Radio Romances

Radio Mirror

APRIL

15¢

GIVE TO THE RED CROSS

GINNY SIMMS

VALIANT LADY

•

SAY THAT YOU LOVE ME!

The Story of a Spellbound Heart

Lovable...

Softer, Smoother Skin

with just One Cake of Camay!

Mrs. William H. Geyer, Nutley, N. J.
Her skin is like peoch-bloom—exquisitely saft. "Camoy is my beouty soop—now ond for always," says this lovely bride. "My first cake left my skin so much softer, I wouldn't think of chonging."

Tests by doctors prove Camay is really mild!

It's exciting—to see the fresh new bloom of beauty that one cake of Camay brings to your skin! So quick, change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this mild care on over 100 complexions. And with the very *first* cake of Camay, most complexions simply sparkled—looked fresher, clearer, softer!

...it cleanses without irritation

These tests gave *proof* of Camay's mildness . . . proof it can benefit skin. *"Camay is really mild,"* said the doctors, *"it cleansed without irritation."* No wonder you can expect this Camay care to soften and smooth your skin.

Make your Camay last and last—it's made of vital war materials.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Take only a minute, night and morning. Cream that mild Camay lather over your face—over forehead, nose and chin. Rinse warm. And if you have oily skin, add a lively C-O-L-D splash! That's all. And your skin is lovelier with just *one* cake of Camay.

"Practicing to be a Spinster, Pet?"

GIRL: Spinst—? Oh, now *really*. Cupid! The way things are, I'm lucky to even have a chess date with Uncle Burt. Nobody has dates *these* days! Nobody!

CUPID: Pardon, Child. But if that's true, then a lot of girls are marrying perfect strangers. People they never had dates with. Because they're getting married honey. Left and right.

GIRL: All right! All right! So I'm *not* popular. I'm not a glamor girl. Can *I* help that?

CUPID: You could smile a little more, Sugar. Even a plain girl's pretty if she's got a sparkling smile. In fact, some of my best customers—

GIRL: Sure. Yes, indeed. But it happens I haven't *got* a sparkling smile, Cupid. I brush my teeth, and all, but—

CUPID: Ever notice "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: The other day I—

CUPID: And you didn't *do* anything about it? By the eternal Double-Ring Ceremony, Child! Don't you know "pink tooth brush" is a warning to see your dentist?

GIRL: You mean just because I—

CUPID: Sis, that "pink" may mean your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. Your dentist would probably tell you that. And that's why so many dentists suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: But my *smile*, Cupid. My smile! What about—

CUPID: This, Child: Ipana not only cleans your teeth. It is specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste on your gums every time you brush your teeth and you help your gums to healthier firmness. *And* healthier gums promote sounder, brighter teeth. And a smile you'll be using on somebody else beside your Uncle Burt. Get going on a lovelier smile now, Child!

Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

APRIL, 1945

Radio Romances

FORMERLY Radio Mirror

VOL. 23, NO. 5

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Did You Know?

When you leave an order with your grocer, do you simply say, "—and a dozen eggs, please"? Eggs are graded for your guidance—it's up to you to buy the grade most suitable and economical for your family—or perhaps to buy two grades, one for breakfast eating and meat-point-saving dinner omelets and souffles, and another for cooking. There are three things to watch in your egg purchases, if you want to buy an officially graded product and be sure of what you're getting: (1) The egg container should bear the words "U.S. Grade AA" or "U.S. Grade A" or "U.S. Grade B" or "U.S. Grade C". (2) It should have a seal of certification with the date of grading market. (3) You should be certain that the eggs have been kept in a cool place in your retail store.

Planning on a post-war home—planning to start the building almost coincidentally with the end of the war? Better go slowly, and avoid disappointment—getting a new house built immediately after the war won't be a simple matter of calling in an architect and a builder. There are, for instance, millions of homes already built and badly in need of repair. Your orders will be competing with those.

The Department of Labor reports that twenty states, Hawaii, and the District of Columbia have established "second injury" funds to facilitate the employment of physically handicapped veterans. Some employers have refused to hire these physically handicapped workers for fear of increased workman's compensation costs in the event of subsequent injuries to them. This attitude seriously affects the post-war opportunities for these men—hence the funds being set up to overcome the objections of employers.

Victory Gardeners, attention: the War Food Administration asks you to plan on raising as much food this summer as you did last. The fact that the war in Europe did not end by Christmas makes it necessary for Victory Gardeners to grow bumper back-yard crops once again.

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Penny Singleton, "Blondie" of CBS' Sunday night show, makes practicing fun for daughters Dorothy Grace and Robin Susan

Eddie Bracken always ends up in trouble, and almost always starts there too, on his NBC Sunday night starring show.

WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

By
DALE BANKS

Talented, young and lovely Nina Klowden, a frequent performer on the NBC dramatic show Author's Playhouse.

BEEN listening to "Feature Story" again. We like that show. It sort of gives you a real feeling about the boys and what it's like over where they are.

* * *

Some time ago, the story of the first balloon was told on the "American School of the Air." We didn't hear that show, but a man up at CBS was telling us yesterday that a few days after the show the CBS Education Department was thrown into an uproar by a letter from a 12 year old school boy. The letter read something like this: "Dear Sirs . . . In your program when you told the story of the first hot-air balloon you made a mistake. You had the sound of a striking match and the date was 1783. According to my information, this type of match was not invented until later than 1805. Please explain this." Believe it or not, a good part of the CBS research staff was put on the job and they came up with the explanation, all right. A check of the script showed that what the boy thought was the sound of a match being struck was not that, at all. It was a flint! Anyway, that was the explanation.

Guess they'll be more careful around CBS for awhile.

* * *

James Melton has electrified the countryside around his home in Westport, Connecticut, with a hobby. When the gasoline shortage threatened to isolate the residents of the community, he sold many of his electric cars to his neighbors. He's been collecting cars of all types for years. However, James is no fool. He's made a strict contract with every one of the purchasers that the cars be sold back to him at the end of the war.

* * *

Did you even suspect that Lionel Barrymore was by way of being a serious composer? His newest work, "Preludium and Fugue" was presented for the first time at Carnegie Hall last December and got good notices. It was performed on the air later by the Indianapolis Symphony. . . . And Ida Lupino's latest composition, "Aladdin Suite," has been performed by the Los Angeles Symphony and was also heard on a major network.

* * *

Just a touch of what it's like where war is—or has been. Something we should remember once in awhile. Ned Calmer says he saw a shop girl in Paris get very annoyed, when an American

Continued on page 6

OF course you can't afford to lose a week's salary! But if you are like many people you lose it just the same. A nasty cold takes it right out of your pocket. Fifty million people "pay through the nose" every year! ... a crippling loss to industry, to the war effort, and to you.

What can you do about it? Here are a few helpful suggestions:

1. During the chilly months dress adequately, eat moderately, take sufficient exercise every day, and get plenty of sleep. If you do catch cold put yourself to bed and eat lightly. 2. Avoid people with colds and stay out of crowds which number many cold sufferers. 3. Avoid sudden temperature changes, drafts, over-tiredness, and wet or cold feet which lower resistance.

Add to these intelligent precautions another wise one—the systematic morning-and-night use of Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle.

Remember, clinical tests made over a twelve-year period reveal this impressive result:

Fewer Colds for Listerine Users in Tests

Those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle ... and fewer sore throats.

Here, we believe, is why Listerine is so effective: It reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of those potentially troublesome germs called the Secondary Invaders (see panel at right).

This germ-killing action may often halt a "mass invasion" of the tissues by these germs . . . sparing you the siege of misery they so often produce. So, remember! Listerine Antiseptic—especially when you feel a cold coming on!

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

Note How Listerine Gargle Reduced Germs

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

Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for COLDS and SORE THROAT

Continued from page 4

marvelled at all the wonderful luxury items on the counters of the store. The girl said, "Oui, monsieur, we have plenty of superfluous things. All we lack is food."

* * *

Ever notice how fast some people on radio can get out their words? Arlene Harris, Hedda Hopper, Walter Winchell and Dick Lane are all top speeders. They can all run off from 240 to 300 words a minute. The very tops, probably, is Garry Moore, who can talk so fast the human ear can't follow him. Recordings of his "Little Red Riding Hood" story, when slowed down, prove he utters every word and syllable.

* * *

Music is really being taken seriously in America—real American music. Earlier in the season, Paul Whiteman, director of music for the Blue Network, inaugurated the Contemporary Composers Concerts. This was under the auspices of the network's Creative Music Fund, which made grants to composers in both the serious and popular fields.

Now, the Blue Network has established a prize fund of $1000 for new compositions by American composers in connection with the festival in Colorado next summer—the festival of the National Composers Clinic.

Four hundred dollars will be awarded for the best orchestral work, with three hundred dollars going to the composition that wins second place. Compositions must play for at least four minutes, but not exceed eight minutes. Then, a first prize of two hundred dollars will be given for the best song with orchestral, piano or organ accompaniment. The second prize for this class will be one hundred dollars.

There's still time for anyone with ambition and some music in his head to get to work.

Frank Fay is knocking them out with laughter on Broadway in the play "Harvey". The point is that Harvey is a rabbit and he never is seen. It's been brought to our attention, however, that radio's been using that device for years with Jimmy Durante's "Umbriago", Ed Gardner's "Duffy", Fibber McGee's "Myrt", Johnny Morgan's "landlady" and Baby Snooks' "Mother".

* * *

Martin Block always does things in a big and special way. He's got the only desk at NBC with four live phones on it. One for "Make Believe Ballroom"; a second for the CBS "Music That Satisfies" program, which he produces; a third connected with his home; and the fourth on the NBC switchboard.

* * *

If you write in to Mary Lee Taylor for recipes or information and don't get an answer fast enough to suit you, be patient. Mary's busy answering G.I.'s all over the world. Mary's had letters from India, describing the kind of vegetables that can be found there and asking for recipes that will make them interesting and good for the boys. She's had a letter from Italy for an ice cream recipe that will turn out in that climate and with the ingredients available at an Army hospital there.

* * *

Glad to see that Bill Goodwin is back to his first love. We thought for awhile that he'd get stuck with being an announcer—an amusing and delightful one, but still an announcer. Now that he's doing such a swell job as a comedian on the Frank Sinatra show and has completed work in a leading role in the movie "Incendiary Blonde" and is already signed for Alfred Hitchcock's next picture, we can relax.

* * *

There's a 5 x 6 foot bas-relief map of Centerville touring the country. Centerville is Henry Aldrich's mythical home town. (*Continued on page 8*)

Danger—Witch at work! Miriam Wolfe brews evil, but Marilyn Erskine, the Fairy Godmother, always makes it come out right on CBS' Let's Pretend, Saturdays, 11:00 A.M., EWT.

Sweet, solemn words. A slim gold band on your finger. Your soft hand clasped in his.

Promise yourself you'll Keep your hands as thrillingly lovely as they are now. You can, if you guard them the "beforehand" way, with Trushay.

Always smooth on this rich, fragrant lotion before household tasks . . . before you do dishes or Tub undies.

Trushay's lush creaminess guards your hands, even in hot, soapy water . . . helps them stay bridal—soft and pretty!

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

R R

Mitzi Gould is Athaliah, the pagan Queen of Judah, on CBS' series, Light of the World

The map was created after listeners complained to the author that he switched the post office from one street to another and that sometimes De Haven's drugstore was just around the corner from Henry's house and, on other evenings, was suddenly a bike ride away. Now, all the houses, modelled in plaster of Paris, are glued in their proper places and there can be no more shifting of the high school or the courthouse.

Henry lives on Elm Street. De Haven's drug store is on Elm and Main, not far from Sam Aldrich's law office on the corner of Main and Center Streets. Henry's pal, Homer, lives on Maple Street and Kathleen Anderson, Henry's girl, lives on Church Street.

And it's going to stay that way.

* * *

Many of you might like to know that the Bible verse read each morning on "The Light of the World" is the verse that boys on the battlefronts are reading that same day—an arrangement made possible by cooperation with the American Bible Society.

* * *

We like to hear about it when people get tired of a gag and say so. Like Harry James. When he signed his contract to supply the music on the Danny Kaye show, he made two stipulations. One, that mentions of his wife, Betty Grable, would be taboo and two, that he would not be used as a comedy stooge. And we say, good for Harry. It's about time he was allowed to make music and leave alone the other stuff.

* * *

Well, it looks as though Dick Brown's success is in the bag and there to stay. His fan mail's been growing fantastically and people are asking for more and more tickets to his broadcasts.

* * *

The expense accounts submitted by war reporters from their posts all over the world are not only of interest—monetarily—to officials at the home office. Sometimes, they give you a good picture of a way of life.

All the way from Guam, where John A. Hooley is reporting the Pacific war for NBC, came one expense account recently which included an entry for 18 cents. The explanation alongside the item was: "For three cakes of soap to inspire a native laundress to use more modern methods."

Paul Whiteman says the smoke shortage is getting so bad that the contents of his cigarette case are almost more valuable than the case itself. That's a pretty strong statement, because the outside of Pop's gold cigarette case is completely encrusted with diamond-studded charms given him by celebrity friends.

Whiteman's wife, former screen star Margaret Livingston, gave him the case. It was originally decorated with the diamond studded words, "I Love You". This attracted so much attention from Pop's friends that gradually they covered the whole surface of the case with jeweled batons, pianos and other appropriate miniatures representing every phase of Whiteman's career.

* * *

Ever since the boys in his band gave Sammy Kaye a ventriloquist's dummy which looks exactly like him, Sammy's been spending all his spare time taking lessons from Paul Winchell, the kid wizard of ventriloquism.

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF . . . Add to the authors—Fred Brady, comedian on the Gracie Fields show, is writing a book called "Here Come The Brides". . . . Peggy Allenby has played Susan in the David Harum script so long that her own ten year old daughter calls her Susan instead of Mother. . . . Carol Bruce's greatest ambition is to play the Helen Morgan role in a revival of "Showboat". . . . Have you heard Assignment Home? Look for it—especially if you have someone in the service. . . . Ransom Sherman is celebrating his twenty-first birthday—in radio. . . . NBC's soap opera Road of Life is being broadcast from New York, now. Used to come from Chicago. . . . Lou Levy, manager of the Andrews Sisters, and Maxene Andrews, his wife, have just bought a ranch in the San Fernando Valley. They're calling it the "Eight-To-The-Bar" Ranch. . . . Amos 'n' Andy have been together twenty-five years as a team. . . . Several hundred returning G.I.'s have taken advantage of NBC's Welcome Home Auditions and lots of them have got jobs. . . . Henny Youngman's contract carries a clause stating that the entire cast of his Carton of Cheer show must accompany him wherever and whenever he travels. . . . Have you given to the Red Cross War Fund? It would be a good idea. . . .

Edgar Barrier becomes that versatile modern Robin Hood, "The Saint", on NBC's series.

Neither "little girl" nor "young lady", Anne Francis is a lovely in-between who is learning to care for her beauty as it grows.

-as pretty does

IF teen age girls were made to order, you couldn't cut a pattern for a prettier one than Anne Francis who plays the part of Kathy Cameron on NBC's When A Girl Marries.

Anne is right in the middle of that stage which is neither "little girl" nor "young lady"—an age that is a trying one for parents and youngsters alike, in which girls are horrified at their parents' stuffy old-fashioned attitude on the subject of going out with boys, show an alarming tendency to be childish one minute and adult the next, suddenly develop what seems to be rather more than the requisite number of hands and feet and knees and elbows, and all in all drive mothers to complain, "I just don't know what I'm going to do about my daughter—she's such a problem!"

Anne has found out how not to be a problem, family-wise, or, even more important, to herself. Being pretty, she says emphatically, is largely a matter of being clean. And that doesn't mean just taking a bath in the morning and letting it go at that. Cleanliness is a matter of clothes, of hair, of fingernails, too. One of Anne's chief claims to beauty is her hair—and the beautiful, golden-blonde silken sheen of it is far from being an accident. She brushes it several times a day, keeping her head well down for good circulation.

"Oh, and Mother taught me a long time ago," Anne adds, "to loosen the scalp with my fingertips. That's no chore at all, because it makes you feel so good!"

Twice-a-week is Anne's shampoo schedule, and she sometimes uses two well-beaten eggs along with her regular soap preparation—a trick worth knowing. The juice of one lemon in the rinse water is another, and a strong camomile tea rinse is a third—all worth anyone's time, as one look at Anne's hair easily proves.

The "cleanliness-for-beauty" creed extends to Anne's complexion as well. Heavy creams, facials and all the rest are for older skins—for youngsters like Anne soap and water and a firm washcloth or a good complexion brush are better and safer. And Anne says that part of the china-doll loveliness of her skin comes from drinking at least six glasses of water a day—and *not* letting her sweet tooth rule her better judgment. "Except," she adds, "where Mother's chocolate cake is concerned! I slip, there, but a girl can't be perfect!"

While Anne doesn't diet—she weighs 110 pounds for her five feet six inches—she's just as conscientious as any older glamour girl about eating well-balanced meals. "If you approach raw vegetables," she explains, "with an open mind, you'll find that they're as good as they are good for you."

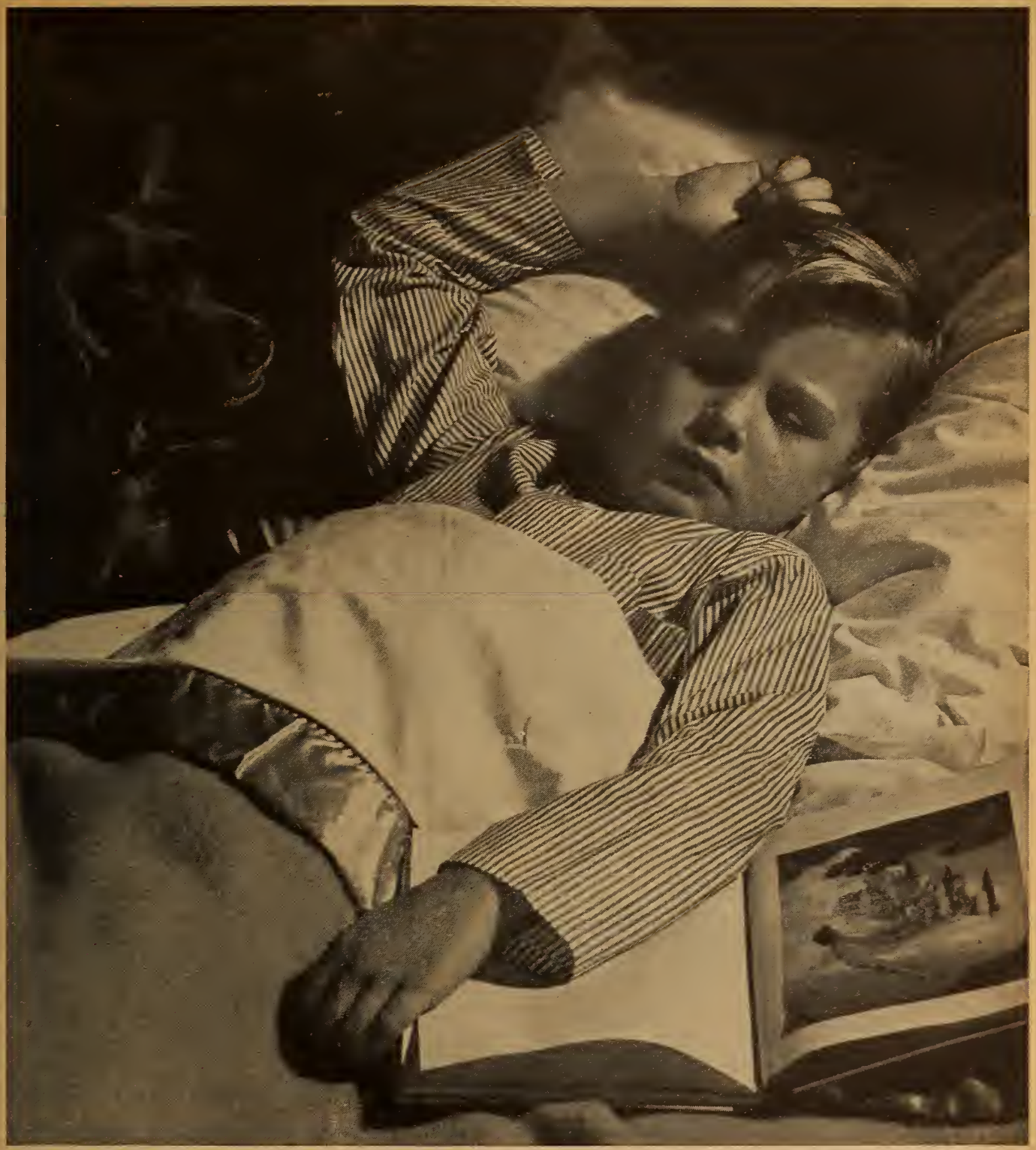
Even though she has modeled—made-up, of course—for commercial photographers for years, Anne has just started to use street make-up. That does not mean that she buys and uses everything that comes on the market, from mud packs to chin straps, however. Anne likes a very light foundation film, just a little powder—enough to dust off the shine—a bit of rouge, so well blended in that it's noticeable only as a lovely little glow and not as a spot of raw color—and a soft-toned lipstick, put on to follow the naturally sweet contours of her mouth. Emphatically not painted on outside the real line of the lips, like a slap in the face of nature!

Fingernail biting is a "kid's trick." She does her manicure at home, keeping her nails quite short, and buffing them to a high glow.

Exercise is one thing that 'teen-agers, thank goodness, don't seem to be averse to, as their older sisters too often are. Anne gets hers by letting her black cocker spaniel, Mr. Stubbs, lead her on a run each morning and each evening. In summer, she spends a good deal of time at the beach.

Anne feels that sports clothes suit her best—jumpers with crisp, colorful blouses, torso blouses with fitted skirts, keeping everything simple. And always, low-heeled shoes. She's not anxious to accentuate her height—yet.

Scrupulous cleanliness, disarming simplicity—add up to beauty for Anne Francis, and can add up to the same thing for any teen-ager who cares enough to work at them—and who doesn't care about being pretty?



TODAY THIS BOY DID A MAN-SIZE JOB. Today this little fellow collected enough scrap paper to make containers for 15 pints of blood. Now he's getting a well-deserved rest on his Beautyrest (made by Simmons). If *you* own a Beautyrest, you're lucky.

For you have a mattress with 837 individually pocketed coils, and a sag-proof border. Take the best care of your Beautyrest, for we don't know when you can buy another. We still have a good way to go, and we're neck-deep in war production. But if you need a *new* mattress now, we recommend a WHITE KNIGHT made by Simmons It's the mattress-within-a-mattress—plump, durable, *and* comfortable, with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton! And the postwar Beautyrest will be something out of this world, and that's a promise! NEWS—the government has permitted us to make a limited quantity of Beautyrest Box Springs at $39.50 each.

BEAUTYREST

The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

P. S. *DID YOU BUY EXTRA WAR BONDS THIS WEEK?*

FACING the MUSIC

Happily capering together on CBS' Saturday night Danny Kaye Show are the star, above left, and Harry James, whose orchestra helps out. To the right, lovely Georgia Gibbs smiles over a success story that she achieved for herself with hard work and a unique song style.

By KEN ALDEN

IN all the years Mark Warnow has been conducting The Hit Parade orchestra he has never met the program's sponsor, Mr. George Washington Hill, the ciggie manufacturer. According to the legend, Mark and Hill correspond regularly over just what the orchestra will play and how it will be arranged. Recently Mr. Hill asked to meet his conductor. Warnow politely refused. He explained that things were going along splendidly without personal contact and a formal meeting might spoil everything. Hill, slightly stunned, admired Warnow's honesty and agreed to leaving things as they are.

The real reason The Hit Parade selected Lawrence Tibbett to replace The Voice when the latter asked release due to the high cost of absorbing the transcontinental line reversals, is that the sponsor felt he could not find anyone strong enough to succeed Sinatra from the popular music field and had to secure some big opera or concert star.

* * *

Jimmy Cash, the Irish tenor, is off the George Burns and Gracie Allen program due to the fact that the show was cut from 30 to 25 minutes. No reflection on Jimmy's warbling.

* * *

Radio row refuses to give up Glenn Miller as lost. They hope the great and heroic bandleader is only missing or a prisoner of the Nazis.

* * *

Although not given billing, it is Matty Malneck who is conducting the orchestra on Ed Gardner's Duffy's Tavern.

Speaking of that bistro where the elite meet to eat, in the picture version Bing Crosby's kids appear briefly and steal the show.

* * *

Bing's decision to cut out a lot of the dialog on his NBC show and have more singing (a decision most radio wiseguys said would not be smart) has brought the show right up to the top of the listener ratings, crowding Messrs. Hope and McGee.

* * *

The tune Don't Fence Me In has passed the million mark in sheet music sales. Cole Porter, the old sophisticate, wrote it for a musical comedy and the producer turned it down because it was too corny.

* * *

Buddy Rich, the drummer, may quit the Tommy Dorsey band and form a band of his own.

GEORGIA ON MY MIND

The little girl with the strawberry blonde pigtails sang her number with

Continued on page 14

Get those old timers into the fight!

Those old magazines, newspapers, cartons, pasteboard boxes, Christmas Cards, Valentines, letters of long ago, and other paper you've stored away are needed right now for front-line duty.

Such waste paper is being converted as fast as possible into containers that carry ammunition, blood plasma and food to all our fighting men.

So urgently is waste paper needed for war purposes that everybody should consider it a "must" to search their attics, basements, storerooms, libraries, desks, closets and shelves for this vital material.

The situation is so acute at this time that even this magazine should be turned in for salvage as soon as you and your family have finished reading it.

Cooperate with the paper salvage drive in your community. Watch your daily paper for announcements about the collection of scrap paper.

R
R

Continued from page 12

the assurance of a veteran. The banquet crowd in the hotel ballroom loved her and asked for more. Standing near the swinging doors that led to the kitchen were the 12-year-old child's older sister and mother, tears in their eyes.

Back home in their modest flat, the little girl opened the envelope the man at the banquet had given her. There were two crisp dollar bills and thirty-five cents in change.

The mother smiled wearily. "Oh, fine, Freda. My little girl will be a great singer some day."

"And when I do," the child replied, "I'm gonna buy you the finest mink coat in all the world."

"Mink," gasped the mother, "that is for rich people. Maybe some day when you are a big success you will buy for me a nice Persian lamb with a muff."

The little singer kept her promise. Last month Freda, now known to radio listeners and GI's everywhere as Georgia Gibbs, singing star of CBS' Jimmy Durante-Garry Moore show, bought her mother a Persian lamb coat.

"With a muff," added Georgia as she recounted her story to me at Toots Shor's, an option's throw from Radio City.

"You know, with the extra money I've been making on guest shots I could have bought her a mink. But mama had made up her mind."

Georgia was the youngest of four children. Her father had died when she was just two, and when her mother was seriously injured in an auto accident, the four children, Murry, Bob, Helen and Freda, were committed to an orphanage in Worcester, Mass. In the institution, little Freda always scored a hit at the annual Christmas show singing, "Doin' The Raccoon."

"Y'know," Georgia said, "that's one fur I never have wanted to own."

When big sister Helen was old enough to work, the children left the orphanage and managed to keep going. Mother was able to do part-time work.

Helen got her kid sister a booking in a Boston night club that appealed to stay-up-lates. The girl worked from 1 to 6 A.M. The two sisters travelled the 40 miles between Worcester and Boston in a bumpy bus.

"I got paid $25 a week and believe me it was quite a place. Visiting jazz musicians always came and so did President Roosevelt's sons."

Dick Powell is the genial driver of NBC's Fitch Bandwagon, presenting the nation's top dance bands.

Still known as Freda Gibson, the girl joined the Hudson-DeLange band. They made several recordings of new tunes. A song plugger took one of the disks to Richard Himber.

"The hell with the songs," was Himber's reaction. "Who is that kid singing them? Let's get her."

The song plugger, ever anxious to please Himber, spent a busy night locating Freda. That's how, at 2 A.M., the startled singer got a long distance call from Himber. She joined his band.

After six months with him, she was hired for The Hit Parade.

"I really thought this was it," Georgia explained, "but brother—was I wrong."

Not given billing, ordered to sing all the songs in fire-engine tempo, the radio crowd passed her by when more promising assignments were available. The Hit Parade chore ended and Freda was without work.

"I decided everything was wrong about me, even my name. I liked Hoagy Carmichael's tune 'Georgia On My Mind' and thought that would make a cute first name. I just shortened my last."

Singing at intimate gatherings for musicians, Georgia proved to the cynics that she could sing at slower tempos, that she had poise and personality. In 1942 she joined Artie Shaw's band on a road tour and then was booked into Cafe Society Uptown. The night of her opening she ran across a new tune, still unpublished. Needing an unusual number in her repertory, she used it. The song was an overnight hit. It was called "Choo Choo Baby," and by now needs no introduction to radio listeners.

The tune did it. Offers came from both coasts and Georgia won two important contracts: singing on Jimmy Durante's show and making records.

Georgia is tiny, standing 5 feet, 1½ inches, weighs 104 pounds.

In addition to her commercial work, Georgia does a 15-minute "Personal Album" show for overseas transmission every week. Her V-mail is terrific. When her brother landed in Italy the first thing he heard was his sister's short wave show.

This summer she plans to go overseas for the USO with Jimmy Durante.

As for dates, Georgia has plenty of them, sometimes with Hollywood wolves.

"But somehow," she says, "they don't howl when they're out with me."

Back on the air is lovely Jane Pickens, to star on the American Melody Hour, Tuesdays, over CBS

COVER GIRL

By ELEANOR HARRIS

When Ginny Simms sings, she takes twelve million men in uniform back home. And when she smiles for them, Ginny is all the girls they love.

WHEN you tune in on the Philip Morris Purple Heart Show, you're tuning in on the sweetheart of twelve million men in uniform—which means you're listening to Ginny Simms. She's the Girl Back Home.

She's a five-career girl right now. One career is her radio program (she's voted the number one radio songstress, according to 18 radio polls); another career is in the movies, where she is being starred in *No Leave, No Love;* a third career is made up of her 500 recordings; a fourth is her 65-acre farm outside of Hollywood, which she runs with the efficiency of the U. S. Agricultural Bureau. The fifth career is entirely concerned with her twelve million uniformed beaux—it's her endless hospital visits, all over the United States, to sing to the wounded. When the patients in Army and Navy hospitals see her coming into their wards, they see this:

A slim girl of five-feet-six, with her thick brown hair worn the way they like it—brushed away from her face but hanging to her shoulders, and tied with a black velvet ribbon. Her face is the way they like it too: it's clean and fresh, with no make-up but lipstick and mascara. And her clothes suit them perfectly—she wears a navy blue dress with pink rosettes appliqued around the shoulders, or a Canary yellow sports coat over a red-and-yellow print dress. The boys love to hear her sing, and sometimes she sings fifteen half-hour shows a day for them in different parts of the same hospital. She sings, too, the songs they most want to hear: "I Walk Alone," "White Christmas," "Always," "Together," "Stardust," "Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby," and "Amor."

For most of them, she brings back nostalgic memories. They remember her from their pre-war days in their home towns or colleges—for several years she toured all over the country with Kay Kyser's band. The sight of her reminds them of the typical American towns they come from.

She was born in San Antonio, Texas, to Gertrude and Dormer Simms—Mr. Simms being a former minstrel man. She went to the Fresno State Teacher's College, intending to teach piano-playing. But she got side-tracked singing with two sorority sisters from the Sigma Phi Gamma house, and the trio sang at college proms and concerts until Ginny stepped out on her own radio program over a local Fresno radio station. From that she went to Kay Kyser's band, and from his band into a contract at MGM Studios and into her amazingly successful radio shows.

In Hollywood, Ginny leads a dual life. Five days a week her life is sophisticated—she lives at an elaborate hotel in Beverly Hills. Come weekends, and Ginny heads for San Fernando Valley and her 65-acre ranch. Here her parents live and here Ginny has planted fields of alfalfa. Once there, she shifts into blue-jeans and begins overseeing the ranch and even driving a tractor!

The house is dedicated to being a home. Green cotton rugs completely cover the two floors of the house, and big windows criss-crossed in fluffy white organdy curtains let in the California sunlight. Most of her lamps are made from copper milk cans . . . and scattered through the whole house is her fabulous flood of gifts from her twelve million uniformed admirers.

As you read this, she is probably lying in an upper berth on some train trying to sleep, with her freshly-washed wet stockings slapping at her from the railing above her head. She's probably just finished singing to the invalids on the same train—and tomorrow she'll be putting on shows in hospitals. At the end of her trip, she'll call up numberless families of servicemen and she won't have time, back in Hollywood, to see her friends because she'll be singing at some G. I. wedding—or dating some unknown G. I. who won her as a prize for buying a bond! No handshake in front of a newspaper camera for the Girl Back Home. She actually lunches with the winners at MGM, takes in the Clover Club that night—and then kisses them goodnight on her doorstep!

Dixie Fish Fry Dinner

FRY the first Spring catch, (or boneless fish fillets), with a golden crust to break under your fork and savory tenderness inside. Serve with your own home-made, tangy Tartar sauce—and French fried onion rings, piping hot, delicious.

What a dinner! Deep fried to perfection in pure Mazola. This golden oil, with its delicate, delicious flavor, also makes tempting fresh salad dressings, smooth cream sauces, wonderful hot breads. Yes—Mazola makes so *many* good things!

FISH KENTUCKY

Dip cleaned, *whole small fish* (or fish fillets) in 1 *cup of milk* seasoned with 1½ *tsps. salt*. Roll in a mixture of ½ *cup flour* and ½ *cup corn meal*. Fry in ¼ inch sizzling hot *Mazola* at moderate temperature until nicely brown. Turn only once.

FRENCH FRIED ONION RINGS

New, jiffy-quick recipe makes them lighter.

Cut 3 *large onions* in ¼ inch slices; separate into rings. Dip rings in *flour*, seasoned with 1 *teaspoon salt;* then in *milk;* again in flour. Drop several rings at a time into hot *Mazola*, three inches deep in a kettle, heated to 375°F. Keep rings separated. Fry golden brown, about 1½ to 2 minutes. Drain on unglazed paper or paper towels. Serves 4.

TANGY TARTAR SAUCE

Place 1 *egg yolk*, ½ *tsp. paprika*, 1 *tsp. salt* and 1 *tbsp. vinegar* in a bowl. Whip until light in color and thick. Continue beating and add 1¼ *cups Mazola*, a tablespoon at a time, beating well after each addition. Add *1* more *tbsp. vinegar* and beat again 'til thick. Stir in 1 *tbsp. chopped parsley*, 1 *tbsp. onion juice*, 2 *tbsp. India relish*. Makes 1¾ cups sauce.

FRENCH DRESSING

This *fresh* dressing makes salad so much more delicious! Combine in a pint jar or bottle: ⅓ *cup vinegar*, 1 *cup Mazola*, 1 *tsp. paprika*, 1½ *tsp. salt*, ¼ *tsp. pepper*, 2 *tsps. sugar*, 1½ *tsp. onion juice*, 1½ *tsp. dry mustard*. Cover, shake until well mixed. Chill. Makes 1½ cups of salad dressing.

MENU

Fish Kentucky
Tangy Tartar Sauce
French Fried Onion Rings
Asparagus Spears
Scalloped Potatoes
Corn Bread
Spring Greens Salad
French Dressing

No Other Shampoo

leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange so alluringly smooth!

Want all your hair-dos to look glamorous? Then be a "Drene Girl!" Always use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo . . . not a soap in the world . . . can make your hair look so lovely!

Reveals far more lustre than any cake soap or liquid soap shampoo. For Drene never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do, to roh your hair of its lustrous heauty! Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than any kind of soap.

Leaves hair so manageable! Now that the new, improved Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage . . . right after shampooing!

Removes every bit of dandruff the very first time you use it! So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioner . . . or ask your heauty shop to use it!

Learn about Hair-dos

FROM THE GIRLS WHO KNOW!

Lisa Fonssagrives . . . glamorous New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl" . . . shows you (above) her lovely new evening hair-do for spring! The adorahle hair-do gadget is just wired rihhon, bent into shape, then covered with flowers. Your milliner can do it! The shining smoothness of Lisa's hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, which she always uses. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Lisa adores hair-do gadgets! But says, "make sure that they, and your hair-do, too, match the mood of your clothes!" Every hair in place is her first rule for a smart hair-do. And, says Lisa, "for shining-smooth, manageahle hair there's no shampoo like Drene with Hair Conditioner!"

MAKE A DATE WITH *Glamour*

Tonight . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of heauty henefits found only in Drene with Hair Conditioner! ✓ *Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos! ✓ *Manageable hair* . . . easy to comh into smooth shining neatness! ✓ *Complete removal of dandruff!* Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!

Braids are very smart this Spring! Notice the tricky little gadget of gayly colored rihhon hows, which Lisa wears to go with the Mexican neckline of her embroidered hlouse! And remember . . . no other shampoo except Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONER

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Product of Procter & Gamble

For now - For always

There was the first lie, inescapable, menacing. And there would be others, Kathy knew

I HAD a feeling, when I stepped off the train at the Apple Lake station, that something wonderful and exciting was about to happen. There was no real reason for the feeling, except that the April morning was enough to make your heart sing, thrilling-sweet with spring, spiced with the tang of lake water. Otherwise, there was no reason at all to feel sixteen and expectant and foolishly happy, instead of a poised and practical twenty-six.

Joe Henley's battered black sedan, Apple Lake's taxi service, stood beside the station. I waved, and Joe saw me and scrambled out to take my bag. "Miss Carter!" he exclaimed. "Going out to your brother's place, I suppose. Is this your vacation, or are you here for just a few days?"

I bit my lip. I'd forgotten that in addition to being the town's taxi service, Joe was also its unofficial (*Continued on page* 84)

We had been very close to something for a moment—and then it was lost.

I COULD tell this as if it were a fairy story. I could almost begin it "Once upon a time". . .

I could say that once there was a little princess who lived in a fairy palace; she was the center of her own small universe, the pole about which revolved everyone and everything that came in contact with her.

She was very beautiful, this little princess. Everyone said so, and no one ever thought to impress upon her that her beauty was an accident, a gift bequeathed by her parents and her parents' parents, and not of her own doing at all. She never stopped to realize that those ancestors of hers might as easily have bequeathed her an ugly face, or a grotesquely twisted body. Neither did the princess have any brothers or sisters; she never learned what give-and-take means; she never learned to share. She grew up believing that there was no one, anywhere in the world, who could say no to her, and mean it. And that is the way things were with the self-centered, self-engrossed little princess when she met her fairy prince, when she first heard his rich, deep voice, and felt it touch responsive, unsuspected chords in her heart.

Yes, I could make a fairy story of it—for I was that princess. But a fairy story ends happily after the coming of the prince, and my story didn't go that way at all.

I'm going to try to be honest in telling you what I was, and how I came to be that way, and I can in honesty say that it was not all my fault. Partly, the blame was my parents'. The girl who came to Stonewall Inn one Indian-summer day, and found her prince charming in the person of Mike Torrey, and all of life spread out for her taking—a spoiled girl with a completely askew sense of values—was, certainly, the Shelley Drake I'd made myself to be, since I had grown up. But the foundations had been laid long before—even before I was born.

Mother and Dad, two lonely people who had wanted love, and a home, and children, all of their lives, had found each other heartbreakingly late. I was the answer to a dream they had hardly dared expect to realize, and I don't think they ever got over the wonder of having a child. Mother had been the ugly-duckling daughter in a family of lovely girls, and her delight, when it became obvious that I was going to have her sisters' good looks, was boundless. I'm sure she decided that I would, no matter what the sacrifice, have everything she had always wanted and that she would live her desires for pretty things, for admiration, vicariously in me. Dad, as fathers will, would

Surrender

have thought his daughter the loveliest thing in the world anyway. And so I was spoiled and petted and adored.

Dad's salary was small, and our little brown-shingled house on Pelham Street was a far cry from a fairy castle, but it was that for me, for in it every spoken wish came true. There was a beautiful doll's house in one room (mother had needed a new coat that winter) and a slide and see-saw in the basement, (Dad had a hard time paying for the coal that year), and everything else I ever asked for. Most of the girls I knew, even the ones whose parents were much better off than mine, wore hand-me-down or made-over clothes sometimes, took turns with toys, had household chores they were expected to do, learned to give and take, to share, to assume responsibility. But not I.

I didn't participate in the roughhouse games of the neighborhood children, either. Partly because I loved my pretty clothes too much to spoil them, and partly because Mother loved to have me with her all the time. Mother was a genius with her needle; she taught me to sew early, and imbued me with an eye for line and color, a rich pleasure in the feel of fabrics. While the other children played outside, I sat with Mother, cutting and putting tiny, careful stitches into clothes for my dolls, while Mother made far too many, far too lavish clothes for me.

That was the fairyland in which I grew up—and out of which I was so frighteningly shaken during my last year of high school, when Dad died, and Mother followed him a few weeks later. There I was, stunned and alone, and unequipped to wrest a living from the world and make myself a place in it.

I don't know what I would have done if Mrs. Andrews, from next door, in answer to my terrified, "What shall I *do*?" hadn't said, tartly, "You certainly can sew, Shelley. You get yourself right down to Harpers' Store and see if they don't need somebody in alterations. Goodness, child, you can't just sit!"

It's really too bad that they *did* need an alteration hand at Harpers'—I know that now. It would have been better if that first job had been refused me, and a second and a third, for then I might have learned, bitterly and frighteningly, what it was like to have someone say no to me, what it was like to have to struggle for what I wanted. It would have been better if, a year later, Mrs. Sheldon, who was the owner of a very exclusive toy shop on the other side of the city, hadn't come into Harpers' and bought a dress; if I hadn't been called to alter it for her.

We got to talking, she and I, about

Shelley closed herself away in a dream world, waiting for a prince to beckon. But in place of the prince there came a man, ruthlessly shattering her make-believe

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Yes, if Mrs. Sheldon hadn't come into Harpers' I probably would never have thought of applying at her shop for a job, and I would never have been plunged back into fairyland. For that was what working for the Sheldons meant to me. It meant a salary large enough so that I could afford to move from the Girls' Club to an apartment of my own—a tiny, one-room affair on a run-down street, but my own, to fix up as I chose. It meant working in a place where the wealthy came and went, in pleasant surroundings, with rich and wonderful fabrics.

And it meant Howard.

WITH Howard Simms came all the things I had missed during the past year—missed for too long, I thought then, but not for long enough to be good for me, really. Little attentions—flowers, candy, frequent telephone calls, dancing, admiration and flattery lavished on me once again.

Howard came into the shop one afternoon and saw me—it was as simple as that. The Sheldons told me later that he'd refused to leave until they'd introduced him to me. And when I left the shop at closing time, he was waiting for me—as, somehow, I'd known he would be.

"I waited for you," was all he said, but into that I read, *I've waited for you all my life,* and I was off again into fairyland, this time complete with romance.

I may have been a foolish, empty-headed sort of girl, in those days, but I did have sense enough for this: I knew, as the work-filled days and the gay evenings drifted by, that I didn't love Howard, and never would. If only I'd had the added sense to let him go!

He was in love with me; I knew that almost from the start. And when he asked me to marry him, as I was sure he would, I couldn't bring myself to say no. I suppose a girl who has never had "no" said to her finds it hard to say the word herself. No is so final, such a cutting-off sound. "Maybe" is better, and "perhaps," and "I can't be sure. . ." And a no to Howard would have meant an end to the pleasure I had in his company, the pleasure I took from having him always at my beck and call, ready to take me wherever I wanted to be taken.

And so when Howard said, his eyes searching mine almost wistfully in hope, "Shelley—I love you. You know that. I want you to marry me—I want to take care of you for the rest of my life!" I said neither yes nor no, but temporized instead.

"We're both young, Howard. We've got lots of time ahead of us," I told him. "We're having fun together. Why can't we go on like this for a while? I'm not ready to make up my mind quite yet."

And that, or a variation of it, was what I told him for over a year, each time he recovered enough from the last rebuff to find courage to ask me again. "Let's wait a while . . . I'm not ready . . . Can't we let things go on as they are?" Always, I kept the door of his hopes ajar—both for his sake and for mine.

I might have said yes to him, I suppose, if I hadn't kept, hidden but ever-green, a dream in the back of my heart. Every woman's dream, of course—the hope that somewhere the right man is waiting for her. Now and again a little sliver of fear would pierce that hope which is at the core of every woman's being—what if I never fell in love? What if the man I dreamed about never came along? It was reassuring, then, to know that there would always be Howard, that I could marry him whenever I chose. I didn't stop to consider how cruel that might be to him, either way—if the man in my dreams came along, or if he did not.

But as I might have known he would, even Howard became insistent at last. He came one night, his arms full of flowers, when I was recovering from an attack of flu. He found a vase for the flowers, put them on the desk, and came straight across the room to sit on the edge of the couch beside me.

"Shelley—Shelley, I've got to know. Honey, I don't want you working any more. You weren't meant to earn your own living. Won't you give me a chance to take care of you—to move you out of this little place, and give you everything you want? Shelley—it would be so easy for you to say yes. Please set a date for our wedding. We've been engaged for more than a year—you can't keep any man waiting forever, darling."

A little nagging fear—the fear of losing Howard—rose in my mind. *Say yes,* it told me. *Say yes, or you may lose him.* But, *Say no,* my heart told me. *Say no, because you really don't love him. Keep waiting, just a bit longer.*

And so, as always, I compromised. I caught his hand and held it tightly between both of mine. "Don't ask me now, Howard. I'm so tired. I'm going away—the Sheldons said today that I should take my vacation now, when I need it, after being sick. They even offered to pay part of my expenses at a little place they know in the mountains. I'm going up there for two weeks. Let me think about it a little longer. We've got all the time in the world, Howard."

He smiled at me, a funny little one-sided smile. "No one has that, honey—all the time in the world. But I won't bother you about it any more now. You go away and have yourself a good time, and when you come back—we'll see. How's that?"

A slow, amused voice said "I'm afraid you're stuck with me for the evening."

I bit back a sigh of relief. "That's the way I want it to be, Howard."

"And that's the way it always is, Shelley—the way you want it to be." But his smile took all the sting of bitterness out of that.

That funny little fear that someday I might lose Howard if I didn't set a definite date for our wedding persisted in my mind after he had left that night. But I put the thought firmly aside—tomorrow would begin two weeks of delight for me, two weeks of the kind I'd wanted ever since I'd had to earn my own living. I was going to a resort for a vacation—true, it wasn't a resort of the kind which the patrons of Sheldon's shop went to, but it was a resort, just the same. I didn't let myself dwell on the fact that the people there would probably be working girls and working men on vacation, just like myself. No, it was better to dream instead—dream of dancing, and tennis, perhaps, and people in resort clothes, dressing differently for every activity during the day. At least, I told myself, I could keep up with them on that score—I had plenty of clothes, clothes I had made myself, carefully copied from the pictures in the fashion magazines.

So I put Howard, and the Sheldons, and my little apartment, and working for a weekly paycheck, completely out of my mind as I boarded the train for Stonewall Inn next morning. For two weeks I was going to be a princess in reality, a princess with nothing to do but wear pretty clothes and flirt judiciously and bask in the sun. I even had a story all made up in my mind to tell people up there who asked me who I was and what I did. A story about wanting to come to a small place like this to "get away from everything"! Oh, I'd be mysterious and a little apart from everyone, and people would ask each other who that beautiful girl was who wore those wonderful clothes with such an air of elegance! For two wonderful, wonderful weeks I'd be the person I wanted to be, and not the Shelley Drake I had to be at all.

AND that was the attitude of mind in which I arrived at the Inn, just in time to change for the "Blind Date Night" dance that was to be held that evening. Each woman guest would be given a numbered card, the clerk explained to me, and each male guest a card with a number corresponding to that of one of the women. Numbers would be matched, and the man and woman with the same number must spend the remainder of the evening in each other's company.

I would rather have been able to pick my own partner, I thought as I dressed—without a single doubt in my mind that I could choose whomever I wanted, of course! But perhaps it would be a good way of getting acquainted, after all, and there would be plenty of time later to pick and choose.

As I waited, a little later, a scrap of pasteboard bearing the number seventeen in my lap, I was conscious of the admiration in the eyes of people—men and women alike—who passed me searching for their partners. My frock, of palest pink, billowed about me, and the simple strands of seed pearls at my throat—a birthday gift from Howard—were the perfect complement to the gown. I glowed with pleasure—already my own world was far behind me, and I was a part of this one. Perhaps—well, I might even meet *him*, tonight.

"If you've number seventeen," said a slow, amused voice from behind me, "I'm afraid you're stuck with me for the evening."

My first feeling, as I turned swiftly to look at him, was a keen disappointment. He, surely, was not the man who had been so sweetly enshrined in my heart all these years. Accustomed to the polish and smoothness of Howard, and to the glamorous, handsome creature I'd dreamed about, my first thought was, *Oh, he's rough-looking, and ugly!*

He was in his early thirties, I judged, of medium height, and strongly-built. There was an unusually firm set to his squarish jaw, and a surprisingly thoughtful cast to his rather blue eyes. His hair was sun-burned blond, and his features strong and irregular. Even as I rejected him as the person I'd come here to meet, I accepted the fact that I would be more fragile, more dainty than ever by contrast to him, that he would be an excellent back- (*Continued on page* 76)

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And it meant Howard.

WITH Howard Simms came all the things I had missed during the past year—missed for too long, I thought then, but not for long enough to be good for me, really. Little attentions—flowers, candy, frequent telephone calls, dancing, admiration and flattery lavished on me once again.

Howard came into the shop one afternoon and saw me—it was as simple as that. The Sheldons told me later that he'd refused to leave until they'd introduced him to me. And when I left the shop at closing time, he was waiting for me—as, somehow, I'd known he would be.

"I waited for you," was all he said, but into that I read, *I've waited for you all my life*, and I was off again into fairyland, this time complete with romance.

I may have been a foolish, empty-headed sort of girl, in those days, but I did have sense enough for this: I knew, as the work-filled days and the gay evenings drifted by, that I didn't love Howard, and never would. If only I'd had the added sense to let him go!

He was in love with me; I knew that almost from the start. And when he asked me to marry him, as I was sure he would, I couldn't bring myself to say no. I suppose a girl who has never had "no" said to her finds it hard to say the word herself. No is so final, such a cutting-off sound. "Maybe" is better, and "perhaps," and "I can't be sure. . ." And a no to Howard would have meant an end to the pleasure I had in his company, the pleasure I took from having him always at my beck and call, ready to take me wherever I wanted to be taken.

And so when Howard said, his eyes searching mine almost wistfully in hope, "Shelley—I love you. You know that. I want you to marry me—I want to take care of you for the rest of my life!" I said neither yes nor no, but temporized instead.

"We're both young, Howard. We've got lots of time ahead of us," I told him. "We're having fun together. Why can't we go on like this for a while? I'm not ready to make up my mind quite yet."

And that, or a variation of it, was what I told him for over a year, each time he recovered enough from the last rebuff to find courage to ask me again. "Let's wait a while . . . I'm not ready . . . Can't we let things go on as they are?" Always, I kept the door of his hopes ajar—both for his sake and for mine.

I might have said yes to him, I suppose, if I hadn't kept, hidden but ever-green, a dream in the back of my heart. Every woman's dream, of course—the hope that somewhere the right man is waiting for her. Now and again a little sliver of fear would pierce that hope which is at the core of every woman's being—what if I never fell in love? What if the man I dreamed about never came along? It was reassuring, then, to know that there would always be Howard, that I could marry him whenever I chose. I didn't stop to consider how cruel that might be to him, either way—if the man in my dreams came along, or if he did not.

But as I might have known he would, even Howard became insistent at last. He came one night, his arms full of flowers, when I was recovering from an attack of flu. He found a vase for the flowers, put them on the desk, and came straight across the room to sit on the edge of the couch beside me.

"Shelley—Shelley, I've got to know. Honey, I don't want you working any more. You weren't meant to earn your own living. Won't you give me a chance to take care of you—to move you out of this little place, and give you everything you want? Shelley—it would be so easy for you to say yes. Please set a date for our wedding. We've been engaged for more than a year—you can't keep any man waiting forever, darling."

A little nagging fear—the fear of losing Howard—rose in my mind. *Say yes*, it told me. *Say yes, or you may lose him.* But, *Say no*, my heart told me. *Say no, because you really don't love him. Keep waiting, just a bit longer.*

And so, as always, I compromised. I caught his hand and held it tightly between both of mine. "Don't ask me now, Howard. I'm so tired. I'm going away—the Sheldons said today that I should take my vacation now, when I need it, after being sick. They even offered to pay part of my expenses at a little place they know in the mountains. I'm going up there for two weeks. Let me think about it a little longer. We've got all the time in the world, Howard."

He smiled at me, a funny little one-sided smile. "No one has that, honey—all the time in the world. But I won't bother you about it any more now. You go away and have yourself a good time, and when you come back—we'll see. How's that?"

I bit back a sigh of relief. "That's the way I want it to be, Howard."

"And that's the way it always is, Shelley—the way you want it to be." But his smile took all the sting of bitterness out of that.

That funny little fear that someday I might lose Howard if I didn't set a definite date for our wedding persisted in my mind after he had left that night. But I put the thought firmly aside—tomorrow would begin two weeks of delight for me, two weeks of the kind I'd wanted ever since I'd had to earn my own living. I was going to a resort for a vacation—true, it wasn't a resort of the kind which the patrons of Sheldon's shop went to, but it was a resort, just the same. I didn't let myself dwell on the fact that the people there would probably be working girls and working men on vacation, just like myself. No, it was better to dream instead—dream of dancing, and tennis, perhaps, and people in resort clothes, dressing differently for every activity during the day. At least, I told myself, I could keep up with them on that score—I had plenty of clothes, clothes I had made myself, carefully copied from the pictures in the fashion magazines.

So I put Howard, and the Sheldons, and my little apartment, and working for a weekly paycheck, completely out of my mind as I boarded the train for Stonewall Inn next morning. For two weeks I was going to be a princess in reality, a princess with nothing to do but wear pretty clothes and flirt judiciously and bask in the sun. I even had a story all made up in my mind to tell people up there who asked me who I was and what I did. A story about wanting to come to a small place like this to "get away from everything"! Oh, I'd be mysterious and a little apart from everyone, and people would ask each other who that beautiful girl was who wore those wonderful clothes with such an air of elegance! For two wonderful, wonderful weeks I'd be the person I wanted to be, and not the Shelley Drake I had to be at all.

A slow, amused voice said "I'm afraid you're stuck with me for the evening."

AND that was the attitude of mind in which I arrived at the Inn, just in time to change for the "Blind Date Night" dance that was to be held that evening. Each woman guest would be given a numbered card, the clerk explained to me, and each male guest a card with a number corresponding to that of one of the women. Numbers would be matched, and the man and woman with the same number must spend the remainder of the evening in each other's company.

I would rather have been able to pick my own partner, I thought as I dressed—without a single doubt in my mind that I could choose whomever I wanted, of course! But perhaps it would be a good way of getting acquainted, after all, and there would be plenty of time later to pick and choose.

As I waited, a little later, a scrap of pasteboard bearing the number seventeen in my lap, I was conscious of the admiration in the eyes of people—men and women alike—who passed me searching for their partners. My frock, of palest pink, billowed about me, and the simple strands of seed pearls at my throat—a birthday gift from Howard—were the perfect complement to the gown. I glowed with pleasure—already my own world was far behind me, and I was a part of this one. Perhaps—well, I might even meet *him*, tonight.

"If you've number seventeen," said a slow, amused voice from behind me, "I'm afraid you're stuck with me for the evening."

My first feeling, as I turned swiftly to look at him, was a keen disappointment. He, surely, was not the man who had been so sweetly enshrined in my heart all these years. Accustomed to the polish and smoothness of Howard, and to the glamorous, handsome creature I'd dreamed about, my first thought was, *Oh, he's rough-looking, and ugly!*

He was in his early thirties, I judged, of medium height, and strongly-built. There was an unusually firm set to his squarish jaw, and a surprisingly thoughtful cast to his rather blue eyes. His hair was sun-burned blond, and his features strong and irregular. Even as I rejected him as the person I'd come here to meet, I accepted the fact that I would be more fragile, more dainty than ever by contrast to him, that he would be an excellent back- (Continued on page 76)

In Ronnie's heart, all of her life, there would never be anyone but Roy. And yet, unprotesting, she watched from the back of the church the day he married Gloria.

Say that you love me!

HAVE you ever noticed how strangely different an incident appears to you when you're looking back at it, rather than facing it? After you've had time to recall details that may have escaped you at the moment, and to weigh your own actions and other people's actions, you often find the whole picture changed in your mind. At the time, you may feel that you're acting like a fool. Looking back, you may realize that you acted perfectly sensibly, and that the other people were the foolish ones. Or, of course, it can be the other way around.

It was that way the night Roy met Gloria Martin.

It was the night of the High School Prom, a June night that was made of laughter and music and the heady perfume of the roses in the clubhouse garden; made, too, of Roy's arms around me as we stood together on the veranda, looking out into the soft blackness. I hardly dared to breathe; for the first time in all the years I had loved Roy, I thought I felt an answering excitement in him, as though he had forgotten all the roller-skating and the homework done together and the numberless scrapes we had gotten each other into and out of, and was seeing at last the grown-up girl, the girl who was altogether his if he wanted her. And so I waited, mouse-still, until at last he turned my face up to his and kissed me lightly on the lips.

We both laughed a little.

"Darn it, Ronnie," he said, "what kind of spell are you spinning? You never looked like this before."

"It's the pink dress," I answered softly.

Roy shook his head. "No, it's you." He studied my face carefully, and suddenly smiled. "I remember—you looked like this once before, the day I cut my leg cooning apples down at Herley's orchard, and you carefully tied it up for me with your handkerchief."

I remembered. It had been my best handkerchief, the one with the hand-crocheted border, and I had been brilliantly happy because something of mine was going to be so close to Roy—at least until the cut had stopped bleeding. I had hoped, of course, that he would silently treasure it, and that I would never get it back—but I got it back after his mother's next laundering day. I sighed, and Roy's arm tightened around me. "It's a wonderful night, Ronnie, isn't it?" he murmured. "Wonderful," I echoed.

That's what I remember now, when I think back to the Prom. It's the only important and meaningful memory that remains to me. But at the time it was wiped out of my mind in an instant, because when we went back into the ballroom, blinking a little at the lights, the first thing I saw was Gloria.

You couldn't help seeing her. She was taller than most of the other girls in the room, and she held her red-blonde head commandingly high. The smooth white satin of her gown made the rest of us look as though we had dressed for a children's party. My hand dropped from Roy's arm, even before he said in a curiously alert voice, "Who's that?"

"Must be Harry Neil's cousin from Chicago," I answered tonelessly. "He's bringing her over, so we'll know in a minute."

I wanted to turn and run, as they came toward us. I suddenly felt as though someone had pricked me, and all the lovely warmth of Roy's arms around me, Roy's lips on mine, had escaped, leaving me completely limp and colorless. I watched Roy's face as we were introduced, and resigned myself to dancing for the rest of the evening with Harry Neil, with Bob Grant, with Johnny Flynn. Only once did I find myself again in Roy's arms.

"She's lovely, isn't she," I ventured, nodding toward Gloria.

"Good-looking," Roy agreed, with an affectation of casualness which didn't deceive me. I had known the moment I saw Gloria that her blonde beauty would leave that eager, delighted look in Roy's eyes—the look he had given his first two-wheel bicycle, and the new-born puppy we had found one day in his backyard—the look that had almost been there for me, in that moment on the veranda. It had been there ever since she had first smiled at him, and I knew that my soft, dark prettiness had been completely eclipsed by that dazzling, confident smile. There was no point in trying to make him remember me; might as well try to enjoy myself, and hope that Gloria was making only a brief visit to Bentonville.

But she had come, I learned later, for the entire summer.

I saw very little of Roy that summer. We met and chatted as we always had, but there was something different. For a while I couldn't put my finger on the difference, but one day after he'd left me, I knew what it was. Roy was actually polite with me, polite the way you'd be with somebody you knew, but not too well. I would have been grateful even to go back to our almost brotherly comradeship, since I couldn't have anything more, but it was as though all those years of growing up together had been wiped away. I had become a girl who meant nothing particular to him, a girl to whom he merely owed the little courtesies of neighborliness.

Then I tried to hope that Roy's interest in Gloria was just a momentary crush. After all, I told myself, she was startlingly beautiful, startlingly vital. More

A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

Suggested by "Day After Tomorrow", by Peggy Blake, heard on Stars Over Hollywood, Saturdays at noon, CBS.

than that, she was new, and new faces always caught the eye. But I knew, inside me, that this was no passing fancy; Roy was so outstanding himself that he must automatically fall in love with the most outstanding girl he had ever met. I had no real hope of ever reaching him again.

As the miserable summer wore on, I found myself going out more and more often with Harry Neil. That way, you see, I could still be in Roy's company, even though I had to take Gloria at the same time. It was worth it. I wasn't trying to compete with her; that, to my mind, would have been funny. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that Roy should have eyes only for her—as I always had eyes only for him. But at least I could watch him, finding a sort of tortured pleasure in his happiness.

The summer had half gone when it happened. I thought I'd detected a gradual loss of interest on Gloria's part. She was the type who needed attention; and consequently was interested only in a boy who added to the attention her beauty brought her. And as the time grew close for her to return to Chicago she was getting ready to wash her hands of her small-town admirer. After all, while Roy Carter might be one of Bentonville's brightest hopes, he was just another country boy in comparison with the men she must know.

But the Carteret Foundation Award changed all that.

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Roy never mentioned it in any of his letters to me, though. And I, in turn, was careful to avoid too personal a touch when I wrote him. I wrote about the people he knew, and about the way Spring was coming to Bentonville, and about the occasional weekends I would spend down at the seashore, but I never mentioned standing on the clubhouse veranda with Harry Neil and deciding I couldn't bear to have *him* kiss me. Why should Roy care about that? He had told me nothing about Gloria.

But when she came to Bentonville with him, after his graduation, we all knew, of course. It was as good as an announcement. It was nice of him to drop over to see me, his very first evening at home. But, although we sat in our old corner of the porch steps, we didn't have much to say to one another. We were awkward, quiet.

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Roy took my hand and squeezed it. "Are you really, Ronnie?. I wish you'd act that way, then. There's a lot I'd like to—to sort of talk over with you—" I snatched my hand away and jumped up. For once I rebelled. I was not going to sit there and listen to him talk about Gloria, about how he felt, maybe, and about when they were planning to be married, how happy he was—no! "Heavens, it's late!" I exclaimed. "You must be exhausted. We'll have lots of time to talk."

"Sure," Roy said, getting up slowly. "Sure we will. Well, sleep well, Ronnie."

"You, too," I whispered. His broad shoulders seemed to sag a trifle as he walked down the path and out the gate.

But we never had that talk. I'm not certain, now, whose fault it was, who avoided whom. But when Gloria and Roy set their wedding date, I found out about it from the local paper. It was better that way; I couldn't have stood his telling me.

They were married at the little stone church just outside of town. The day they were married, I slipped into the rear of the church and cried my eyes out throughout the ceremony.

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Ralph was back!

This dream

Frank is gone—I'll never live again, Francie thought. But somewhere beneath the rushing tide of her love for him, happiness lay quietly, placidly waiting

ONCE when I was about six years old, I asked my Great Aunt Sarah, who was withered and wise and very old, if she were afraid to die. And, 15 years later, when they told me about Frank's death, I remembered her answer and understood it for the first time.

"No, Francie," she told me that day so long ago, resting her thin, blue-veined hand on the arm of the big, mahogany chair. "No, my dear, I'm not afraid, because so many little parts of my heart are gone already. A woman doesn't die all at once, Francie. She dies in little pieces."

I remembered Aunt Sarah's philosophical wisdom the day the three young Navy officers came to tell me of watching the ocean swallow up Frank's crippled plane. That day, when I knew with certain pain that my husband, the father of my boy baby, never would hold me in his arms again, I felt the sharp knife of grief cut away a corner of my heart. Sadness tarnished the sparkling gaiety which had lighted our romance like tinsel on a Christmas tree. Frank was dead—and a part of me was dead, too—forever.

My first reaction to the telegram had been the usual one of numbing shock. Blue snatches of official words, REGRETS TO INFORM YOU—FRANK C. JENNINGS—KILLED IN ACTION, danced in front of my dazed eyes, but had no immediate meaning.

And when I did translate them, I told myself, "That isn't true. It can't be. Frank was too vital, too happy, too lucky to die. Pretty soon they'll tell me it's a mistake."

Drugging myself with unbelief I went about the business of living and caring for my baby until three sympathetic officers called on me about a month later. When they told me of watching from the carrier as Frank's plane spun crazily and dropped into the water, they forced me to face the fact that our glorious, exciting, youthful marriage was ended.

"Don't tell me that," I cried out to Frank's friends as they stood there watching my reaction with honest pity. "Don't tell me he'll never come back," I cried over and over again, as pain washed over me in waves. I thought I couldn't live through this terrifying loss. I felt that I could not bear to lose the love that I had waited for—a love that was exciting in its splendor. A love that is gone now, leaving nothing but a memory which quickens my heartbeat even as I write of it.

Perhaps, our love—Frank's and mine—was too rapturous for everyday living. Perhaps we are allowed only brief glimpses of real ecstasy in life. Because the love we knew was ecstasy—a wild, tumultuous emotion which came rushing into my life, changing everyday colors of green and brown and grey to vivid, startling hues, seen only on a magic carpet—a magic carpet to romance. It was a love that most women dream about but never hope to experience. It seems funny now, but I never did just dream about a love like that—I expected it. I seemed to be waiting for it even when I lived with Aunt Beth and Uncle Roy back in Cartersville—in that other world of peace.

Life in Cartersville was a calm, placid lake, compared to my marriage with Frank, which was like an exciting, rushing mountain stream, dazzling in its brilliance. But a quiet lake is beautiful, too. And life in Cartersville was good. I was an orphan, but Uncle Roy and Aunt Beth never let me feel any lack when I lived with them and went to high school. Uncle Roy was just like any father, who thinks his daughter is pretty whenever he can stop earning a living long enough to look at her. Once when we were at his cottage at Grey Lake, I ran down to the pier in my bathing suit and Uncle Roy said thoughtfully, "You're a mighty pretty girl, Francie. Some boy some day's going to fall head over heels in love with you." You see, he was just about like any dad.

Aunt Beth was just like a mother, too. She loved me and worried about me and wanted me to be happy. And my cousin Pete teased me just as any kid brother would. Yes, back when the first rumbling of war was faint in the

is done

If I had never known Frank. . .

Frankie was my life

distance, Cartersville was pleasant. I had my first beau there in Cartersville—a normal American boy named Ralph, who worked at a grocery store on Saturdays, and played on the football team at City High, and kissed me after our Junior-Senior banquet.

I STAYED in Cartersville for two years after I graduated from high school, and all of that time I "went steady" with Ralph. "Ralph and Francie"—that was a twosome just like macaroni and cheese or sugar and cream. And, yet, even as I admired and respected Ralph and enjoyed being with him more than the other boys, I knew that this wasn't the romance I was waiting for. I was looking forward to something more exciting. That's why I couldn't promise to wait for Ralph when he went away to war.

"I don't know, Ralph," I told him that last night. "I'm not sure that we love each other enough to marry. But I'll miss you terribly and remember you always. And when you come back, ask me again, will you? By then, I'll be old enough to be sure."

Right after Ralph went away, the contractor Uncle Roy worked for got a government contract at a southern airfield. So we moved away from Cartersville, and I had no regrets. Our gang had broken up—and the boys were at war and the girls had scattered all over the United States. I had a feeling that life was passing me by. And I had a feeling that if I went to the new location with Uncle Roy and Aunt Beth I might turn the corner to that "something" I seemed to be waiting for.

There wasn't any uncertainty in my feeling for Frank, the flyer I met a week after we left Cartersville. I had a peculiar "this is it" feeling about him the very first time I had a date with him. And, then, I didn't even remember Cartersville and the old gang and Ralph any more. I had turned the corner and I couldn't see what I had left behind. It wasn't that I said to myself, "Ralph isn't the one—but Frank is." I simply forgot that any life before I knew Frank had ever existed.

You probably can't understand that unless you've known someone with as strong and commanding a personality as Frank's—someone darkly handsome, with a twinkle about him that's as gay as a carnival midway. Exciting Frank, who made everything he came in contact with exciting! Life no longer passed me by. It swept me along with it gloriously.

It is hard for me to remember every step of my romance with Frank—it was all so wild and headstrong and fast. But I remember the first night we were together, the first date when I knew with a strange, intuitive certainty that the expectant part of me, the waiting part, was ended. I knew at last that love as I had imagined it was coming to me.

It was spring in the southland, a night voluptuous with a new-born beauty. We drove into the country for an outdoor steak fry. As we sat by the campfire—three couples of us—pleasantly full of good food and joyful at being young and gay even in wartime, I looked at the strange, dark boy who was my date.

"You look like a gypsy," I told him softly. And it was true. In the firelight, his tawny skin, his dark, brilliant

eyes, his dazzling white teeth, seemed to belong to a romantic nomad.

"I've always wanted to be a gypsy," he admitted. "Imagine being able to pitch your tent a different place every day."

I looked at him and was suddenly fearful. "He's reckless and he's fascinating," I told myself. "He could make my life a truly wonderful thing—or he could break my heart."

I swayed toward him, almost dizzy with his nearness, with the thought of what it would be like to be with him always—laughing through each day with him, loving him each night.

And then our lips met. His on mine were firm, seeking yet tender, exciting and warm. And I knew that I wanted to belong to him more than I had ever wanted anything in all my lifetime.

It was Frank who broke away abruptly.

"Francie, I could be either of two kinds of a man," he said, slowly. "Both kinds are in me. With a girl who didn't matter, I could be a pretty useless sort of fellow, a rogue—anything. But with a girl like you—oh, Francie, now that I've found you, I'd better never let you get away. You could make me into something better than I've ever dreamed of being. Don't let me lose you, Francie. . ."

We had one month, after that night, Frank and I, into which we crammed our lovemaking in little scraps of time. And then Frank was transferred to another camp for his final training before going overseas. And I wanted to get married then.

BUT Frank only kissed away my pleadings. "It's not that I don't trust your love, darling," he told me. "That's like the sky and the earth—everlasting and firm, and something to cling to. It's myself I don't trust. If I ever thought of marriage at all, before I met you, it was like thinking of something that will happen to you when you're old—something not to be considered or worried about for a long, long time. Let me get used to the idea—let me be sure of myself. Don't let me even have an outside chance of breaking your heart."

And, so he went away, and we had nothing during the weeks that followed but letters—letters as filled with desire as our kisses had been.

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"Darling," he said over the telephone, "I have a 15-day embarkation leave coming up in about three days. And I know now that you're in my heart forever—do you still want to marry me?"

Marry him! "Yes, darling—yes," I cried.

The next day, Uncle Roy, Aunt Beth and Petie and I started to our new home in the north, and Frank met us there three days later.

We were married the morning he arrived, and that same day we drove to Uncle Roy's cabin at Grey Lake, where we had spent our summers when I was going to high school in Cartersville. But now the little lake was dearer and more beautiful than ever before.

Our love was glorious, almost overpowering in its intensity. Every day we discovered more reasons to love one another. Little reasons like both of us wanting baking powder biscuits for breakfast, or liking fish rolled in cracker crumbs instead of corn meal. We ran to the lake like children every morning, plunging in the cold water with shouts of excitement. After-

wards, I fixed breakfast in the cottage while Frank built a fire in the fireplace.

That fireplace—the dear, lost dreams we dreamed in front of that fireplace! We sat there in our robes each night, dreaming dreams and loving each other, sometimes gently, sometimes wildly, but never casually. This was a love for always and we both knew it.

Sometimes, Frank looked at me and his dark eyes were serious.

"Oh, my darling," he would say. "A wartime marriage, and you're so young. This may make you grow up too soon."

"I love you, Frank," I answered always, "if that's growing up, then I want to grow old fast."

THAT was happiness as light and gay and intoxicating as champagne, happiness that bubbled and sparkled for two glorious weeks. And yet sometimes, each of us felt, I know, that our champagne happiness was covering a certain fear—a knowledge that this exquisite state could not endure.

I went back to Cedar City with Uncle Roy and Aunt Beth and got a job when Frank went away. And I worked as long as I could after I knew about the baby. At first I wasn't going to tell Frank. He had been so afraid of giving me too much responsibility. But then the joy I knew at carrying his child was too great not to share it with him. You can stand grief alone, but you can't bear joy. And so I told him. And I'll cherish forever his answering letter of pride and love and faith, in which he began making future plans for three.

At first, after the Navy officers came, and I knew that Frank wasn't coming back, ever, I'd stand and look down at the baby. And I used to wonder if Fate had traded me one kind of love for another. Because when I looked at that dear little face, so much like Frank's dark one, I realized that there are different kinds of love, each kind different, each one as great as another. Sometimes, when I looked at the baby, I was conscious only of the tragedy in my life, the terrible responsibility of playing the parts of both a father and a mother to a child. But, most of the time, there was a catch in my voice when I sang, "Rockabye, Baby," and then I was feeling no pity for myself, but compassion for my child, who would never know the father whose blood ran in his veins.

That is the reason I concentrated so completely on the baby after Frank was gone. Uncle Roy and Aunt Beth and Petie had gone south again but I stayed on in Cedar City. I rented a little apartment and lived in it alone with my baby. Never was there a baby so clean, or so well fed, and so cared for, I told myself. It was as if I were doing something for Frank, too. And, sometimes, I even thought of the baby as Frank, when he was a child. And then I was glad for the baby, because I felt that I was going to relive my husband's childhood in his own child.

It wasn't a natural life that I lived. In my grief for my dark, exciting husband, and in my concentration on the child, I often was serious and moody and almost morbid. It worried Margie Parks, who was the only friend I had in Cedar City, and who lived in the apartment across the hall from mine.

"You're only 21, Francie," she reminded me one night when she stopped in on her way home from work. "That's young."

"It is if you're in college or working," I told her. "Not if you're a widow and a mother."

"But you can't just sit around and feel sorry for yourself," she went on.

"I suppose you wouldn't feel cheated —if your husband—if someone like Frank were taken away from you," I told her, letting bitterness edge my words.

"I know," she said. "I know, Francie. But you owe it to your son to go on living. He doesn't want a mother who died when he was born."

"I take good care of little Frankie," I flung out, angry and defensive.

"Yes — but —" And, then, Margie stopped, because she could see that there was no point in talking to me.

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PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Valiant Lady

The story of a young love and its search for stability in today's exciting world

DR. TRUMAN SCOTT, fondly nicknamed "Tubby" by his adoring wife, holds an important position as head of the plastic surgery staff at the Institute for Medical Research. He has made, partly through Joan's loving effort, a successful adjustment following his return from the war, and he is anxious now to help other veterans to make that same adjustment.
(Played by Martin Blaine)

JOAN SCOTT, truly a "valiant lady," combines the charm and loveliness of youth with the wisdom and generosity of maturity. Her gay blue eyes and her appealing, childlike smile are a constant source of amazement to people who know her as a successful hat designer or as a modern young wife—a pillar of strength to her many friends and her devoted husband.
(Played by Joan Banks)

Listen to Valiant Lady on your local Columbia station every morning at 10:00 EWT.

AMY BINGHAM, whose husband was killed at Pearl Harbor, has not yet fully adjusted to her loss. She has been working as Colin Kirby's secretary, a position which she obtained largely through the efforts of Joan Scott, and although both she and Colin are well satisfied with their association, the situation may produce a very difficult and dangerous complication as far as young Monica is concerned.
(Played by Elaine Kent)

MRS. SCOTT, Truman's mother, would have been chosen by Joan as a friend even if she had not been Truman's mother, because she combines a profound womanly wisdom with the quiet maturity of experience—combines also the even-tempered strength and intelligence that have helped to build Truman's personality with an unostentatious stoicism that would enable her to make any sacrifice for her children's good.
(Played by Charlotte Garrity)

MONICA BREWSTER, beautiful, spoiled, knows Colin Kirby's secret, but is undiscouraged in her determination to turn his love to herself.
(Played by Cathleen Cordell)

COLIN KIRBY finds little pleasure these days in his busy life as a lawyer, sportsman, and wealthy, attractive young bachelor, but he is proving beyond all doubt that he is a good friend to both Joan and Truman—he refuses to admit, even to himself, that it is not friendship he feels for Joan, but love. Knowing how complete and happy her life with her husband is, and how devoted they are to one another, Colin is determined that nobody shall ever guess the depth of his feeling for Joan; he is carefully guarding his secret.
(Played by Ned Wever)

T. R. CLARKE, sharp-witted publisher, spends his time blustering and grumbling if there is anyone around who will hear him—but Joan, who has worked as his secretary, knows that underneath he is one of the gentlest, kindest, most generous of men. Even though they no longer work together, Clarke and Joan have maintained their very affectionate friendship and close mutual understanding.
(Played by Charles Webster)

PRETTY LITTLE PATRICIA RYAN is a veteran of fourteen years' standing in radio, although she's now only twenty-one years old. Pat still plays her original part on the CBS children's fantasy, Let's Pretend, as well as the role of Geraldine Love, one of Henry's multitude of girl friends, on The Aldrich Family, and regular ingenue parts on The Adventures of The Thin Man and We the People. Although it's safe to call Pat a glamour girl, she has a serious side as well—a side expressed in her two years of steady service as a Nurse's Aide, and her work as a hostess in a number of canteens. She goes most often to the Thistle Club, canteen for British servicemen, because although Pat has spent most of her life in this country, she and her family came from England.

WE'LL NEVER GIVE ENOUGH

Open your heart to the plea Pat makes in the name of her boy in China, your boy wherever he may be. Surely there is some way you, too, can help!

By PAT RYAN

I HAVE been asked to write this. People know I've been a Nurse's Aide for a long time and that I do as much work as I can in several Canteens and, because of that, I was asked to write this. That's not why I'm writing it, though.

There is a reason—a good one. He's young and he's good-looking—at least, I think he is. I like him very much because he laughs a lot and can make me laugh and, sometimes, make me cry a little, and because he's got a zing to him and loves crazy arguments and can get solemn over silly things. He's in the Air Corps and, right now, he's somewhere in China. He's really the reason for my writing this.

Everyone who has anyone at all in the Armed Forces will understand how I feel. I want to do something. When someone you're very fond of is so far away and in the war, you think of all sorts of things. You think he may be wounded. You think he may be lonely. You think of his needing money. You think of his needing little things, maybe cigarettes, or razor blades, or just a friendly smile. You think of his being taken prisoner and isolated from the world until the end of the war. You think of his being crippled, perhaps, and unhappy and miserable about what he will do with his future. You think of the things he sees and does while he's at war, and wonder what all that will do to him, to the way he is and laughs and thinks.

No matter what you think about, when you're letting your mind leap over wide oceans and war-torn countries to the side of the one you love, you'll find that there's an organization to which every one of your worries, fears, ideas and hopes has already occurred. Better than that. The American Red Cross has done more than think of all these things. It is continually at work on every one of them.

Do you know what the Red Cross does—in peace and war? Maybe the best way to make you understand the bigness of it is to say simply that there isn't a single, solitary spot on the known globe to which the Red Cross and its work doesn't penetrate, or will not reach when it is necessary. Wherever our men go, the Red Cross goes with them and after them.

Most of the men long for home more than anything else. They can't come home, not until the job is finished, of course. And we do all we possibly can for them with letters and pictures and gifts. But the Red Cross does more than that. It tries to bring them some feeling of the closeness of home, wherever they are. In every combat and training area overseas, the Red Cross has set up hundreds of large and small clubs. American girls, the kind the boys remember from back home, keep these clubs going and do some of the little, helpful things you'd like to be able to do for your men.

There are the Off-Post Clubs, which are located in leave areas. Some of these are like big hotels, where your men can have baths and real beds with clean sheets and eat American cooking and even read some of their hometown newspapers. The recreation workers liven things up with games and dances, picnics and sight-seeing tours. In all

the camps overseas, there are On-Post Clubs, where the men can get a snack, or play games, read, or write letters, and where there's always an American girl to help tide over dull and lonely hours with a little understanding and friendliness. Navy men have their homes in port, too, in the Fleet Clubs. Some of these were among the first things set up as soon as landing beaches had been taken. For men who are miles from the nearest village, the Red Cross has established Aero Clubs on air strips and at the distant bases.

Men in small, isolated units aren't neglected, either. They have their Clubs On Wheels traveling to them, bringing them hot doughnuts and coffee, magazines and cigarettes, new records and books. Sometimes the going gets rough for the big trucks, but that doesn't stop the Red Cross girls. They load supplies on jeeps and train cabooses and cub planes, even on carts, and go right ahead. Then there are Rest Homes, big, quiet buildings located way off in the country, far away from any touch of battle, where men who've had their nerves knocked to pieces by their combat experiences can have the rest they need and deserve. These homes are operated by the military forces, but staffed by the Red Cross.

And what about the men who are in need of more than rest—the ones who are sick, who have been wounded? The Army and Navy have made sure that our wounded get the best care possible. We don't have to worry about that. But, when a man's been hurt, the hurt goes deeper than just a physical wound. His heart and his mind have to be healed, too. He needs sympathy and understanding. He needs to be helped over the first big step in getting used to the idea of changing all his plans for the future, if he's been disabled. The Red Cross, by agreement with the Army and Navy, sends trained women to hospitals here and overseas to deal with these special problems. Some of them even go on hospital ships, so they can begin the work of comforting and reassuring the wounded on their way home. These case workers do all sorts of helpful things, from the simple job of writing letters for disabled men, to discussing in confidence the problems and fears of the men and helping them overcome their worst worries. There are recreation workers attached to hospitals, too, who arrange for recreation for men in the wards and in hospitals—girls who know when to be gay and when to be quiet and just listen because a man needs to talk to someone.

Then, think of this. Think of the man you love disappearing. Think of hearing that he's "Missing in Action." Think how it would be if you could never find out until after the war was over; perhaps months, years after, whether he was alive or not. But it doesn't happen that way, because there is a Red Cross. This is where the International (*Continued on page 95*)

Forever yours

THE STORY:

I'D loved Philip James ever since I could remember. We'd grown up together in the little town of Tilbury. Phil and Henry McCarthy and I had been friends since we were children—Henry was the son of my "courtesy aunt" Connie McCarthy, who lived next door. With the coming of the war, life in Tilbury changed completely. Philip and Henry were called into service. A small factory blossomed into a big arms plant, and people who came to work at the plant, finding no place in town to live, started Trailertown on the outskirts of the village. "Foreigners," Aunt Connie called them, "upsetting our way of life here!" And I was inclined to agree with her, especially in regard to one of the Trailertown girls, Stephanie Vosper, who seemed to me to be a little common in her too-made-up beauty, her too-tightly fitting, flamboyant clothes.

After they had been gone some months, Philip and Henry came home on leave. I was sure Phil would ask me to marry him, but on his first night home we went out with Henry and his blind date—Stephanie Vosper! Philip's immediate interest in Stephanie was obvious, and that interest deepened as the week went on. I knew he was seeing a great deal of her—and he didn't ask me to marry him. Then, one afternoon I overheard what I thought was a conversation concerning marriage between Henry and Stephanie—only to learn a moment later that the man talking to Stephanie was Phil himself. I didn't see him again until the evening before he was to go back to camp—when he suddenly appeared and asked me to marry him! I felt that he had had a quarrel with Stephanie, but I loved him enough to want him at any cost. We were married, and, just as the train carrying him off to camp pulled out, Phil said there was something he wanted me to do for him—take care of Stephanie while he was gone!

THE lingering, far-away whistle of the train drifted back to me in jeering farewell. I couldn't move; the echo of Philip's words still in my ears . . . *"Look after Stephanie for me!"* . . . Around me were only the ghostly shadows, the little pool of light from the unshaded bulb over the baggage room, the hard, unfriendly benches, and—from somewhere inside—the insistent tapping of a telegraph key, all the sounds and shadows that make up a small-town railroad station at night.

And, slowly, the hatred ebbed out of me, leaving only despair.

Why had Philip married me? *Why?* To hurt her—? Because she didn't want him and his bruised male ego had needed the consolation that I could give? That didn't sound like the Philip I knew . . . decent and kind. But I wasn't sure, any longer, that I did really know Philip.

With a desperate gesture I rubbed my forehead with the back of my hand. A gleam of light caught my eye—I looked down at my wedding ring. How well it fitted my finger!

Hope, like a wraith, stirred in me. It fitted *my* finger! Philip had bought it for *me.* Perhaps—underneath the turmoil she had created in him—he had always wanted our love. The safe, the sure love. What had he said: " . . . to have someone to come back to who is a link with old dreams . . ."? Had he turned back from pursuing adventure and come back to me, wanting the peace we had always known together?

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I had what I wanted. I had Philip. We were married and our future lay before us, just as we had planned. The girl, Stephanie, had been an incident, unpleasant and disturbing, but done with. Those last words of his had been wrung from him by a sense of duty.

Strange that I was so little comforted! Perhaps not so strange—with the insistent, mocking whisper in my heart that, though Philip had asked me to marry him—he had never once said he loved me!

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"Mary, girl, you can't stand there forever. We'd better be hiking along home." Dad had come silently from the swiftly deepening shadows.

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"It's a terrible thing, Mary, for you, having your husband leave you like this. But you can take it. Remember your great-grandmother Mary? She followed Ezra Brockman out here by covered wagon and married him. He thought he'd left her safe and sound back East, but she came right along after him in the next wagon train. And an hour after the wedding they were both fighting Indians." That Mary Brockman had become both a pride and a scandal to later generations of staid, stay-at-home Brockmans. I knew her story by heart, but tonight it was sweet to hear it again. It made me feel one with the other women of my family who had lived and won through trouble.

Dad shook his head and chuckled. "Women! We men like to think we're the pioneers, but sometimes I think we'd never stir our stumps if it weren't for you women prodding us. Take your mother. Every morning a new adventure. Every day a promise. She had such spirit and imagination that work was just a game to her. The only regrets I've had since she died were that

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Her mouth tightened. "It depends on what you mean by 'happy.' Flibberty-gibberty, she was. But I won't be speaking ill of the dead." She cut her words off sharply and busied herself at the stove.

So Aunt Connie had not approved of Mother! Vaguely, the picture Dad had drawn of her was replacing the one I had always carried in my mind. And, strangely, I wanted to defend her; to take her part against Aunt Connie. I was confused. Had I inherited any of the challenge and the temperament of this new picture of Mother? I shrank from the idea. I wanted to be just Mary Brockman, the child, the girl I had been; the woman I was now.

The funeral arrangements were in Aunt Connie's capable hands. I had nothing to do.

Alone, in the hushed and darkened rooms, where the scent of flowers hung sickeningly sweet, I had too much time to think and brood. For that reason, the envelope that came by messenger, with Stephanie Vosper's name in the corner, seemed to possess a malevolent life of its own that seeped through my fingers. I tore it open, slowly.

"Dear Mary (I hope you don't mind my calling you that, even though we've met only once), I wanted to write you how sorry I was to hear about your Dad. He must have been swell, from what—" here a name was scratched out and the word "everybody" scrawled above it—*"everybody said about him. I wish I had known him. My own Pa was a drunken bum, but he had had a hard life and he was good to me. I felt terribly when he died. So I know how you feel. If there's anything I can do, just call on me. Stephanie Vosper.*

Anger beat in me, suffocating me. *My own Pa!*—with a few words she had managed to reduce our feelings to a level that was horrible! I tore the note to shreds. I felt sick.

And then Philip's letter came, after so long a wait. Philip was overseas, but that was no shock—he had prepared me for that. I opened it wearily, expecting almost anything. And the first words stole out from the coldness of pen and ink like a benediction.

"My own dear wife—" it began. My own dear wife! Like shadows in the night, fear melted before the sure reality of his words. "I am writing this on the train that is taking me farther and farther away from you and I miss you more with every turn of the wheels. Keep a light burning for me, Mary, and I'll find my way back to you and someday we'll have that home you want and I'll finish law school at night and hang out my shingle over the Tilbury First National Bank, and we'll be a settled, honest-to-goodness married couple. You mean home to me, darling. You're what I want to come back to. Right now Henry is playing his mouth organ, sitting on his cot—"

But I didn't care what Henry was doing. I went back to the first and read it over. And read it again. My heart grew lighter and happier with each reading, until I felt it would burst.

My own dear wife! I *was* Philip's wife. The boy in the torn corduroy pants with the unruly cowlick, the sunny smile—and the girl in the satin hair-ribbon—had known from child-

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"Were they happy, Aunt Connie? Mother and Dad, I mean." It didn't seem right to be asking, but I had to know.

Her mouth tightened. "It depends on what you mean by 'happy.' Flibberty-gibberty, she was. But I won't be speaking ill of the dead." She cut her words off sharply and busied herself at the stove.

So Aunt Connie had not approved of Mother! Vaguely, the picture Dad had drawn of her was replacing the one I had always carried in my mind. And, strangely, I wanted to defend her; to take her part against Aunt Connie. I was confused. Had I inherited any of the challenge and the temperament of this new picture of Mother? I shrank from the idea. I wanted to be just Mary Brockman, the child, the girl I had been; the woman I was now.

The funeral arrangements were in Aunt Connie's capable hands. I had nothing to do.

Alone, in the hushed and darkened rooms, where the scent of flowers hung sickeningly sweet, I had too much time to think and brood. For that reason, the envelope that came by messenger, with Stephanie Vosper's name in the corner, seemed to possess a malevolent life of its own that seeped through my fingers. I tore it open, slowly.

"*Dear Mary (I hope you don't mind my calling you that, even though we've met only once), I wanted to write you how sorry I was to hear about your Dad. He must have been swell, from what*—" here a name was scratched out and the word "everybody" scrawled above it—"*everybody said about him. I wish I had known him. My own Pa was a drunken bum, but he had had a hard life and he was good to me. I felt terribly when he died. So I know how you feel. If there's anything I can do, just call on me. Stephanie Vosper.*

Anger beat in me, suffocating me. *My own Pa!*—with a few words she had managed to reduce our feelings to a level that was horrible! I tore the note to shreds. I felt sick.

And then Philip's letter came, after so long a wait. Philip was overseas, but that was no shock—he had prepared me for that. I opened it wearily, expecting almost anything. And the first words stole out from the coldness of pen and ink like a benediction.

"My own dear wife—" it began. My own dear wife! Like shadows in the night, fear melted before the sure reality of his words. "I am writing this on the train that is taking me farther and farther away from you and I miss you more with every turn of the wheels. Keep a light burning for me, Mary, and I'll find my way back to you and someday we'll have that home you want and I'll finish law school at night and hang out my shingle over the Tilbury First National Bank, and we'll be a settled, honest-to-goodness married couple. You mean home to me, darling. You're what I want to come back to. Right now Henry is playing his mouth organ, sitting on his cot—"

But I didn't care what Henry was doing. I went back to the first and read it over. And read it again. My heart grew lighter and happier with each reading, until I felt it would burst.

My own dear wife! I *was* Philip's wife. The boy in the torn corduroy pants with the unruly cowlick, the sunny smile—and the girl in the satin hair-ribbon—had known from child-

hood that they belonged to each other. The grown-up Philip and Mary had lost that assurance for a while, but we had found it again. And when I saw that his letter was signed with his love, the bubble of fear broke inside me and I felt cleansed and whole again.

The next day I went back to the children's nursery. It was good to be working again. And in the evenings there were letters to write and Philip's to read and re-read again.

I missed Dad, but I wasn't afraid to stay alone. He had left the house to me and I set about getting it ready for Philip and me to live in. I spent long hours poring over magazines for hints on interior decorating. The house was musty mid-Victorian and, while there was much that I would keep out of sentiment, a little paper and paint would brighten it up. I prowled through Peter's Furniture Store and felt very much a wife, consulting Mr. Peters about re-upholstering Dad's old Morris chair.

"I remember selling your folks that same chair, Mary. It was a good chair but it gets worn, like all us old things. I'm glad you're using chintz and not throwing out good chairs for all these chromium gadgets and modern stuff."

I UNPACKED the trunks that Philip's cousins sent over. At first it seemed strange to see those masculine clothes hanging in my closet but soon they, too, became familiar and comforting.

The too-feminine, girlish flounces in our bedroom vanished. Instead, I sewed for hours over deep turquoise box-pleats for the tailored bedspread. Draperies to match with a fine tracing of cherry-red leaves; ivory vanity and highboy stenciled with the same cherry-red design—when I finished it look as sophisticated as any I had seen in the magazines. I would show Philip I knew what was smart, even if I'd never been out of Tilbury!

Aunt Connie visited at all hours. I was glad to see her because she was company for me. But, in my busy happiness, her constant grieving got on my nerves, sometimes. I knew as well as she that Philip and Henry were seeing action; that they were in danger. But the only thing I could do was what the other service wives all over the world were doing—work—

and write letters—and wait for replies. And I didn't want to talk about the Trailertown people. It was too sharp a reminder—it had the power to cut through the layers of confidence with which I was smothering the memory of Stephanie. I resented Aunt Connie's harping.

". . . and Mary Ellen Jones is just sick about it, Mary. Her Imogene is sneaking out nights to meet one of the Trailertown boys she met in the library. And now Imogene tells her mother they are going to be married and she's going to leave Tilbury with him!" My aunt-by-adoption was even more upset than usual.

But I wasn't interested in Imogene. And besides—

"Maybe they're really in love. Then it's right for her to go where he does," I argued mildly.

"Love's one thing. Suitability's another. Now, don't you go getting ideas, Mary—the 'world well lost for love' and that sort of thing. What keeps people together is having the same background." Her tone indicated that that was her final word on the subject, and then her voice changed as she told me of Henry's last letter to her. "I'm worried about him, Mary. He keeps hinting about a surprise—but he doesn't talk the same to me. I can't put my finger on it, but he's different, somehow."

It would be surprising if being a soldier didn't make some difference in Henry. I was about to tell her that—and how Philip had altered, too—but I caught myself. It would only lead to probing questions I didn't want to answer.

If I had ever admitted the possibility of either of them being hurt, it would have been reckless, unstable Henry I would have picked—but never Philip.

That's why the letter from the War Department was such a shock. Philip wounded! I couldn't believe it—it must be a mistake! Before my numbed mind had more than just grasped the pitifully few facts, more detailed information came by letter from his nurse.

He was wounded—yes—but, thank God, not dangerously so. The doctors had promised to save his leg. He might limp a little and he would be discharged from the Army—but he was all right. Already he had been shipped back from overseas; he was in an Army hospital in this country, and would soon be sent home. The relief was so great I wanted to run and shout—I had to tell someone. Dizzy and shaking, I slipped into a coat, the first one I could find, and hurried down the street.

Never had Tilbury looked more pleasant. To come so close to disaster and then be snatched back from it—to know that Philip was safe, that he had nothing worse to look forward to than a couple of tedious, uncomfortable months in the hospital—somehow, even the birds seemed to have an extra fullness in their song and the flowers stood up straighter and had more perfume and every brick and stone in the pavement was warm to the touch. Philip was safe!

I bought a coke so I could tell Rose O'Malley, behind the fountain, about it; I stopped in at the bank where Philip had worked summers to let Mr. Pease know that Philip would be coming back. I stopped people on the street—friends of ours who shared my joy because, of course, there were few people in Tilbury who hadn't heard he was wounded. And everywhere I went I found the same warm, heartfelt relief. Mr. Pease offered Philip his old job back, or a better one, if he could take it. And everyone promised to write. I had never been so proud of my town, so fiercely glad that we were a part of it. It was as though their warmth and friendship were a tight circle around Philip and me, shutting out the rest of the world.

The weeks that followed brought soberness. There was pain for Philip as they set and re-set his leg. There was anguish for me in his sufferings. I wrote, sometimes, twice a day. I gave him bits of gossip I heard, but only the pleasant ones. I talked to him about the house and about his plans for his law studies at night. It was long, hard, anxious waiting.

And then, one day, he came home.

I was in the kitchen when I heard the front door open and the steps through the hall. Steps that limped ever so slightly.

"Aunt Connie?" I called—and then stopped breathless. Through the kitchen window I could see her hanging out wash on our communal line. It wasn't Aunt Connie—but then—who—?

"Philip!"—and he caught me as I swayed toward him, standing there, framed by the half-open Dutch door. There was a moment's awkward, laughing scramble as we both tried to open the bottom half of the door our way—and then we were in each other's arms.

"But you didn't tell me!" I protested through my joyful tears, when finally he released me. His kiss had been a hungry thing, alive on my lips, stirring my senses. I pulled away, trembling at the emotion it awakened in me. "I didn't know you were coming today, Philip!"

"I wanted to surprise you and I had a chance for a ride with another guy from the hospital. The doctors agreed they had finished with me; I'm as good as new except for this limp." His eyes never left my face. It was as though he were searching, deeply, for some sign he couldn't find there. "I decided getting train reservations would take too long, darling. I wanted to come home."

While he was talking I had been studying him, too. And it was a blow to see that this thinner, straighter soldier had changed even more than the last time I had seen him. I knew then what I had done—while he was gone I had re-created in my own mind the Philip of the high-school dance, the Philip who worried about nothing more serious than a football game, the Philip who had escorted me shyly to parties. I had forgotten those lines in his face, the fire that burned restlessly behind his eyes, the strong maturity of his mouth. I felt (*Continued on page 63*)

"Sweet Guy..."

By DINAH SHORE

As told to Pauline Swanson

Dinah got home at four A. M. from her first date with George—and found him on her doorstep again at eleven, with flowers!

I WOULDN'T want this to get any farther, but everything has been upside-down and topsy-turvy for me ever since George Montgomery came into my life.

I knew him—before I ever met him.

He proposed to me two weeks after he married me.

But what can I do? I'm mad about the boy.

To get the story straight, I will have to go back to 1940—before I was anybody anybody else had ever heard of—when I was doing nine shows a day at a movie house on the Steel Pier in Atlantic City.

Because I was "just another singer," completely unknown, I had a very inadequate, semi-public dressing room, and there was nothing for me to do between shows but to go into the auditorium and watch the movie—a picture called "The Cowboy and the Blonde," starring Mary Beth Hughes and a boy I had never heard of called George Montgomery.

"Gee, he's cute," I said to myself, the first time I saw the picture. He got cuter, for about three showings. But nine times a day for two weeks was too many times. I took to knitting through the performances. After awhile I found it easier just to go to sleep.

But I remembered that boy. Two years later, when I came out to Hollywood to do a concert at Shrine auditorium with Bing Crosby, one face loomed out of the mass out in front—George's.

"Why," I said aloud, "there's that fellow from Atlantic City."

We just missed meeting one another after that a dozen times. We were both friends of the Henry Fondas—and visited at their house often, but always with other people (George and I were each going steady with other people during all that time.)

It was hearing my records at the Fondas' which inspired George to go to the Shrine concert. They had given me a big build-up. And they never failed, when I dropped around, to talk to me about the "sweet guy" they knew. But they never got around to introducing us.

When we finally met, it was by accident—at Hollywood Canteen one Saturday night in November 1942, the first of our crucial Saturday nights. Saturday was George's regular night to be bus boy at the canteen. For me, it was just a "conscience" appearance—for I had had to miss my regular Friday night canteening the night before.

Al Melnick, an agent we knew, introduced us with elaborate casualness.

"Don't forget," he said, "that I want ten percent of what comes of this."

"Sure," we promised gaily, so busy looking at one another that we didn't realize what we were promising.

I'm glad he didn't ask us to put it in writing.

I told George about sleeping through his picture in Atlantic City. He told me about hearing my records at the Fondas'. He asked me for a date that night.

It was a wonderful night.

We went to the Players' first for dinner, then to Mocambo. All the smart people go to the Players and then to Mocambo, you know. At Mocambo, I spluttered in the smoke—I hate smoke—

The mails were so crowded with the love letters of other soldiers to their girls that Dinah almost didn't get George's proposal—so she married him without one

We went to the Players first for dinner, then to Mocambo. All the smart people go to the Players and then to Mocambo, you know. At Mocambo, I spluttered in the smoke—*I hate* smoke and ordered an orangeade. George ordered an orangeade, too.

"Now, don't be polite," I urged him, for I had had guys act like that before. "Just because *I* don't drink or smoke . . ."

"Don't you?" he said eagerly. "Neither do I."

"Frankly," I admitted, "I don't like nightclubs."

"So do I," said George, with a sigh of relief.

We had a wonderful time, nonetheless, and wound up at four o'clock at Armstrong Schroeders hungry again—and breakfasted on little thin pancakes. It was the latest I had ever stayed up in Hollywood, and I went home to sleep a deep, happy sleep.

AT eleven the next morning, George was at the door, smiling a little sheepishly, in his hand a sweet bunch of violets for me.

"Hope I'm not getting you up," he said, "but I'm taking Mother and Dad to the movies this afternoon and thought maybe you'd come along."

"Oh, I *can't*," I yawned. "I'm too sleepy."

"But," I added, for I *did* want to see him again, "why don't you come for dinner tonight . . . I'm going to cook for the girls."

"*You're* going to cook." He was skeptical.

"Yes," I answered, with asperity, "and I'm a *very* good cook."

That night George had his first session with "the Charm School"—the three girls who were then my roommates, Rufus Crown, my secretary, Shirley Mitchell, who plays Leila on NBC's "The Great Gildersleeve," and Kitty Kallen, the vocalist with Harry James' band. He was fascinated with our dormitory life. In a few days, we had his ration book—along with those of the other girls' boy friends—and George was a regular attendant at our six-o'clock supper-and-gin-rummy-club. I didn't cook *every* night, but Knaravella, our cook, loved company. The more the merrier.

All the other girls had regular boy friends, and somehow, after I met George, I didn't want to go out with anyone else either. We didn't commit ourselves, mind you—but his coming for dinner, and the movies or a gin rummy game afterward got to be a very pleasant habit.

Just when everybody was beginning to take this pleasant, lazy life for granted, George enlisted and was sent away—first to Texas, then to Alaska.

We were still very close, although George was far away.

In the columns, we were splitting up—but we had never had a quarrel.

Each of us wrote every day, long, detailed letters—I about every incident at the "Charm School," George about his daily life in camp.

The last letter I received from Alaska told of a serious accident in which the boat George was in crashed into a reef and was abandoned. All those aboard were in the icy waters for hours until picked up by a tug.

I was worried. I wrote at once, urging George to wear warm clothes, to keep his feet dry, for heaven's sake to take care of himself!

Then, in the middle of the night on the next Saturday the doorbell bell rang.

I called out sleepily, "Who's there?"

"Western Union," replied a faintly familiar voice.

I stumbled downstairs to the door, flung it open, and there, in wrinkled khaki and two months' growth of beard, stood George. It was exactly 2:45 a.m.

My outburst when I saw who had rung the bell wakened the entire Charm School.

"Who is it?" they all wanted to know.

"It's Western Union," I yelled back, but in a voice so full of relief and happiness that I fooled no one.

One by one, Rufus, Shirley and Kitty, sleepy-eyed and tousled, filed down the stairs, and soon the house was bright with lights and George was telling us all about Alaska.

George and I had no chance to be alone, but he watched me strangely and said, "Did you get my letters?"

"Oh, yes, darling," I answered. "I was so worried."

He looked more perplexed than ever, but he said nothing more just then.

Two or three days passed, before the question came up again.

"What was in the last letter you got from me?" George asked, queerly.

"Why, honey," I said, "you told me all about the boat wreck."

"You didn't get any letter after that?"

"Why, no, honey—what did you say?"

"I said," George replied, "that I was getting a few days off before I was shipped out again. And I asked you to marry me, right away."

"Oh," I said, and then again, "*Oh.*"

"Well, will you?" he pressed me. "Will you marry me . . . right away?"

"Oh, dear, I can't," I mumbled out of my surprise and bewilderment, "I—I—I have a Spanish lesson on Friday."

I CAUGHT up with George before he was out of the door, my head suddenly clear and functioning.

"Wait," I said, "Of course I'll marry you—whenever you say."

That was Thursday. I was booked for an appearance on Command Performance on Saturday evening, and George had to leave for camp on Monday.

How I ever lived through those next few days I'll never be able to tell.

On Friday my friend Cobina Wright Beaudette and Rufus and I went shopping. I had to have a pale blue dress, and there weren't any pale blue dresses. Finally we found a long one. I tried it on—it fit—so I ordered it cut off to street length. The dress whizzed off to alterations marked "Rush!"

Cobina found a white prayer book, while George combed the florists looking for my favorite flowers, camellias. There weren't any camellias. Only baby white orchids.

"It doesn't matter," I said; then we raced off to the jewelers to pick out our rings.

We found just the ring we wanted for me—a simple platinum band. But the largest men's size in the same ring—a 10½—just fit George's little finger.

"It doesn't matter," I said, "you can wear it on your little finger."

In the back of my mind, during all the shopping and during rehearsals on Saturday for Command Performance, was the knowledge that I had promised Daddy not to get married without letting him know first.

"And the Nashville papers will be furious," I thought, "if they don't get to announce it."

But we were being married secretly in Las Vegas, away from the all-seeing eyes of the Hollywood reporters. There would be plenty of time, I consoled myself, to tell Daddy.

By show time on Saturday all the plans were complete, and I was able to relax. I even sat around drinking coffee with some of the boys from the orchestra and joked with them about George.

"Hear your fella came back," one of them said.

"Uh-huh," I said.

"Didya pop the question?" asked the trombonist.

"Uh-huh," I said, "and he said 'yes!'"

"When are you going to be married?" they all wanted to know.

"Oh," I answered vaguely, crossing my fingers under the table, "sometime after the war." Silently I added, "but of course we can declare an armistice at a moment's notice."

We left at eight o'clock for Las Vegas, Cobina and Rufus and her husband, Shirley Mitchell and Paul Weston, and George and I. At 2 a.m. we had rounded up a license clerk and a justice of the peace and were standing shivering outside the Las Vegas city hall.

Rufus and Cobina and Shirley invaded the drab, chilly and uninspiring ladies' room with me to help me get dressed. It was so cold I was as blue as my dress by the time I had changed. There was no mirror in the room, so Shirley held a mirror from her handbag so that I could comb my hair.

"Ohhh," I sighed, my teeth chattering with cold.

We went upstairs to the justice's chambers, and there stood George, waiting.

"Ohhh," I said again, but this time my teeth were chattering from fright.

After the ceremony, as I signed the registry "Frances Rose Shore" under George's "anonymous" "George Letts," I nearly fainted when I heard the justice of the peace congratulating George and adding, "Do you like this better than making movies about it, son?"

Up in smoke went our "secret." The story was on the AP wires before we were out of Las Vegas.

Daddy was not surprised when I finally got a phone call through to Nashville, but he forgave me.

The two ladies who lived next door

(*Continued on page* 84)

DINAH SHORE AND GEORGE MONTGOMERY think there is something cockeyed about whatever star looks after their love life, because everything in it happened backward or not on time or not at all. When they both worked in Hollywood they missed meeting each other a dozen times. After they met, George was drafted into the Army so swiftly that he didn't have time to put his proposal into words. So he put it into a letter—and then, on leave, reached Dinah before the letter did. But their star isn't too cockeyed; it's managed to give them what they both wanted—each other.

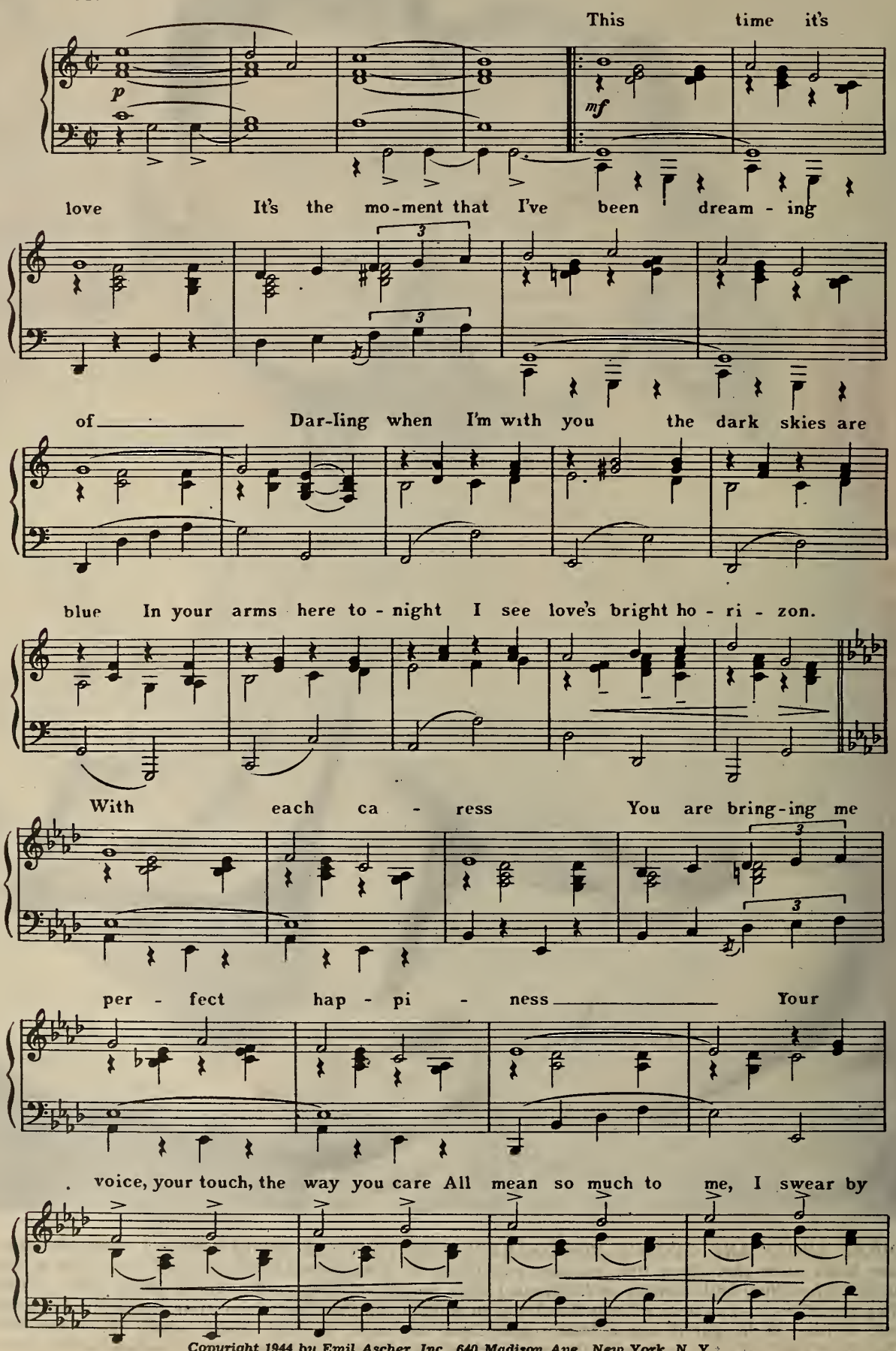
LOVE'S BRIGHT HORIZON

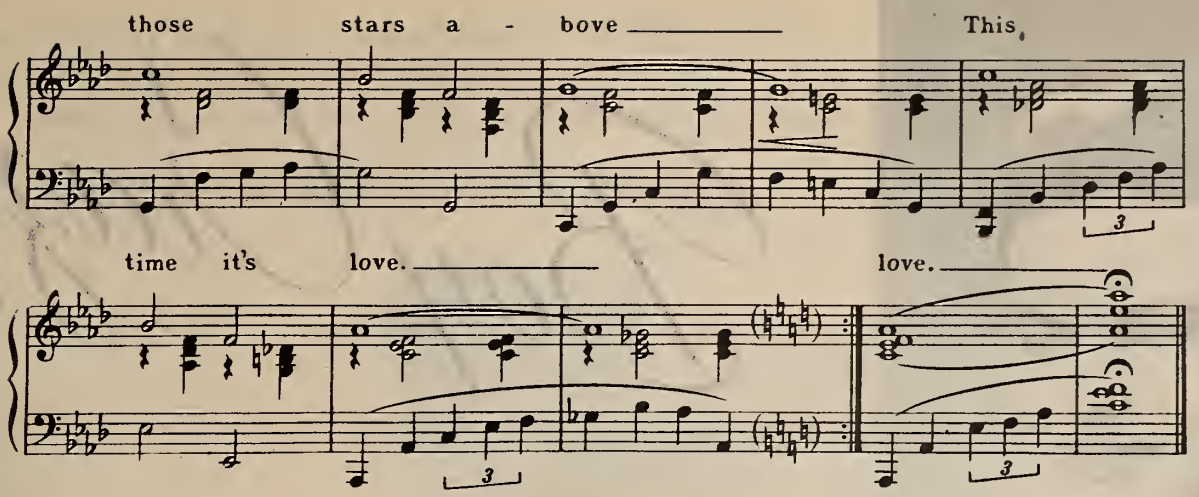
Theme for "Bright Horizon"

Words by
TOT SEYMOUR

Music by
JOHN GART

Moderato





CAROL and MICHAEL WEST, in the Chicago home to which they have just moved from their home town of Riverfield, listen as Michael's niece BARBARA previews for them the song that was written for her debut as a night club singer. They liked it so well that now "Love's Bright Horizon" has been selected as the theme song of Bright Horizon, heard daily on CBS at 11:30 A.M., EWT. Joan Alexander is heard as Carol West, Richard Kollmar as Michael West, Renee Terry as Barbara.

Boy Crazy

IT'S TOO bad that you can't step outside yourself once in a while, and take a good look. You might see yourself then as others see you; you might have a chance to correct your mistakes before it is too late.

Ever since I could remember, I'd had the plan of my life laid out. When I grew up, I was going to have a husband and four children. The husband was just a shadowy figure at one end of the dinner table, but the children were very clear in my mind. There would be two girls and two boys, and their names would be Katharine and Eleanor, Charles and Jimmy. At five, I thought that all men were named Charles because that was my father's name and that all boys were called Jimmy, for Jimmy Storm, the boy next door and the only child of my own age for blocks around.

As I remember it, Jimmy and I didn't get along too well, even in those days. "We've played house long enough," he would say, after we'd sat for a while at my toy table, with my dolls propped up beside us and bits of leaves on the tiny plates to represent food. "Now let's play fireman." That's when the argument would begin. I didn't want to play fireman, and my suggestion that Jimmy could be a fireman while I was the fireman's wife was never very successful. "Wives don't go to fires!" he would cry scornfully, and soon after that he would take himself off. It was no fun running around the yard alone, in his fireman's hat and with the garden hose, while I bent solicitously over my dolls.

Later, when I was in grade school, the picture of my future expanded, became a series of pictures, took on a few modifications. The children, Katharine and Eleanor and Charles and Jimmy, were still there, but the father had changed from a shadowy male figure at one side of the tea table to a somewhat less shadowy figure identified in my dreams as The Man I Would Fall in Love With. I'd seen a few movies by that time, too, so I knew exactly what falling in love was like. You went dancing with a boy, and he led you out on a terrace under the moon, and told you how much he loved you, and then he proposed, and you kissed each other, and you became engaged. The next picture was the wedding, in which I floated down the aisle of a church in white satin and a long, drifting veil, and the next picture came back to the tea table—but a real one this time, not a toy, with all four children, miraculously, gathered around it. In class, I used to look shyly from under my eyelashes at the boys in the seats around me and wonder which one of them I would fall in love with. And I couldn't understand the other girls' wanting to be movie stars and opera singers and secretaries.

And then, in high school, my dreams began to come true. It started at the sophomore dance at Christmas time, a small, informal dance in the school gymnasium in the afternoon—held, I think, more to encourage social contacts among the younger students than because the students themselves wanted it. Many of the girls weren't dancing at all, and most of the boys stood around the walls, leaning against the training bars and watching the dozen or so daring couples who actually seemed to be having a good time on the floor. I was watching, too, with a group of girls in one corner, when Johnny Dale, a boy in my chemistry class, came up to me.

"Would you like to dance, Penny?"

I could hardly believe it. I hadn't really expected to be asked to dance. None of the boys around school had ever paid any attention to me. Still, I smiled and lifted my arms, and we slid out on the floor as if it were the most natural thing in the world. That dance was the ending of one life for me and the beginning of another. It was the end of the childish dream-life, and the beginning of the real one, wherein dances and dates and boys weren't just something to think about as a part of a distant future but were actually here, at my very feet. Johnny danced well, but gravely, as if he were mentally counting time. After we'd circled the floor twice with no mishaps, he said abruptly, "Gee, you're a smooth dancer, Penny. I wish the girls at dancing school were half as good."

I murmured that they probably were,

The men in Penny's life never stayed there very long—never long enough for her to find out if what she felt was really love. And so she didn't recognize love when finally it came . . .

only he just hadn't noticed, but Johnny shook his head vigorously. "No, they're not," he insisted. "I wish—Penny, would you like to go to the Christmas dance, the one at dancing school, I mean? It's next Friday night—"

That was my first date, unless you counted the Saturday afternoon movies I'd been seeing with Jimmy Storm. Mother gave me permission to go, and bought me a new dress—a short dress in a soft shade of blue that set off the golden lights in my brown hair and with a heart-shaped neckline that, Dad said, was exactly the shape of my face. Johnny wore a dark suit that made his hair look very fair and his back very straight and proud. As we danced by the rows of chairs at the side of the floor, I heard one of the chaperones whisper to another, "Aren't they a sweet couple?"

A sweet couple. . . . The phrase stayed in my mind. Perhaps, I thought, Johnny was the boy I would fall in love with. The more I thought about him, the better I liked him—the clean, shining look of his light hair, the serious, bony (*Continued on page* 54)

The seriousness of the food situation is something that all of us must face daily—but there is still no excuse for preparing a single meal that does not measure up to pre-war standards. The trick lies in your own ingenuity—in how well you can learn to plan menus around the foods that, although restricted in variety, are still available to us in sufficient quantity.

Planning to the point

SINCE all of us are affected by the recent change in food rationing I am going to take a little time here to talk about that change. I know you all realize that the current restriction was and is absolutely necessary—otherwise it would not have been put into effect—and I know too that you will be better able to deal with the new situation when you understand fully the factors that made it necessary.

First, meat. There will be about 2 billion pounds less meat produced in 1945 than was produced in 1944. But the requirements of our armed forces (5 million men now overseas) and our Allies whom we supply under Lend-Lease agreements have not decreased, which means that the 2 billion pounds difference must come out of our civilian supply. Therefore it is vital that this supply be shared equally and fairly by all of us. The previous ration system, with fewer meats requiring points, enabled consumers in some localities to buy more than they needed, thus creating a shortage for those who came later. The new system will ensure more equable distribution—less for some of us so that all of us may have a share. But don't let that word "less" frighten you. Meat consumption has jumped so tremendously since the war began that in 1944 the average was 148 pounds per person; the 1945 civilian supply will allow an average of 127 pounds per person, and that is just about what it was before the war.

Second, canned fruits, vegetables and juices. More canned goods have been produced for 1945 consumption than for any preceding year. At one time it was hoped that part of the quantity reserved for military use might be freed for civilians, but with the end of the war in Europe not yet in sight and action in the Pacific intensified, military requirements are greater than ever—41 percent of the entire output going to the services leaving 59 percent for civilian distribution. Since the civilian allottment of last year's pack was 75 percent you might figure roughly that for every 7½ cans you received last year you will be entitled to a fraction less than 6 cans this year.

Butter. Our civilian supply is far below that of previous years in spite of an abundant milk supply in 1944. With so much milk, why so little butter now? One reason is that we drink 33 more quarts of milk per person per year than we did in pre-war years. Another, fighting men use 1 pound of milk per man per day in the form of cheese, butter (20% of the entire butter output), dried and evaporated milk. Ice cream for the forces requires great additional quantities of milk. With the supply of milk so low, it was necessary for the War Food Administration to make it hard to get so that no one will get more than his share and all of us will get some.

Sugar. The 1945 supply is very low for the following reasons: canning sugar use in 1944 was far greater than had been expected; military requirements are (*Continued on page* 75)

BY KATE SMITH

RADIO ROMANCES FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Sunday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, at 7 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:	The Jubalaires
		8:30	Blue:	Sylvia Marlowe, Harpsichordist
		8:45	CBS:	The Symphonettes
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News of the World
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	World News Roundup
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Blue Correspondents at Home and Abroad
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	E. Power Biggs
5:00	8:15	9:15	Blue:	White Rabbit Line
6:15	8:15	9:15	NBC:	Commando Mary
6:30	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	10:00	Blue:	Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Highlights of the Bible
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Southernaires
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Words and Music
		11:00	MBS:	Pauline Alpert
	10:00	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	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Marion Loveridge
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Salt Lake Tabernacle
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	News from Europe
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	The Eternal Light
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Concert Orchestra, direction Josef Stopak
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Stradivari Orch., Paul Lavalle
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Transatlantic Call
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy
	12:00	1:00	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)
		1:15	NBC:	America United
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue:	Sammy Kay's Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Chicago Round Table
11:00	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Matinee Theater, Victor Jory
11:00		2:00	NBC:	Those We Love
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	John Charles Thomas
		2:30	Blue:	National Vespers
		2:55	CBS:	Olive Downes
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	New York Philharmonic Symphony
		3:00	Blue:	Charlotte Greenwood Show
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Army Hour
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue:	Ethel Barrymore as "Miss Hattie"
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Darts for Dough
		4:30	Blue:	Andrews Sister Show
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Nelson Eddy
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Music America Loves
2:00		5:00	NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
		5:00	Blue:	Mary Small Revue
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Upton Close
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	The Shadow
		5:30	Blue:	Metropolitan Opera Presents
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	5:00	6:00	MBS:	First Nighter
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
7:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Fannie Brice
8:00		6:30	NBC:	The Great Gildersleeve
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Jack Benny
4:00	6:00	7:00	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
8:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
		7-45	MBS:	Samuel Grafton
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Greenfield Village Chapel
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Edgar Bergen
8:30	7:00		CBS:	Blondie
		8:00	MBS:	Mediation Board
		8:15	Blue:	Dorothy Thompson, News
		8:30	Blue:	Joe E. Brown
8:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Eddie Bracken Show
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	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Old-Fashion Revival
7:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15	Blue:	Hollywood Mystery Time
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	9:00	10:00	Blue:	The Live of Riley
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Comedy Theater, Harold Lloyd
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	We The People
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Bill Costello
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Vera Brodsky, pianist
	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Cesar Saerchinger
10:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Pacific Story

WAMOND WUNS WIOT . . .

"Wamond Wadcliffe" became a star on NBC's Fitch Bandwagon—Sunday evenings at 7:30—because he always got more laughs on the show than many of the guest stars. And that was going some, because some of the guests were among the country's top comedians.

Wamond Wadcliffe is the brain and vocal child of Arthur Q. Bryan, born in Brooklyn, New York in 1899. He started in radio back in 1924. He weighed 150 pounds then and he was a singer then. It was his ambition to become a top tenor. By 1929, something had happened to that ambition and it had transformed itself into wanting to become a top flight announcer. So he talked himself into a job as an announcer, only to find that, in a short time, he was made a writer and producer, until he was doing everything on his own shows.

There were plenty of calls for Arthur Q. He was kept so busy he didn't get a chance to take a vacation for eleven years. When, having put his foot down, he finally did get a vacation, he headed for Hollywood. And that was the end of that rest. He went to work and has been working ever since.

It was out in Los Angeles, on a local program, that Arthur Q. Bryan first did "Wamond Wadcliffe." He also worked—and still does for the most part—in most of the big radio shows coming from Hollywood. He plays "Doc Gamble" in the Fibber McGee and Molly script and he's "Floyd," the barber, in The Great Gildersleeve. And, of course, there's no questioning that he's the voice of the fat little hunter in the Bugs Bunny cartoons.

"Wamond Wadcliffe" became a national institution, when the producers of the Bandwagon decided to pep up the show by engaging Arthur Q. Bryan to do his well-known and hilarious impersonations of W. C. Fields and others. Which was fine, but Arthur Q. began to run out of impersonations after awhile and that might have been the end of a very pleasant engagement. Then, he hit on the idea of reviving "Wamond." The week "Wamond" was introduced, the studio audience laughed louder and longer than it ever had at any previous show. The next week, the same thing happened, only more so. The week after that there was no guest star—just "Wamond"—and there hasn't been any need for another guest since. "Wamond" also cavorts gayly through the Stage Door Canteen show and helps things along considerably there.

"Wamond" needs to be seen, as well as heard. The young man who started in radio in 1924 as a singer and weighed 150 pounds, has developed and changed. He's no longer young and he isn't a singer—and he weighs a neat and nifty 200.

MONDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	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	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Alice Cornell
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	NBC:	News of the World
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Strange Romance of Evelyn Winter
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
		10:30	NBC:	Finders Keepers
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Lisa Sergio
	10:10	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:10	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
3:30	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Rosemary
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
8:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	U. S. Navy Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Joyce Jordan
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:00	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Mary Marlin
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment With Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
		3:15	CBS:	The High Places
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	Blue:	Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Ethel and Albert
	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis, News
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	"I'll Buy That"
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	CBS:	Feature Song, Bob Trout
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Milt Herth Trio
	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:15	CBS:	Feature Song, Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
		5:30	CBS:	Terry Allen and The Three Sisters
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Wilderness Road
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Capt. Tim Healy
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	To Your Good Health
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Sally Moore, Contralto
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	P.W.T.		CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Hedda Hopper's Hollywood
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Thanks to the Yanks
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Ted Malone From Overseas
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Geo. Burns and Gracie Allen
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Blind Date
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Lux Radio Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Happy Island—Ed Wynn
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Information Please
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller R
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Guy Lombardo R
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	The Johnny Morgan Show
		10:30	Blue:	Melody In the Night
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Dr. I. Q.

TUESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
	8:00	8:30	Blue:	News
		9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Mirth and Madness
	2:30	9:15	CBS:	American School of the Air
		9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Vailant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Alice Cornell
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
	9:15	10:15	NBC:	News of the World
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
		10:30	NBC:	Finders Keepers
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Rosemary
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	On Target—Variety
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	The Women's Exchange
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Joyce Jordan
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Mary Marlin
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
		3:15	CBS:	The High Places
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
		3:45	Blue:	"Yours Alone"
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	CBS:	Feature Song, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:40	4:45	CBS:	The Raymond Scott Show
		4:45	CBS:	Swing Along Club
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Milt Herth Trio
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	CBS:	Service Time
		5:15	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Terry Allen and the Ross Sisters
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Wilderness Road
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
		6:00	Blue:	Kiernan's News Corner
9:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Capt. Healy
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	On Your Mark—Ted Husing
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News—Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	News
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Chesterfield Time Johnnie Johnston
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
		7:30	Blue:	The Green Hornet
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
9:00	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Dick Haymes
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Theater of Romance
8:30	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Ted Malone from Overseas
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
		8:30	Blue:	Alan Young Show
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	A Date with Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Big Town
5:55	7:30	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	7:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Gracie Field's Show
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Mystery Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Inner Sanctum
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	This Is My Best
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	9:30	9:30	NBC:	Fibber McGee and Molly
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Murder Clinic
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John S. Hughes
R 7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Listen, the Women
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bob Hope
R 7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Service to the Front
10:30		10:30	CBS:	Congress Speaks
7:30	10:30		NBC:	Hildegarde
	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Casey, Press Photographer
		11:30	NBC:	Words at War

LET THERE BE MUSIC . . .

Listen to him. Tune in on Columbia any evening from Monday through Friday at midnight (EWT) and relax and listen. Enjoy yourself—and then think of the boy who's singing.

Because, back in 1939, when all this mess that has grown into a world war first erupted, Danny O'Neill was told he would never sing again. Danny lay in a hospital bed, the victim of a streptococcus infection in his throat. He'd been singing since he was eight years old and he was just beginning to win some sort of recognition—and this happened.

Danny listened to the doctor say, when he was well again, "The infection is gone, but you'll never sing again. You shouldn't even try, unless you want to go around for the rest of your life talking in a whisper." Danny listened and wondered what to do.

Then, he pulled himself together and enlisted in the Navy and landed at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, near Chicago. He became known as the "quiet boot", because he went through his training barely raising his voice above a whisper. His one comfort was haunting the rehearsals of the Station Choir, where he'd listen to the other fellows sing.

The time came when the choir had to prepare for the Christmas recitals and entertainments. And then, they sang "Silent Night" and Danny couldn't stand it, could no more help humming that song than he could help breathing. Luckily, the Chaplain heard Danny and urged him to try to sing again. After six months, Danny was the choir soloist, the proud possessor of a citation from the Commandant of the Station and shipping out for service abroad.

Danny was happy. He sang whenever he got a chance—at ship's concerts, for his bunkies, at his work, or in the shower, it didn't matter where. His voice had come back and it was good. Bad luck wasn't through with him, though. In the course of his duties on shipboard, Danny was knocked into the waters of Pearl Harbor by a swinging davit—and when he was pulled out, his back was broken. Seven months in the hospital were followed by an honorable discharge from the Service. Three days after Danny took off his uniform, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor.

Danny tried to re-enlist, but the Navy wouldn't have him. So he did the next best thing. He sang at camps, USO centers, and any other place where there were fighting men. Again, the Chaplain came to Danny's aid. First, he invited Danny to sing as the only civilian on the Meet Your Navy program, then he arranged for Danny to have an audition at the CBS-WBBM studios in Chicago. Inside a week after Danny sang "Coming In On A Wing And A Prayer" as his audition number, he was singing for four commercial programs and in another two weeks he was added to the CBS 40 Chicagoans and the Victory Matinee show.

WEDNESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		8:30	Blue:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Mirth and Madness
	2:30	9:10	CBS:	American School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:30	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Alice Cornell
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
	9:15	10:15	NBC:	News of the World
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards, Songs
		10:30	NBC:	Finders Keepers
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:40	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road to Life
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Rosemary
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	U. S. Air Force Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45		1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Three Pianos
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
		2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Two on a Clue
12:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	The Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Mary Marlin
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	The High Places
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
3:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
		4:30	CBS:	Feature Song, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:30	4:30	MBS:	True Detective Mystery
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Sing Along Club
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:15	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Terry and the Three Sisters
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:34	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe; News
		6:00	Blue:	Kiernan's News Corner
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	To Your Good Health
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Encore Appearance
		6:40	NBC:	Bill Stern
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News
		7:00	Blue:	On Stage Everybody
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Chesterfield Time, Johnnie Johnston
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Adventures of Elery Queen
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Jack Carson Show
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Ted Malone, from Overseas
9:15	7:00	8:00	MNS:	Cal Tinney
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Dr. Christian
	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Take a Card
8:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	David Harding—Counterspy
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	"Carton of Cheer"—Henry Youngman—Carol Bruce
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Keep Up With the World
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Frank Sinatra
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Eddie Cantor
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Which Is Which
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	College of Musical Knowledge
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Hire's Program
7:30			CBS:	Milton Berle
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	The Colonel
		10:30	Blue:	Scramby-Amby Quiz

THURSDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		8:30	Blue:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Mirth and Madness
	2:30	9:15	CBS:	American School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Alice Cornell
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	NBC.	News of the World
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
		10:30	CBS:	Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
		10:30	NBC:	Finders Keepers
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
	10:15	11:15	CBS.	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Rosemary
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:40	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Sky High
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:40	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Joyce Jordan
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:10	NBC:	Woman in White
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Mary Marlin
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
		3:15	CBS:	The High Places
		3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	Blue:	Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
		4:30	CBS:	Feature Song, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Raymond Scott Show
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Milt Herth Trio
	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:15	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Terry Allen and the Three Sisters
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue.	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Wilderness Road
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	World News
	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Calling Pan America
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC.	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	On Your Mark—Ted Husing
	5:30	6:40	NBC:	Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Chesterfield Time, Johnnie Johnston
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC.	News of the World
		7:45	Blue:	Chester Bowles
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Mr. Keen
6:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Bob Burns
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Suspense
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Frank Morgan
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue.	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Death Valley Sheriff
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	America's Town Meeting
9:00		8:30	NBC:	Dinah Shore
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS	Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Corliss Archer
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Joan Davis, Jack Haley
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS.	The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Fred Waring Show
7:00		10:00	NBC:	Abbott and Costello
7:15	9:15	10:15		
7:30	9:45	10:30	CBS:	Here's to Romance
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue:	March of Time
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Rudy Vallee
	10:00	11:00	CBS	John Daly, News

OLD TIMER . . .

Every Friday night at nine over CBS, Lulu McConnell is insulted at least half a dozen times. The other regulars on the It Pays to Be Ignorant show rail at her size, laugh at her appetite, make fun of her clothes and have hysterics over her intelligence, or lack of it. But Lulu can take it—besides it's all in the script.

Lulu was born in Kansas City—but refuses to say just when. She had little training for the theatre, beyond the usual singing and dancing at church functions that most kids go through. In fact, she was harboring no ideas about going on the stage one afternoon when she and her mother went to see a touring company perform a musical called "Piff Paff Pooff".

On that special afternoon, the soubrette of the show chose to have a quarrel with the management and walked out. There would have been no performance, at all, if Lulu hadn't had a brainstorm. When the manager announced from the stage that he would refund all monies and do his very best—this he said in the most despairing voice—to find a replacement for the evening performance, Lulu, much to her own amazement, found herself climbing over knees and toes to get up to the stage. Lulu was ready, apparently, because she travelled with that show for two years.

When the show folded, as the vernacular has it, Lulu and one of the actors, Grant Simpson, got married. As a wedding present they were given a skit suitable for vaudeville. The young newlyweds headed for New York—and a great future. The only trouble with that was that it was June and the vaudeville circuits didn't open until fall. So they did what many actors are always doing. They starved it through.

Finally, they did get work and they worked so hard and so steadily that Lulu strained her voice. Her doctor said that she must rest. Her pocketbook said that she must work. The result was the sandpaper voice that has since become famous.

After some years, Lulu hit Broadway with a bang. She got a part in "Poor Little Ritz Girl". The part she had wasn't a big part—but it turned out to be the whole show according to the critics and Lulu never had to worry again. She was busy all the time, working in such famous old hits as "Snapshots of 1921", "Follies of 1922", "Peggy Ann" and a number of the Shubert Winter Garden Shows. That's why Lulu knows more of the top names in the theatre than practically any other performer.

Way back in 1933, Lulu got interested in radio and had a program with Gertrude Neissen and Isham Jones. She took a flyer at the movies, too, but didn't like them too much. She was tested for Marie Dressler roles and did all right in the tests, but didn't like herself and turned them down. She keeps busy enough on the radio these days, with her own shows and the guest appearances she makes all the time.

FRIDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		8:15	NBC:	Do Your Remember
		8:30	Blue:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Mirth and Madness
	2:15	9:15	CBS:	American School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life is Mine
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Alice Cornell
8:15	9:10	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC.	Lora Lawton
		10:15	NBC:	News of the World
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards, Songs
		10:30	NBC:	Finders Keepers
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	10:15	11:15	CBS.	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Rosemary
12:30	10:00	11:30	CBS.	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:30	NBC:	U. S. Marine Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS.	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS.	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	NBC.	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Joyce Jordan
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC.	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:30	1:00	2:30	CBS.	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Mary Marlin
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue.	Appointment With Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS	The High Places
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	Blue:	Yours Alone
		3:45	CBS.	Bob Trout
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC.	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
	3:00	4:00	CBS	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue.	Don Norman Show
1:25		4:30	CBS:	Feature Song, Bob Trout
3:00		4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	2:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Sing Along Club
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Milt Herth Trio
	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:15	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Terry Allen and The Three Sisters
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:15	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
5:45	5:45	5:15	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45		5:15	CBS.	Wilderness Road
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
		6:00	Blue:	Kiernan's News Corner
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS.	To Your Good Health
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS.	Sally Moore, Contralto
		6:40	NBC:	Bill Stern
		6:45	NBC:	Lowel Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch, Wash., D. C
8:00			CBS	Jack Kirkwood
	10:00	7:00	CBS	I Love a Mystery
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Music Shop
	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Raymond Scott Show
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC.	News of the World
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Friday on Broadway
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS.	The Aldrich Family
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	"Stars of the Future"
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Highways in Melody—Paul Lavalle
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC.	Duffy's Tavern
		8:30	CBS:	Adventures of the Thin Man
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS.	Bill Henry
8:30	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Famous Jury Trials
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS.	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC.	Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS.	That Brewster Boy
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue.	Sportlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS.	Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	People Are Funny R
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Amos and Andy R
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS.	Durante and Moore
7:30		10:30	CBS.	Stage Door Canteen
7:30		10:30	NBC.	Bill Stern
		10:30	Blue:	The Doctor Talks It Over

SATURDAY

Eastern War Time

P.W.T.	C.W.T.			
		8:00	CBS:	News of the World
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News
		8:15	CBS:	Music of Today
		8:15	NBC:	Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	Blue:	United Nations News, Review
		8:45	CBS:	Margaret Brien
		8:45	NBC:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Press News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Home Is What You Make It
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	The Garden Gate
		9:30	CBS:	Country Journal
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	David Shoop Orchestra
	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Youth on Parade
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Grantland Rice, Sports Stories
11:00	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 Drier
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Land of the Lost
		11:00	NBC:	First Piano Quartet
8:05		11:05	CBS:	Let's Pretend
		11:30	Blue:	Transatlantic Quiz—London New York
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Fashions in Rations
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	The Land of the Lost
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Smilin' Ed McConnell
		11:45	Blue:	Chatham Shopper
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	Kay Armen, Songs
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	News
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Atlantic Spotlight
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Eddie Condon's Jazz Concert
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Rhythms For Saturday
		1:30	Blue:	Soldiers With Wings
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	The Baxters
	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Report to the Nation
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Report from Washington
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	John Mac Vane From London
		2:00	Blue:	Metropolitan Opera
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	These Are Our Men
	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Of Men and Books
		2:15	CBS:	Adventures in Science
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Musiciana
		2:30	CBS:	Carolina Hayride
		3:00	NBC:	Symphony
		3:00	CBS:	The Land is Bright
12:00	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Syncopation Piece
		3:30	CBS:	Job For Tomorrow
1:00		4:00	CBS:	Report from Washington
		4:15	CBS:	Report from Overseas
1:35	3:35	4:30	CBS:	Assignment Home
		4:30	NBC:	Music on Display
		4:45	CBS:	Report from London
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	Grand Hotel
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Concert Orchestra
		5:00	CBS:	Philadelphia Orchestra
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	John W. Vandercook
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Philadelphia Orchestra
3:30	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Tin Pan Alley of the Air
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Hello, Sweetheart
3:15		6:00	NBC:	I Sustain the Wings
	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:	Edward Tomlinson
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:	Our Foreign Policy
		7:15	Blue:	Leland Stowe
	7:00	7:30	CBS:	Mrs. Miniver
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Meet Your Navy
		7:30	NBC:	The Saint
4:30	6:30	8:00	Blue:	Early American Dance Music
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Danny Kaye
		8:00	NBC:	Gaslight Gayeties with Beatrice Kay
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Boston Symphony Orchestra
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	F.B.I. In Peace and War
		8:30	MBS:	Cisco Kid
8:00		8:30	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:	The Man Called X—Herbert Marshall
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Judy Canova Show
R		10:15	CBS:	Al Pearce
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Grand Ole Opry
R				
11:05	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Talks
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News
	11:15	11:30	Blue:	Hoosier Hop

Boy Crazy

Continued from page 49

face that was almost handsome sometimes. Perhaps he was the man I was to marry. Oh, not right away, of course. We were too young. There were years and years between—but they could be years spent together.

And that was what the next months seemed to be. Johnny took me out once every two weeks at first, and then we began to see each other every week. Johnny hadn't kissed me, hadn't as much as held my hand—but the moment would come, inevitably, and then my future would be settled.

The moment came on the night of the Class Day dance in June. It was quite an event for a sophomore girl to be going to the Class Day dance, but I remember only two things about it. One concerned Jimmy Storm, and the other concerned Johnny. I was sitting in the swing on our front porch one evening a few nights before the dance, when Jimmy strolled across the lawn and sat down on the porch steps.

"Hi, Penny," he said casually.

"Hi, yourself," I said. "What brings you here?"

"Oh . . . I thought I'd ask you for a date."

A DATE! Why, I still thought of Jimmy as a little boy! He was taller than I was, and his shoulders were as broad as a man's, but he still seemed very young to me. Perhaps it was the way his hair curled in a peak on his forehead in spite of all his efforts to flatten it, and the golden glint like mischief, in his eyes, that gave him the little-boy look. "What for?" I asked in astonishment.

"For the Class Day dance. Or have you got a date?"

"I will have," I said, "but I couldn't go with you even if I hadn't. You know that I'm going steady with Johnny Dale."

It was Jimmy's turn to be surprised. "Steady!" he cried. "Well, for Pete's sake! At your age!"

"You're only a few months older."

"That's just it. I wouldn't think of going steady with anyone for years."

"Maybe not," I said, "but I am."

That was the end of the matter. I don't remember whom Jimmy took to the Class Day dance, or if he took anyone. I was too thrilled over being there. At the last dance, a waltz, Johnny swung me out into the moonlight on the terrace. My heart began to beat faster. It was coming now, and it was just as I'd dreamed it—a terrace in the moonlight, and soft, sweet music behind us. We sat down on a stone bench, and Johnny gazed at the sky for a few minutes without speaking. Then he said, "What a moon—a real, yellow, summer moon. I can hardly believe that summer's almost here. We've had some swell times since Christmas, haven't we, Penny?"

My heart was caught high in my throat; my eyes—my eyes must have been as wide and as warmly glowing as the moon. I leaned toward him a little—not deliberately, but as if unseen hands drew me. "Oh, yes," I breathed. "It—it wouldn't have been the same with anyone else, Johnny. Not the same at all!"

For a moment I thought he looked startled, but then I knew that I was mistaken because he said hoarsely, "No—I guess it wouldn't." Then another couple came out on the terrace and he jumped up hastily. "Let's go back."

That evening ended just as all the others had ended—with Johnny's taking me to the door, and muttering a suddenly-embarrassed "G'night," and hurrying away. I was disappointed in the way things had turned out, but I blamed it on the couple who had interrupted us. And I was excited, too, so excited that I could hardly wait for our next date. Johnny hadn't said anything about our future tonight, but he would next time. I was sure of it.

But there wasn't any next time. I saw very little of Johnny around school in the busy weeks before vacation, and when Friday night, our regular date night, came, I was sitting on the front porch, my ears strained toward the telephone in the house, my eyes on the street, in case Johnny should have decided to come over without calling. Instead of Johnny, Jimmy Storm stepped out of the shadows. "How come you aren't out tonight?" he asked. "Aren't you seeing John any more?"

And I realized with a shock that I wasn't, that there weren't going to be any more dates with Johnny. I'd showed too plainly that I cared for him—and he just didn't care about me.

"No," I said through stiff lips. "We—we decided to break it off."

"Well, that's smart," said Jimmy with satisfaction. "Want to walk down to Logan's for a soda?"

I shook my head. In a minute I was going to cry. "No," I answered. "I've got a—a headache."

I had a heartache, not a headache, and it lasted for three of the most wretched days I'd ever known. Then, on Tuesday afternoon I found unexpected solace. I was walking home from school, alone, my eyes on the ground, when a figure fell into step beside me. "Well, if it isn't Penny Blake," a voice teased.

I LOOKED up and there was Lewis Steele, one of the older boys. He'd be a senior next year, and captain of the football team. He'd cut in on me a few times at dances, but I'd never liked him very much because his black eyes had seemed bold, and his close-cut black hair gave him a fierce, aggressive look.

He took out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead. "Hot, isn't it? Good day for swimming."

I agreed that it was hot, and that the weather was just right for swimming. Lewis wiped his forehead again and walked a few steps before he said, "I suppose you wouldn't care to go to the beach with me this afternoon?"

I was going to refuse, and then I felt my heart rise out of the slough of misery in which it was sunk. I saw the sparkling blue water of the lake, and the white sand, and I thought it infinitely preferable to moping.

Lewis and I went swimming that afternoon, and I, who that morning had never expected to enjoy myself again, had a wonderful time. The only flaw came after Lewis had taken me home and had stood for a few minutes on our front walk, talking to me. He'd hardly disappeared down the block before Jimmy, who had apparently been busy with golf balls and a putter in the side yard, came over to me. "I suppose," he said sarcastically, "you're going steady with Lewis now?"

My face flamed. How could he have known that Lewis *Continued on page 56*

She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

There is quicksilver magic about Lola Pierce's beauty—her arresting blue, blue eyes, the radiant clarity of her exquisite complexion.

She's *another* engaged girl with that adorable Pond's look. "I certainly do love Pond's Cold Cream," Lola says. "It has such a perfect way of making my face feel *gorgeously* clean—and *ever so soft.*"

How she beauty-creams with Pond's:

One—She *smooths* snowy-white Pond's Cold Cream *completely* over her face and throat. Pats quickly to release dirt and make-up. Tissues *all* off.

Two—She *rinses* with *more* Pond's, swirling her cream-coated fingers quickly round and round her face. This to make her face *extra* clean, *extra* soft. Then she tissues off again.

Use Pond's this *twice-over* way—night and morning—and for in-between-time beauty clean-ups too!

Her face is engagingly soft and smooth. "I just leave it to Pond's!" she says.

Lola Pierce of Park Avenue and Southampton

Her engagement to Lieutenant I. C. Noyes, U.S.N.R., was announced by her parents

HER RING—an exceptionally beautiful, clear diamond, flanked with smaller diamonds and set in platinum.

FOR THE DURATION—Lola has volunteered as a Nurses' Aide, serving at the hospital regularly each week. "It's grand to feel that I can do something so badly needed," she says. *Your* local hospital is short-handed for nursing help right now. Why not find out how *you* can help there?

A FEW OF THE POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES

Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart
Mrs. Morgan Belmont
Lady Kinross Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III
Lady Louis Mountbatten

She helps at the hospital—taking temperatures, bathing patients, carrying trays!

GET THE BIG LUXURY SIZE—You'll like its wide top that lets you dip in with *both* hands. Such a grand lavish feeling! Get your own *big jar* of soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream today! At beauty counters everywhere!

Continued from page 54

and I had just made a date for next week? "Certainly not!" I snapped. "I hardly know him."

"You will," he assured me. "The minute a guy shows you a little attention, you can't see anyone else. Other girls have sense enough to go around with different fellows, but not you."

For a minute I was too furious to speak. Then I said coldly, "I don't see why you take such an interest in me."

"Don't worry; I don't," and he walked off across the lawn.

I didn't see much of Jimmy for the next month or two. Every afternoon for most of the summer I was at the beach with Lewis; in the evenings when we didn't go out, there were long conversations with him over the telephone. After a while, I came to wonder how I had ever cared about Johnny Dale, looked forward to a dry life in a chemistry laboratory. Lewis was going to the state university in another year; he would probably be on the varsity team by the time I would be through high school. I saw long delightful years in which I would cheer for Lewis at football games, years after that in which, as his wife, I would travel around with him and the professional team he'd play with.

And then, just when everything was settled in my mind, and when I'd persuaded my father to let me go to the university instead of to business college as we'd planned, Lewis spoiled it all. It was a night in early August, and he'd got his father's car and had come to take me out. He helped me into the car, then settled himself beside me. "All set for a good time?"

I looked up at him, my eyes shining. "All set," I confirmed.

Then he kissed me. At first I was too surprised to move. For a long moment I sat still in a kind of stunned horror. I'd wanted his kiss, had looked forward to it—but I hadn't expected it to be like this. His mouth was so big and so rough; I couldn't escape it; I was being smothered . . . smothered. . . . And he hadn't said anything, hadn't said what I meant to him. He was kissing me as he might have kissed—just any girl. Something released me then, and my hand came up, descended in a ringing slap against his dark cheek. Then I was out of the car, running on shaking legs to the house. Lewis called something after me, and I slammed the door, fearful that he was going to follow. Even then I was still trembling, scrubbing my lips. I was sick at the thought of Lewis; I dreaded going back to school, seeing him in the halls.

But by the time school opened in the fall, Lewis was forgotten. I'd met Ricky Lord, and I went out with Ricky until his family moved away from town in January. Then there was Leonard Duff, and, the following summer, Larry Williams. Larry was transferred to another school in the fall, and I began to date Steve Ellis. Steve gave me the first jealous heartache I'd ever known, because Rosemary Plant took him away.

That's a bold expression, but it's the only one that fits. Steve and I ran into Rosemary and her date at Logan's one night after the movies, and Rosemary turned on him all the charm of her flashing dark eyes and her bobbing black curls. Steve's manner as he drove me home was as abstracted as if I'd been his young sister instead of the girl he'd been seeing every week for the past three months. I spent a sleepless night trying to think what to do—and in the morning I knew that I wasn't going to do anything at all. If Steve preferred Rosemary to me, I didn't want him. My pride counted more than the dreams I'd been cherishing these last months.

It was unthinkable that I should miss my very own graduation dance, but I very nearly did. I thought that surely Jimmy Storm would ask me to it, as he'd invited me—and had been refused—to nearly every special occasion at school in the last two years. But Jimmy didn't ask me, and I wouldn't have gone to the dance at all if Philip Conway hadn't taken me.

That was the night Philip and I discovered each other. We didn't dance much that night. We were too excited, not only at finding out how much we liked each other, but for reasons outside ourselves. Pearl Harbor had been attacked the December before, and many of the boys in town, Philip among them, were enlisting the day after graduation. We sat at one of the tables off the ballroom while Philip talked about the war, and I listened and thought about Philip. Why hadn't I seen him before I wondered—really seen him? How could I have known him all through high school without realizing how really beautiful his thin, sensitive face was, how infinitely appealing his long-lashed, deeply shadowed blue eyes?

I saw Philip only twice after that, and the second time, we became engaged. It was a solemn evening.

Philip had passed his Army physical, and he was leaving the next morning for camp. On our way home from a movie which neither of us saw for looking at each other, Philip stopped the car at the lake, and we sat for a few minutes holding hands, looking out over the lake, not speaking.

"It's funny," he said finally, "to be going away and leaving all this—" He gestured at the lake. "I mean—well, it makes you want to be sure of something. I—Penny, have you ever been in love?"

It was then that I came closest to stepping outside myself, getting an objective look at myself, than I ever had before—closer to it than I would be again for years. Because I really stopped and tried to think then, tried to answer his question honestly. I'd been in love a half-dozen times—I had thought. And each time something had happened to spoil it. Rickey had moved away. I'd quarreled with Leonard Duff. Larry had gone to military school, and Steve— And then I realized that I couldn't have been in love, really, any of those times. If I had loved Steve, I wouldn't have sat quietly by when Rosemary flirted with him; if I'd loved Leonard, I'd have made up our quarrel; if I'd loved Lewis Steele, I'd have welcomed his kisses, no matter how rough and unexpected they were. . . .

"No, Philip," I said. "I've thought. But I've never really cared about anyone—"

"Anyone else?" he whispered eagerly. "Is that it, Penny? Do you think you could be in love with me?"

LOVE him? His thin face, the shadowed blue eyes, had been haunting me for days. And he was going away—There was a sharp, hard pain in my chest at the thought of how short our time together was. I couldn't speak, but Philip must have read assent in my eyes because his hand tightened on mine as if he were making a pact. "Because," he said softly, "it's you I'd like to be sure of, Penny. I'd like to go away knowing that you'll be here when I come back. I haven't had time to get you a ring, but I'll send you one if we can be engaged—"

Engaged! It was really happening now. After all those years of dreaming, wanting, searching, the life I was born for was going to begin at last. Philip's lips were smooth and young and they trembled against mine. My mind was racing ahead of the years, seeing the war over and Philip coming home, seeing myself meeting him at the station, seeing our house, our children. . . .

I was disappointed that my parents didn't seem to take my engagement as seriously as I did. When I reached home that night, the lights were on in the living room, and my mother opened the door as if she'd been waiting for me. "Where have you been?" she asked almost crossly. "Jimmy's leaving tomorrow with the other boys, and he came over to say goodbye."

I hardly heard her. "I'm engaged," I said dreamily. "Philip Conway and I are engaged, Mother. We're going to be married after the war." Then I braced myself for a storm of protests.

But they didn't come. Dad said, "To *whom?*" and Mother looked blank for a moment, then said hesitantly, "Philip Conway? Aren't you rather young?"

"I'm eighteen," I said, "and young people grow up early these days; you know they do, Mother. Besides, you

were married when you were eighteen."

"I know," said Mother, "but your father was older than I. And Philip . . . his mother. . . ." Then she frowned and repeated, "Jimmy was here. He waited for hours. You must write to him, Penny. You've been such friends."

If I'd been really listening to Mother, I'd have objected strongly to her last statement. Friends, indeed! It was true that Jimmy came over often and sat on the porch and talked when neither of us had anything better to do, but we nearly always argued, often bitterly. Not since the long-past days of the Saturday movies had there been any real harmony between us. But I wasn't listening; I was engrossed in thoughts of Philip.

That was all either of my parents said about him. Mother approved when I took a job in a war plant and started to put every penny aside toward the home that Philip and I would have some day. She even bought me a hope chest, and helped me to make things for it, although she did demur when I insisted upon using a C in the monograms. My father did ask once why I didn't go out occasionally, but after the shocked, indignant look I gave him, he never mentioned the subject again. "I didn't mean to upset you, Penny," he apologized. "Only, you're used to fun and parties, and it doesn't seem right that you should shut yourself up with your mother and me. You could go to the canteen—" The canteen was Dad's pet project. He had helped get it started when the Army had established a camp near town.

"I'M too busy for the canteen," I insisted, "and I don't miss going out." And I didn't. I was happy in my war job and my Red Cross work, because I felt that I was helping to bring Philip back. I was happy poring over my hope chest, happy writing long, long letters to Philip. His answers, it's true, were disappointingly short and unsatisfactory, but then, he'd warned me that he disliked writing letters. I visited his mother frequently, and even managed to make friends with her, although she was a nervous, rather querulous woman, who kept herself apart from most people in town.

The only person who objected openly to my engagement was the one who had neither right nor reason to object at all—Jimmy Storm. He came home on a furlough several months after he and the other boys had left for camp. I was alone at home the evening he came to see me, and when I first let him in, I was almost shy in his presence. He looked so different in uniform—taller, thinner, and the peak of dark hair over his forehead had disappeared with an Army haircut. There was no little-boy look about him at all. "Why—Jimmy," I faltered.

"Hello, Penny," he said easily. "I'm surprised to find you at home."

I flushed. "I'm at home most of the time. Didn't your mother tell you that I'm engaged?"

It was impossible to describe the expression that crossed his face. It was a tightening, a muscle spasm that came in a second and was as quickly gone. "Engaged?" he questioned. "I hadn't heard anything. Who's the man?"

"Philip Conway."

"Philip Conway!" His jaw dropped, and he was the old Jimmy immediately, outraged, high-handedly bossing me. "That goon! You can't be engaged to him!"

All of my old anger at him came rushing back, the old resentment at his trying to meddle. "Why not?" I snapped.

"Because he's a mama's boy," said Jimmy bluntly. "Maybe it isn't his fault, but he's been babied all his life. He's the most unstable fellow I know. Oh, well—" he shrugged, "—it won't last. Conway doesn't know what he wants, and neither do you."

I went white at that, and blind with fury. "How can you say things like that?" I gritted. "You don't know Philip, really—or me, either. You've no right to stand there saying such things! I wish you'd go away—go away! I hate you!"

Jimmy went, and I was glad. I was glad, I told myself, even after I found out that he was home for a last furlough before going overseas. He didn't call to apologize, and I didn't call him. It wasn't that I wished him any harm, but I didn't care if I never saw him again. I could only resent, and bitterly, the circumstance that had given Jimmy a furlough and had denied one to Philip.

Because, for some reason known only to the gods of war, Philip didn't come home before he was sent across. I still think that things might have been different if he had. Had I seen Philip before he left, there might have been no morning, six long months later, that meant the end of the world to me.

PHILIP'S mother called me that morning, just before I was starting out for my job. She was crying hysterically, and my first thought was that Philip had been killed. I was so sure of it that I needed all my strength to keep a grip on the telephone, and I didn't hear what she was saying. "—cable," she repeated. "Philip's married a girl in England. And, oh, Penny, I'd set my heart on having you for a daughter-in-law—"

After that I didn't hear any more. The cold blackness that had crept up on me at the first sound of her broken voice overwhelmed me, and I fainted. The next I knew, I was lying on the couch in the living room, and my mother was rubbing my hands. "Darling," she kept saying, "you mustn't let it hurt you too much. It's better this way, don't you see? If he's so easily swayed, you would never have been happy with him."

I didn't see. I didn't see anything at all for a long, long time. All I knew was that every precious dream was broken, that the future I'd been moving toward so happily, so confidently, was void. The very thought of Philip hurt, and I couldn't bear the sight of anything that reminded me of him. I burned all of his letters, had my father carry the hope chest to the attic—the hope chest full of linens initialed PBC.

The day came when I met Mrs. Conway on the street, and talked with her, and actually knew a faint sense of relief that she was not, after all, to be related to me. She was still, after months had gone by, taking Philip's marriage very badly. Her eyes were red with weeping, and she embarrassed me by clutching my coat and crying out that she couldn't stand having Philip bring a strange girl home, a girl from a foreign country. I knew then that my own Mother had been right—that I would never have been happy with Phillip. He was too much like his mother. The sensitiveness and the quick emotions I'd loved in him were just what Jimmy Storm had said—signs of instability. Philip was out of my

thoughts permanently then, but my life was emptier than before.

I began to go out once in a while with the boys who were left in town, but everything was somehow different. I found no one of them I was particularly interested in, and—to tell the truth—no one of them seemed particularly interested in me. They either wanted to kiss me as soon as we'd started out for an evening, or they made it clear that I was friendly company for a few hours, and nothing more. They didn't talk about the future as glibly as had the boys in high school. They were as uncertain of their futures as I was of mine. Everything had changed without my realizing it. In the long months when I'd stayed at home waiting for Philip and then brooding over Philip, many of my friends had become engaged—not as I had been, in one evening, on promises alone, but with rings as a sign of their betrothal, and long letters from their sweethearts. The girls who had wanted to be opera stars when I'd wanted to be a wife and mother, the girls who had kept a half-dozen different boys at once calling them up in high school, were planning to be married, and their lives were settled as much as anything could be settled in these uncertain times. Worst of all, I didn't know where the years had gone.

OUT of sheer loneliness, I agreed to Father's suggestion that I work two nights a week at the canteen. It gave me a full schedule with my other work, but after two weeks I began to believe that it was worth it. After two weeks at the canteen, I'd met Harry Crewes.

Harry was different from the other servicemen who came to the canteen. He was older than most of them, and he was permanently stationed at the camp. He looked a little like Lewis Steele, but his face was narrower, and he wore his hair longer, always sleekly brushed. Back in high school, I would have said that he looked smooth. His approach was direct and disarming. He came up to me as I stood serving coffee and asked, "What's your name?"

"Penny Blake."

"Pretty Penny," he smiled. "I've been watching you all evening. Will you dance with me?"

I wanted to dance with him, but I said conscientiously, "I can't, I'm afraid. This is my night to wash dishes."

"Dishes!" he scoffed. "There are things in life more important than dishes. Meeting someone who could mean a lot to you is one of them. Don't you agree?"

I agreed with him completely, but I stuck by my decision. I washed dishes that night until long after the last soldier had gone. Nevertheless, I went home with a lighter heart than I'd had in months. *Someone who could mean a lot to you. . . .* He hadn't meant it, of course, but still. . . .

In the next evenings I spent at the canteen I came to believe that Harry did mean what he'd said the first night he'd come up to the coffee counter. He was at my elbow every possible moment; dances that he couldn't dance with me, he didn't dance at all. And the words he whispered while we were dancing—they were the words I'd been waiting all of my life to hear, words that even Philip hadn't spoken. "I knew the minute I laid eyes on you, Penny. You're the girl I've been looking for always. Every man carries a dream-picture in his heart, Penny, and you're the one in mine. I know

that you hear a lot of different lines from these other lads—but don't you see that it's different with me? I'm older than they are; I've had some experience in life, and I know what I want. Penny—you don't believe me!"

"But I do," I protested.

"Then meet me after you're through here, tonight. I can't talk to you with a hundred people around—"

The orchestra was playing a beguine, and the slow, insistent beats were in my heart, in my blood. Why not? I thought. It was breaking rules—but some of the girls broke the rule once in a while. And it was true that we couldn't talk very well at the canteen. Someone was always interrupting. "All right," I said. "I'll meet you—"

I hadn't finished speaking before I realized that it was wrong. We'd been dancing toward a corner; suddenly we were cut off from the other dancers by a jog in the wall. Harry stopped dancing, and his arms tightened, pulled me close. "Harry!" I gasped, and tried to pull away. "Please—"

"Don't struggle, sweet. I want to kiss you just once, now—"

I COULDN'T free myself. There was no one to see us in that secluded corner, and I was too proud to cry out. I was trying desperately, silently, to push him away when another arm came suddenly around my waist; a shoulder came between Harry and me, thrusting him aside as easily as if he'd been a child. "You," said a furious voice, "can clear out. This is a canteen, not a third-rate tavern. And you, Penny—"

It was Jimmy Storm. Or perhaps I should say Jim Storm. The diminutive didn't become a man who was all bone and muscle, whose face was hard with anger. There was a rainbow of ribbons on his chest, just level with my eyes, and one of them was a deep purple, with bands of white. All this I noticed in one stunned moment, while he was saying, "I'm taking you home. It's the only place you're safe. Go get your wraps."

Meekly, in a daze, I went after my coat and hat, met Jim at the door. He took my arm, walked me down the steps to a car—his father's car. Then he got in and started the motor, all in murky silence. My arm hurt where Harry had gripped it. I rubbed it, and the thought of Harry brought the blood to my face. "Thanks, Jimmy," I said in a small voice.

"You're welcome."

At his tone, my temper flared. What right had he to sound so—so accusing? He hadn't had to step in between Harry and me. He'd been interfering again, taking a hand in my life— And then I was immediately ashamed. I felt that I had to justify myself to Jimmy somehow, and I didn't know how to begin. "You've been hurt," I ventured.

"I was," he said briefly, "some time ago."

"Oh. That's— Is that the reason you're home?"

"No." He turned the car out of town, drove faster as we left the traffic for the quiet streets of the residential district. It was a good ten minutes to my house, but when we came to a stop before it, he went on as if he hadn't stopped speaking at all, "I'm not a medical discharge, if that's what you mean. I've got a month's furlough. Your mother told me you were at the canteen, and I looked you up, thinking you might have got some sense since I saw you last. But evidently you're as boy crazy as ever."

"Boy crazy!" Shame, gratitude—every other feeling vanished in an all-consuming rage. "How much do you know about it? You don't know anything about me, and yet you treat me like a freak or an imbecile! You don't know—" And then, at the thought of all the bleak months since Philip had gone, I broke down. Tears streamed down my face as I cried, "All I've ever wanted is to have a home and children and a man to love. If that's being boy crazy, then a lot of other girls are boy crazy, too!"

"You certainly haven't been very selective in your methods."

The remark had slipped out. I realized it even before the sting of it, the bald and bitter truth of it, struck home. I gasped and reached for the door, but Jim's hand reached out and caught mine. "I'm sorry, Penny—"

My hand lay limply in his, and the tears dried on my cheeks as I sat there, forgetting Jim, forgetting everything everything but his words. *You haven't been very selective*— Well, I hadn't been. I saw it now. I hadn't seen one of the boys I'd imagined myself in love with, Philip among them, clearly enough to know him as he really was, to separate him from the dreams I'd built around him. All the heartaches and the longings—they hadn't been love or even a part of love; they had only been a reaching out for love. I'd gone so far as to believe obvious lies like Harry's because I wanted a dream to come true. . . .

"I'm sorry, Penny," Jim repeated. His strong, lean fingers began to rub my hand, gently, as if he sensed the coldness in me and would stir some life back into my body. And he sat staring at the yard between our two houses, the yard where the toy table had once stood, with the dolls propped up around it. "I don't see anything wrong in what you want, either. It looks fine and good to me, especially now . . ."

JIMMY, finding it hard to talk, hard to find words. . . . I looked up at him curiously, and then it was as if a huge hand had taken my heart and squeezed it, forced all my breath from my body, leaving me helpless. This couldn't be right, I told myself. I couldn't feel this way about Jimmy, with whom I'd played and fought since I was big enough to walk, who'd always been under foot, unnoticed. And this couldn't be love—this terrible craving to be in his arms, to be close to him as I'd never wanted to be close to anyone. It wasn't at all as I'd imagined it would be. . . .

Jimmy was looking down at me, one eyebrow raised a trifle, the old mischievous glint in his eyes. "Penny," he was saying, "have you ever liked anyone as much as you've hated me? Has anyone else been able to make you as angry, to make you feel as much? Tell the truth now, Penny—"

It wasn't at all as I'd imagined it would be. Not the heavenly, painful-sweet hour I spent in Jim's arms that night, nor all the days and the nights in the month that followed, in which we argued for and against being married right away, and decided finally to wait until after the war, when we would be sure.

I'm sure now. This is no dreamy, pleasant waiting, in which I'm satisfied to pore over a chest filled with linens. This is a longing, aching waiting—but I know that everything I've ever wanted lies at the end of it. Because this time I'm not in love with love. I'm in love with Jim.

Forever Yours

Continued from page 42

as if I were looking at a stranger!

"I'm glad you came as soon as you could—come and sit down and tell me—" I put in, hastily.

He groaned. "No more sitting down for a little while—please! I've been riding for three days."

"Then come and see the house—" as if he were a guest I were showing around! But I couldn't, yet, fit him into the Philip I knew, the boy who had become my husband . . . "tell me if you like what I've done to it."

Half-protesting, he let me lead him through the freshly-painted rooms. He dutifully admired the scrolled wall-paper, the chintz slip-covers that transformed the old-fashioned parlor into a comfortable living-room; the ivory paint on the staircase panels; the woven rag rug in the upstairs hall.

At the bedroom door he halted. A low whistle escaped him. "Whew! If my buddies could only see this! A little different from an Army cot or a hospital bed," he grinned. "You'll have to make allowances if I'm not entirely civilized as yet, Mary."

"I'll take you as you are—civilized or savage, Philip," I laughed. There was a moment of suspense, a pause—

"ARE you flirting with me by any chance, Mary?"—with one quick motion he had bridged the distance between us, pulling me into his arms with a strength I hadn't expected from his hospital thinness. His face was pressed into my hair; his lips travelled from my temples to my lips. Slow, deliberate kisses that warmed the spot they touched with a spreading fire. Beneath his, my lips felt as if they didn't belong to me—shaped as they were by the unfamiliar demand of his. My heart was swirling. He gathered me closer and my hands, unbidden, went around his neck. It was more than a kiss—it was the realization of a dream.

Then—how can I explain the constraint that fell between us even with his lips touching mine? Why did that hard core in the center of my heart crystallize slowly into stiff and unyielding pride? Why did his embrace grow regretfully, guardedly, tender instead of passionate?

What was this barrier between us that neither would name?

The wraith of Stephanie—she was there between us, even though I fought to disregard it. A word from him would have banished her . . . if he had said, in truth, that he loved me and me only. But he hadn't said it. And I wasn't sure. In my suspicions I distrusted this emotion that sprang from our physical closeness.

Perhaps Philip sensed this.

"I haven't the key, have I, Mary?" he said lightly. His hands moved to my shoulders. "There's still a part of your heart that's locked away, with a 'No Admittance' sign on it. That's what I meant when I said before that I shouldn't tie you down to marriage because someone else might come along who could stir you deeper than I."

"There's never been anyone else but you, Philip," I answered. I couldn't change my nature. It hurt to realize that the man I loved wanted it changed. Wanted more of me than I could give. Nothing in my life had prepared me for emotions that were fiercer than friendship; stronger than the shy, delicate love I had always felt for Philip.

If Stephanie had not awakened other, lustier demands in him—would I still have disappointed him?

His eyes held a tender steadiness in their depths, but he did not again draw me close. "We're married, punkin. And I guess all married people have adjustments to make. We'll have to be patient and understanding with each other. I've been away and I've changed a lot, I know. There will be things in each other—differences—we'll have to learn to recognize and make allowances for. I've had experiences I can't share with you. If you can forgive my keeping secrets from you, then I guess I can—wait—and hope." His smile took any sting from his words.

If I could forgive—! I could forgive anything except this unrest and disquiet I sensed in him, this change that had sprung from his first meeting with Stephanie!

Perhaps, I told myself, there would be a difference in what I felt for Philip, in the days to come. After all, we were married, but we had never lived together. Our relationship might as well still be that of a boy and girl who loved each other, who looked forward to marriage. Perhaps the reality of love would sweep aside all of my doubts and fears.

But that night, when all the people who had come to say "welcome home" had gone away again, and we were alone, a wife and her husband together at the end of so long a waiting, the barrier was still between us. This intimacy—greater than I had ever known—lying in my husband's arms, brought me no sudden magic-provoked security, and the passion I had hoped would teach me passion with which to respond still brought me only a desire to bring it to an end.

At last I turned my mouth away from the fierce intensity of Philip's kisses, and I cried out, "Dearest—give me a little time to be used to you! Give me just a little time!"

His arms about me relaxed, and after a long moment, in which I held my breath, and prayed, I think, for understanding, he kissed me lightly on the tip of my nose, and laughed a little. "I'm sorry, sweetheart—I'd forgotten. We have time—all of the time in the world. I want you to love me as I love you, and that I can teach you, if I can only remember patience!"

But we had solved nothing. It wasn't

WAIT A MINUTE!

Before you empty your scrap baskets today, before you burn up or throw away that stack of magazines, those old corrugated boxes, the week's accumulation of newspapers—wait a minute! Those scraps of paper can save lives, can help to win a battle! Paper is one of the war's vital fighting materials. Put your paper out for city salvage collection, give it to a regular collection agency, or sell it to a junk dealer—but don't throw it away!

that he showed, by word or look, as the days went on, his restlessness. Nor his disappointment. But his gentleness was too patient, his tenderness too considerate. I chafed under it. I saw, with growing dread, that the gap between us was widening every day, every night. Once, habit would have made me close my mind to questions. I would have been satisfied with the outward appearance. But no more.

Philip went to work at the factory. When I protested that he would be too tired to keep up his law studies at night, he only smiled.

"It's the only thing I can do, Mary, to get Henry out of that foxhole where I left him. He gave me a trust—and maybe this way I can see that he and the others come back a little sooner." It was the first time I realized that he felt so badly about Henry's still being in the fight while he was out for good.

The Day Nursery kept me busy. Little Susan's father had delayed his leaving, and I did what I could to prepare her for the wrench of parting with her friends and her garden.

BUT most of the time I went about my duties like a sleepwalker. Or, rather, like a person emerging slowly, painfully, from sleep. Emotions and feelings stirred in their swaddling-clothes, ripped into my cloistered heart, laughed at my 'lady-like' pretences. I was paying a high price for my pride.

It hadn't occurred to me, when Philip had gone to work at the factory, that he would be bound, sooner or later, to run into Stephanie. Whether it had been accidental or intentional I don't know, but he mentioned, casually, one evening something Stephanie had said about her brother.

The terror I felt must have showed in my face. Philip's mouth tightened. He slammed down his napkin onto the table, pushed back his chair and strode out of the house.

I sat there, my hands clenched and my heart pounding in my throat. The mention of her name—from Philip—could do that! If there were only someone I could talk to! Aunt Connie was hopeless. Dad was gone. Even if he weren't, we had been too much alike for confidences. I had kept all this inside of me for so long without an outlet, but I couldn't go on any longer trembling when I heard her name, wondering what Philip was thinking.

If only Mother were alive! When I was a child I had pretended she was and that I could ask her advice. But the new picture Dad had drawn of her — gay and temperamental and quicksilver alive—had made me afraid. Now I faced that fear—and knew I dreaded her taking Philip's part against mine.

Had she sat at this table, where he had, facing the old golden-oak sideboard with its mirror panel, its "Fish and Game" still-life hanging above—and suffered from the Brockman pride, too? Had she, sometimes, waited for a word or a sign from Dad that would have meant solace to her—and waited in vain?

Ruthlessly I ripped aside the layers of self-esteem I had built. Had I deliberately withheld my heart from Philip, forcing him to be content with the crumbs I could spare, as a kind of revenge for what I had suffered? To make him suffer too? In spite of Stephanie he had asked me to become his wife. Could I never forget that he had come to me on the rebound? Was I to make us both pay

in misery and silence because he had once cared, briefly, for someone else? Because he still admired her?

All or nothing!—the flag of pride. Well, that flag lay in the dust. I wanted Philip's love on any terms. And when he came back I would tell him so. Before — before he turned again to Stephanie!

I was in the hall when I heard him coming up the path. But he was running! His feet pounded over the porch; the door flew open in violent haste; he nearly knocked me down as he rushed into the house!

"Philip—" I began—

But his hands were on my arm, shaking me. "Mary, I can't stop! I've got to go—there's a fire over in Trailertown! They need every man! Get coats and blankets—I don't know how bad it is but some of them may be burned out." All the time he was talking he was filling his pockets with flashlights, with the first aid kit.

Fire!—in Trailertown! Blocks away from the nearest fire hydrant—dry grass growing untended around the huge, sprawling camp—women and children caught in those box-like trailers, those inflammable awnings and lean-to's—!

Aunt Connie's light snapped on over her porch.

GET that big coffeepot of yours, Mary!" she yelled. "I'm going to set up an emergency kitchen in Massey's lot on Tenth Street. I'm stopping at Mary Ellen's for more doughnuts—come as quick as you can!"

Trust Aunt Connie!—it was in moments like this that I admired her most, in spite of her faults. And she was right. I grabbed the coffee pot off the shelf, a canister of coffee, poured sugar into a sack, added some cartons of milk; shoved the lot into a market basket and, with blankets on the other arm, hurried after her.

My heart quailed when I saw that inferno of raging fire. But there was too much to do to be afraid. It seemed like hours that we handed out cups and plates to weary, haggard, smoke-blackened men and crying, frantic women. The fire, aided by a stiff wind, was out of control in a few minutes.

From Massey's lot we could see the vicious orange-red flames, almost obscured by the ugly, black, billowing smoke; we could hear the crackling and the tearing sound as trailers disappeared in the path of the holocaust . . . the hissing of water as streams from the hoses played upon it in a pitiful attempt. Our fire department was antiquated. At the edge of the field I could dimly see the tiny figures of men. I knew they were beating sparks out with rugs; I knew they were forming a bucket brigade from the creek nearby. Philip was there, along with every able-bodied man in Tilbury.

The children were my job. I herded them into one corner—those whose mothers were out on the field filling buckets of water for their men. A row of old overcoats made a bed for the children and, as other women arrived to help with the coffee, I gathered the youngsters around me, soothing their panic as best I could.

I saw Philip when he rushed in to get a bandage for a burn on his arm, but a Nurse's Aide reached him first. I couldn't leave the children, but I could hear what the men were saying.

"What are we going to do?" a tall, bearded man, holding his coffee cup with shaking hands, was demanding of no one in particular. "My God—where can we go?"

I recognized one of the plant officials, a Mr. Johnson, standing next to him. "We'll have to shut down the plant," grimly, despairingly, "one rickety hotel and two boarding houses in Tilbury and now four hundred people homeless. We'll have to shut down the plant. No other way—"

"Only four hundred people?" It was Philip's determined, ringing voice. "Well, there are over four hundred families in Tilbury who have an extra bedroom or an attic where they can put in a few cots. You haven't any problem, Mr. Johnson. This town isn't going to see people without a roof over their heads. You won't have to shut down the plant. They'll just move in with us for awhile."

I heard the gasp that went up from behind the rude counter where Aunt Connie and the other ladies stood. Take in people from Trailertown!

But not even Aunt Connie had a word to say. Bad as it was, there was absolutely no other solution. Philip was right. It was the only answer.

I watched the men talking together and I realized that the common effort they were making tonight; the simple, unspectacular acts of heroism they had witnessed; their scorched faces and burned hands, had formed a comradeship among them—old-timers and newcomers alike. But how long would that last when they settled down tomorrow to living together? Thank goodness, the solution would be only temporary, until they could get barracks or some kind of shelters built. Most of the people in Tilbury were gathered in a dense crowd to watch the fire; Sheriff Birl was sent, paper in hand, among them for volunteer hosts to take in the homeless families. And one by one they came forward to their "guests."

WHEN the last of the children had been called for, I went home, too. The fire had almost burned itself out, except for one corner of the field, and it was under control.

Tired as I was I could not go to sleep. I stretched out on the sofa to drowse and wait for Philip. His burns would need dressing and he might be hungry.

I don't know how long I napped. The door slamming woke me and I heard Philip awkwardly groping for the light switch.

"I'm in here, Philip," I called, going sleepily to the hallway door. "I waited up—" I stopped. I stared, dazed and unbelieving. Philip was not alone. And there was no mistaking the limp form he carried—the long black hair that fell like a curtain across his shoulders—that slim figure—Stephanie!

He misunderstood my look. "She isn't hurt!" he said, hastily. "It's mostly smoke and shock. We found her in that corner of the field, almost in the brook, lying across the body of that old woman she lived with, trying to protect her. The poor kid—the poor, brave kid!" and as he talked he was moving resolutely upstairs, to the room that had been Dad's.

"Here?—she's going to stay here, Philip?" I asked in a stupefied whisper.

He didn't answer, but I knew before I spoke. Stephanie was in our house—to stay.

Is this, then, the beginning of the end of Mary's marriage—or can it perhaps mean a new beginning? Read the exciting conclusion of this story in May RADIO ROMANCES, on sale April 18.

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This Dream Is Done

Continued from page 31

This was an excuse for standing still, for not making the effort to pick up the threads of living again. And so, except for my casual contacts with the milkman and the baker and the grocer, I saw no one except Margie and the baby.

I wonder sometimes how long this feeling of inertia, this motionless, do-nothing attitude toward life, would have gone on if I hadn't received the long-distance call from San Diego.

When the operator said, "San Diego calling Frances Brown," I didn't wonder at her using my maiden name; I wondered only about the call, itself. My heart clumped against my breast. I had a sudden flash of intuition that this call was of tremendous importance—that something was coming into my life to start me forward again. And then I thought of Frank. Perhaps the naval officers had been wrong—perhaps Frank's ship hadn't been shot down—perhaps Frank wasn't dead—but was alive, on the other end of the telephone now.

And then I heard a familiar male voice at the other end of the wire, "Francie—Francie—is it you?" And there was hope and love and anticipation in the voice that came to me. It was the voice of a man who has been dreaming of the woman he loves during the agony of war. It wasn't Frank's voice, of course. He was gone, and I knew that with terrifying certainty. It was the voice of Ralph—Ralph, the first boy who ever had kissed me—Ralph who had gone away and asked me to wait for him. Ralph, whose "girl he left behind him" had been carefree and young and now was crumpled and heartsick, a mother and a widow.

FRANCIE, I'm back," he said. "And the operator and I've been tracing you all over the United States. Are you all right?"

"Yes," I said. There was no point in telling him my story over the phone.

"Are you working?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, laughing a little, "I manage to keep busy."

"Tell your boss not to expect too much of you for four days beginning the day after tomorrow," he said. "I'm coming to see you." Swiftly he named a time and place.

I hung up the receiver and leaned thoughtfully against the telephone, and when I turned around Margie was beside me.

"Francie, what is it? What's the matter?" she asked quickly. "You're so white—so shocked looking. It isn't—it can't be—"

"Frank? No—that's what I thought, too," I told her, and my voice was empty with lost hope. "It's Ralph."

"Ralph?" Margie had become a friend of mine since the old Cartersville days, and had never known Ralph.

So I told her of my carefree, happy days in the little midwestern town—of the old gang and of my first dates and parties. And I described to her straight, steady-eyed Ralph, who went away believing that he was in love with me, and who had come back.

"Oh, Francie, I'm glad," she said.

"I'll wire him tonight and tell him not to come," I said dully.

"Not to come?" Margie's expression was one of incredulous amazement. "You're crazy."

"What is there for us to talk about? If he'd known Frank, why, then, of course, we'd have something in common. But this way—" my voice trailed off.

She didn't say anything, but I could feel her criticism.

"It would be silly—what would we do for four days?" I went on.

"Oh, Francie," Margie begged, "let him come. Don't let your life end. Of course, you loved Frank, but—"

"Loved him?" I could feel the love we had known surging through me now. "Margie, it was more than that. It was life itself."

"I know," Margie said, and there was gentle understanding in her voice. "And keep the precious memory of that love locked in your heart, forever. But don't be sorrowful forever. You're young, Francie—young."

"What difference does it make?" I argued.

"Francie," Margie began, and there was wisdom like that of Great Aunt Sarah in the words she spoke, "everyone changes during wartime. What about Ralph? Don't you think he's different after what he's gone through?"

"Probably," I admitted thoughtfully, "but he doesn't think I'm different. He believes I'm the same inexperienced, light-hearted girl he left in Cartersville. Sweet Sixteen and never been kissed, until he kissed her. And—well, he won't find that girl. She doesn't exist."

"Then let her exist," Margie suggested quickly.

"But she can't," I insisted. "She's gone."

"Francie, listen," Margie began seriously, "Ralph has carried a dream in his heart for three long years—a dream of you. Oh, Francie, you've got to give him that dream. You've got to."

"But I can't," I said weakly. "I can't play a part for four days."

MARGIE continued, "But that's just what you can do—play a part. For four days, Francie, forget about your own loss—your personal misfortune. And think about helping him to forget what he's gone through."

"Do you think I could?" I began thoughtfully.

"I know you could," Margie said enthusiastically. "He wants to believe in you so much—he wants to believe you're just the same. Francie, give him his dream."

"It would be so hard to pretend to be irresponsible and young again," I said.

"Not if you forget about yourself entirely—if you think only about giving him the picture he's carried in his heart."

It was then that I thought about my baby—my little Frankie.

"We'll take care of that," Margie said. "He thinks you work. Let him think you're working all day downtown. And then you take care of the baby. At night he can meet you after I get home—after I take over the care of Frankie."

Suddenly, the idea appealed to me. To be young and gay again. To forget sorrow. To have fun. To cover my heartache for a soldier returning to his homeland.

"Oh, Margie, it's really a wonderful idea," I told her, letting myself get excited for the first time. "Do you think I could do it—do you think it would work out all right?"

"It will work—on one condition,"

Margie warned.

"What's that?" I asked quickly.

"You mustn't think about yourself. You'll have to think about him. If you concentrate on showing him a wonderful time, you'll get along all right."

Margie always refers to those four days as "The Gay Deception." I always look back at it as a time of rebirth. Because in trying to give another war-damaged person happiness, I began to overcome the war's crippling effects on me.

My heart went out to Ralph when he first stepped down from the train. He was thin and tired-looking and his hair was gray. But he had not lost his erect bearing, his direct, honest manner which I remembered so well from our days in Cartersville.

He came to me and put his arms around me gently. And then he stood for a long minute just looking down at me as if he couldn't see enough of me.

"You're the same," he said. "You're the one thing the war hasn't touched," he breathed thankfully.

We went to a quiet place for dinner that night—a restaurant where the music was soft and the food good. And we reminisced about the old days in Cartersville. I tried to think of the amusing incidents like the time we lost Tim and Jenny on the sleighride and didn't miss them for five miles, or about the time we cleaned out Cleary's barn for a dance. Oh, we laughed until we forgot the war in our recollected stories of that far-away existence. We danced together that night, and I was surprised that we danced well. Once while we were dancing, Ralph's arms tightened around me and he whispered into my hair, "Francie, darling, I—I've missed you so terribly."

ANOTHER time, he asked me how I spent my time. I made up my answer, trying to think what I would be doing if I had never known Frank.

"I work, and go to the movies, and help at the Red Cross, and dance occasionally," I told him, smiling.

Yes, that's what I would be doing if I had never known Frank—if my love for him had not brought me ecstacy, childbirth, and heartbreak. And that's the way I played my role with Ralph. "If there had never been a Frank, I would say this—" I would think before I did anything. And, by the end of that first evening, I knew that if I never had known handsome, dark-eyed Frank, I would be in love with Ralph—Ralph, so different and yet so honest and clean and straight, too. And so faithful—even the war had not ended his love for me.

There were many reasons I enjoyed playing the part of a sparkling, lighthearted girl when Ralph was there. First of all, I found genuine pleasure in helping Ralph to forget the war—in painting the picture of the gay, young girl he had carried in his heart. I was happy that he would report back to duty never having seen the crumpled part of me—secure in the knowledge that the world had not changed. But there was another reason. My gaiety, my laughter, my exhilaration discouraged love-making. And I was not ready for Ralph to declare his love for me. Then I would have to tell him the truth.

And so for three days we laughed and danced and hurried recklessly from one place to another, recapturing the old, carefree days of long ago. Once or twice, I noticed that Ralph was looking at me with a puzzled frown,

and I wondered if he could see beneath my gay veneer to the living wound beneath. But, then, I would strive harder than ever to be amusing and gay and young, and the mood would pass.

Margie came in right after work on the fourth night, just as she had been doing all during Ralph's visit. I was humming a little tune as I helped her wheel the bassinette into her apartment.

"You look very pretty tonight, Francie," she said as I started out the door on my way to the office building where Ralph believed I worked. "Are you having fun?"

"He is," I answered, smiling. "Oh, Margie, I know he is."

"Of course he is," Margie agreed. "But are you?"

"Why, yes," I admitted, thinking of myself for the first time. "I'm having fun—why, I'm having a wonderful time."

And when Margie smiled, I knew that this was what she had thought would happen. In her young wisdom she knew that by giving another person happiness, you find happiness, yourself. And she probably had known that I would find joy in being young and gay again—in putting aside my grief—not forgetting my love—but forgetting my sadness. And perhaps she had wanted me to fall in love with Ralph—but that, of course, was impossible.

"He's so good, Margie," I said, softly. "Everything about him is honest and straight and fine."

"And he loves you," Margie said softly.

BUT I fell in love with another man—I loved Frank—I gave him all of my love," I said.

"No, Francie," Margie contradicted. "You loved him intensely, but you didn't give him all of your love."

"What do you mean?" I asked, surprised.

"Don't you love your baby?" she asked. "And does what you feel for him take away anything from the love you gave to Frank?"

"Of course not, but that's different," I insisted.

"All of the loves in your life are different," she went on. "The love you feel for your child—the love you know for your father—and the love you knew for Frank. But you could have still another love in your life, Francie—not wild, and exciting, and passionate like your love for Frank. But a deep, lasting love based on honesty and friendship."

I knew she was right. There can be more than one love in a woman's life—and none needs to rob the other loves of any intensity. There is a place for a new love just as there is a place in a mother's heart for a new child. And the new one takes no affection from the others. And I was aware of something else. I wanted Ralph to come back into my life. I wanted his sure, strong love.

"You see, Margie," I said thoughtfully, "Ralph doesn't know whether he loves me or not. He loves the girl whom I've pretended to be—not the girl I am."

"He'd be a wonderful father for little Frankie," Margie said, looking down at the baby. "Growing up without a dad is a handicap."

Tears of self-pity pushed into my eyes for the first time in four days.

"Maybe Ralph wouldn't want me if he knew about the baby—maybe he wouldn't want another man's child."

"You don't know that until you tell him about the baby," Margie said.

"Oh, Margie, I can't do that," I said with horror. "I've made him happy—I can't make him unhappy with the truth. Why, he likes me the way I used to be."

"If you looked then the way you do tonight, I can't blame him," Margie said, as she looked at me standing in the doorway. "You'd better run, darling—you'll be late."

I kissed the baby and hurried down to meet Ralph in front of the Pickering Building where he thought I worked.

I saw him before he saw me, saw him searching for me in the crowd. And when he found my face, he came toward me quickly the way a man does who is anticipating pleasure with the woman he loves. I watched him, and knew that I could not burden him with my tragedy. He looked years younger than he had the day he stepped from the train. I could not deepen those tragic lines in his face. And then, even as I thought of him, I thought of myself. If I told him now, I was gambling our affection away. I might lose him—and I wanted his friendship. I needed him even more than he needed me.

After dinner that night we went back to the apartment. We sat in the lamplit room listening to soft music on the radio, content to say little, happy in just being together. Suddenly I felt that I had to confide in Ralph—that I had to tell him about the baby. But I was afraid that I could not bear his disappointment at learning that I had loved another man completely.

ONCE or twice during the time we were together that night, I thought Ralph was going to speak of the future—his future and mine. But he didn't say anything until he was leaving—until he was standing in the doorway saying goodbye. He kissed me very gently, first on the forehead, and then on the mouth.

"Goodbye, little Francie," he said. "Thanks for putting up with me." And, then, he said a surprising thing. "I've wanted to ask you to marry me—but—well—I can't be sure what the war has done to me—how much I've changed in every way."

I wanted to say, "But, Ralph, the war has changed me, too. I'm not the same girl you used to know."

But he was still talking.

"And you're so—so honest, that I couldn't pretend not to have been affected by the—things I saw—the things I knew over there."

I was too much of a coward to tell him then that I had been pretending—that I wasn't as honest as he thought I was.

There were tears in my eyes when he went away. Tears that came from the sadness of parting and tears of admiration and respect, which might so easily become the glad tears of love.

I wiped my eyes hastily and went into Margie's apartment for the baby. After I had wheeled the bassinette back in my own apartment, I stood for a little while just looking down at the baby, remembering what Margie had said about different kinds of love . . . remembering, and knowing that all she had said was true. And then, very suddenly, in that way of seeming to have been pretending to be awake all the time that babies have, Frankie woke up. He chuckled and gurgled happily at seeing me and held (*Continued on page* 74)

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out his fat little fists in invitation. My heart swelled with love for him, and with another emotion which at last I could put a name to: a real sorrow that somehow, with Ralph, I had let another love, a dear tenderness that might have meant a shining new world for me, slip though my fingers. I caught the baby to me, and I think I was laughing and crying at once when I heard a sound behind me.

I turned swiftly. There, close by the head of the crib, stood Ralph. He was smiling—a small, questioning, puzzled half smile. And what he said was, "So this is your secret, Francie."

I slid the baby back under the covers, and stood up quickly. "Ralph, I—"

The smile was full now, and tender. "I could make some excuse about having left my gloves here, or something like that, Francie. But I'll tell you the truth—I left part of my heart here and I've come back for it."

"Ralph—" His name seemed to be the only thing I could say.

He took my hand and led me across the room to the davenport. "Sit down here beside me, Francie," he said gently, "and tell me all about it. I've known, ever since I came home, that there was something behind your laughter and your gaiety—something sober and withheld. You didn't seem to want to tell me, but after I left tonight I knew that I couldn't go without knowing, and without offering myself, however poor a substitute, to fill the emptiness I knew was in your heart. So will you tell me about it, Francie?"

STRANGELY, it was easy to tell. Not at first—not as I started—because for so long I had been keeping my memories inside, buried deep, treasuring them as a miser does his gold, that it was almost painful trying to bring them into the light. But with Ralph's direct, steady eyes looking into mine, and his warm, strong hand closed around mine, it became easier and easier. And strangely, as I talked, I realized for the first time that my memories were happy things. I could bring them out and face them, and I discovered that sharing them with Ralph could in itself be a queer, tender kind of happiness. All of the things I had felt—the little things I had thought that I would never tell anyone—I could tell Ralph. And the telling cleansed my heart of the remnants of bitterness, of feeling cheated, and left behind only the wonderful memory enshrined there.

Ralph was kind enough not to ask questions, not to ask me why I had tried to deceive him, why I had kept my secret to myself. Or perhaps it wasn't just kindness—perhaps he, with his warm understanding, had no need to ask.

He only said, "Now that I know, I feel safer, Francie. Safe enough to ask you to wait for me. You see, I was afraid—I had seen so much and learned so much about living, since I'd left you."

"You were afraid that I could never catch up to you, Ralph?"

"No—that I could never go back to you, never be young enough again," he told me gravely. And then he opened his arms to me, and I came into them, not creeping there for shelter, but going proudly to my love, knowing at last that the world does not stand still—even for grief. Knowing that tonight Ralph would go away, but that he would come back to me. And find me here waiting for him.

Planning to the Point

Continued from page 50

300,000 tons above last year; manpower shortage in sugar cane fields and refineries; limited shipping space for importing sugar, which must remain limited because it is needed for war material.

As to the important reason why ration stamps were cancelled without warning, that had to be done to keep people who had an accumulation of unused points from buying produce to the limit of those points. If that had been permitted, dealers' stocks might have been so depleted that there would have been nothing left for the consumers who were depending on current stamps to supply their needs.

Figures and statistics and explanations are all very well, and, you may say, you're more than willing to cooperate by buying only at ceiling prices and by never making a purchase of rationed goods except in exchange for ration points—but you'd like a little help in feeding your family interesting and nutritious meals! Can it be done, in these days of shortages? Yes, it can. It takes more time and more planning than it ever did before, but meals can still be attractive to the eye and palate. You simply have to eliminate the words "I can't" from your vocabulary entirely, and use "I'll substitute" instead. Scour the cookbooks and the magazines for new ways to prepare fish and eggs and the few remaining unrationed meats.

I have worked out a week's menus by which a family of four can be fed —well fed—on the points now available. On the assumption that many of you prepare lunch boxes for noontime meals, I have indicated sandwiches for lunch; make them with whole grain bread for added nutrition. Add more eggs for breakfast for those whose work requires extra energy, and save time and energy for yourself by preparing enough dinnertime dessert to be served at lunch the following day.

	Breakfast	Dinner	Supper
Sunday	grapefruit corn muffins—marmalade baked eggs—beverage (the ideal beverage for all children's meals is milk)	roast loin of pork or boiled beef with horse radish sauce mashed potatoes (sweet or white) — cauliflower escarole salad—apple pie	waffles with broiled jowl bacon gelatin dessert beverage
	Breakfast	**Lunch**	**Dinner**
Monday	tangerines cornflakes with top milk toast—soft-cooked egg beverage	tomato soup peanut butter sandwiches gelatin dessert beverage	tongue — new potatoes steamed cabbage celery and carrot sticks cornstarch pudding beverage
Tuesday	orange juice oatmeal with top milk toast—beverage	mixed vegetable juice tongue sandwiches cornstarch pudding—beverage	barbecued pork or beef slices (from Sunday's roast) scalloped potatoes baked squash sliced (or cold canned tomatoes) hot gingerbread—beverage
Wednesday	grapefruit puffed cereal with top milk scrambled eggs—toast beverage	tomato juice cream cheese sandwiches gingerbread—beverage	broiled liver and jowl bacon steamed rice—spinach cole slaw—beverage sliced bananas
Thursday	orange juice cooked wheat cereal—top milk toast—beverage	mixed vegetable juice ground liver sandwich banana or tangerine beverage	stuffed breast of lamb (or veal)—roast pan-browned potatoes and onions string beans baked apple beverage
Friday	grapefruit bran flakes with top milk French toast—beverage	tomato juice chopped egg and green pepper sandwiches baked apple—beverage	broiled mackerel hashed brown potatoes creamed carrots cabbage and apple salad—beverage chocolate pudding
Saturday	tangerines pancakes with maple syrup beverage	tomato juice pea soup with hard-cooked egg slices—crackers—beverage—chocolate pudding	lamb (or veal) pie (use leftover roast from Thursday's dinner) tossed green salad gingerbread—beverage

Total red points for week:

3½ lbs. pork loin (end cuts) or 3½ lbs. boneless beef chuck	14
1 lb. beef liver	4
1 lb. margarine	2
½ lb. cream cheese	3
¼ lb. butter	6
	29

Total blue points for week:

2 cans vegetable juice	20
2 cans tomato juice	20
1 can tomatoes	10
	50

If you need a larger roast for Sunday, plan to serve patties made of ground pork liver, point free, in place of rationed beef liver, to gain 4 points.

Surrender

Continued from page 23

ground against which to present myself to the handsomer, more attractive men I'd already seen here.

"Yes, I'm number seventeen—Shelley Drake," I said, getting to my feet, smiling up at him from long habit of being charming to men.

He grinned at me. "I've taken pot luck before, and not minded," he told me. "But you look to me like a girl who's always had things her way, so perhaps you won't like this as much as I will."

There! He, the first of the guests here I'd spoken to, had, without question, taken me for the kind of person accustomed to places like Stonewall Inn, to fun and resort life and all the things I'd read about. I warmed to him.

"Don't worry about me," I smiled. "I'll have fun—I always do."

He nodded. "I suspect you do, Shelley Drake. Well, how shall we spend our time tonight together?"

Somehow, his manner was more amused than flattering, and that annoyed me a little. After all, he might have drawn a fright, or a grandmother—there were plenty of both around. Every other man who had stopped to compare cards with me had had eagerness in his eyes and then regret, when our numbers didn't tally.

"I'd better tell you my name—I'm Mike Torrey. And would you like something to drink?"

HE gave me, somehow, a feeling as if he were a small boy who had been sent to a party and given strict instructions by his mother to behave like a little gentleman. I opened my lips to say that I didn't drink. My dress had been made for dancing, and I wanted to stay in the ballroom and whirl about the floor—to see and to be seen. But at that moment, Mike Torrey smiled. That was little-boy, too—a little boy who's awfully afraid people aren't going to like him. To my amazement I heard myself saying, "I'd love some lemonade."

Over his beer and my lemonade, Mike and I got acquainted. He told me about his work with planes and engines—"I'm not an engineer, understand. No degrees, or anything like that. I'm just a worker." And I took my first opportunity to try out my story about wanting to get away for a while, and be quiet, and not see my friends.

After a while I suggested that we dance, but Mike shook his head. "I can't," he confessed. "Not a single step. Never had time to learn, I guess. I'm not much help to a girl who wants to have a good time." There was no apology in his tone, but I thought there was a hint of ruefulness as he added, "As you can probably see. I knew I'd be a disappointment to you the moment I saw you. You belong in a place like this. I don't. I came here by accident, through a friend." His eyes narrowed teasingly. "But buck up, Shelley. Your ordeal will be over by midnight."

A perverse mischief stirred in me, a desire to shake the amusement out of this man's eyes, to stir in him some feeling for me other than his obvious one of being interested in an attractive child.

"It's not so very long until mid-

night," I reminded him. "And there's a moon outside. Looking at the moon with a pretty girl doesn't require any previous training or talent."

I had a disturbed feeling, for a moment, that Mike was seeing right through me. Then he smiled faintly, and rose, his eyes resting briefly on my bare throat and arms. "I'll wait while you get your wrap," was all he said.

The back porch of the Inn, looking out over the golf course and the lake beyond, was deserted. We stood at the railing, gazing into the star-studded blackness. I felt as if I had never known before exactly how wonderful, how breathtaking the beauty of the night could be—and that was strange, because I was sharing it with a man who meant nothing to me.

That moment of loveliness was broken by Mike's voice, sounding a little wistful—or was that only my imagination?

"I know what is expected of me, now, Shelley," he whispered, "only I'm afraid I'm not much good at it."

"Good at what, Mike?"

"At this—at flirting, and kissing pretty girls in the darkness under the stars. That's supposed to be my next move, isn't it? I guess I don't know how to play, Shelley, that's all."

Something outside my own volition moved me closer to him. "Would you like to know how, Mike? No matter how hard a man works, he ought to play sometimes, too. I could teach you." My voice sounded strangely warm, persuasive, in my own ears. I felt as if Mike and I had been suddenly marooned, quite alone, in a new, dark, intimate universe. Then I shook myself impatiently—what was the matter with me, anyway?

MIKE'S low, rich laugh sounded close to my ear. "I'll bet you could teach me how to play at that, Shelley—you look as if you'd devoted your life to nothing else. But there isn't time—it's very close to midnight, and our evening together is nearly over."

Suddenly I sensed the incredibly powerful masculinity housed in Mike's compact body. He might be unglamorous, but he was more *man* than anyone I had ever known. Not what I wanted for always, at all, but an impelling challenge for now. Almost like a battle to be fought and won . . . or lost.

"It doesn't have to end at midnight," I said softly, turning to face him. "Would you like to learn how to play, Mike? Give me just one week, and I'll teach you—I'll guarantee to teach you how to enjoy life. I'm not your kind of woman—you're not my kind of man. We'd have nothing to hamper us—no need to ask about pasts or dream of futures. Just a week out of each of our lives . . ."

I knew, without being able to see, that he was shaking his head slowly. "It would be something to remember," he said at last, "but we could get too involved. We might remember too well. It might hurt."

I laughed. "I won't let us get too involved. Don't worry about that, Mike."

"I don't—"

"Afraid, Mike?"

He laughed with me then. "No one says that to Mike Torrey and gets away with it, Shelley. All right—it's a bargain. Seven of my days belong to you, and seven of yours to me, and after that it's all over, and no questions

asked. Is it a bargain, Shelley?"

I held out my hand in the darkness. "It's a bargain." But he didn't see it, or perhaps he purposely ignored it, as he moved closer to me.

He's going to kiss me, I thought. *Now he's going to kiss me . . .*

But he didn't. He only closed his hands, hard, on my shoulders for a moment, and then turned and walked into the Inn, leaving me to follow him.

That night, as I pulled my lovely pink dress off over my head—the dress that I had meant to be seen in, and which had hardly been seen at all—I called myself all sorts of a fool. What had I been thinking of, to make such a bargain with Mike—to give up to him half of my precious, longed-for vacation? A man like Mike, ordinary as a man can be. He had none of Howard's looks or smoothness; he couldn't be compared to some of the other men—officers, some of them—that I'd seen in the ballroom. *You must be crazy, Shelley,* I told myself. *You must have lost your mind. It was the night, and the stars, and the magic! Two weeks is such a short time in which to find your happiness and now you're planning to throw one of those precious weeks away, waste it on a man who means nothing to you, and never could!*

I woke the next morning with a firm determination to call off the bargain with Mike at breakfast—we were to meet on the terrace at nine. I dressed and went down to find him waiting for me, looking freshly-scrubbed and eager, and once again like a small boy on his best behavior.

WE ordered breakfast, and I looked around the room. Shorn of the splendor of evening clothes, and under the less merciful light of the sun, the other men in the room did not look nearly as attractive to me, somehow, as they had last night. There was the Army Captain I had admired, for instance—he looked quite grim and forbidding, and beside him was a girl who was obviously his teen-aged daughter! And the tall, very blond man who had said something most gallant when he found that his number, last night, did not match mine—this morning he looked a little too smooth, too obviously, studiedly charming . . . I turned back to Mike, and smiled at him. His answering grin made me feel suddenly warm and very much alive. Somehow I forgot all about telling him that our bargain was off.

I don't know when it happened. Perhaps it was that very morning, at breakfast. Or that night, when we drifted across the path the moon made on the lake, Mike's paddle sending the canoe deftly down that silvery ribbon of light. Or the next morning, when we walked miles over the hills, or the afternoon, when, kept inside by a shower, we played childish games with other guests in the lounge. Or perhaps it was the evening of that day—another star-hung night of black magic—when first Mike kissed me. But somehow, sometime during that week in which Mike's time was mine, and mine his, I fell in love.

Yes, I think it was when he kissed me—laughingly, playfully at first, saying, "See how I'm learning? I know what to do with a girl under the stars, now!"—and then, with his laughter stilled by the first meeting of lips, kissing me again and again, with a compelling, demanding eagerness.

I lay still against his shoulder, spent and shaken and a little shocked. Not because Mike had kissed me, but because of the moving answer to his kisses that I felt rising like a tide to overwhelm me, making me repeat his name, softly, wonderingly, in the tone which only lovers use—the tone which had never been in my voice before.

His voice crossed mine sharply, erasing the little words as if they'd never been. "Shelley—I'm sorry. Shouldn't have done that, I guess. I forgot for a moment that we were playing a game."

Once again he turned and strode swiftly away from me, but this time, when I followed, he was not waiting in the safety of the magic-dispelling light inside. I made my way, frightened and troubled, to my room.

This wasn't the way I'd wanted love to come to me. My love was to have been handsome, and romantic, like—why, like Howard! I knew, at last, that love was not a dream, but a reality, something which you did not choose, but something which was thrust, full-born, upon you. Love might look like Howard, but oh, love *felt* like Mike, and that, from that very moment on, was all I wanted in the whole wide world.

When I tell Howard the way things are, he'll be glad for me and understand, I told myself as I drifted off to sleep. I drew an imaginary circle about me, and brushed outside its margin as unworthy and time-wasting everything and anything in the world that didn't concern Mike and me. I was in love, at last, and Mike *was* my world.

There was just one factor I didn't count on. Mike, himself.

His phone called wakened me early in the morning.

"SHELLEY, can you come down and have breakfast with me right away? I—I want to talk to you."

"Of course I can, Mike—give me ten minutes to shower and get dressed. I'll meet you on the terrace." I almost sang the words. Why, it was only seven in the morning—here, except for those who were going to ride or play golf, no one had breakfast until nine, or later. Obviously, his thoughts all night had been of me, as mine had been of him. He couldn't wait—he had to see me.

Couldn't wait . . . had to see me . . . going to tell me that he loves me! My heart made a tune of it as I flew into my clothes, cried *hurry, hurry, hurry!* to the slowness of the elevator.

This morning Mike, waiting at our accustomed table, didn't look quite so bright, quite so neat, quite so gaily ready for what the day might bring as he had on other mornings. He stood up, pulled out my chair, and then, without sitting down, he blurted, "Shelley, I'm leaving on the nine o'clock. I've got to get back to town. Something—something's come up."

"But Mike—Mike, you can't! What about—"

"What about our play-for-a-week bargain, Shelley? I'll have to call it off. And besides—I think I've learned as much as it's safe for me to know about having fun, Shelley. I'm just not that kind of person. Simple things, and working hard are what I was meant for, and those are the things I really love. You'll have to understand that."

He sat down then, and there was silence, like a wall, between us.

"I—I guess I don't want any breakfast, after all," he said, at last. "I hate

goodbyes, so let's not even say the word, Shelley. I'll be going now."

I put out my hand, caught his arm to stay him.

"Mike—last night I thought—"

He smiled. "Last night? That was—last night, Shelley. All over and done with. Tonight's another night, and maybe you'll find yourself a good-looking dancing partner, now that I'll be out of your way."

I couldn't bear it any longer. I had to say it. "Mike—Mike, I *love* you. You can't just go away!" It was only a whisper, but he heard it.

And he laughed at me. "Shelley! Oh, Shelley, I'll wager you've said that a hundred different times to as many men!"

"That not true!"

He sobered. "Tell me something, Shelley. I know that we decided not to tell each other about pasts, or dream of futures. Remember? But I want to know this—isn't there a man at home, someone who thinks you love him? There's always a man waiting for a girl like you. Tell me, Shelley—and don't lie to me."

And I couldn't lie to him. Nor could I look at him, as I said, "I—I'm engaged to a man named Howard Simms, Mike. But—but it doesn't mean anything. I never loved him! I—"

THE old amusement was back in Mike's eyes as he stood up to go. He leaned forward swiftly, and patted my cheek—a gesture one might make toward a pretty child one saw along the street. "You're engaged to him, but it doesn't mean anything. You never loved him, eh, Shelley? Oh, child—even you must be able to see why I don't want to play your game of make-believe any more. I want to get back to my job. You'll forget me so easily, and I—I'll forget you, too. I must have been crazy for a minute on the porch last night—I thought I was falling in love with you. Why, I could no more fall in love with you than I could with my own little daughter. In some ways, you're more of a child than she is, Shelley."

One word stood out of all that. "Daughter, Mike?"

"I have three children, Shelley. Their mother died when they were little, and I've been busy being both mother and father ever since. So you can see why I haven't had much time to play."

I stared at him, incredulous. Somehow I had never thought of Mike as having any ties at all—Mike, big and fresh and gay, free as the wind; that's the way I'd thought of him, subconsciously. But Mike, surrounded by children, being a father, wiping noses, helping with homework—!

Mike laughed again. "You don't like the idea of that, do you Shelley? Well, it was your plan—your plan that we shouldn't ask about pasts or dream of futures." His face softened. "Never mind, child—you'll stay on here and have yourself a good time, and forget about the whole thing in a week. So long, Shelley—and good luck!"

He turned then and walked swiftly out of the dining room, without looking back. After a moment, I felt myself get to my feet and follow blindly after him. My brain was numb, and all I knew was that Mike was gone, and that everything was wrong . . .

I sat by the window in my room all that morning, trying to make myself think. But my head was empty. All I knew was that I couldn't possibly stay

at Stonewall Inn any longer—I had to get away. To get home.

That afternoon in the train, the numbness faded. I knew that I couldn't just sit, at home, as I had sat this morning in the Inn. Not for the rest of my life could I sit, and look out of the window, and dream of something that might have been, and never would be.

I suppose it was a defense of some kind—my mind finding something to busy itself with, my heart finding anger to fill the vast emptiness where happiness had been, but I soon found myself storming at Mike. It was, after all, his fault. He was a man—a man who was supposed to know and understand the world! He must have realized that our little game of make-believe wouldn't work. And why had he kissed me like that? Why had he kissed me so that his lips still burned on mine when I thought of him?

Howard, some small voice inside me said, wouldn't have done a thing like that to me. Howard was kindness itself, and consideration, and thoughtfulness. Howard was—oh, Howard was everything but love! Howard, who was waiting at home now, for my answer. Well, then, I'd give it to him. Tonight—tonight I'd name, at last, the day when we'd be married. I'd go back and bask in Howard's attentions and flattery and kindness. I'd warm myself with them, a cloak around me to shelter me from the bitter memory of Mike. With Howard, I'd be safe. Nothing like this would ever happen to me again . . .

I CALLED Howard as soon as I got back in town. He sounded a little cold—still angry, I told myself, because I had gone away. But he'd soon forget that when I said that I was ready to marry him. Yes, he told me, he'd be over right after work. And so I forced myself to unpack and take a shower, to fill in the time until he arrived.

When he came in, he kissed me lightly and asked, "Have a good time, Shelley?" That wasn't what I wanted at all—I wanted to be told how much I had been missed, how much I was loved. I needed that. But he walked up and down the room instead, a cigarette unnoticed in his hand, a little frown drawing his black brows together.

At last he stopped in front of me. "Let's not talk about what you did up there, Shelley, or how you feel now, or anything like that—let's talk about something important. Let's talk about you and me. I've something to say to you, Shelley!"

Now it was coming Now he'd ask me once again to set a date for our marriage—and I would.

"I should have said this long ago, Shelley. I guess I just didn't have the strength of mind. But while you've been away I've had a chance to think, unhampered by seeing you every day. And I've stopped evading in my mind the knowledge that you don't love me—and never will. And I can't let this go on any longer—heaven knows I've been a puppy dog, following you around and wagging my tail when you consented to pat me, long enough. I'm a man, and it's about time I learned to act like one, if I'm ever going to."

My lips opened—and closed soundlessly. What could I say?

His words took on heat; his eyes seemed to pin me down. "You've kept me tied to you because it suited you, not because you cared. Perhaps some-

day you'll find a man you love better than you love yourself, but I'm not that man." He was quiet a moment. Then, "I'm going now, Shelley. I don't want to fight with you, and if I stay we'll both say things we'll be sorry about afterwords. Shelley—I say, I'm going now."

I shook myself into replying. "Goodbye," was what I said, and how utterly a fitting period to our relationship it must have sounded to him—as false and as inadequate as that relationship had been!

I heard the door close gently behind him, and he was gone.

All of my life, when something had seemed distasteful to me, I simply hadn't thought of it. But that didn't work now. Neither was my mind numb, as it had been this morning, making thought impossible. Shadows swallowed up the twilight, and it was night; night stretched its endless, dreary length until morning, and still I sat where I was, thinking, prying into depths of my own heart and mind that I had never explored before.

It was late, I know, when I stopped being sorry for myself, when I stopped saying, *I'm all alone now. I have no one. No one loves me. I'm alone, alone!* It was very late when finally I found myself saying, instead, *I'm free now. I have a clean slate to work on, and on it I can sketch a life as foolish and as worthless as the one I've been living, or a life that I can be proud of, a life I can take to Mike and offer him, and not be ashamed!*

YES, I faced myself for the first time, there alone in the quiet and the dark—faced the girl I had been, the silly fairy princess who lived in a dream world, with something like loathing. Who was I, that I had kept myself apart, that I had lifted my skirts clear of the mud and grime of everyday living? Who was I, that I had kept myself so clean and beautiful, so carefully protected from anything that was real and honest and earthy—who had refused to work as a nurse's aide, when Mrs. Sheldon asked me to join her unit, because it meant doing some dirty jobs, who refused to go to war movies because they made me sick, who almost fainted when the Red Cross representative came to the shop to make appointments for blood donations, who went two blocks out of her way coming to work in the morning to avoid walking down a shabby slum street full of underfed children? Who was I—who was Shelley Drake, that she dared set herself apart?

I knew, now, when dawn was greying the sky, who I wanted to be, at least. I wanted to be a girl who was worthy of the love of Mike Torrey—a girl who could face him, unafraid, and say, *Here I am—try me again!*

That was months ago, months in which I've learned so much, so terribly much! Months in which I've spent my Saturdays at the hospital where Mrs. Sheldon spends hers, changing beds and bathing patients and carrying dressings and food trays and bedpans and taking temperatures and counting pulses, and feeling as if my fingers were on the pulse of life, at last. Months in which I've served endless cups of coffee and mountains of sandwiches at the canteen. Months during which I've given the Red Cross two pints of blood and sent with each of them a prayer that it may save a life. Months in which I've stopped

sewing for myself in my free time, and begun a sewing class for working girls, instead—girls who can donate perhaps one night a week to making clothes for kids like those in the two blocks I used to avoid while going to work. Months in which I've gone way uptown sometimes and sat in the park and watched three children—Rita, and Mike, and Butch—playing.

But these are all surface things. I could have forced even the old Shelley to do those things, perhaps. The real triumph is in me. The real triumph is that I like to do these things, that I feel they are things not only that I ought to do, but that I *want* to do *because* I ought to do them. The real triumph is in turning Shelley Drake from an arrogant, worse-than-useless creature into a woman, with a real woman's attributes of good faith and humbleness and warmth.

There is only one thing more to tell —what happened to me yesterday.

Mike came looking for me.

He walked into the shop, and straight back to the workrooms.

"Shelley," he said, very softly.

I looked up, and then carefully laid down the doll I was working on, thinking irrelevantly that a few months ago I would have jumped to my feet, sending the fragile thing flying.

SHELLEY," he began again, "—before you say anything, let me say this: I came looking for you because a friend of mine happened to mention that you were working as a nurse's aide at the same hospital as she. And she told me more about you—about the other things you do, and where you live, and that you work here, and earn your living by it. And so I had to find you, Shelley, and apologize, and tell you that I must be a thick-headed fool not to have seen through your little game of make-believe, and known what the real you, behind it, was like."

And that was how I knew, in a miraculous, joyful burst of knowing, that he loved me. You see, if he felt that way about me, he must have been thinking of me all this time, trying to excuse me in his mind, trying to convince himself that he had been wrong —if he hadn't, he never would have been convinced by a few off-hand remarks of some friend.

But I had to be honest—I had to have the air between us clear before there could be any thought of love. And so I told him, "No, Mike—you weren't wrong about me. You were so terribly right about me, in everything you said and felt! I *was* the sort of girl you thought me to be. But I'm not, now. I'm different, Mike—please believe that I'm different!"

He came around the work table slowly, and when I dared to look into his eyes I saw that they were full of the shy, small-boy excitement that had been the first attractive thing I had noticed in him.

Once again I felt his strong, supple fingers biting into my shoulders. There was no magic of a star-strewn night now, but the greater, more compelling force of reality.

"Mike—Mike, I've been so lonely, but I didn't dare—"

He shook his head. "Don't talk about it. What you were doesn't matter—what you *are* shines out of your eyes. Shelley—let's not talk of pasts. That was our pact before, wasn't it? But let's scrap the rest of the pact—let's go ahead and dream of futures!"

Sweet Guy

Continued from page 45

were shocked when they saw George's car in our driveway the next morning, but their horror turned to delight when we showed them our wedding rings.

"How nice," they said, and trotted off to compete with the Associated Press in getting the story out.

George and I shared our one day honeymoon with the Charm School, and all the girls' dates, the neighbors, and a round dozen photographers and reporters.

"It doesn't matter," I said once more, when someone remarked that it was too bad we couldn't be alone, "he hasn't even proposed to me yet." (The letter came, by the way, two weeks after George had gone back to camp.)

We're old married folks now—

We celebrated our first wedding anniversary last December by buying a beautiful ranch in Montana where, after the war, we want to spend six months a year, have a family and be just people—not celebrities.

In the meantime, we are grateful for what we have. George is stationed near home now, and we can be together. We have a home of our own. The Charm School was wonderful—but living with four girls can get a little thick for any man, even an angel like George.

The future looks rosy for the Montgomerys—but we aren't rushing it. The present isn't so bad.

For Now, For Always

Continued from page 19

newsmonger, and that he had to know everything about everything. Then I laughed. "My vacation," I answered.

"Well, that's fine," said Joe vaguely. Then, as we rode past the white frame buildings of the village, he added, "Of course, if you'd come a little earlier, you'd have got in on all the excitement around here. Did you know the McWinters girl?"

I admitted that I didn't. "Well," said Joe with relish, "she ran away from home a couple of months ago, with one of the fellows who came from the city for the early fishing. She was bold as brass about it, too—got on the train with him in broad daylight, and there were some people in town charitable enough to pass the word around that there'd be a big, city wedding. Well—" Joe stifled a laugh, and paused dramatically— "She came back last week, trying to act like nothing had happened, and all the while everybody in town knew!"

Joe glanced at me once or twice, and then, seeing that his news was to go without comment, lapsed into disappointed silence. Not until we neared my brother's farm did he revive. "Bill's already got company, you know," he announced. "Young fellow name of Elliott—he's got a medical discharge from the Army and he's out here resting before he goes back to work."

With relief, I saw Bill's house ahead of us. I'd had enough of Joe. I made him stop the car by the lake, and then, having paid him, I got out and carried my suitcase up the hill to the house. My spirits rose as I approached and saw how bright and snug Bill's little place was, shining white against the

emerald green of the trim lawn. At one side, where the hill leveled off, were the wire runways and the long, low building for the chickens, a building as well-kept as the house itself. "Cosy," I thought, as I let myself in on the front porch. "Not the sort of place I'd want for myself, of course." Privately, I was a little scornful of the very security and snugness of it. Security was all very well for old people and invalids—or for ex-invalids, like Bill.

I left my suitcase in the living room and tiptoed toward the kitchen, following the scent of bacon and coffee, intending to surprise Bill. Then, at the kitchen door I stopped short. There was Bill at the kitchen table, an older, masculine replica of myself—and I thought, as I always thought when I saw him again after a separation, how odd it was that we could have the same dark hair, the same blue eyes and pointed chins, and yet look so different. And—there was Bill's guest.

Joe Henley had prepared me for a guest, but he hadn't prepared me for this tall, thin stranger with a mop of unruly bright hair and a restless, searching face. Even now, idling over his coffee cup, deep in conversation with Bill, he had a look of unquiet.

I stood staring stupidly at him when Bill looked up and saw me. "Kathy!" he cried, jumping up. "Since when have you started housebreaking?" He came over to give me a hug and a resounding kiss, and then he turned to his friend. "Kathy, this is Deke Elliott. He used to be in school with me. Perhaps you've heard me talk of him—"

I SHOOK hands with Deke, smiling up at him, thinking that although I didn't remember Bill's mentioning him, he was somehow familiar. I had seen him sometime, somewhere. . . . And then, because for some reason I couldn't think of a word to say to him, I turned to Bill. "Since when have you been too busy talking to take a look about you?"

Bill grinned. "Gossip, Kathy. We were going over a certain Miss McWinters—"

"You haven't! Bill, you ought to be ashamed!"

"Why?" he asked in surprise. "Have you heard about it?"

"Yes, I have, from old Joe Henley. And I'm surprised that you're no better than he is! What business is it of yours to tear that girl to pieces?"

Deke was grinning, and Bill said indignantly, "See here, Kathy, no one's tearing anyone to pieces. Janie's always more or less asked to be talked about. She's certainly not discreet—"

"Perhaps she's being honest."

"Honest!"

"I mean it," I insisted. "Everyone has to live according to his own nature and his own conscience, Bill." I was aware that Deke was looking from one to the other of us with lively appreciation, and I sensed that his sympathies were with me. His unspoken support made me all the more positive. "If a person does what is right for him, even if his idea of right is different from everyone else's, I don't see that it's your privilege to say he's wrong. As long as he doesn't hurt others—"

Bill moaned. "My little sister," he said to Deke, "likes to kid herself that the world is as she wants it, not as it is. She has a lot of advanced theories—and not the slightest idea of what she's talking about. It comes of reading the wrong books and keeping her nose to the grindstone." He snorted and stood up. "I'm going out to my chickens. They make better sense. Coming, Deke?

Kathy, I suppose you'll want to get yourself settled—"

They went out, and from the window I watched them across the yard. Deke looked back, and although he couldn't have seen me through the screen, he waved—a jaunty, sympathetic gesture, like a salute. I put my hand to my throat, felt my pulse beat with a new, sweet excitement, with a recurrence of the expectant feeling I'd had when I'd got off the train. Deke Elliott—and then I knew where I'd seen him before. I'd seen him in my dreams. That is, I hadn't pictured Deke himself, exactly, but I'd imagined someone like him, someone who would fit into the bright, adventurous pattern of the life I wanted to live—the dream-life that was exactly the opposite of my every-day existence.

As Bill had said, I had my nose to the grindstone—only in my case the grindstone was a set of ledgers back in the city, in the office where I was head bookkeeper. My father had died when I was just starting school, and from that time on I had been Mother's right hand man. Bill's health was poor, most of his childhood was spent in sick-bed, and all of the tasks, the errands and the delivering of orders that otherwise would have been his, fell to me. Mother died the year after I'd finished high school, and the little estate she had left had to go to take care of Bill. He was more unhappy over my lost opportunities than I was. I was used to substituting the things I had to do for the things I wanted to do; exchanging school and dates and dances for a job and for helping Bill with lessons he'd missed in periods of illness seemed almost the natural course to me. I was used to work, and I worked well—when Bill finished high school, I was able to send him to college, and then, when the doctors ordered him to the country for his health, I helped buy the farm.

I wasn't discontented. Still, I couldn't help dreaming of a colorful, adventurous life, dreaming of a man who would be exciting and different from the men I saw every day . . . a man like Deke, I thought now. I knew, without being sure how I knew, that he was different, and my own thudding heart told me that he was exciting.

After I'd washed the breakfast dishes and unpacked my suitcase, I changed out of my travelling clothes into the frivolous little playsuit with the flowered dirndl skirt that I'd intended to save for the late afternoons when work

was done. I applied fresh lipstick, and sprayed cologne on my throat, and patched a place on my thumb nail where the polish had chipped. Then I strolled out into the April sunshine.

I found Deke beside the chicken house, cleaning a dismembered and very dirty chick feeder. "Want to help?" he suggested.

"No, thanks," I laughed. "I came out to make my peace with Bill." But I made no move to go on to Bill, who was working in the farthest of the wire runs, and Deke didn't seem anxious to have me go.

"Do you always fight with him like that?" he asked.

"Nearly always. He's got a chip on his shoulder because I won't come out here to live, where he can keep an eye on me."

Deke chuckled; then he said seriously. "I don't think that's his real point, Kathy. From the way he's talked to me, he's very proud of you—and very grateful. I think he feels that it's his turn to take care of you for a while."

"I know he does. But the point is, I don't need taking care of. Besides, I've been independent for so long that I couldn't change now."

He threw back his head and laughed long and heartily. "Kathy, you're wonderful! You're not as old as all that, and you just wait until the right man comes along—you'll change fast enough—"

HIS laughter faded at the look I gave him. I was really angry, not only because he was talking in Bill's best elder-brother manner, but because he was assaulting one of my pet theories. "You're wrong," I said coolly. "I'd be ashamed if I did change. A man ought to mean more to a woman than a home and security." And then it was my turn to lower my eyes because Deke was looking at me intently, and although I couldn't read his expression, it made me acutely aware of myself and of him and of the little silence that fell between us, a surcharged silence, alive and heavy with meaning.

"Perhaps I am wrong," he said finally, softly. "Perhaps it's true the other way around, too. Darn!" The slotted front of the feeder creaked, and Deke sat back, nursing a pinched finger. "Sit down, Kathy, and show me how to put this thing together, if you know. I've done a lot of odd jobs, but I have to admit I'm not too familiar with poultry equipment—"

I could cheerfully have smashed the feeder. We had been very close to something for a moment—a discovery, a meaning—and now the moment was gone past retrieving. Nevertheless, I knelt beside Deke and showed him how to assemble the metal parts so that the water wouldn't mix with the dry feed, and I seized the opportunity to learn more about him. "What odd jobs?" I asked.

"Oh—all sorts. From punching cows to factory work. I used to run away from home regularly when I was a kid, and I guess I got the wanderlust."

I knew it, I thought triumphantly. I'd sensed in him a restlessness, a searching—something that made him different from other men.

"It took the Army to settle me down," he went on. "I was in the Signal Corps, and I got interested in radio—the technical end. And that's the work I'm going to do, after my vacation is over."

I wasn't disappointed to learn that he had settled down. It was right for a man to decide sometime upon the

work he was interested in, the work that would be right for him. I thought him more wonderful than before, and I was so happy that I had met him and that we were going to be together—indefinitely, it seemed then—that I couldn't think coherently. I gave a little fluttering laugh and said, "You're not having much of a vacation, cleaning chick feeders."

"Oh, but I am. My mother has a summer place a few miles down the lake, where there's no work at all to be done. But I like this much better. I am very glad I came."

SOMETHING in the way he said the last words made me look up at him, and then my heart failed utterly. Because the expression in his eyes matched mine exactly—and my eyes were telling him that he was the only person who mattered in all the world.

I knew then that Deke would love me. Knew it in spite of what happened immediately afterward, in spite of all of the days that followed in which it seemed that the look that passed between us that morning, and the silent admission and the wonder and the longing, must have been a dream. A bird chirped insistently in the trees above us; a breeze, sweet with the soft compulsion of spring, moved across the grass, and Deke and I swayed together; in a moment I would know the tender circle of his arms, the touch of his hands, his lips.

And then Deke drew away. Or, rather, he leaned forward and flicked a bit of leaf from my shoulder—but it was the same as if he'd drawn away. And the light little smile he gave me was a withdrawal, too. "You're catching things," he observed, and I stood up hastily, brushing at my skirt as if neatness were suddenly all-important. "I know," I said, "I'm going back to the house."

I ran back to the house, ran on shaking legs, carrying a weight of humiliation that was nothing compared to the sick dismay that filled me. Not until I was inside, way inside, in the cool dimness of the little living-room, did I stop and sit down and try to sort my tumbled thoughts. Deke had wanted to kiss me, not casually, but in a way that would have completed the silent admission of his eyes. But he hadn't, and I didn't know why. It wasn't because we had met so short a time ago or because Bill had been working close by. In that magical moment neither Bill nor anything else but me had mattered to Deke. And he had known that I wanted him to kiss me. . . .

My face flamed at the thought of how much I'd wanted his kiss, how openly I'd waited for it, and then a defensive anger swept away my shame. It wouldn't happen again, I promised myself. He wouldn't see the invitation in my eyes again, wouldn't see my heart laid open like a book for him to read.

A little later, when Bill came in, I had a homely and serviceable apron tied around my playsuit, and I was busy getting lunch. He gave me a sidelong look and asked casually, "How do you like Deke?"

I replied as casually, "Very much."

"I thought you would, and I'm glad you two hit it off. Of all the fellows I knew at school, Deke is the one whose friendship I value most. He was very popular with girls, too—not that it ever did any of them any good."

"What on earth do you mean—never?"

Bill grinned. "I never knew him to take the same girl out twice. The other fellows had their crushes and their heartaches, but not Deke. He was the man of the world the rest of us would have liked to be."

I couldn't help feeling a little twinge of satisfaction at hearing that Deke had never cared a great deal for a girl. Then I made myself think harshly, "He's spoiled. He's afraid I'll make a fuss over him, as other girls did. That's why he acted as he did this morning. Well, he'll see." Aloud I said lightly, "Are you trying to warn me against falling in love with him, Bill?"

Bill laughed. "Maybe I was, but I guess it isn't necessary. I might have known you wouldn't get all soft and sentimental. But I do want you to be friends."

"We will," I promised.

AND that's what Deke and I were in the days that followed—good friends and good company. We went fishing, and we drove into town to deliver eggs and to pick up supplies, and we worked in the vegetable garden—and there was never a word or a glance between us that Bill could have called soft or sentimental. We joked a great deal, and we laughed a lot, and we talked about everything under the sun including ourselves, but never of ourselves in relation to each other. Once or twice Bill suggested that Deke take me into town for a movie or dance, but somehow we never got around to it. Invariably, at the dinner table, the three of us would get into a spirited argument that would last so far into the evening that there was time only for a game of checkers or a rubber of three-handed bridge before we went to

bed. Bill was with us most of the time, and in the hours when Deke and I were alone together, out on the lake or digging in the garden, we were absorbed in the work at hand, with the companionable indifference to each other of two small boys at play.

Or so our relationship appeared on the surface. On the surface it flowed as smoothly and as brightly as a little stream in the sunlight; underneath was a deeper, stronger current that drew us inexorably together. We were both aware of it, and we both tried to ignore it.

AT FIRST, I believed that I only imagined that Deke's thoughts were upon me as intensely as mine were upon him. Then as the days went by, I was sure. In the late afternoons on the lake, when the water had stilled to dark glass in the sunset, Deke's reflection would be mirror-clear in the water, and I could see that he was watching not the bobber on his line, but me. His head turned after me whenever I left the room; in the most casual conversation he kept Bill from interrupting me, as if every word I said were important.

They were little indications, but unmistakable, and at each one my heart would skip a beat, and my mind would race ahead, measuring the time left to me. There were seven days left of my vacation, then six, and five, and four—and I told myself desperately that surely Deke would not let me go back to town without as much as a word about seeing me again, that something must happen to destroy the shell of indifference each of us had built up against the other.

In the end it was Bill who did it, unintentionally and indirectly. On the second Friday of my vacation, he came stamping into the house shortly after noon. "Where's Deke?" he demanded.

"Out fishing," I replied.

"I might have known," he said glumly. "Just when I need him. Kathy, do you suppose you could give the chickens their four-o'clock feed today? One of the Wyandotte hens is sick, and I'd like to take her over to the Farm College at Huntingdon to have them check up on her. It looks like croup to me, but I can't be sure, and it may be something contagious."

I hardly heard what else he said; I was absorbed in the thought of Deke and me alone together, with the whole evening stretching before us. "What time will you be back?" I asked.

"It depends upon who is in attendance at the laboratory. If it's someone who knows me and my birds, I'll be back late tonight. Otherwise, it may not be until early tomorrow. But I'll surely be here for the morning feeding."

I had to smile at that. Bill's whole life was regulated by the needs of his flock. It was a privilege for me to be allowed to feed them, even once, without his supervision.

Deke commented upon it when he came in from the lake that afternoon. "I might have known it would take a sick hen to get him away from the place," he said. "Maybe you and I will get to that dance after all, Kathy."

I nodded, but I didn't care whether we went to the dance or not. The dinner table was set for two, with a spray of lilac making a glowing purple contrast to the yellow linen cloth. The sun, dipping westward over the lake, slanted in through the front windows, pouring liquid gold into the plain little living room. All around us was the peace and the stillness of the country at evening, and I forgot that I'd once been a little scornful of the cosiness and the quiet of Bill's house. Like this, with Deke, I would have been willing to stay there forever.

Deke seemed to be as content as I was. We talked very little during dinner, but there was no strain in our silence; rather, it was the silence of persons who know each other well and who are so at ease with each other that there is no need for speech. Afterward Deke helped me with the dishes, and then I sent him into the livingroom while I tidied up the kitchen. When I joined him, he was already comfortably stretched out in the deep chair beside the radio, his feet on the ottoman. He sat up in almost comical haste as I entered. "Ready to go out?" he asked.

I waved him back. "Do you really want to go?"

NO," he said with relief. "Only I thought you might. How about checkers?"

Agreeably I sat down opposite him. Just then I had no more interest in checkers than I had in dancing, but at least we weren't in a crowd; we were alone in the quiet evening, and the moment must inevitably come when the board would be forgotten and we would begin to talk, to discover each other.

But the moment didn't come. As with everything else Deke and I did together, we became interested in the checkers. One game led to the next, with each of us trying to beat the other conclusively, until, at the end of a

long-drawn-out contest, I yawned. Immediately, Deke closed the board. "You're tired," he exclaimed.

"I'm not," I protested, trying to swallow my dismay. The evening couldn't be over—not yet. But Deke wouldn't listen to me. Insisting that he'd kept me up too late, he went out for a final round of the chicken yard. There was nothing for me to do but go to bed. I went to sleep dreaming of the first day I'd met Deke, when we had looked at each other with our defenses down. It was the only way I had of going to sleep these days.

Later, hours later it seemed, I was awakened suddenly—by a sound, I thought. I lay listening, thinking that Bill must have come home, but everything was quiet, and then I realized what had roused me. It was the moonlight. Never had I seen such moonlight. It was diffused, like sunlight, so that every object in my room was revealed in clear, unreal whiteness. The whole world seemed hushed at the glory of it; not a bird called, not an insect chirped; not a fish jumped; there was movement only in the leaves of the tree outside my window, and they beckoned like gypsy fingers.

It was impossible to sleep. I put on a playsuit and slippers and went quietly through the house, drawn as if by a magnet to the white world outside. I opened the front door and stepped out on the porch—and saw Deke sitting in the swing.

"Couldn't you sleep, either, Kathy?" he asked.

MY voice trembled. I don't know why; it seemed perfectly natural that he should be up. "No," I said. "The moon—"

"I know. It's unearthly. You could drown in it." The swing creaked as he shifted. "Sit down, Kathy."

I took the place beside him—and then I knew that I couldn't drown in the moonlight. Drowning is a slow, stifling process — impossible, surely, when your every nerve is alert and tingling. We sat without speaking, our shoulders barely touching, and in the silence my heart began to pound so loudly that I was sure Deke would hear it. Then, with his eyes on the silver splendor of the lake he said, "It makes you wish you could think thoughts big enough to match it, doesn't it?"

I couldn't answer. He had expressed so exactly what I was feeling that I could only look at him in a kind of dumb wonder. Our eyes met; then he said, "Kathy——" And his arms closed around me, and all reason, all conscious thought was lost in the radiance around us. When he put me from him, my lips were bruised from his kisses, and my whole being seemed to have dissolved into waves of tumultuous, exquisite happiness. "Kathy," he murmured. "Kathy, darling—I didn't want to fall in love with you."

I nestled my head on his shoulder with a little laugh of utter joy. "I know it," I said. What did it matter now? He hadn't wanted to fall in love with me, but he had. The miracle had happened, and my heart need never, never again go empty.

His hands tightened on my arms, and he held me, not closer, but a little away from him. "Kathy," he repeated sharply, "you've got to understand. I didn't want to fall in love with you. I—I wish I'd never met you. You see, Kathy, I can't marry you."

I sat very still. It took a moment for

his words to reach me, and then they came with a shock—but without surprise. *You knew it,* a voice within me said. *You knew that something like this was coming. You knew from that first day when Deke looked at you with his heart in his eyes—and then turned away. Perhaps you knew before you ever met him. You've never had anything you really wanted. How could you expect to have Deke?*

HIS voice was pleading. "Try to understand, darling. I know that what I'm going to say may sound crazy to anyone who's never lived as I have—but I just *can't* believe in marriage. My mother and father loved each other as much as two people possibly could, and their whole life together was a failure. They quarreled all the time; they separated and came back together again; they said things that you wouldn't believe one human being could say to another, and all the love and happiness they started out with became ugliness and bitterness and hatred. Oh, Kathy. I can't tell you what it was like, but that's why I ran away from home so often and why I was actually relieved—*relieved,* Kathy—when my father died and left my mother free. I can't recall twenty years of that with words, or explain why I feel as I do about marriage—"

I shook my head, as if to say that he didn't have to explain. I knew the arguments his reason must have set up against his conviction, and I knew how reason must have failed in the face of intensely personal experience. I wasn't going to present him with the obvious arguments now. I wasn't going to say that one failure couldn't condemn all marriages, and that his father and mother might be different from Deke and me. Deke himself must have gone over these thoughts a hundred times, and found them lacking.

I wanted to cry. My eyes smarted, and I ached with tenderness and pity for Deke—and with pity for myself. I wanted to say something comforting and understanding, but all I could do was to gather him close in my arms, and stroke his hair, and brush my lips against his forehead. He rested against me briefly; then he straightened. "Don't darling," he said tightly. "Don't you see that it isn't fair—not to me, and most of all, not to you. I love you so much, and want you so much—"

"You have me." The words came of their own volition, and they were the flat, honest truth. I belonged to him wholly. Never again would I be a complete person without him.

He said nothing. He only looked at me, and in his eyes was the brilliant, searching expression I'd seen when I first met him. "Kathy,' he said finally, "did you mean what you said that first day you came here—about a person acting according to his own conscience, regardless of what the world thought?"

I nodded stiffly. My throat was tight. I knew then what lay ahead for us—and I couldn't turn back. There was a bleak, sick feeling inside me, and the judicial voice was saying, *This is your lot, Kathy Carter. Substitutes. Makeshifts. You'll never have a whole life with the man you love; you'll take a half-one, or none at all.*

"And did you mean what you said about a man's meaning more than a home and security to a woman? They're important, Kathy; they mean a great deal to most women. How can you be sure?"

I'd found my voice now. I put my hand over his. "I am sure," I said quietly. "I'm not a child, Deke. I've always provided my own security. I'm used to taking care of myself. And, Deke—without you, there's no meaning in anything."

He was convinced. I saw it by the light in his eyes, by the gentle, reverent kiss he pressed upon my lips. "I'll be your husband, dearest," he promised. "I'll love you and cherish you . . . Kathy—" He drew me to my feet, down the porch steps to the breathless whiteness of the world outside. "Will you marry me here, darling, before God, under His sky? There's moonlight for your wedding gown, beloved, and the bright arch of heaven for our altar. The breeze will be our benediction, and that silver path across the lake is the road we'll travel together—"

AND then, suddenly, everything was all right. The judicial voice inside me was stilled; the bleak, sick feeling was gone, and in its place was rapture. Why——this was no compromise, no substitute for what I wanted; this was what I'd wanted all my life! This was the adventure I'd dreamed of, the beautiful recklessness, the bold traveling of strange ways. There'd be no humdrum routine for a girl whose wedding gown was moonlight and whose bridal altar was the bright arch of heaven.

That was our wedding. I repeated after Deke, "I, Kathy, take thee, Deke, to be my wedded husband . . ." And then, when we had exchanged our vows, he held me close and whispered, "Before God, Kathy, I'm your husband, for as long as we want it that way. It's better like this, isn't it, dearest? We'll be together because we want to

be together for as long as we are happy with each other, and not because a law says we must. This way, we know that all the wonder and beauty of our love cannot be spoiled, because we will stay together as long as our love is beautiful, and if there ever comes a time when it is not, we can go our own ways, and not be held together in bitterness. Oh, believe me, darling, it's better this way."

Suddenly he swept me into his arms and carried me lightly across to the car. I felt like a bride, carried over the threshold of a new and wonderful life, more excited, more sure of joy, than any pride who is carried over the threshold of her own new home.

Deke put me into the front seat of the car, started to climb in beside me. Then, "I'll only be a moment, honey," he said, and turned and went swiftly back to the house. In a moment he was back, starting the car, turning it out through the gate, down the road along the lake.

"I left a note for Bill," he explained. "I said I'd been called back to town, and that you decided to ride with me."

"Oh. Deke—where are we going?"

He was silent for a moment.

"I—I don't know—yes, I do, Kathy. Mother's cottage—it's been opened, but she isn't down yet. We'll go there."

I felt, momentarily, as if a cold wind had blown swiftly across the warmth of my happiness. "Deke—should we?"

He squeezed my hand. "It's all right, darling. Of course it is—what better place to go?"

THE happiness flowed back as I returned the pressure of his hand—but it had not quite the quality of complete abandon that it had had before. Deke had told Bill we were going back to the city. That was the first lie. There would be others, always, after this. Now, it didn't matter. But somehow, back in the part of my mind that was still functioning normally, in the corner of my heart that had not yet been touched by the wonder of loving Deke, I knew that it would—later, someday, sometime.

I kept watching for the headlights of Bill's truck, thinking that if he were to meet us he would surely recognize Deke's car. Not until we had gone through Appleton and had turned back to the lake again did I feel easy. Then I told myself that I was happy, that I was going to be happy, that I was going to be happy all the rest of my life. There would be more drives like this. with Deke holding my hand, my head on his shoulder—more highways that would lead us to the heaven of each other's arms, to the completion and affirmation of our love. And what we were doing was right. It was right for us, right in our own eyes, in our own thoughts. That was all that mattered.

We turned into a driveway finally, under a canopy of tall old trees. Deke stopped the car under a rough wooden portico and came round to help me out. "We'll leave the car here," he said. "It'll be all right for tonight." And then he was opening a door and with his arm around me, guiding, I was stepping into blackness, and there was the smell of closed rooms in my nostrils. I was in a stranger's house—Deke's mother's house.

"When did you say your mother was coming out?" I asked.

"The first of the week—perhaps Monday. But don't worry, sweet. We'll be out of here by then. Wait, I'll find a light—"

I blinked at the brightness that

flooded the room. Deke walked around opening windows. "Wait here," he said. "I'll get our bags—"

I stood in the center of the room, turning slowly on my heel, looking around me. There was a cottage dresser against one wall, with willow-ware plates on its rack. The wicker furniture was simple and comfortable-looking; in the corner was a divan piled with cushions in bright, harmonious colors. There were books everywhere, and lamps beside the deep chairs. Deke's mother, I thought, had good taste. She liked simplicity and comfort and cheerful things around her. I would enjoy meeting her. . . . And then it struck me that I wasn't going to meet her—at least, not right away. I was to be spirited out of here by Monday, and all traces of my having been here would be carefully effaced—because I had no real right to be here. And when I did meet her, it would not be as Deke's wife.

AND at that my pride rebelled. All at once everything that was wrong with what we were doing came rushing at me, and I began to remember little things, hateful, shameful little things—Joe Henley's cackling laugh as he'd talked about Janie McWinters; Bill's insisting that Janie had invited the talk and the nasty prying and the snickers. I had thought that that sort of thing couldn't touch me, but I knew now, when I envisioned the same contemptuous pity coming from Deke's mother, should she learn about us, that it could. I could not bear it. . . .

Deke came into the room, set our bags down, crossed over to me. "Kathy," he said huskily. His lips brushed mine, settled to a hard and eager searching, and all thought of his mother, and Bill, and Joe Henley was swept away in a flood of passionate tenderness. I could face anything with Deke, for Deke. I was ashamed of having worried over petty humiliations.

"Kathy." Deke lifted his head. He was smiling faintly, but his eyes were serious and a little frightened. "What's wrong?"

I looked up at him blankly. "Wrong, Deke?"

"Something's wrong. Your kisses don't lie. They're sweet and warm and tender—but the fire's gone. What's happened to it, Kathy? Why don't you want me?"

"But I do—" And then I stopped. Because I was lying to him. I didn't want him now—like this. I wanted to want him, with my whole heart and mind, but my body refused. My body followed an instinct that was as old as womankind, demanding all of the protection a man can give the woman he loves—the complete protection Deke could not give me.

I turned up my hands in a little helpless gesture. "Deke—" And then the words came, monotonously, without expression, almost without my will. "Bill was right," I said. "I—I've been fooling myself, Deke. I thought that the world and conventions didn't matter to me. But they do. I didn't realize it, but I've been fooling myself—and you, too."

He didn't move, and I couldn't. Neither could I find voice for another word. In the silence between us I heard the wind sigh in the trees outside. I couldn't bear to look at Deke, at the little smile that lingered around his mouth as if he had forgotten to remove it, at the stricken look in his eyes.

Then he said, "What—where can I take you? I haven't gas enough to reach the city."

Then I realized that I had no place to go. We couldn't go back to the farm, not when Bill might already be there, or might come driving up at any moment. It would be worse to register at the little inn at Apple Lake, where everyone knew me for Bill's sister. I motioned toward the divan. "Is it all right if I stay here?"

"Of course," he said politely, stiffly. "You'll find it made up with sheets and things. It's—quite comfortable."

I NODDED wretchedly. After another long, considering silence, he turned and went down the hall, taking his suitcase with him.

I turned out the light and flung myself down on the divan, not bothering to strip the cover off, not bothering to undress. With my coat pulled around me, I lay huddled against the cushions, icy cold in the warm night, not daring to breathe. If I so much as moved a muscle, the sharp spear of misery that was pressing against my chest would pierce me and I would cry out, and Deke would hear me. Where was he now? How far away was his room? Could he hear the smallest sound I made?

I couldn't guess, and I clenched my teeth, pressed my face into the pillows. If I could hold out long enough, the pain would go away, and then I wouldn't feel anything at all. I'd never feel anything again. . . . Then tears rolled down my cheeks, and I was lost. I swallowed a sob, and then I had to lift my head, gasp for breath.

I heard Deke's step in the hall, and I sat up quickly, tried to brush the tears from my face. But he was already

beside me, gathering me into his arms. "Kathy, stop it. Stop crying, and listen to me. What is there to cry about? It's all my fault, Kathy—"

I raised my head angrily—but I was angry at myself, not at him. "You know it isn't!" I cried. "Don't try to salve it over, Deke. I couldn't live up to the sort of person I wanted to be—Only—how can you be honest with yourself if you're not honest with the world, too?"

I couldn't see his face, but his cheek moved against mine in assent. "I—felt something of that myself. When I wrote the note to Bill. I could lie to anyone else and not mind it, but Bill's my best friend. I kept trying to think our wedding justified it—but I guess I was fooling myself, too."

"A wedding," I said bleakly out of my new, bitter knowledge, "doesn't make a marriage."

NO" he said slowly, "I guess it doesn't. It takes time to make a marriage, and living together, and working together. . . . Kathy, will you marry me—really, I mean? Legally?"

My heart stood still. Then it began to beat again, unevenly, painfully. "Why, Deke? You can't have changed your mind." It was a statement.

"No—but I think I can change. I didn't think that before. You see, darling, you didn't feel right about coming here tonight, deep down in your heart—but you came anyway, trusting me, on faith. And I—oh, sweetheart, if you loved me enough for that, surely I love you enough to have faith enough to try it your way! Will you help me, Kathy? Will you give me another chance?"

"Deke—" I began, and then I really cried. I couldn't help it. Such happiness was too much after the loneliness of the years, and the uncertainty of the past two weeks, and the nervous tension of the night. I knew that I must find words to answer Deke, and I couldn't. All I could do was to moan, "Don't go, Deke. Wait just a minute—"

He sat back against the pillows, pulled me more firmly into his lap. "I won't, dearest," he soothed. "Cry all you want, and we can talk tomorrow. It won't be long before dawn."

I burrowed my face against the blessed strength of his shoulder. For me, dawn had already come—the dawn of all the bright tomorrows that lay ahead of us.

We'll Never Give Enough

Continued from page 37

Committee of the Red Cross really performs near-miracles. Through its Central Agency for Prisoners of War in Switzerland, it gets lists of the names and addresses of prisoners and internees from the belligerents and sends them to the proper governments for release to prisoners' families.

Besides relieving the minds of those of us at home, the Red Cross has special services to the prisoners themselves. Each new prisoner is given a Capture Parcel, packed with things like pajamas, socks, underwear and other personal things, which the prisoners always need because they're usually captured with only the clothes they happen to be wearing. Food Packages are distributed regularly, so prisoners can get some of the vitamin foods they certainly don't get in their prison diet. Medicine Kits, supplying 100 men with first aid equipment for a month, are sent to all the camps. Bales of Army and Navy clothing travel across the oceans in Red Cross ships and are distributed through the International Committee. And, of course, there are the bulletins that are sent to the relatives of the prisoners, and the *Red Cross News,* a gay kind of little newspaper with comics, news items from every State, sports news and special articles, that goes to the prisoners.

THERE is still another part of the work of the Red Cross—its Home Service, which acts as a trouble shooter for the serviceman and his family. Home Service workers are on duty day and night in all Red Cross chapters. They're trained, practical people, who think and act quickly in an emergency. When they think it's necessary, they can and do use a two-way communication system that stretches all the way around the world. Suppose a soldier wants a furlough because his mother, or his wife, is critically ill. The soldier's commanding officer contacts a Red Cross Field Worker, who wires to the chapter in—or nearest—the soldier's home town, the Home Service worker there visits the soldier's family, gets the facts and wires back a report. If possible and necessary, the soldier gets his furlough. Home Service also helps servicemen make out their papers when they're discharged so they'll start getting their pensions as quickly as possible, helps veterans find jobs, often lending them enough money until their pensions come through.

Overseas, more men's lives are saved by blood transfusions and plasma injections than by any other means. Because in war, more men die of shock than of all wounds and diseases put together. Every soldier going into combat is taught how to administer plasma, and this has saved thousands of men from dying before they could be reached by medical aid. Sometimes, a badly wounded and shocked man needs as many as four transfusions.

The collection of blood for transfusions and for processing into plasma is the responsibility of the Red Cross. Blood Donor centers are set up and maintained by the Red Cross at its own expense. Doctors and nurses, laboratory technicians as well as the laboratory equipment are paid for out

of the Red Cross War Fund. In the past year approximately five million pints of blood were collected, processed and shipped to combat areas. Think of what that means in terms of work and equipment, time and money. No—think of what that means in terms of life!

Now, we're getting down to the heart of this thing—the real reason why I'm writing this. I hope I can make you see it my way. I want you to think of how many people must work day and night to make all these things operate. I want you to think of the ships and ambulances and trucks and trains that are needed to carry on this work. I want you to feel the way I do—that you can never really do enough to help.

You can help, in many ways. You can make yourself a part of all this. It isn't too late to become a Nurse's Aide. Hospitals have been understaffed for a long time. They're going to be even more understaffed as greater numbers of trained nurses are drafted for work in military hospitals. It's not too late to volunteer for any of the special services for which the Red Cross will train you—as a Dietitian's Aide; as a member of the Production Corps, which turns out surgical dressings, kit bags, clothing and hospital garments; for the Home Service Corps, which helps case workers; as a Staff Assistant, to help run the switchboards and offices in your local chapters; as a Gray Lady, to work in federal and civilian hospitals helping the recreation workers; as an Arts and Crafts teacher, if you have any such talents, to help in the rehabilitation of wounded men; as a driver in the Motor Corps, to keep ambulances, military vehicles and blood donor trucks moving; and in the Canteen Corps, to serve troops in transit and at air bases and leave areas.

THESE are ways in which you can help. They take time and effort and devotion. There's another way, which takes no time and no effort. But it's an important way. It's a way which makes possible all the rest. The 1945 Red Cross War Fund Drive has started. Give all you can. Give more than you can. And then, give some more.

Because no matter how much we give, each of us, we'll never give enough to match what is being given by that boy I know in China, or the man you love, wherever he may be.

Say That You Love Me!

Continued from page 27

stop them—well, every proud mother did a little exaggerating about her child, I was sure! Several times he looked over at me and one corner of his mouth twitched—it was the old signal that there was some kind of a joke to be shared, and it had always meant that pretty soon he would get me off into a corner and tell me what it was. But it couldn't mean that now, of course; this was his home, and Gloria was his wife. There was no joke that he and I could share about any of these things!

But when the others trooped upstairs after dinner to be shown Maureen, I found myself lingering behind in the dining room with Roy, and I couldn't control the hurtful flutter in my throat.

"How are you, Ronnie?" he asked almost eagerly. "It's good to see you again."

"Fine, Roy. I love your house."

He smiled down at me. "Gloria went to a lot of trouble over it," he said. "It's kind of fancy, for me, but she likes it this way."

I started determinedly up the stairs. "She seems very happy," I said over my shoulder.

Roy caught my hand for an instant. "Does she? Ronnie, will you come and see us—see her—again? I'm not so sure. . . ."

THERE was a sound in his voice that took me back to that last time I had pulled my hand away from him, the night when he had come back to Bentonville—come straight to me, with trouble and perplexity in his face. I realized it suddenly, now, although I hadn't realized it then. . . . Roy had been in trouble that night; he had come to me for help. And I, wrapped up in myself, had snatched my hand away and turned my back. What was his trouble? What had he wanted to talk over with me? Now I could never know; for Gloria was his wife, it was she with whom he had to share his troubles and his triumphs. Gently, this time, but firmly, I withdrew my hand.

I knew, after that night, that I couldn't trust myself quite as much as I had hoped. It hurt too much to see Roy, and yet not see him. He wasn't my Roy, when he was with Gloria—his shoulders seemed always to have that faint droop, and his face wore a strange half-smile that seemed to me to be a permanent defense against showing hurt. And he must have been hurt, often and deeply, because right about then Gloria started losing interest in Maureen. It was inevitable. Maureen was not a strong child, and Gloria's pulling her about and prodding her on to do things she wasn't ready for had certainly upset her nervous system. So very soon she was too peevish and nervous to be any fun, and Gloria left her more and more in the care of a clumsy "daily help" who knew nothing about children—left her even for whole week-ends, while she went in to Chicago to replenish her wardrobe. It needed replenishing because she had begun to give her evening parties again.

There was a difference, this time. Roy's work took him away from home with increasing frequency, so the parties seldom included him. The whole town was very soon busy with

the details of these parties—although I tried hard not to listen, one part of me reached eagerly for all the talk. I knew, for instance, that only three or four men were invited, instead of the large crowds that used to congregate there. Three or four of the wilder of the town's unattached eligibles, like Eddie Thomas.

I hated myself for listening, and for gloating over all the sly speculations and rumors that spread like brush fire in a town the size of Bentonville. I was confused, I guess. Deep down I wanted more than anything to see Gloria discredited; but on the surface I stubbornly refused to admit this to myself, because in a way it would mean that Roy had failed. And Roy couldn't fail! If he wanted Gloria, if he loved her, then she must be worth his love. She was lonely, that was all, and used to adulation—and Roy was away so much. . . .

But I couldn't have deceived myself very successfully, because when it came I was no more shocked than anyone else. It came very quietly, as a matter of fact. Gloria went off for one of her shopping week-ends—and didn't come back. Roy got the "daily help" to come and live at his house, and made some sort of emergency arrangement at his work so that he didn't have to leave town. A week went by; then two; and at the end of the third week, everyone in town knew that Gloria Martin Carter was gone from Bentonville.

ROY came and told me about it himself. "I'm going to divorce her," he said. "I'm going to get out of this just as fast as I can." That little self-mocking smile was still on his lips, and I ached with pity for him. Ached, too, with the love that had come sweeping uncontrollably over me as soon as I saw him, but I fought that down. What was the use? It was Gloria who, years ago, had put that eager delight into his eyes, and it was Gloria now who had taken it away and put bitterness there instead. It would always be Gloria who ruled Roy's deepest emotions.

"She's hurt you so dreadfully, hasn't she?" I said softly.

"Hurt me?" Roy looked down at me, and suddenly, inexplicably, he put his hands on my shoulders and shook me. "Hurt me! Oh Ronnie, you fool . . . you'll never understand!"

I didn't know what to make of that, except that I had been a tactless idiot. Roy wasn't yet ready to talk about it to anyone, not even to me. But sooner or later he would tell me, and maybe telling me would help him. . . . I could explain everything but the shaking he had given me.

I got into the habit of dropping over to his house often, after that. He seemed to want me there, and there was nobody else to really look after Maureen. I straightened out the child's clothes and kept an eye on Nancy, the maid. Sometimes I had dinner waiting when Roy came home, and we ate it together.

Of course there was talk, in Bentonville. But it was kindly talk, this time; I tried to ignore it as I had tried to ignore the talk about Gloria, but I knew that everyone felt that Roy and I were going toward some inevitable conclusion. I felt that too; I wanted it. But there was nothing I could do to hasten it.

Right up to the minute the divorce was granted, I thought that Roy would

have taken Gloria back. We never talked about her, in the quiet, friendly hours we spent together. He never did try to tell me what she had done to him. But it would have been painful for me to hear it, and since he seemed to have gotten over his first bitterness without my help, I was grateful. Sometimes I even tried to pretend to myself that Gloria had never existed—but it was a weak and brief pretense. Roy was not the same as he had been before she came into his life—and there was Maureen.

The child became increasingly fond of me. I didn't plan it, not consciously; but I gave her more affection and more attention than she had had before in her pitiful little life, and she responded like a neglected puppy. I brushed her hair and told her her first stories and took her for long walks across the town, into the fields. I wanted more than anything to have her call me Mommy, but, of course, she called me Aunt Ronnie.

And then, one day, Roy was free.

I didn't go over to Roy's house that day. I waited, at home, for him to call me. All day long I wandered about the house like a ghost, always close to the telephone—my hands icy, my heart hammering painfully, my thoughts all mixed up, and only one thing clear—if Roy wanted me at all, I would go to him. It mattered—of course it mattered!—that he would never love me as I loved him, with a deep, sweet, wild longing that reached into every part of me. That he had given to Gloria, and could never give again. But he could give me affection, a comradely love and respect; I could be content, I thought, with that. When the phone finally rang, and Roy asked if he could come over, I was ready for him.

WE sat in our old corner of the porch, and once again we had a little trouble finding things to say to one another. Then Roy gently turned my face toward him. "Ronnie," he said, "how much can you forget?"

"Whatever you want me to forget," I answered. It wasn't true; I could never forget Gloria, any more than he could, but if he could bury the memory, so could I. "Whatever you want," I repeated.

He shook his head. "I don't think you know what I mean. I don't mean forget what Gloria was, or what has happened . . . maybe I should have said how well can you pretend. Can you pretend that the past few years haven't happened at all, and that we're the same boy and girl we used to be?"

"I think so, Roy," I said wonderingly.

"Then, Ronnie," he went on, "then, my dearest . . . would you marry me?"

Suddenly I was tight against him, shaken by a sobbing I couldn't stop. "Ronnie, Ronnie . . . don't cry," he murmured. "I love you so."

"And I love you," I said, when I had caught my breath again. He gazed at me with that little puzzled frown. "Do you, my dear? It's not just pity . . . for me, for Maureen? You're sure?"

My arms crept around his neck. "I love you more than anything in the world," I said. I had wanted for so long to have the right to say those words! Just this once I would say them, and after that I would never let Roy suspect that I knew what different things we meant by the word love. What I gave him I could no more help giving than I could help breathing, and if he gave me only what he could, only what he had left, I must never let a touch of

resentment creep in, and I must never let him think that I was weighing his feeling against mine.

We were married at Roy's home in a quiet ceremony on the third of November. We spent a deliriously happy weekend at the shore; it seemed longer because we were so completely alone, and could wander for hours on the deserted cliffs, bundled up against the sharpening wind, breathing in the indefinably exciting sea air. I think Roy was completely at peace when we returned to Bentonville. I know I felt relaxed, ready for anything—felt like myself, it seemed, for the first time in years. I was going to make a wonderful thing of this life I had been waiting for.

Perhaps it was because of this determination that the next two years were so wonderfully happy. There's an old saying that happy hours pass fastest. Mine didn't. I realized the value of each hour, and treasured it. I was alive every moment of the time I spent with Roy, or with his child—my child, I felt her to be, because until I had had her nobody had tried to coax the little personality along, or given it the right kind of affection. And she called me Mommy now—Roy had himself taught her to do it.

ROY and I did things together, too. The kind of things he had never done with Gloria. Long walks and picnics and sudden insane decisions to go down and eat hamburger in the kitchen at three a.m. Sometimes I almost felt that I *could* pretend well enough to blot out the years of Gloria, and make us that boy and girl again, grown up. But it was never quite well enough; the comradeliness was warm and satisfying, but I was a woman now, and I couldn't forever deceive myself that Roy's kind, responsive affection was all I needed. And always, beyond the lovely placid depths of our days there lay a bit of unexplored darkness. It didn't frighten me, because I knew what it was—it was the thought of Gloria. It seemed to be waiting, back there—and in a way Roy and I sometimes seemed to be waiting, too.

When it finally came it had, like everything else connected in my mind with Gloria, a feeling of inevitability, as though we were all playing out parts that had been firmly written down for us a long time ago. I met Harry Neil's wife at the supermarket one Spring morning, and she told me that Gloria was coming to Bentonville for a visit. "One of those devastating visits, I suppose," Betty Neil tittered. She was watching me eagerly, and I was proud of the fact that my face didn't give her any satisfaction. I knew it didn't, because I wasn't surprised . . . it had come, that was all. Betty Neil reached out suddenly and patted my hand. "Good for you, Ronnie," she said. Her natural kindness had overcome her desire for gossip. "None of us wants her, goodness knows. We just couldn't think of a good way to get out of it. But we're with you!"

"Heavens, it sounds like a pitched battle," I said lightly.

"Isn't it?" Betty asked. For answer I smiled and turned away.

No, it wasn't. I couldn't and wouldn't try to fight Gloria. Just the thought of her left me limp and colorless and defenseless, like that night at the Prom. There was nothing I could do to combat the excitement that I knew would well up in Roy the instant he heard her name. I would retreat into the back-

ground, where I wouldn't be able to make a fool of myself, and watch.

After all, though, it was Roy who told me about it. He had received a letter that morning from Gloria herself, announcing her visit. I couldn't meet his eyes, with that old, eager excitement already blazing in them. I looked down at my plate, as I said slowly, "She'll want to see Maureen, of course."

"She doesn't mention that. But I want to see Gloria," he added almost to himself.

I pushed back my chair and started for the kitchen. At that moment I felt that I didn't have strength enough to sit opposite him and listen to him talk.

Gloria came to Bentonville in the wake of a trail of speculation. Her magnificent, expensive wardrobe fed the fire, and her manner was as it always had been, commanding and sure of exciting notice. I think half the town hoped to see her get off the train with some man in tow. Of course there must be some man in the background, she wouldn't be Gloria without that—but nobody knew better than I that she would never bring any other man with her to Bentonville, where Roy was. I called up and invited her for dinner because I was so anxious to end the hopeless struggle. I was tired out with anxiety. And I was tired out with avoiding Roy, who was so excited, so anticipatory that even his great thoughtfulness couldn't hide it.

I PUT Maureen to bed early that night—using the excuse that she was overtired, which was true, but really from a desire to hide her from Gloria for as long as possible. At the last moment I rushed upstairs and brushed my dark hair high up on my head, in the way that always seemed much too extreme to me, but which Roy particularly liked, and I freshened my lipstick. Then, as I heard the front door open and shut, I drew a deep breath and came downstairs.

Gloria—red-blonde and smoothly-fitted and glamorous as ever! I forced myself to meet her eyes and smile a welcome, before turning to Roy with a casual question I had prepared to cover the first awkward moment. I saw with a sickening fear that the old, half-mocking smile had come back to his lips—that was Gloria, beginning all over again.

I had to listen to his voice, though, asking Gloria all sorts of polite questions. And as I listened, I gradually became aware that it wasn't the voice I had been expecting at all. It wasn't tense and eager; he didn't hang on her every answer. On the contrary, it was easy and very formal, and sounded as though he didn't much care about anything she had to say. It was Gloria whose high, fast sentences sounded nervous, almost a little breathless.

"You've done the house all over," she commented, after a pause.

I nodded. "I think they need doing over from time to time," I said.

"It's attractive—in a quiet way, of course. But that suits you, Ronnie," Gloria said. She smiled over at Roy. "I like things around me to be exciting and vivid." As I am myself, you could almost hear her add. Roy's voice cut deeply across the silence. "The important thing is to suit one's own taste, I think," he said slowly. His eyes caught and held Gloria's, and there was a meaning in them that startled me. Surely, surely this was not the look of a lover! "Some people find brilliance and vividness impossible to live with.

They find it doesn't wear well. Sometimes they find that the brilliance is so cheaply put on that it wears away in no time, and the stuff underneath isn't very pretty to look at."

It was impossible to mistake his meaning. Gloria was staring at him, her face dead-white. I half rose from my chair. I don't know what would have happened if just at that moment I hadn't heard a faint, rescuing cry from Maureen. "Excuse me," I muttered, and fairly raced out of the room.

But when I reached her crib and bent over her, all other thought was swept out of my mind in a hideous rush of fear. It wasn't restlessness that made her cry—Maureen was ill. Her forehead was burning—her hands were icy! Her breathing was shallow, and gasping. Frantically I called Dr. Benton, who told me to take her temperature and that he would be right over.

Only then did I rush to the head of the stairs and call to Roy. I tried to keep the violent fear out of my voice, but I guess I didn't succeed because both he and Gloria hurried toward me.

"It's my baby," Gloria was saying. "I know it's my baby—she's hurt—"

Then everything froze into a tableau I shall never, never forget. Slowly—it seemed to me to be slowly—but everything that happened in that moment seemed to be happening slowly—Roy turned around, a step above Gloria, and looked down at her. He was saying something to her. "Understand this, once and for all," he said. "Maureen is not your baby. Nothing of mine is yours any longer, Gloria—you threw away every right to Maureen and to me the day you left this house."

His eyes were on mine now, and I could no longer blind myself to the truth I saw in them. I understood—I understood at last what I had not had the sense to understand before. A thousand odd little pieces fell into place around me, and I stood in the sudden radiant realization that Roy loved me. "You do understand, Ronnie?" he asked. I couldn't speak, but I slipped my arms about him and put my cheek against his coat. Over his shoulder I saw Gloria go quietly down the stairs, pick up her coat from the hall chair, and open the door to let herself out.

Hours later, after Dr. Benton had assured us that Maureen would probably escape pneumonia and had gone, leaving a long list of precautions and instructions, Roy and I sat close together before the livingroom fire and talked—talked with an intimacy we never before had approached. And gradually the picture of my own stupidity grew so clear to me that I wanted to hide my head against Roy's shoulder in shame. I had been so blindly determined to fail, so eager to feel sorry for myself, it seemed, that I had never given Roy a chance to prove that he loved me.

"Your letters when I was away at school were so cold," Roy reminded me. "They made me feel that I had no place in your life anymore. And then when I came back, determined to find out if you had any feeling for me at all—I found out! You chased me off your front porch so fast that I as good as fell into Gloria's arms just to be sure somebody could stand to have me around!"

"I was so sure it was Gloria all the time—I didn't see how you could see me at all, when she was there."

Roy's mouth twisted bitterly. "Oh, she attracted me, I won't try to deny it. But I knew inside of three months that I had made a fool of myself. It wasn't anything she did—I didn't even care what she did. I just didn't want her. I wanted you, Ronnie—it's always been you. . . ."

As his lips came down over mine, my heart echoed his words . . . it's always been you, my darling. It always will be you.

HAVE YOU WON A BATTLE TODAY—?

Every day the newspapers are full of the battles going on on the war front—the losing of them and the winning of them. But not so much is said about the daily battles going on here at home—the day by day battles being waged by the good soldiers fighting for a better America now and in the future—against inflation, our foremost enemy here at home.

Remember the days of the soup kitchens, the corner apple peddlers? The days when no matter how you scrimped and saved, there just didn't seem to be enough money to go around? Those days could come again—they will come, unless the home fight against inflation is waged unceasingly.

What is your part? To save, instead of spending. To save for your war front—the losing of them and the winning of them. But not so home expecting, and with the right to expect, a better America awaiting them. Your part is to save—for safety.

Here is what we all must do: Buy only what we really need; pay no more than ceiling prices; buy rationed goods only in exchange for ration points; refrain from taking advantage of war conditions by asking for higher wages or selling goods at higher prices; buy and keep all the war bonds we can. By doing these things we'll be saving for a safe future—for a safe America!

Happy the Bride with Lovely Eyes

Here's the Mascara that makes lashes look naturally dark, longer and more luxuriant. Cake, Cream form. Black, Brown, Blue.

The smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil with fine point that forms expressive, gracefully tapered brows. Black, Brown.

Misty Eye Shadow to accent the color and highlights of your eyes. Blue, Brown, Blue-gray, Green, Violet, Gray.

The eyes he adores—glowing with loveliness on her wedding day! Silently she vows to *keep* them radiant, always. She knows she can depend on the magic of soft Maybelline Eye Make-up. And so can *you*. For truly enchanting charm, always use *Maybelline* — the world's favorite Eye Make-up.

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