance is tawdry when compared with the honest, shining light of what is real.

If I could somehow make him know it. If I could make up to Emily for my selfishness. If it weren't too late...

I threw on my wrap. Heedless of my tear-stained face, my rumpled dress, I ran down the dark street to the bus stop. It was an eternity before the bus that went to the war plant came. I didn't care that everybody on it stared at me as if I'd lost my mind. I only sat there feverishly urging it on as it crawled on its way.

It stopped, and I got off, stumbling as I ran up to the big gates. The guard stopped me. "But I've got to get in!" I cried. "I've got to see Mrs. Mayfield and Mr. Matthews. They work here—they're at the dance."

Reluctantly, he sent someone to call them.

It was years before I saw them hurrying to the gate. "Laurie!" Emily cried. "What's wrong?"

"I've come to the dance!" Hysteria made the words completely senseless. "Don't you see—I've come to the dance. I—oh, Emily, darling—" And I threw myself on her, sobbing out my shame at what I'd done to her.

She understood. Her loving, welcoming arms held me close.

Then she turned and looked at Paul. She didn't need to say anything. He came and stood close beside us. "Laurie, look at me," he said softly.

I raised my head. Our eyes met in the semi-darkness, and what he saw in mine seemed to fill him with an intense and wordless happiness. We just stood there, staring at each other, and I was no longer the moonstruck foolish girl. I was a mature woman looking at the man I loved.

## Nice 'N' Spicy

Continued from page 44

### Fruit Balls

1 cup seeded raisins    1 cup dates  
1 tsp. cinnamon        ½ tsp. vanilla  
¼ tsp. salt

Run raisins and dates through the food grinder. Add cinnamon, salt and vanilla and mix thoroughly. Form into balls about ¾ inch in diameter. May be served rolled in powdered sugar, shredded coconut, minced nutmeats or shredded confections sold in small packages for decorating cakes or dipped in melted dipping chocolate.

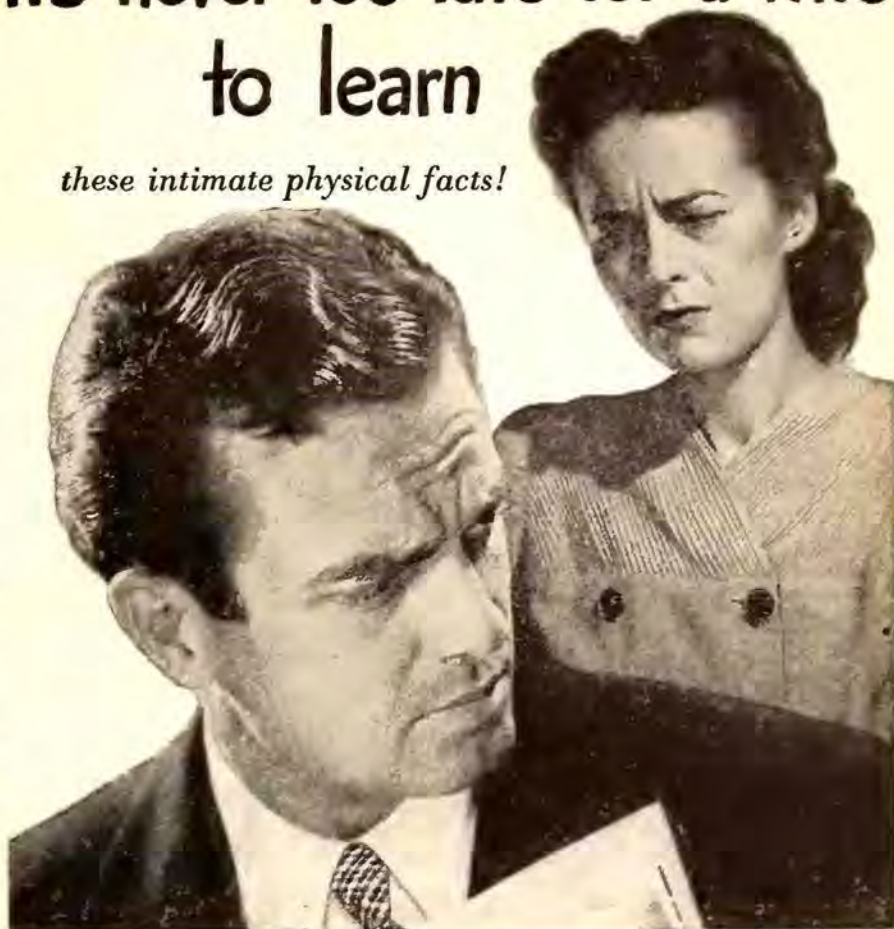
### Popcorn Men

1½ cups molasses        ¾ cup sugar  
2 tbs. margarine        8-10 cups popcorn

Combine ingredients in heavy pan, place over low flame and stir until sugar melts. Increase heat and cook slowly to 275 degrees F. on candy thermometer, or until mixture forms hard ball in water. Remove from heat and stir in popcorn. When cool enough to handle, rub hands with margarine and make little men, using small ball for head, larger one for body, nuts or raisins for eyes and nose and toothpicks for legs and arms.

# It's never too late for a wife to learn

these intimate physical facts!



Is something "lacking" in your marriage? Is your husband growing "indifferent" lately? Then don't sit home and brood about it. DO something about it! The fault often lies with the wife herself—her carelessness and neglect of *proper* intimate feminine "cleanliness"—her ignorance of *what* to put in her douche.

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## There Is No Yesterday

Continued from page 43

going to see him, I would resolve, "Tonight he mustn't. Tonight I won't let him." And then, on the dark porch as he brought me home or in the car with him on a lonely road, I would find my will was powerless and the resolve crumbled away into nothing. I found that I responded wildly and needfully—and then felt ashamed afterwards. There was something wrong about it—his very physical presence impelled me into something I didn't really want and yet could not resist. . . .

**A**LL this I was pouring out to Howard and to Uncle Edwin. But mostly to Howard. He had to know me as I really was, everything about me. Everything. It was difficult to tell parts of my story, but I forced it out. "And then," I said, to my two intent listeners, "then Mother died."

"And you were left completely alone," Howard said grimly, "with no one to turn to but Chuck Abbot."

"But I wanted you to come to me," Uncle Edwin protested. "Don't you remember, when I came for the funeral how I tried to persuade you—"

"I know," I said in a low, shamed voice. "I wanted to come—oh, so much—with part of me. But Chuck wouldn't let me. . . ."

"Wouldn't let you!" Uncle Edwin said incredulously.

"I mean—he talked me out of it. He said I'd nearly finished my business course, and I could get a job and support myself and be independent of everybody. He said it was time I stopped being a child and grew up. I felt he was right, in a way. But the thing that really kept me there in Ruxton was because I knew I wouldn't see him if I left. And I had to see him. He—he was like a fever in my blood or something. Oh, if only I could make you understand!"

"I understand," Howard said quietly. "I understand a lot. Go on."

I went on. Hard though it was, it was like a cleansing of my soul.

I moved to a rooming house and found a job in an office. I was seeing Chuck more and more.

I knew he was crazy about me—but I also knew, in his language that didn't mean marriage. And somewhere deep down in the core of what I was, I found the strength to resist him in that one thing. Whatever else he wanted, I would do because I couldn't help it. But I would not give myself completely to Charles Abbot or to any man without marriage.

And so, at last, he asked me to marry him. It was not a romantic proposal. It was, looking back on it, almost a shameful one.

It was one night when we'd driven out on one of those lonely roads I'd come to know so well. His kisses had grown more ardent, more demanding, than ever. And I began to cry. He let me go with a gesture almost of impatience and sat staring moodily ahead into the darkness.

"All right," he said at last, and there was something brutal in the way he said it, "let's get married. I always swore I never would but—you win. Don't say I didn't warn you, though.

I won't be a very good husband."

"Oh, yes you will!" I cried. "We'll be happy—you'll see!"

Fool that I was, I really believed that. I thought I could change Chuck and that marriage would make everything right between us and I would lose that strange sense of compulsion toward something wrong, once we were truly man and wife.

We were married three days later in the office of a justice of the peace. Chuck wanted it that way. "Why have a lot of fuss?" he said. And I gave in, as always, relinquishing my dreams of a real wedding dress and being married by a minister. And it wasn't long afterwards that the slow, painful realization began—the knowledge that it was only the physical me that Chuck wanted, not the real, inner me at all.

At first I rebelled against that knowledge. I tried to fool myself into believing it was in all ways we loved each other. But deep down inside myself, I knew that was a lie. For Chuck treated me like something he owned, something bought and paid for. Never like another human being. Oh, he wasn't cruel in any obvious sense. He gave me plenty of money—after all, he made plenty and he liked to see me well-dressed and owning nice things. He never actually mistreated me. But he was well aware of the power of his own aggressive vitality, and he used it. Whatever he wanted, he got—regardless of what I wanted. And whenever I protested he had only to look at me in a certain way, half-mockingly, and take me in his arms—and my will-power dissolved.

There was no one I could tell about it. After all, that sort of thing is hard to put into words when, on the surface, Chuck appeared to be an honest, up-standing, successful young man—a little selfish perhaps, but then, who isn't? How could I tell anybody that he had only to enter the room, only to make me feel his presence—and something in me cringed at the same time everything in me went out to him? I was miserable. But I could do nothing about it. He was stronger than I.

**I**T wasn't long before I began to know Chuck was unfaithful to me. On those business trips to Ft. McGuire. He had won a government contract to build some new barracks as America entered the war, and that necessitated frequent trips to the camp. I don't know how I knew he was having affairs with other women, but I did—with an instinctive, heartsick certainty. I tried to keep it to myself. I tried to think it was only my imagination. I had no proof—it was only a feeling.

Finally I accused him of it. He only laughed. "What a lot of fool ideas women can get!" he said. "The trouble with you is that you haven't got enough to do. You sit around the house all the time I'm gone and cook up these things out of your imagination."

"That's not true!" I cried. "When you started going out of town so much, I wanted to get a job and you wouldn't let me. Besides, that has nothing to do with—with this. I can't stand it, Chuck. I won't stand it!"

**FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS—  
BUY WAR BONDS and STAMPS**

For a moment he looked angry. Then he gave his easy smile and came over to me. His arms slipped around me, ignoring my resistance, and he pulled me close to him. "You know I'm crazy about you, Milly," he murmured softly. "What would I want another girl for? Forget it, honey. . . ."

"But—" "Hush, honey." And he stopped my protesting struggles with a kiss.

As always with his arms holding me close and his lips on mine, I had to forget it. I always had to forget anything but him when he was near. I had to believe what he told me because I wanted so desperately to believe it. He was my husband, he was all I had—he had to love me and me alone. And so, for a little while, I let his words, his touch, persuade me.

But afterwards — afterwards the awful certainty came back. He had not denied anything. He had only dodged the question by playing on my emotions. With that, equally strong, came the certainty of my own weakness whenever Chuck was concerned. And so began the torture in my soul. For, believe me, there is no torture like that when love condemns you to trust someone you know, in the honest, innermost depths of yourself, is not trustworthy.

AS time went on, it was as if he sensed this in me. He became more openly inconsiderate. And though he never admitted the presence in his life of other women, the knowledge was always there between us, unspoken and corrupt. Twice more I was driven to confront him with it. The last time he didn't bother to fight down his anger.

"You're the kind of wife who drives a man to other women," he lashed out. "You've got no proof at all of what you're saying, and yet you can stand there and accuse me."

"I don't need proof," I said as quietly as I could. "I just know. And I know, too, you never really loved me. You just—wanted me. I want a divorce, Chuck. . . ."

"Now look here, Milly—we're married and we're going to stay married. I told you I wouldn't make a good husband, that it would be hard for me to settle down. You still wanted to go ahead with it. You've made a bargain and you've got to stick to it. You're the one who's causing your own unhappiness—with all this nagging and accusing." And then, very sure of himself, very sure of his power over me, his manner changed and he became persuasive as only he could. "Milly, what are we fighting for? I'm crazy about you—honest I am—and you're just punishing yourself and being unfair to me when you say you 'know' I'd even look at another woman. Come on, honey—give me a kiss. . . ."

And again it ended with his arms around me and my torturing self-doubt.

But there was one thing I could do, to still the terrible humiliation I felt in my soul and to bolster up my self-respect. I could get a job. I would take no more money from Chuck.

And so I went back to work. Somewhere I found the strength to do it over my husband's bitter protests. I told him I had to do it because he was away so much I got bored with nothing to do. But in my heart I knew I was doing it to keep from being kept. I had never really been a wife to Chuck Abbot. He had married me because it was the only way he could get me. Now he would not let me go and I could not free myself of this strange bondage. But

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at least I could support myself.

Chuck exerted all his charm—and vented all his anger—to get me to give up that job. But that one small victory was mine. That one tiny seed of self-respecting independence I could keep alive. Our marriage became a kind of grotesque imitation of what a marriage ought to be. Outwardly, we were together, we were husband and wife; we lived in the same house, we shared the same room. But inwardly, it was as if Chuck Abbot owned me and would not let me go. Some masculine ego, some knowledge of his influence over me, kept me his.

Then he got another government contract, at an Army post further away. It meant that instead of being gone from home several days each week, he would be away weeks at a time, coming back only for an occasional weekend as he could snatch the time.

It was during that first long absence that I began to look at my life and see it objectively and not through a welter of tearing emotions. Out of Chuck's physical presence, I could look at it and see it for what it truly was. I hated what I saw. My marriage was more than a failure; it was bondage to my own weakness. Somehow I had to break away, make a fresh start, and become myself again.

**B**UT how? During those weeks alone I made my decision. When Chuck came home on the tenth I would simply tell him I had to have a divorce. I had no real grounds, but a lawyer would advise us. I wouldn't be hurting him, because he never really loved me. All I had to do was stick to my point and not be persuaded out of it against my will . . . That was all . . . It was quite simple . . . Once you make up your mind to do something, nobody can stop you . . . These were the things I said, over and over, every night as I went to bed, steeling myself against Chuck's return on the tenth.

And then, on the third, I came home from work to find a telegram stuck under my door. From Chuck, it said, "Arriving tomorrow."

A kind of panic seized me. A whole week early—it was too soon—I wasn't ready yet. The two words so clearly called up Chuck—so sure of me, sure of himself, and so implacably sure of getting what he wanted. I knew how he would look when I said I wanted a divorce—the anger first, then the persuasion, and then the half-taunting triumph as he knew he had won me over. I knew what he would say. I knew what he would do.

And I couldn't face it. I couldn't face another defeat.

"And so," I said, leaning back exhausted, "and so I ran away."

I couldn't look at Howard Coles. I could feel him there in the room beside me, I could sense his tension as I told my story, but I didn't dare look at him. He wouldn't love me now. He'd know me for what I was—a weakling, a coward. This was the end. . . .

Uncle Edwin leaned forward tensely. "You came directly here, without telling anyone?"

"Yes. I didn't even notify my office. I just—ran as if something were after me. I couldn't let Chuck know where I was or he'd have come after me. I thought if I could get a job and you could help me about a divorce, I'd never have to see him again. And then you weren't here and—and—"

"You went to the traveler's aid," Howard said quietly, "and were di-

rected to this place. Then you walked across a street in front of my car, and you've been running away ever since you recovered consciousness."

"How do you mean—running away?" I still couldn't look at him.

"You lost your memory of everything in your past life because, sub-consciously, you wanted to forget it. You forgot you were Mildred Abbot because, deep down, you were ashamed of her and wanted to forget her. Minds are funny things, Mildred. Yours let you escape for a while from something that had become unendurable. Don't you see?"

I sat silent, thinking it over, knowing he was right.

"But one thing I don't understand," Uncle Edwin said, "is why, when Charles returned and found you gone without a word, he didn't get in touch with me immediately. Why, anything could have happened to you—foul play, something terrible—"

"That's easy," I said bitterly. "He knew I'd run away. And he knew, if he didn't come after me, that I'd come back. I'd have to come back because he was stronger than me."

Then I raised my eyes and looked at Howard for the first time. "What am I to do now?" I cried.

Uncle Edwin patted my hand. "You just stay here and take it easy. I'll go to Charles and talk with him, man to man. I'll explain—"

"No, sir," Howard's voice cut in, respectfully but firmly. "That way, Mildred would still be running away. She has to go back to Chuck herself!"

This was the end, then. This was the final, ultimate end. He didn't love me now that he knew me. He didn't want me any more . . . Of all the bleak moments in my life, this was the bleakest I had ever known. It went too deep for tears or protests. I closed my eyes and let the pain take hold of me.

"Wait, Mildred! Don't look like that." Howard was close to me now, forcing me to look at him. "I don't mean go back to him as his wife—great God, no! I mean go to him yourself and tell him you aren't ever coming back."

"But I can't," I moaned. "You don't know what he's like. He won't let me go—he can do anything with me he wants to. Anything!"

**H**OWARD took my shoulders and gave me a gentle shake. "If you weren't sick, I swear I'd spank you! Look, my darling—look at me. Nobody in the world can make you do anything you don't think is right. Nobody. You're not a weakling or a coward. You were over-protected when you were growing up, and when your mother's death left you alone you had the bad luck to have no one but this—this heel to turn to. But you yourself are strong, my darling. I know!"

"How can you know? I mean, after what I've just told you—"

"Because I knew you when you didn't know your past, when you weren't overshadowed by the memory of past mistakes or weaknesses! I saw you take a terrible shock—the shock of realizing you didn't know who you were, that you were living in a vacuum—and not whimper or get panicky about it. Steadily and courageously, I saw you build up a new life, a new personality, out of nothing. That took courage, believe me!"

"But it was a wrong personality. It wasn't me. The girl I pictured Mildred Abbot to be wasn't the real girl at all—"

"She was. That girl was the real Mildred Abbot. She'd just never had a chance to emerge before. Don't you see?"

"That might be true if it weren't for one thing," I said slowly. "One thing maybe you don't know." What I was going to say took the last ounce of bravery that I had left. "I became what I did because—because I was in love with you. Because I wanted you to be in love with me. Without that love I'll just go back to being what I was."

"Without that love—" Howard stared at me incredulously for a moment and then his face softened. Simply and naturally, oblivious to Uncle Edwin, he took me into his arms. "My darling, precious idiot, did you think I'd stopped loving you? Do you honestly think I ever will? I love you more than ever for what you've told me—and the honest way you told it, making no excuses for yourself. Listen, my sweet—it wasn't our love that made you what you are. You already were that. It just took love—and shaking off the past—to bring it out."

They were the most beautiful words anybody ever said. They spread balm and joy and healing through me. They were like life itself. I looked at him with shining eyes.

"I'll go see Chuck," I whispered. "I'll go do anything—if only you'll go with me. I can't do it unless you're there. But with you—"

"I'll go anywhere with you, Mildred. Any time," he said quietly.

And dimly, through my haze of happiness, I was aware of Uncle Edwin tiptoeing from the room.

**F**ORT LEWIS was a huge, sprawling camp with new barracks going up for almost as far as the eye could see. Howard and I walked along one of the temporary streets, looking for the contractor's office.

We had taken an early morning train and had traveled all day to get here. I hadn't let Chuck know we were coming. "Better have the advantage of surprise," Uncle Edwin had advised.

Uncle Edwin had been wonderful, ever since that scene in my room two days ago. He understood now and agreed with everything—especially my love for Howard. "I knew, my dear," he told me, "when I heard the way he talked to you there at the end that Howard Coles was a man in a million. I hope you'll be able to marry him—you two deserve to be together. And rest assured, I'll do everything I can to help with the divorce. But Howard was right—you must see Charles alone."

All the way up on the train, the old trepidation had been growing in me. If it hadn't been for Howard there beside me, I felt, I still wouldn't have found the strength to face Chuck. I was still afraid. "You won't leave me alone with him, Howard?" I'd begged. "I know it will be terrible for you, darling—but I need your presence. I need to feel you there, giving me support. I wouldn't ask it—you know that—except that I know how Chuck is. I know how strong he is." And I shuddered.

"I'll be there," Howard promised. And I knew he would. I knew I could count on him. Yet I sensed something in his manner, some reservation as if there were something he wanted to say to me but couldn't find the words to say it. But steeling myself for the coming

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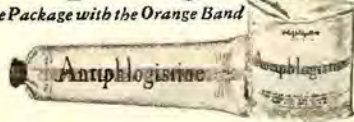
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interview with Chuck drove all else from my mind.

As we walked through the camp together, I said, tremulously, "If it weren't for you here now, darling, I think I'd—I'd never be able to go through with it."

"But I am here, Mildred," Howard said evenly. "You needn't be afraid." But again I sensed that curious flat tone in his voice.

A workman directed us to the contractor's office. It was a temporary wooden building, just two rooms. In the outer one, men were working over blueprints. There was no sign of Chuck. Howard asked where he could be found.

The men looked at us. One of them said, "He's out on the job somewhere. If you'll go in the private office and wait, I'll send somebody to get him."

We walked on into the inner office and sat down.

Somehow there was a constraint between us. We were both too tense, too silent. I looked at Howard. He was sitting there, turning his hat over and over in his hands.

*This is all wrong.*

THE thought, the words, came suddenly and from nowhere. But I knew it as surely as I knew anything. And I knew, too, what was wrong. I got up and went over to Howard.

"Please leave now, darling," I said hurriedly. "Please go and wait for me at the entrance to the camp." He looked up, startled, as if in protest. I rushed on. "No, please do as I say. I have to see Chuck alone. It—it won't be worth anything if I can't do this by myself. If you're here to fight my battles for me, then it won't be my victory, over him and over myself. And it's got to be, my darling!"

He got up then and his eyes were shining. All the constraint, the tension, the indescribable thing that separated us was gone. He just stood there looking down at me. And then he said, very simply and with more happiness than I have ever heard in a human voice: "Good girl!"

Then he was gone.

I didn't have to wait much longer. Chuck came swinging into the office, and stopped short at the sight of me. For just a second, he looked disconcerted. And then the old assurance reasserted itself. He slung his hat on the desk and let the door swing shut behind him.

"So you decided to come back."

There was a hint of triumph in his voice. I didn't say anything. My heart was beating wildly. He came over and stood in front of me. "I ought to take a strap to you for what you did—running out on me without a word. You crazy little fool!" He almost chuckled. "What did you think you were doing—throwing a scare into me?"

"You knew I'd come back, didn't you?" I said in a low voice.

"Well—I figured if I gave you plenty of time, you'd get over the notion all by yourself. You know very well you can't get along without me, baby."

"Well, you're wrong, Chuck." I got up then and faced him. "I've come up here only to tell you that I'm not coming back. I'm never coming back."

He made a gesture of impatience, almost as if he were dismissing the whole thing. "That again! We've been over it before and the answer is still the same. We're married and we're going to stay married. That was what you wanted and that was what you got. If that's all you came barging up here to

tell me, all I can say is I've got work to do and I can't waste the time talking about it now."

"You're going to have to talk about it," I said evenly. It was only the thought of Howard that made me go on, facing that anger, that humiliation, that weakness in myself. "I've already talked to Uncle Edwin. That's where I was—in Ansonia. He says he'll help me get a divorce."

He gave a short laugh. "Isn't that nice of Uncle Edwin? On what grounds, may I ask? I've supported you, I've been a faithful husband, I've—"

"No," I said. "You haven't. I know all about those other women, Chuck."

I was bluffing. I didn't know any more than what I had always known—instinctive, woman's knowledge with no sure proof. But I had to make him think I did. It was the only way! I went on, desperately, improvising as I went. "You got very careless, Chuck. There are ways of getting evidence when anybody is as careless as you. And I've got it. I won't use it unless you fight the case. I'll get the divorce on incompatibility. But if you do fight it, I'll bring out every bit of that evidence in court!"

I could sense he wasn't sure. He didn't know whether this was bluff or not. For once, there was one minute crack in that armor of his. I pushed my advantage.

I got up and began to walk toward the door. "That's all I've come to say, Chuck. You can get in touch with me through Uncle Edwin." And I started to open the door.

"Milly! Wait—"

I TURNED and did just that. I waited. I saw the struggle in his face whether to believe or dis-believe, and then I saw his decision. How transparent he was, I thought, when you weren't afraid of him!

He came toward me and now he was smiling. "Look, honey, this is silly. You made me mad there for a minute. You know I'm crazy about you. Maybe there has been a girl or two—but nothing serious. I swear it! To tell the truth, I just got lonely being away from you so much and I—oh, why go into it? I'm sorry, and it won't happen again." He was beside me now, and his arms went around me. He bent his head to kiss me.

I made myself stand perfectly still. This was his final, strongest weapon. This was the one that had always worked before. In fear of it, I wanted to pull away. But I didn't. I let him kiss me. And I made utterly no response.

In a moment he stepped back. He looked bewildered.

I laughed. "It doesn't work this time, Chuck. Nothing about you will ever work again. You can't control me any more—in any way." And then I laughed again, feeling the sheer exuberance of my own new-found, hard-won strength. "Goodbye," I said. "And good luck. Uncle Edwin will serve you with the proper papers some time next week."

I went out and closed the door behind me, leaving him staring after me.

I hurried through the outer office, and out into the sunlight. I walked through that busy, bustling camp without seeing any of it. There were wings on my feet, wings in my heart. I was free! At last Mildred Abbot knew who and what she was.

With a song in my heart, I began to run to where Howard was waiting.

THE END

# Two In Harmony

Continued from page 30

David was born trouping—I was singing at the Paramount theater in New York two months before he was born, and I remember well that he used to punctuate the high falsetto note with which I ended "Here I Am But Where Are You," my featured song, with a good sound kick in the stomach. There he was all right.

He was conditioned before birth to the wandering life of a musician, and consequently thrived on the routine of one-night stands, theater and dance hall engagements on which he—and his nurse—accompanied his fawning parents.

By the time Eric came along in 1940, we all were a little tired of trouping. We forsook the road in favor of a respectable—and for us uneventful—life in Hollywood.

We built a lovely Williamsburg Colonial house, with plenty of room for the boys to grow up, on the hills overlooking the town. We concentrated on radio—first with Feg Murray, and then for three years with Red Skelton, and dreamed about having a show of our own.

NOW our dreams have come true. Ozzie is chief writer and of course musical director, as well as playing himself, on the air.

We both feel that we have had many wonderful breaks and most of all have had the pleasure of making so many sincere and loyal friends. And here I'm going to let you in on a little secret. Ozzie is what I call an "artistic perfectionist." Which is probably why we'll never be real wealthy, but we'll always be happy. I'll tell you what I mean . . . Ozzie wrote our audition radio show all by himself, but for our weekly program he signed up two of radio's most competent writers, Jack Douglas and John P. Medbury, just in case he "ran out of ideas." When we held our first orchestra rehearsal Ozzie heard the musical interludes and they were not exactly what he wanted so he hired an entire string section in addition to his dance band which includes seven brass and five reeds already. A certain type voice was needed for a one line gag so Ozzie hired actor Wally Maher, just to read the one line exactly as he visualized it. See what I mean?

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## Let's Cooperate

Continued from page 41

about the laundry problem over at the big housing project near the plant outside of town? Those houses were built in a hurry to take care of all the workers' families that came here from all over the country. There wasn't time to equip those buildings with modern appliances. Besides, many of the appliances, especially things like washing machines, were very scarce. The women who brought washing machines with them from their old homes could easily have hidden them and clung to them selfishly. But they didn't. All the washing machines and irons and mangles were set up in a common laundry room, open to the use of all the women in the settlement. And the women who thus gave up their exclusive rights to their own equipment have never regretted it.

**YOU** know," one woman told me, "before Mrs. Perry had her idea and called us all together—all of us that had the machines, that is—and gave us this idea to set up a community laundry—she called it that—we mostly did our work alone. And anybody that's done a big day's washing, especially like my husband's greasy work clothes, knows how tired and grumpy you can get—even with a machine to do most of the hard work. And, when you don't have a machine to make it easier for you, you're practically not fit to talk to afterwards. Sometimes—in the first days we were out here—you'd hear some of the ladies snapping at each other and even getting real nasty—and all it was, was that some of us were so tired we couldn't have lived with the angels and kept the peace. Now, it's lots better. There's real friendliness out here and we have more time for doing other things besides just slaving away at home."

Then, the other day, I heard of something that's being done over in a neighboring town. Down in the most crowded part of town, where some of the families were forced to double up in apartments and houses because of the shortage of living space, a delegation of workmen approached the superintendent of schools. One of their problems was recreation. It was difficult for many of the men to get any relaxation in their homes, sometimes because they were too crowded, sometimes because different members of the families worked different shifts and there was always someone sleeping so that the rest of the family had to be quiet. Their suggestion—one which has since been carried out—was that the school buildings might be made available to adults after school hours. Now, men and women use the schools in the evenings for all kinds of neighborhood activities.

I understand this has been done in many other communities, too. In some places, the schools have even been put to their original use by the adults. Classes have been organized for workers and their wives. In Maryland, this idea has been carried even further. The University of Maryland has established adult education classes right in a government housing project called Maldwyn Manor.

These are only a few of the ways in which people have learned to work together for the common good. There are many others. Every day, more and more people are finding out that many,

working together for the same ends, can accomplish much more than each individual working twice as hard alone. In industrial sections, women are getting together to solve the child care problem. When nurseries aren't set up for their children, they organize child care programs themselves. They share their responsibilities and they share in the time and freedom gained through their cooperative efforts. In South Carolina there's a Servicemen's Wives Club, which was started by a few Army wives, who wanted to help other women to get adjusted to living without the support and presence of their husbands. These Army Wives help one another to find jobs and places to live. They meet socially and relieve their loneliness. In some war housing projects there are community silver closets for the use of those who couldn't bring their household goods with them.

Now that the war is going our way and Victory over all our enemies—the enemies of freedom and democracy and decency—is in sight, we cannot afford to forget the lessons we have learned. The future for which we are fighting will require just as much cooperation as these past years. Perhaps even more.

Already, in some communities, groups of people have got together to make plans for the reabsorption of returning service men into local industries. Up in New England, one small town has a complete blueprint for the Post War reconversion of its industries and a carefully worked out plan for finding the right jobs for the men and women displaced by the change back to peace time production and the gradual rehabilitation of servicemen. This plan was worked out on a community basis, with most of the adults in the town contributing their ideas and suggestions. This is cooperation in the highest sense. This is living Democracy. This is the Brotherhood of Man!

**I**T is my feeling and conviction that we are at last reaching a true understanding of Christ's meaning of brotherly love. It has taken many centuries to bring this realization to the majority of the peoples of the world, but it is taking shape everywhere, now. Perhaps all people—perhaps, even all of you—do not see clearly yet that the things for which we and our Allies are fighting have as their mainspring this great ideal. To make the world safe for free thinking men and women, to bring a decent life to all men on earth, to create the soil for friendliness and cooperation among all peoples, to make life interesting and creative all over the world.

To gain these ideals, no sacrifice can be too great. And, in the course of this war we all learn to work together better, to share with one another our burdens as well as our pleasures and to offset the disadvantages and shortages brought about by the war by being ingenious and putting our minds to work cooperatively for the common good—it is possible to look forward to the day—not too far distant—when men will no longer be forced to lay down their lives for their brothers.

Toward this day, we all look hopefully. For this day, we all pray fervently. For this goal, let us all work—together.



# Out of Reach

Continued from page 24

tion that Olga wouldn't let me go that night, or any night, with one of the college boys.

"She doesn't think I have any business running around with the boys from the school," I told him. "She says they're rich, and out of my class, and—"

"Rich!" He whooped with laughter. "Tell her she doesn't have to worry!" And then he told me how he had no money for school—how he was working his way through the journalism school by taking care of one professor's furnace, by writing up the campus news for the university radio station, by grading freshmen English papers at night. And he told me, then, too, about his ambitions. How he wanted to graduate from college and buy a little country newspaper somewhere and live in a little town like the one he'd grown up in. And I forgot about Olga's feeling about the university students then and thought everything was going to be all right—thought so until I saw Olga's face.

**S**HE wasn't sentimental and soft now—she was stern and perhaps a little afraid, and angry, too, because we were almost two hours late.

I hurried to get Joe out of the house, after he had apologized and explained again and again, without influencing Olga at all. I thought that I could talk to her, make her understand. But the more I talked, the more I could see that all the talking in the world wouldn't do any good.

"Hilda, you're young yet. You don't understand these things. He's what they call 'kidding' you." Her voice was scornful. "I haven't watched those boys and listened to them all these years for nothing. I know what they think about, how they like to fool around without meaning anything."

"But Joe isn't fooling around, Olga. He means what he says."

She shook her head. "Nay, Hilda—think a little. Haven't you heard them talking here yourself? The things they say to the girls they bring here sometimes? It's 'darling' here and 'honey' there, and 'I love you, sweetheart' to some girl they just met five minutes ago. Only they don't mean a thing by it, and the girls know it too. That's the difference, Hilda. Those girls are their own kind, they understand that the boys are only fooling. Why, if that Joe of yours had stayed here a while last night with that girl in the fancy fur coat you'd probably have heard him saying the same things to her."

"Why, mother," I protested triumphantly, "she's nothing to him. She's just his roommate's sister."

Olga sat down and looked at me squarely. For the second time that day, a pair of eyes sent a message straight to my heart. And it was easy to believe Olga—always, all of my life, she had told me the truth about everything; always, her ideas and her decisions had been wise and kind. "Hilda, child," she began, and her voice was more gentle now, "that roommate's sister business—it's one of the regular jokes they have. None of the boys ever wants to go out with a roommate's sister—she's supposed to be ugly. Like the jokes people make about mothers-in-law and old-maid aunts. But that isn't the important thing, Hilda—that

girl. Even if she is his roommate's sister, and he doesn't care about her, that still doesn't explain a lot of things. He told you he was poor, but it might be that he told you that because he knew you were, and knew I wouldn't want you going around with anyone who's rich. I tell you, Hilda, I've been here a long time—it takes money to go to that school!"

And that was the end of it. I determined that I would see Joe, anyway, but how could I? Olga kept me busier than ever, after school, and in the evenings she forbade me flatly to go out with him. "As long as you're under my roof, you don't go out with the college boys," she said. "I don't want to be mean to you Hilda—it's not that. It's just that I know!"

And so I didn't see Joe, anymore—not for a month. He called me twice, but he didn't talk to me, because Olga talked for me. The last time, I listened quietly as she dismissed him over the phone. "My daughter and I thank you for the story in the paper—but we don't want you to call here any more. I don't want you to—and neither does Hilda."

Nervously, I drew my forefinger across the steamed windowpane, tracing a wavering "Joe" there, and rubbing it hastily away as I gazed at the dark January day.

"It's better this way," Olga said, as she hung up the phone. "Really, Hilda, this way is best."

The winter which had seemed such a glorious challenge that Christmas day didn't fill me with vitality and courage as I trudged back and forth to business college every day, trying to make myself believe that those moments by the lake were something I had dreamed, impossible to recapture. The outdoor world was a cold, gray knife which slashed at me the way thoughts of Joe slashed at my heart.

**A**ND then one day, I saw him, and I knew instantly by the warmth that enveloped me that my love for him was no dream, but an ever-quickening reality, something which could not be put aside. I loved him, would always love him—even if he loved Marsha. Marsha, who was walking with him now, just as she had been with him the first time I saw him.

I sensed rather than saw him leave Marsha and join me as I passed them.

"Hilda!" His voice was low and urgent, and he spoke as if knowing that none of the conventional greetings, like "how are you" and "it's been a long time" were not necessary between us, as if only a moment, instead of weeks, had passed since we last spoke together. "Hilda—oh, Hilda, what are we going to do?"

Instinctively I moved closer to him, and with that very small act began to feel a little comforted, a little less lonely. I looked back at Marsha, who was watching us, but even before he spoke I knew that Joe's being with her was an accident—that he cared no more for the slim, dark girl than I did for the boys who thronged around our table at home.

"Let's go somewhere where we can talk," Joe urged, slipping his hand under my elbow. "Marsha won't mind—she comes down weekends to be with her brother, and he pushes her off and

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on, but she understands. I tutor her brother in English, you know—that's how I come to know people like that at all."

All of a sudden, as we walked along, that wonderful feeling of oneness came to me again, and I sensed that it had come to Joe, too. Our steps matched, our bodies moved in the same rhythm, our minds worked as one. Without speaking we turned into the Campus Drug, and walked back to a booth in the corner. Joe slid in beside me at the table, and helped me off with my coat.

**T**HE waiter came, and Joe ordered. He came again, and put steaming cups of hot chocolate in front of us. And still we said nothing, and simply looked at each other and were happy doing it. For there was no question now. It was as simple as this: I knew, and he knew, too, that we would be together now in spite of Olga.

"We'll have to talk to your mother," Joe said at last. "We'll have to tell her that we love each other, and must see each other—that we'll be married as soon as we can."

I shook my head. "It won't work, Joe. You don't know Olga as I do. She won't listen to us," I insisted. "You see, Olga is sure that with you I'm headed for the same trap in which she found herself when she was my age. Olga married a rich boy, who had a much better education than she, and—"

"But I don't see what that has to do with us," Joe interrupted impatiently.

"He died," I went on. "But they weren't happy before that. He wanted to live on an allowance from his father. He didn't like to work, and didn't see why he should. And of course Olga couldn't understand that—and neither could I understand that in anyone." I added honestly. "Mother is proud. She believes, as I do, that you have to work for what you get in this world. And she believes that you can never be happy if you marry someone who is a different kind of person from you—"

"I believe those things, too," he said. "I work hard—I'm not rich, goodness knows. I've always worked for everything I've had. But I wish I were. I wish I were rich," he added, "and then I could marry you right now, and we could go away from here."

The blood began to pound at my wrists and in my throat. *We could go away—Joe and I, together!* I pressed my fingers tightly over his hand and he leaned forward to kiss me swiftly.

"Shall we, Hilda? Shall we go away? I know where I can get a job, maybe, on a little country newspaper."

"Whatever you want to do, I want to do, too," I told him breathlessly.

Then he frowned, and pulled himself away from me a little. "It would be wonderful, Hilda—but it's not right. Darling—we can make your mother understand someway. I should stay, and graduate this spring, and then get a job and start saving for that paper I want to buy some day. That's the right way."

It was the right way—yes. But it wouldn't work. Joe didn't know what went on in Olga's mind. "She'll never give in," I told him. "She's so strong. So much stronger than you or I, or both of us together. She'll never let me marry you—it might as well be now that we marry against her wishes instead of later."

"But darling—it takes money to go

away. We'd have to pay our train fare, and have enough to live on until my first paycheck, and—oh, darling, don't you see that we can't do it?"

I knew that we could—I knew how we could. I remembered my rosette money. I knew now that the money wasn't going to go to build an extra room on the house for Olga. It was going to buy happiness for Joe and me, instead. And I told him about it.

But Joe, in his way, is as stubborn as Olga. "I'm not going to start my marriage on my wife's money," he said over and over. "That's not right—not for me, anyway."

"But Joe—I'm not giving you money! I'm loaning it to you. You can pay me back, when you get your paycheck. It's perfectly honorable to borrow for something that's justifiable. Isn't it justifiable for us to be happy, to make a good start on our lives together, as soon as ever we can?"

He kissed me then, not caring whether anyone was looking or not and he said yes. In that kiss I could feel his need for me, as he must have sensed mine for him. It was a kiss of promise—promise of happiness for two people so very much in love!

"When shall we go?" he whispered. "Let's think about it tonight, and decide tomorrow," I suggested. "Let's meet here again, tomorrow."

That night I lay in the dark a long time, before I could go to sleep. I stared out my narrow window at the star-filled night, thinking of living with Joe, thinking about loving him forever, being forever happy with him. I thought of Olga, too, and how she would feel about my running away.

Then again, the next afternoon, in the back booth of Campus Drug, I had to win Joe over once more. "Your mother, Hilda—I keep thinking about her," he told me. "It's not fair to her."

**I** SHOOK my head. "But Joe, she isn't being fair to us, either. She's only trying to do what's right, according to the way she thinks, but she can't know what's right for us."

He kissed me swiftly then, and I knew it was all right—that Joe and I were going away together, and that we were going to use the money I had made from my Swedish rosettes.

And so we decided to leave the following Thursday—one week and one day later. One week and one day that I shall never forget as long as I live—eight days in which I experienced every emotion in the world. I would be sitting close beside Joe thinking of our life together when suddenly I would think of Olga, alone in the little shingled house and I would be afraid. And, then, I would be sitting with Olga in our clean kitchen and I would think of Joe, and my longing for him would be so intense that I would begin counting the hours until our wedding. And on Sunday, when the boys filled the dining room too full, I would think of the extra room I'd been saving to build on to the house, and I would be ashamed to be using the money for something else.

It was an upsetting week for Joe, too. Each day he met me in a different mood, until I was afraid to enter the drug store for our little daily snatch of time with each other for fear of finding him unhappy.

One day Joe would talk of nothing but our love for each other, our future

life together. And the next day he would be thinking of our running away from Olga like "thieves in the night." Sometimes he would be darkly brooding and nothing I could say would change him then. That was when he was thinking of our using my money and not his for our elopement. But, on that last day, we were both in gay spirits.

Joe was waiting for me in front of the store, proudly waving a type-written letter at me.

"Wait till you read this," he said proudly, and hurried me into the drug store and back to the booth we had come to consider ours.

"It's the job," he told me, when we were finally settled. "Bill Branton says I can go to work on his newspaper any time I want to. He says to come ahead, even if he does think we're being a little foolish."

"Foolish?" I was immediately defensive.

"Oh, he thinks I ought to finish college—I've got such a short time left. But if he says I'm going to leave anyway, I might as well come to him, and he'll be glad to have me. I can go to work as soon as we arrive."

I CAUGHT his hand. "Oh, Joe—Joe, it's wonderful. You'll be earning money right from the start." The words bubbled out of me, for they meant release from that little, nagging feeling of guilt that had been at the back of my mind whenever I remembered the new room for the house that Olga wanted so much. "We can start setting aside a little each week, and very soon we'll have the whole amount I'll have to use to get us there saved up, and we can send it back to Olga, and everything will be all right!"

The eager light in Joe's eyes faded. "Send it back to your mother? But Hilda—you said it was *your* money. I wouldn't for anything in the world take your mother's money for a day, let alone for weeks, or maybe months! I thought—"

"It is my money," I interrupted swiftly. "It is mine—I earned it all myself. But it's the money Olga and I were setting aside to build the new room on the house. There isn't enough room, you know—Olga could feed a lot more boys if she had the space." Joe's eyes were angry and dark, and I hurried on. "But it's all right now—we can send the money for the room to Olga, and—"

Joe stood up quickly. "We aren't going," he said with determination, and the way he said it I knew there wasn't any use in arguing any more.

"We're going to talk to that mother of yours right now," he said.

Olga was setting the table when we walked in together and her face went suddenly white when she saw Joe.

"What are you doing here?" she asked him.

"I want to talk to you," Joe told her with a strength of purpose which matched hers. "Right now."

Olga put the silverware down on the table and just looked at him.

"You don't know what you're doing," Joe told her seriously. "Hilda and I love each other, and we want to get married. And we want to get married the way other people do, but you're making us sneak around dishonestly. Do you know what we were going to do? We were going to run away—right tonight!"

Olga motioned for us to sit down and we did. I began to cry silently. That's

the way it is when you see two persons you love pit their strength against each other. It hurts so much to see them hurt each other.

"So you were going away?" Olga's voice was sad.

"We didn't want to, Mother, really we didn't," I said, choking, "but we didn't know what else to do—we want to be together so much."

"Where were you going?" she asked. "Joe has a job on a newspaper in a little town."

"What made you decide not to go?" she asked Joe.

Joe hesitated, looking straight at her. "I wouldn't take money that belonged to you."

"The rosette money, Mother," I explained. "I was going to use that and when Joe found out about that extra room we were going to build, he wouldn't let me."

Olga smiled then, and her smile was like the sunshine after days of rain.

"I think we all have to wake up," she said simply. She looked at Joe with new admiration. "I want to beg your pardon—you aren't the way I thought you were, at all."

"I was one of nine kids—I didn't have much chance to get spoiled—"

"I've been a stupid old woman," Olga apologized, and we all laughed thinking how far from old was this strong handsome Swedish woman.

"Why, I nearly wrecked your lives—and mine, too," she added softly.

Slowly, the warmth of the little familiar house crept around us as the two persons I loved best in all the world learned to understand and respect each other. Then I knew that everything was going to be all right—that I was going to have Joe without losing Olga at all. And that's the way it's working out.

JOE and I don't have to run away—that all seems silly and far-away now that Olga's helping us with our new, shining plans for the future. Oh, we're going to be married—right next week, in the little church right down the street where I've gone to Sunday School since I first sat on a little red chair in the kindergarten department a long time ago. And, then, we aren't going away until after Joe finishes school this year.

"We've always needed a man around here," Olga tells him often, laughing. "Someone to fix the furnace and shovel the walk."

So Joe and I are going to live with Olga the rest of this year, and we're going to see that she has that extra room and a good waitress to help her when I'm gone. And then, next summer when school's out, Joe and I will go to Mr. Branton's town where Joe will have his job. But we aren't going to stop there. Someday Joe's going to have his own weekly newspaper in a little American town. Olga says she knows it will be an honest paper, and I know that, too. Because Joe is that kind of a man.

Sometimes, when I sit with Joe in Olga's warm home filled with the odor of good, home-cooked food, I am completely happy—and then I know that Olga and I are very much alike. Both of us love the joy of simple living—plus a life of service. Olga's will always be here at the college—while mine will be with Joe in a small American town. But, even far apart, Olga and I will be following the same pattern of living—we'll be doing what we want to do, serving our little piece of America the best way we know how.

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# Love's Shining Hour

Continued from page 37

shaking hands I replaced the telephone receiver.

I sank down on the straight-backed chair by the telephone stand. This was what I had worked so hard for, yet I would have given anything if only he hadn't said those words, if only I had more time to think. Announce our engagement—tomorrow!

How could I go through with it? How could I marry Sydney when I felt the way I did about Jerry? Yes, what I felt must be the tender beginnings, the first delicate growth of love.

And if I did love Jerry, what a cheat and a liar I would be to marry another man! My hand moved back to the telephone. I would call Sydney and tell him the truth—that it was a mistake and I was going to be Mrs. Jerry Scandini.

Scandini. Mrs. Jerry Scandini! The very thought of that name suddenly sent the old, old fear pulsing into my throat, and my hand, clammy with terror, dropped from the telephone. What had happened to me that I could be so wrapped up in thoughts of Jerry that I could forget he was also a Scandini?

AS long as I could remember, the Scandinis had represented everything to me that was shiftless, happy-go-lucky and sheer, careless poverty. They were a large family, devoted to each other, working when they felt like it but always ready to drop their work to play or go to a dance or have a party. The least event was the signal for a celebration and Papa Scandini would pour thick, dime-store glasses full of his own home-made ruby-red wine, singing the songs of his far-away native land, toasting one and all in beaming pleasure. Mama Scandini, shapeless, fat, was adored by her children for her great good-nature and her famous spaghetti a L'asta.

Spaghetti was cheap. Wine was cheap. And there was no price for the happiness that flowed through their ramshackle house.

But there was another side to it. There was the way people looked when they mentioned the Scandinis, and the way cautious mothers warned their children about playing with them. There were pride and self-respect.

True, Jerry had left home when he was seventeen and he was already branch manager of a grocery store in nearby Junction City before he had enlisted in the Army. He had always sent money home regularly. But how could I balance this against the fact that he worshipped his family and that when he was home he was the gayest of them all and the leader in their crazy, joyous parties?

I had worked so hard to make people like me and admire me. I wanted so much to have a home of my own, a place in the community. How could I give up this tiny footing I had struggled for—to sink down into the warm, haphazard embrace of the Scandini family, where there was no privacy, no order, no ambition?

Pride rose in my throat and choked me. A Stevens—marrying a Scandini? It would be a betrayal of my father and my grandmother and all the others who stood for something in the town. Oh, Jerry, this traitorous, dawning love of ours! What would it get us but pain and unhappiness?

You'd hate budgets, Jerry. You'd call my ambitions for you 'nagging'. And I'd know again the panic of being carried along on a merry-go-round where the brass ring beckoned always just beyond my reach.

You're afraid, a voice inside me that seemed an echo of Mother's, jeered. Yes, I was afraid—but not of work. I was afraid of being tied to a Scandini, a Jerry who would never want the same things I wanted.

It would take time, but I could forget him. Someday I would forget the strength of Jerry's arms around my shoulders and the tenderness in his black eyes.

There was no tenderness there when I told Jerry that night that I couldn't see him again because I was marrying Sydney Jones. There was only bitter contempt that was hard to face.

"You know what you want, don't you? And you'll get it no matter whose heart you trample on to get there!" He flung the words at me in the quiet room. The ticking of the clock on the mantel echoed the frantic beating of my heart.

Jerry was shocked and his face was white. I had tried to explain, but he couldn't get any farther than that I was marrying for money, and lots of it.

"Jerry—that's not true. I'm marrying because I do like Sydney, and for a way of life that's important to me. I don't expect you to understand—I don't want to talk about it!"

"All right." He moved close to me. "We won't talk about it. But see if you'll ever forget this!" I clenched my teeth against the feel of his arms around me, pulling me roughly towards him. I fought against him.

Then his lips were on mine in hard, rough demanding, and I knew a moment of shattering, awakened, unbelieving surprise. Then there was nothing else in the world for me but the pressure of his mouth on mine and the wild, surging answer in my blood.

THE room swirled in wraithlike mist and the only reality, the only thing that was alive was the feeling of my heart so close to his, the muscles of his arms pressing me tight against him, and the thrilling yielding weakness of my body to the wonder of his kiss.

I hadn't known that this could be. I had planned my life never knowing what love was really like.

When he lifted his head I clung to him for a second. I would have told him something of what I had discovered, but he pushed me away, savagely.

"You're hard, Penny—but not hard enough. That will give you something to think about when you marry your precious Sydney."

My own hot temper rose under the sting of his words, but just then there was the sound of the key in the lock and Mother walked in on us.

"You're just in time to congratulate the future Mrs. Jones, Cissy," Jerry said bitterly. He had always called her by her first name.

She looked at me—almost in pleading—with a funny, lost look in her eyes. "Is it definite, Penny? I thought, lately—you seemed—"

I ran from them. Suddenly it was all too much.

What right had Jerry to so savagely show me a glimpse of heaven and then snatch it away? What right had he to

strip my dreams of their glamour and leave me knowing the emptiness of what lay ahead for me with Sydney? I twisted in my narrow bed, hot, scalding tears rising to my eyes. Why did Mother look at me as if I had disappointed her, as if I had robbed her of something precious?

Was I to marry Sydney and forget that tide of desire that rose within me when I was in Jerry's arms?

I searched Grandmother's face for the help which had never failed me. But she was only a picture, a cold, withdrawn image. *You aren't real, my heart cried in despair. You never were. You were just the echo of my own selfish desires. And now, when I need you you have nothing to say to me.*

But her eyes stayed on mine, compelling me, invoking the pride that was so much a part of me. And as my emotions wore themselves out through their very violence, an icy whisper seemed to come from her.

*Would you throw yourself at this man's feet after the way he's treated you? Is that what you want—to risk everything for a pair of arms and a crooked smile and a man's kiss?*

Nothing had changed—nothing. I was promised to Sydney. Jerry was still a Scandini. And I still wanted the house on the "Hill".

**T**HE big hall was crowded for the War Bond Rally when I arrived the next night. I was to go on early and I slipped backstage into the bare, drafty dressing room with just a listless desire to get it over soon. The violin on the bench mocked me. It had been a part of my scheme for marrying Sydney. Not for me an ordinary job. No, playing the violin for weddings and parties was "refined"—a cultured accomplishment of which Sydney could approve. It hadn't mattered that I had no talent for it.

The applause that greeted my sonata was what I expected—polite, unenthusiastic—and I slipped down the side stairs afterwards and into my seat beside Sydney with a feeling of relief that that much was over.

The hall was stuffy and the heat oppressive, setting hammers of pain beating in my temples.

Major Jimpson, who had been partly responsible for the success of the Rally, had come out onto the stage to stand in front of the speaker's table.

"I have a surprise for you tonight—an added feature to our program before we take up the pledges. I think it would be an inspiration to all of us to hear from one soldier—an ordinary American soldier—what he has been doing at the front. He isn't a hero, but he has been wounded, he has known the weariness, the drudgery, the malaria, the fear and the pain of actual battle. He is one of your own. I take pleasure in introducing—*Sergeant Jerry Scandini!*

My mind recoiled with the shock of seeing him again, but Jerry moved out onto the stage with a sureness and confidence that made me proud.

He stood for a moment, looking at us. Then he spoke.

"I just wanted to thank you for myself and all the others who are still out there for the swell job you're doing here at home." He was a Sergeant, used to giving orders and talking to men. He didn't have to grope for words. "It makes a lot of difference, the way a guy acts in battle—the kind of training he's had from his folks and his home town. Me, I was lucky, I guess. My folks taught me never to worry about little things."

There was smothered laughter in the hall, as people thought of the Scandinis, but he went doggedly on. "They taught me to think about important things and I wouldn't have time to worry about the little fears. I got over being afraid of death because I was never afraid of life. But I saw what happened to some of the others. They'd get a letter from their families about how were they going to pay the interest on the mortgage or how the baby was losing weight or how mean the neighbors were to his wife or how his girl was having too good a time with someone else—and believe me, that's like sending a man into a fight with his hands tied behind his back."

There was silence . . . thoughtful silence . . . in the hall now. Something of strength and dependability and fearlessness came from that figure on the stage, flowing in to the hearts of his listeners, shaming their trivial, fretful worries.

And in my own heart the hard core of stubbornness melted. Fear dropped away. Jerry Scandini wasn't a name to frighten me—he was a person of courage and integrity. He was the man I loved.

"I don't want to preach—" he went on—"but we grow up awfully fast out there and when we come back we want to know that the people we loved have grown up with us."

He went on to tell them stories of what he'd seen, but I didn't wait. From our front-row seats, away from Sydney's blank, questioning look, I walked out of the hall on unsteady feet.

Faces turned to me in surprise as I walked up the aisle. But as I reached the door, an arm slipped around my waist and Mother's tiny figure was staunchly between me and the hundreds of prying eyes.

"Will you ask Jerry to see me—and tell Sydney I can't go through with it—" I whispered to her.

There was no question in her look, only a kind of glad understanding.

I walked home through a world that was bright and clean and peaceful. It wasn't just Jerry's words that had changed everything, it was knowing you couldn't hedge yourself around with money and houses to keep you safe. Wars could come, death could come, you could lose all those things, the way Father had been wiped out in the stock market in just one day. Nothing was sure except love and happiness—and if you had those what did the others matter?

This, then, was what Mother had always tried to show me—that life wasn't made up of possessions but of people.

**J**ERRY came at last and when I opened the door he took me into his arms without a word. In the comforting strength of his embrace I knew that never again would I be afraid. Here was my peace and my sanctuary, and every word of tender love he whispered against my hair would build a fortress nothing could shake.

We sat for hours before the fire, his long legs stretched out to the cheerful blaze, my head resting against his knees as I curled up on the hearth rug, while Jerry told me about the camp where he was being sent. He would go first and find a place for us. And then, on his next furlough, we could be married.

Suddenly I raised my head. It was getting late. "I wonder where Mother is? She was going on to the Jones party but it must be over by now. Do you suppose she's gone on to one of her mysterious dates? She's been act-

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ing so queerly. Poor Mother, she must have had a ghastly time trying to explain the missing fiancée to Sydney and Mr. Jones. After all, that was supposed to be my engagement party!"

"Any regrets?" Jerry asked, smiling. Then we both heard the door opening at that same moment.

Mother stood in the arch-way, looking at us with a demure, half-smile on her lips. I had expected to find her drawn and exhausted after her ordeal with Sydney, but there was only one word for her then . . . *blooming*.

"Was it awful, Mother? It was mean of me to ask you to make my excuses."

**S**HE turned away from hanging up her coat. "Sydney was a little angry, but it was mostly his pride and he'll get over it. I never did think he was so much in love with you as he was in love with your looks. No, as a matter of fact, it wasn't a horrible party at all. It was one of the nicest parties I've ever gone to. A lovely engagement party."

"Engagement party!" I exclaimed. "Why, yes." Now her eyes were twinkling and her own peculiar, little-girl, impish smile lit up her face. "You asked me to straighten things out for you, Penny, so I felt I'd better get a substitute."

Jerry had been watching her face with dawning comprehension in his eyes. He stopped her short. "You—you, Cissy, and Harvey Jones! So that's the reason for all the sneaking out in the evenings and not telling us where you'd been—"

It was a bombshell. Incredulous disbelief, and, yes, jealous anger flooded me. What right had she—that was to have been *my* party! And after the way she had acted! It wasn't right for me to

try to marry Sydney, but it was all right for her to marry his father. Where were all those fine preachings about not wanting money, when she grabs the first rich man that comes along!

Something of what I felt must have showed in my face, because she was pleading, begging for my trust.

"He really needs me, Penny. He's so lonely, he's never had any fun, he's worked so hard! He thinks maybe I can make a human being out of Sydney. And I do love him—it isn't what you think—" her voice trailed away.

Suddenly I was laughing. Carefree, happy laughter. They joined me, after a moment, and we were all rocking with laughter.

Mother, who didn't care a fig about money and social position was going to have wealth poured into her lap, and I—I who had dreamed my lonely thoughts about the house on the "Hill" was going to have a room somewhere near an Army camp.

But I had Jerry. As I watched Jerry and Mother waltzing crazily around the room to the tune of the "Wedding March," such happiness as I had never known before overwhelmed me. So close I had come to losing him, all his tender warmth, his steel-spring strength, the joyousness and gaiety that was so much a part of him—that I shuddered. I wouldn't trade him for all the comfort that awaited me on the "Hill." Mother would be happy there because she loved Harvey Jones.

There would be no monogrammed towels or engraved silver or Waterford china where I was going. And I knew something else that wouldn't be going with me.

I wasn't going to take the oval-framed picture of Grandmother Stevens.

## Sixteen

Continued from page 20

was glad of my saddle shoes and my straight light hair and the plain, casual clothes Mother selected for me. I rebelled against Mother's restrictions, but I wasn't stupid enough to like the kind of freedom the Weston represented. Its wildness—if it could be called that—wasn't at all thrilling; it was just cheap and a little grimy, like the Weston itself.

Then, on second thought, I saw that Markham's wouldn't be a good idea. Esther and Marian might see me there, and there was just a chance that they might mention it to Mother if they should happen to meet her on the street. Besides, it was worth going to the Weston to be with Tommy. Every afternoon we stopped there before he drove me home, and those twenty minutes or so that we spent over a coke were what I looked forward to all day long, what I dreamed about at night.

It was in the Weston, moreover, that an unforgettable thing happened—I had my first real invitation from a boy, made my first real date. Tommy and I were sitting there one afternoon, sipping cokes and waiting for the time to start home. It was the week before the Christmas holidays, and on the wall was tacked a dignified black-and-white placard, announcing the Junior Dance, which would be held as usual at the Athena Club a few nights before Christmas. Tommy kept glancing at the card; finally he nodded to it, asked me, "Are you going?"

My heart swooped upward. This was practically an invitation. "I suppose so,"

I said off-handedly. "Everyone does."

His tone was as off-hand as mine. "I thought I'd go out that night, myself, but that school dance sounds kind of slow to me. I'd like to go to the Oaks. I thought—maybe you'd break your year date for that night and go with me."

**M**ENTIONING my date was pure gal-lantry; Tommy knew that I hadn't one. But—the Oaks! I sat staring at him, caught completely off-balance, a little frightened. I hadn't thought he'd invite me to the Oaks—a big roadhouse outside of town, which advertised thick steaks and good liquors and hot bands. Then a picture crossed my mind of Tommy and me sitting at a table shaded with soft lights, and a band playing softly . . . It was a glamorous, exciting picture, and I wasn't afraid any more. I was planning, scheming how to manage to make the picture a reality. "I might," I said cautiously. "I'll have to see." And then sheer inspiration struck me, considering that if I'd be allowed out at all, my father would undoubtedly accompany me. I added, "I might even get my father to drive me to the dance."

"Swell!" said Tommy. "Then I'll pick you up at the Athena Club, and we'll go on the Oaks for a real time."

I lived through the next few days in a fever of anticipation and anxiety. I held my breath while I asked Mother if I could go to the dance, although I really didn't expect her to refuse. The Junior Dance was heavily chaperoned and a tradition in town; it marked

the official beginning of the holidays for the young people, and upperclassmen from all of the high schools attended it. But she said that I could go, on the condition that my father drive me there and bring me home, and she even suggested buying me a new dress before I thought to ask for one. I had qualms then over deceiving her about the dance, but when we picked out the dress—a long dress, very simple, with a nipped-in bodice that made nothing of my waist—I could think of nothing but how Tommy would look when he saw me in it.

I had a date with Tommy, and my first party dress. It seemed too good to be happening to me, and up until the last moment I was terribly afraid that something would go wrong. Driving to the Athena Club with my father on the night of the dance, I was so excited that I could hardly talk. He noticed my silence, and he mistook it for resentment over his driving me to the dance. Father was more easy-going than Mother, and he took my part against her sometimes, but he always gave up very soon, just as I did. "You'll have a good time, Joycie," he said now, encouragingly. "And I—well, I won't come to pick you up too early."

**TOMMY** was waiting in the lobby, standing alone, and for a second I thought he was looking wistfully at the group of which Walter Daniels and Marian and Esther formed the laughing nucleus. Then he saw me, and his face lightened. "Gosh, you look swell, Joycie!" he exclaimed. "I thought you'd never get here."

Tommy held my hand on the drive to the Oaks, and if our first sight of the place was a little disappointing, we were too intent upon being together, dancing together for a whole evening, to notice. It was quieter than I'd expected, and after the gay crowd we'd left at the Athena Club, it looked almost empty. There were only a few other persons besides ourselves.

The headwaiter guided us to a table, very politely asked for our order. "Two Tom Collins," Tommy told him. The waiter looked at me, at him. "How old are you, sir?"

Tommy flushed. "Well—two cokes, then. They'll do for a starter."

The waiter suppressed a smile. "Two Coca-colas. Very good, sir."

I was relieved. It hadn't occurred to me that Tommy would expect me to drink. I wasn't sure that I could drink liquor, if it tasted the way the bottle of brandy Mother kept in the medicine chest smelled. But Tommy looked uncomfortable, and when the music started, he rose quickly. We danced—awkwardly at first, and self-consciously because we were alone on the floor—and then, as we got used to each other's steps and as other couples joined us, it was better, much better. "This is something," Tommy said triumphantly. "We ought to come out here oftener, Joycie."

"Oh, yes," I said blissfully, quite forgetting that I was Joyce Latham.

Tommy was different, too, from his usual self. He'd never held my hand until tonight, and now there was something in the way he held me when

we danced, something in the way he looked at me across the table, that made my heart quicken. Several times he started to say something and stopped, and finally, when the orchestra took an intermission and we had a longer time than usual at the table, he got it out. He leaned across the table, his young face intent and earnest, his young voice suddenly husky. "Joyce," he said, "will you be my girl? I mean, will you promise not to go out with anyone else but me?"

How do you answer a question like that? How do you frame one simple word—yes—so that a boy will know how deliciously happy he has made you by asking it?

I didn't have a chance to answer. A large party came into the room at that moment and took the long table next to us. There was no ignoring them; they had evidently been celebrating some occasion, and they were very gay and very noisy, and I couldn't get a word across to Tommy except by shouting. They hadn't sat down before a pretty, dark girl pointed to Tommy. "There's a handsome boy," she announced clearly. "I like the way his hair curls."

One of the men asked, "Do you want me to get him for you?"

"I want to dance with him," she laughed. "You dance with the girl. She's pretty, too."

Tommy's face was brick red. He looked annoyed, but he grinned uncertainly, and I smiled too, but not directly at them. Then the man and the girl were advancing upon our table, so gaily and confidently that it seemed rude to refuse them. Before I knew it, Tommy was getting up to dance with the girl, and I was dancing with the man.

After that, I didn't stop dancing. One after another the men at the table danced with me, and then began to tag me on the floor. The place grew more and more crowded, and the orchestra played on and on, faster and faster. I saw Tommy dancing with one of the girls, and then my partner whirled me away. "Noisy in here, isn't it," he said thickly.

**I ADMITTED** that it was, breathlessly. I liked him least of any of the crowd we'd fallen in with. He was younger than the others—perhaps in his early twenties—but heavy-ish, and sullen-looking, and he held me too tightly.

"Then we'll get out of here," He danced toward a corner of the room.

I stiffened, stopped dancing. "Please!" I whispered in a panic, and he laughed. "What's the matter, baby? Scared?"

His arm tightened; his thick lips pressed against my cheek, searching for my mouth, and I smelled his liquor-laden breath.

I found my voice. "Tommy!" I screamed. "Tommy—" And miraculously, Tommy answered.

His curly head came between me and the other man. The imprisoning arm was wrenched from my waist, and the man spun backward, crashed against the wall. Several couples stopped dancing, and a low hum went through the room, rose to an excited gable of voices. Tommy grabbed me, raced me

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down the aisle to the coat room. "Get your wrap," he whispered, "and get out to the car, quick. I'll settle the check and be right out—"

Somehow I got my coat, stumbled across the parking lot to the car. I sat there shaking, setting my teeth against the nausea that swept over me, drawing deep, desperate breaths of the fresh air. It couldn't have been more than a few minutes before Tommy came out, but it seemed ages. "You all right, Joyce?" he asked anxiously.

"I—I guess so," I answered shakily. "Thanks, Tommy, for what you did."

"Don't thank me. It was my fault. I was a fool to bring you out there." I didn't say anything. I was still too frightened and too revolted to care to talk. I still felt the heavy hands pawing at me. But I knew that it wasn't Tommy's fault that we'd gone to the Oaks, even though he'd suggested it. It was mine—because all the while I'd been lying to my parents, I'd been lying to Tommy, too, in a way. I'd met him secretly at the Weston Pharmacy; I'd sneaked rides home with him; for all he knew I was the kind of girl who could manage to go anywhere she chose, the kind of girl who'd often gone to places like the Oaks.

**WE** drove back to the Athena Club. I didn't want to go; I wanted only to be home, hiding from my shame and revulsion—but obviously we had to be at the Club when my father came to pick me up. We got back just in time for the grand march, and it was simple enough to fall in line with the others, quite as if we'd been there all evening.

Suddenly it was wonderful and safe to swing along with the others in the measured tempo of the march. Safe, and familiar. All about me were only people I had known for a long time, or strangers who were hardly strangers at all because they were just the same kind of people as my friends, as I. Here were no hard eyes, or thickened voices, no hands stretched out in anything but gaiety and friendliness. The ballroom of the Athena Club was brightly lighted, and all who danced under the lights, liked it that way, for they had nothing to hide. It was clean; it was good.

The march broke up into partners in a fast waltz. I was spun half-way across the floor before I realized that not Tommy, but Walter Daniels, was my partner. And—not only was I dancing with Walter Daniels, but he was saying, "You're a beautiful dancer, Joyce! Where've you been all evening?"

For a second something stuck in my throat. It was unbelievable, but Walter, who went around with girls like Marian and Esther, was actually complimenting me—and meaning it! There was no mistaking the interest in his voice. Then my throat came unstuck, and I heard myself saying pertly, as Marian herself might have replied, "You just haven't seen me, that's all."

"That," said Walter, "will be remedied as of now. Starting this minute I intend to keep an eye on you."

It was incredible, but even more incredible things followed. Whether Walter actually meant to keep an eye on me or not, I don't know, because after that he didn't have a chance. Before the waltz was over the lanky form of Tim Sayres, the basketball captain, was beside us. He tapped Walter on the shoulder, and Walter, grumbling, released me to him. "The trouble with Walter," Tim grinned, "is he isn't

smart. I'm taking no chances on anyone's cutting in—" and he waltzed me over to the door, and then led me to the milk bar in the lobby.

It was there that Tommy found me a few minutes later. He came out of the ballroom with Marian on his arm. They stopped to talk with a group of boys and girls standing around the ballroom door, and then he left her and hurried over to me. "There you are!" he said.

"See here," Tim interrupted. "She's my girl. I got her out of that crowd—"

"She's my date," said Tommy imperturbably. "I guess I can ask her for the next dance if I want to."

I sat there smiling from one to the other, knowing that I looked very much the way Esther looked when she sat on a stool at Markham's, with a couple of boys arguing amiably over her.

I haven't words to tell you what that dance at the Athena Club meant to me. Perhaps no words could ever tell you—unless you ever walked alone through the halls in school, or walked past a place like Markham's, stealing wistful glances at the lucky ones inside.

There was the last dance—the best dance, because I had it with Tommy, and no one was allowed to cut in, so we could give ourselves over completely to the spell of the slow, sweet music and the dimming light. Then the ballroom emptied, and the girls went to the powder room for their wraps—and even there a triumph came to me. Marian Nelson linked arms with me chummily when we left the mirror, as if she'd been taking my arm for years. "Tommy's a darling, Joyce," she said. "I'm having some of the crowd at the house tomorrow, and I want you both to come. Esther and I only started talking about it this evening, so I'll have to call you and let you know the time—"

"That will be wonderful," I said, and I meant it. I was in. I was one of the crowd at last.

Tommy was waiting for me in the lobby, standing near the door where he could watch for Father's car in the long procession of cars that slid under the canopy. He didn't look at all wistful now. His eyes were shining, and I knew that he'd had every bit as good a time as I'd had. The first thing he said to me was, "Are you going to Marian's tomorrow?"

In my present exalted state of happiness it didn't occur to me that I wouldn't be allowed to go. "Of course," I said. "Call me—"

There wasn't time to say anything more, because Father's car nosed under the canopy, and I had to hurry into it so as not hold up the others. Father asked, "Did you have a good time?"

I drew a long, wondering sigh, and my head drooped to his shoulder. "Super-perfect," I murmured, sleepily.

**I** WOKE late the next morning, with a queer, flat feeling. I couldn't understand it, because the night before had been marvelous, the wonderful last half far outweighing the shoddy first.

I began to go over the events of the night before one by one, beginning with the sweet excitement I had known when I saw Tommy waiting for me there in the Athena Club. The ride out to the Oaks. The wonderful togetherness of sitting across the little table from Tommy, the things we'd said to each other . . . that unfinished conversation when Tommy had asked—

Then I slumped back against the pillows, knowing at last why I felt so strange, so lost. That conversation



hadn't been finished, and it never would be. Oh, perhaps the words would be said, over a coke at Markham's. But it would come to nothing—because nothing was changed. Nothing was really changed at all—in spite of how differently I felt after last night. Everything was just the same—the time I had with Tommy would still have to be stolen time, and I knew, after what had happened at the Oaks, that stolen time can be bitter as well as sweet.

No—everything was just the same. Worse, perhaps. Mother had not changed and that meant that my life could not change either. I would not be allowed to do anything I had not been allowed to do before. The restrictions, like a fence around me, would still be there. Only now it would be worse. Now Tommy was one of the crowd, he wasn't an outsider any more, as I still was.

I got out of bed and started to dress, trying to run away from my thoughts.

**S**LOWLY I went downstairs, feeling more despondent with every step. Mother was in the kitchen. She'd set my breakfast on the kitchen table, and she was stirring something in a bowl. She smiled at me, asked brightly, "How was the dance?"

"Lovely," I said. Her smile faded a little, and she gave me a long, intent look, but I hardly noticed. The old resentment was crowding up in me and a new determination. I would ask her about Marian's party right now; I would make her see that I had to go. "Mother—" I began, and then I knew that I couldn't ask. She was almost sure to refuse to let me go to two parties in a row, and I couldn't bear to give up all hope right away. I'd wait until Marian called, and then I'd ask.

"Yes, Joyce?" Again the bright smile. "What is it?"

"Nothing," I said. "What are you making?"

"Christmas cookies. Want to help?" I baked cookies all afternoon—the longest afternoon that I'd ever spent. Cookies went into and came out of the oven, and hours passed, and the telephone didn't ring. At five o'clock, when winter twilight turned the windows blue, I was in despair. Perhaps Marian didn't mean to call me, after all, and if she did, Mother surely wouldn't let me go out this late . . .

And then the telephone rang. I leaped to answer it, and my heart skipped a beat as Tommy's voice came over the wire. "Joyce?" he said. "This is Tommy. I'm over at Marian's."

My heart slowed. "I've been talking football with Walt. He wants me to come out for spring practice."

"That's—that's fine." I tried, but I couldn't match the happiness in his voice.

"I'm kind of glad about it. Look, Joyce, what I called about—do you suppose you could come over for a little while? I'll come after you—"

He wanted me along! He— And then my joy fell flat. But I couldn't go.

"What is it, Joyce?" Mother asked.

I put my hand over the mouthpiece. "There's a party at Marian's. Tommy wants me to come over."

And then I didn't believe my own ears, because Mother said, "Why, I think that would be very nice, dear. Tell him yes if you want to."

Dazedly, I told Tommy to pick me up in half an hour. Dazedly I hung up the 'phone. Mother, not only giving permission, but actually encouraging me—I stared at her, and a spot of color came into her cheeks. Her chin quivered a little, then lifted. "You see, dear," she said, "your father has been telling me for some time that I've been too strict with you. This morning, after he found out that you went to that tavern last night he was sure of it—"

At the tavern—the Oaks. Father knew—and Mother knew . . .

Mother hurried on, as if she were anxious to leave her words behind her. "A salesman in your father's office was at the Oaks last night—I think in the very party you joined. He didn't know who you were, of course, but after—after that man annoyed you, he inquired, and found out your name from one of the men. He told your father about it this morning—"

I felt the blood drain from my body, felt limp and sick. Mother crossed over to me quickly, put her arms around me. "Don't, Joyce. It wasn't your fault, nor Tommy's. It was mine. Your father made me see that. He made me see that I've protected you too much, and that I haven't been preparing you for the time when I'll no longer be able to protect you. He made me see that if you'd gone out more with the boys and girls at school, you'd never have gone to a place like the Oaks, and that only by getting out will you learn to judge for yourself—"

I was crying. When I stammered, trying to find words, Mother kissed me quickly, smoothed back my hair. She was crying, too. "It's all right, darling," she murmured. "It'll be all right from now on. Now run upstairs and get ready to go to Marian's."

It's hard for a mother to know how much freedom to give a sixteen-year-old daughter. Should she be allowed to go to dances occasionally? Should she be allowed to go to the movies on Saturday night with a boy friend? Should her father pick her up after school affairs, or should she be allowed to come home with her friends? My mother thinks that she should—if the girl is level-headed, and if her friends are the kind of friends a mother wants for her daughter, and if she talks over her problems with her mother, as I talk things over with my mother.

My mother isn't one of the strict kind any more. She isn't unearring, either, like the mothers of the girls who hang around the Weston Pharmacy. She's just right.

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# BE YOURSELF!

BY PAULINE SWANSON

**T**HIS page is woman-talk. A piece of straight-from-the-shoulder advice for girls who want to be attractive to men, and don't know how to go about it—from one who has found out the secret.

If men cluster around you like flies, don't bother to read further. But if the man of your dreams still eludes your grasp, listen for a moment to Hollywood's most unconventional glamour expert, Miss Joan Davis, radio's "Queen of Comedy," and star of one of the most riotous shows on the air, heard Thursday nights on NBC.

You think you'd rather ask Hedy Lamarr how to be beautiful? All right, but as Joan sees it, it isn't beauty you're after—it's the right man. She doesn't care if you throw away your make-up box, and cancel your subscriptions to all the fashion magazines. You can practice her glamour methods without them. But let her tell it:

"All right, I *am* no Hedy Lamarr. But I get around. I married the man I wanted—twelve years ago—and I've hung onto him, in the teeth of Hollywood. You can do the same thing—and I don't care what your face is like—if you are willing to forget about how you look for awhile, and relax and have fun!"

The girls who spend hours in beauty shops trying to make their hair look like Betty Grable's, or fiddle in public with lipstick brushes trying to emulate Joan Crawford's mouth are on the wrong track, Joan says.

Nine chances out of ten they won't look like Betty or Joan after they've gone to all the trouble. What's worse, they won't look like themselves. No man's going to fall in love with a girl who is a pale imitation of one movie star one week, and of another movie star the next . . . he wants a girl with gumption enough to be herself!

Not, Joan says, that a girl shouldn't make the most of what she has. . . .

"I keep my hair brushed and set," she admits "and I do as good a job as I can with my make-up before I leave the house. But once I've finished it, I forget it."

Boredom has ruined more romances than smeared lipstick, Joan believes—and she challenges any beauty consultant to match her file of case histories. Joan has been watching people fall in—and out—of love since she went on the stage at the age of three. At seven, when she first made the Pantages circuit, she was sophisticated enough about the whole business to assure her mother that one backstage romance on which she had been eavesdropping wouldn't last.

"She talks about *herself* all the time," little Joan told mama, revealing herself a child prodigy in understanding what makes a man stick around.

Any man worth wanting will take

*"All right, I am no Hedy Lamarr. But I get around. Every woman can do the same thing . . ." says Joan Davis, radio's leading comedienne.*



**RADIO MIRROR  
HOME and BEAUTY**

the plainest girl in town, if she's amusing and fun, in preference to the "beautiful and bored," Joan believes. She has no use whatever for the B and B's of the world—"you've seen them," she says, "sitting around in cocktail bars in their handsome Adrian clothes, their expensive John Frederics hats, their Antoine hair-dos, and their nasty, selfish faces."

Men will take it once or twice, for the sake of being seen with someone decorative, Joan says, and then they will run away screaming. That's why so many of the B and B's are never the Big B's—Brides!

"My eleven-year-old daughter, Beverly, is turning into a beauty—heaven help her," Joan moans. "Cy and I are doing all we can to keep this terrible fact from her." (Cy is Cy Wills, Joan's former vaudeville partner, now one of the writers of her radio show—and most importantly, her husband.)

"We figure if we can keep her interested in people and things—make her think that the things she does, her hikes with the Girl Scouts, her dancing classes, her swimming, are more important than her clothes and how she looks in them, we will have given her a good start.

"By the time she finds out that she's a 'looker', she will be much too absorbed in living to care."

But how do you get absorbed in life? Absorbed in whom? In what? These will be questions to trouble girls who have approached the business of glamour from this angle.

Joan thinks there are a million answers. She is absorbed in her job. She grants that some jobs aren't as amusing as hers, don't make such useful dinner-table talk or warm-up-the-strangers-anecdotes. Then, she says, concentrate on your hobbies.

Joan didn't have time for hobbies as long as she was "on the road." Traveling took up all of her spare time, but she did develop an interest in Cy's hobbies—golf and fishing, and going to the prizefights. And she learned how to talk intelligently about them. When her career settled down to radio—with its advantages of permanence and leisure—Joan developed hobbies of her own—golf, fishing, and going to the prizefights!

"If you want to know the secret of the success of our marriage," Joan says, "you've got it right there. We have the same interests—the same work, and the same fun."

And if the man in your life hasn't arrived on the scene as yet, Joan advises, dig up some hobbies on your own! Many a girl has met her future husband on the golf links, or in photography class, or even—if she was the intellectual type—in the public library!

So put down that mirror, girls, and get a move on. There's work to be done.



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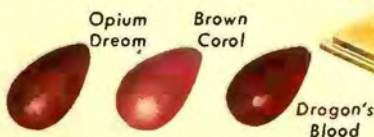
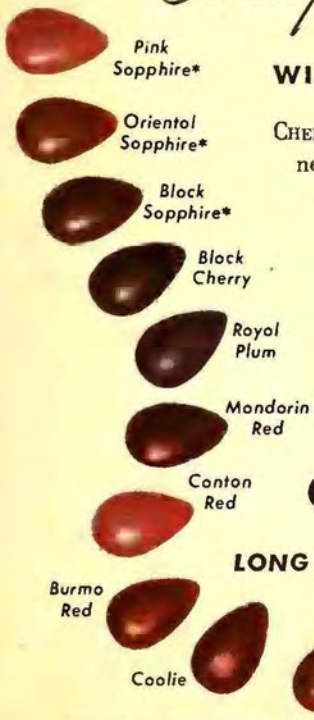
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