Radio Romances

FORMERLY

Radio Mirror

JULY

15¢

NAN GREY

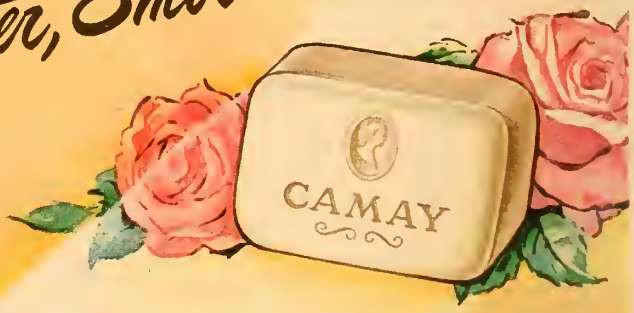
The Strange Romance of

EVELYN WINTERS

•

THE WAY LOVE FINDS YOU

Just One Cake of Camay brings you a Softer, Smoother Skin!



There's a softer, more captivating complexion for you—and it's yours with your very *first* cake of Camay! So change today—give up careless cleansing and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions under exact clinical conditions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had a softer, smoother complexion.

READ MRS. ERICKSON'S STORY

Courtship fun for Viola and Pat meant long rides over California's high hills—and Viola's skin sparkles fresh as mountain air! "I care for my skin with Camay," she says, "for the very *first* cake I used left it softer and clearer."

Artist and Model: Viola's cream-soft skin, auburn hair, inspire her artist-husband's brush. "I'm going to keep that softer, fresher look in my skin," she avows, "with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." YOU can, too! You'll find full directions on every Camay wrapper.

—the former Viola Gishaos

Mrs. Kilpatrick Erickson

of Hollywood, California

Won't you—make each cake of Camay last and last? Precious war materials go into soap.

"You're a big help!"

GIRL: Maybe I'm not a cover girl, Cupid. But it's moonlight. It's a party. And where's my date? Inside talking politics, that's where!

CUPID: Oh?

GIRL: Yes! And what're you doing about it? *Nothing!*

CUPID: How about *you*, Honey? What'd *you* do to keep him here? Did you turn on your sparkling-est smile? No! Did—

GIRL: Pardon, Cupid. But *my* sparkling-est smile is *no sparkler*. I brush my teeth, but—

CUPID: No sparkle, huh, Sis? And, lately, "pink" on your tooth brush? Right . . . ? *Right!* And what d'you *do* about it? *Nothing!* You just go gleeping along day after day with dull teeth! Don't you know that "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist!*

GIRL: Dentist? My teeth don't hurt!.

CUPID: Dentists aren't just for toothaches, Sugar. See yours now. He may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: But what's that got to do with my smile?

CUPID: Lots! Because Ipana not only cleans teeth. It is specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. And massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help them to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder, brighter teeth. And a smile that keeps your date from talking politics at parties! Get going, Child!

Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty **IPANA AND MASSAGE**

R R

JULY, 1945

Radio Romances

FORMERLY Radio Mirror

VOL. 24, NO. 2

FRED R. SAMMIS, Editorial Director
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EVELYN L. FIORE, Assistant Editor
JACK ZASORIN, Art Director

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ADDED ATTRACTIONS

ON THE COVER—Nan Grey, NBC Actress
Kodachrome by Tom Kelley

Did You Know?

Fashion Futures—More clothes for us ordinary mortals, fewer for the girls who are able to buy at "sky's the limit" prices—that's what the government's new textile program will mean to us. The purpose is to channel about two-thirds of the fabric supplies into low- and medium-priced clothing, and you'll find the effects of the program beginning to show this autumn. . . .

Food Futures—When you go to your soda fountain this summer, you'll drink milk and like it—at least, part of the time. There are going to be fewer soft drinks in the coming hot spells, but there'll be more chocolate milk. That's because chocolate milk takes less sugar than fizzy mixes, and milk, too, has a priority on the things needed for distribution—tires, trucks and gas. . . . As ingenious as a Rube Goldberg cartoon, and not nearly so complicated, is the new self-heating soup can. It's been tried out by the Army, and the little invention not only provided a hot meal, but doubled nicely as a small, portable radiator to carry in pockets and against which to warm cold-stiffened fingers. Not for us now, but definitely for us when the war's over. . . . Canning food is just as important a kitchen-front task this year as last. Nearly half the canned vegetables we civilians ate last year, and about two-thirds of the canned fruit we consume, were put up in our own kitchens—and if we're to continue to feed ourselves as well this year, we'll have to equal or better this record. . . .

Furniture and Furnishing Futures—The same thing is happening in the furniture business as in clothing—that is, the government is attempting to stimulate the production of lower-priced furniture. (And if you've tried to buy any furniture lately, you know what a worthy project this is!) Results should begin to show up by the end of the summer. Another furniture item, for the future—longer beds! Soldiers, the Army tells us, are taller than in World War I, and they've taken a fancy to the longer, no-feet-hanging-out beds they've seen in foreign countries. . . .

RADIO ROMANCES, published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., Dunellen, N. J. ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO: 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. (General Business, Advertising and Editorial Offices). O. J. Elder, President; Carroll Rheinstrom, Executive Vice President; Harold A. Wise, Senior Vice President; S. O. Shapiro, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Director. Chicago Office: 221 North La Salle St., E. F. Lethen, Jr., Mgr. Pacific Coast Offices: San Francisco, 420 Market Street, Hollywood, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Lee Andrews, Manager. Reentered as second-class matter March 10th, 1945 at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price per copy in United States and Canada 15c. Subscription price $1.80 per year in United States and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland; $2.80 per year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. All other countries $3.80 per year. While Manuscripts, Photographs, and Drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage, and explicit name and address. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking unnecessary risk. The contents of this magazine may not be printed, either wholly or in part without permission. (Member of Macfadden's Women's Group.)

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, New Jersey.

Plan for Perfection

"I'M NOT an old hand at having babies," says pretty Joy Hathaway, who is Amanda, heard daily at 11 A.M. EWT on CBS. "But I do have two children—Charles Francis Kenny, Jr., who is five, and John Allen Kenny, one year old.

"And I have a theory. I really believe that if a girl plans her beauty for those nine months as carefully as a manager plans a career for a promising young radio star, chances are good for her looking lovelier than she's ever looked. She'll feel better—kept so busy, so interested, that her baby will arrive, cooing and being a cherub, before she or her husband know it."

But a plan for regular check-ups at the doctor's and dentist's, proper diet, more fresh air and stricter attention to grooming and correct make-up pay dividends for *any* girl who wants GLAMOUR for her middle name.

We're told we are what we eat and so is the baby. It's now a question of what's good for him, not what you happen to like. Gals who shunned milk before drink it now. And that goes for eggs, raw vegetables, fruits, liver and the special foods and pills your doctor may prescribe. Don't be surprised if you end up eating all these good things the rest of your life because they gave your eyes a sparkle, your hair a gloss, your health and heart a song they never sang before—to say nothing of that robust baby.

You'll ask your doctor early about exercise. And you'll follow his suggestions because you'll want your figure back after the baby comes and because fresh air and good muscle tone keep your insides and outsides looking and feeling their best.

If this is your first baby, you'll be amazed at how much sleep you'll want. A nap in the afternoon with cream on your face, feet propped up, windows open, is restorative to body and beauty. In fact, a siesta for everyone would be a good thing.

Your husband, your friends, everybody will take their hats off to you and practically ignore your forward-traveling waistline if you'll keep them looking at your bright, pretty, happy face. For your plan to be a Beauty Expecting a Baby calls, too, for emphasis on hair, eyes, skin.

Really brush your hair. Shampoo it more thoroughly. Try a tinted rinse, a new hair style. Take better care of your skin than ever, with more soap and water and softening creams. Glamourize it with a good creamy foundation — nothing drying. Your eyes register the state of your health, your happiness at all times—but especially now. So even if you've been spasmodic in your use of eye make-up, don't let even the butcher or baker see you without it, skilfully applied. In pregnancy, some women develop a "look," an expression around their eyes which is a dead give-away. Proper eye make-up does loads to camouflage this tell-tale look.

Absolute cleanliness from top to toe is a must—as is an even stricter observance of daintiness. Since some skins become drier during this period, follow tub or shower with a good lubricating cream or lotion applied all over.

It all adds up to working harder for beauty and good-grooming, but when people tell you, "You were never lovelier," aren't you going to be glad you made the effort?

If you continue working or have to see a lot of people, you'll probably be happier in dark colors . . . even in warm weather. Confine your gaiety, your splurge of color and decorative touches to a whopping big bow, bright flowers, frothy lingerie touches at your neckline. Good-size earrings, a very feminine hat, becoming coiffure and glamour make-up keep eyes on your pretty face. A mandarin-type jacket in a color meant for you is a gay eye-deceiver. But peanut-size hats, bold prints, dirndls, dresses with gathers or fullness smack in the middle front won't help you a bit.

You can, asserts Joy Hathaway, be both a mother and a pretty girl — she herself proves it!

"What had I said to him? . . what had I done?"

This was the night I had dreamed about for weeks . . . the gay places we would go . . . the sweetness of seeing him for three whole days on his first furlough since our love-at-first-sight meeting. And now, what a rude awakening! Home before midnight, after an evening which began romantically enough and then grew strained and different! What had I said to him? . . . what could I have done to change his attitude from one of warmth and admiration to cool indifference?

Never Take a Chance

When a woman attracts one day and repels the next, something must be wrong. The answer in this case, as in so many, many others, was halitosis (bad breath). This social offense puts one in the worst possible light, nips many a romance in the bud.

Since you, yourself, may not realize when your breath is "that way" . . . why not take a sensible precaution against it? . . . Why not use Listerine night and morning and between times, before social engagements when you want to be at your best? Listerine Antiseptic helps to make your breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say a number of medical authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

If you would be pleasing to others never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic as a part of your daily toilette.

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

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

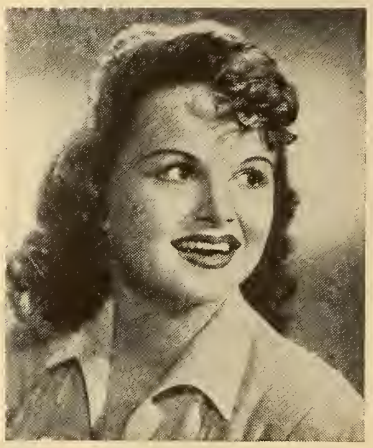
for Oral Hygiene

P. S. *Your money buys less today, so spend it wisely. You must try the new Listerine Tooth Paste.*

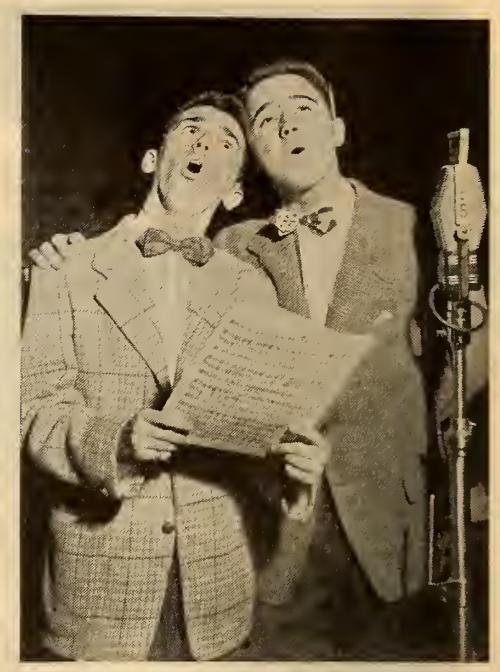
WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS

It might be food, but it's more likely gags that Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore are cooking up for their Friday night CBS show.



Norma Jean Ross, whose face sparkles the way her voice does, is a busy NBC actress.



As though CBS' Aldrich Family hasn't troubles enough already, Jackie Kelk and Dick Jones, who play Homer and Henry, sing, too!

WE'VE been boosting the Army Service Forces Radio Unit for a couple of months, now. We're not taking back any of the raves, either. But it's time to give a little credit to the boys and girls who do the acting on the shows, too.

They get air credit, of course. But you don't know this about them—and you should. Regulars on the Radio Unit shows like Myron McCormick, Frances Chaney, Martin Wolfson, Frank Lovejoy and Joan Banks are very busy actors and actresses. They're always on demand for the biggest commercial shows on the air. But every one of these people is so wholeheartedly behind the Army shows and what they're trying to get across, that they'll give up a commercial job any time to perform for the Radio Unit.

Maybe it's because of what these shows are trying to do—to bring the war home to all of us, to make us feel what our boys are feeling, to make us understand what they have been through so we'll know how to treat them when they come home—maybe it's because these actors don't need this sort of thing. Martin Wolfson, for instance has had several of his closest friends killed in action. Frances Chaney's husband, David Lardner, was killed shortly after D-Day in France.

Maybe it's the way these people feel when they read their lines that gives the punch to the shows. And maybe that's something we can understand.

* * *

It's about time for the Andrews sisters to disappear from their usual haunts. They're among the busiest people in radio and the theatre and movies. They're hopping around all the time from studio to movie studio to personal appearances to recording dates and back again over the whole routine.

But three weeks out of the year nothing can touch. There's a little suburb called Mound, outside of Minneapolis, Minnesota, and that's the place the girls still call home. And that's the place they head for regularly every year for three weeks. Three weeks of rest with their family and all their old friends. And when they say nothing can interfere with this three weeks, they mean it. Last year, their manager, Lou Levy, had to cancel a movie deal for them, because the starting date of the picture would have interrupted their stay at Mound before the allotted three weeks was up.

* * *

GOING PLACES: Add to the growing list of NBC page boys who've stepped along up the names of John Gorman and William Malcolm.

John Gorman is a winner of the Purple Heart for wounds received at Anzio and has been working at NBC since his discharge. He and William Malcolm attended an audition for announcers given by Pat Kelly, supervisor of announcers, did their stuff and no longer have to wear the page boy uniforms. They're junior NBC announcers, now.

* * *

Odd notions strike people sometimes. Like Bill Stern and Betty Grable making a whacky promise to give one another a plug in their next pictures. And they've carried out their pact—with trimmings.

Betty worked off her promise in the filming of "Three Jills in a Jeep." At one point in the picture she said, "And now I will dedicate my next song to Sgt. Bill Stern, somewhere overseas." And a very "Sad Sack"-looking GI was picked to bear Stern's name.

Which may account for the way Bill carried out his end of the bargain. Bill does the commentary in a newsreel that's out now. In it a soldier is shown getting a pin-up picture of Betty. But—the photograph shows the glamour girl with her hair very much down and her tongue sticking out.

* * *

Have you been listening on Saturday afternoons at 1 o'clock to the Veterans Aid program over NBC? It's a good idea, especially if you have anyone in the service. You owe it to your GI to know as much as he does—maybe more than he has time to find out—about what he's got coming to him according to the laws that have been passed—and which will continue to be passed until all the problems posed by the war have been solved. And any questions you may have to ask about your own GI's status and rights will be answered by Tyrrell Krum. Listen in.

* * *

Vivian Barry told us the other day how she got her first real break on Broadway. Vivian plays Beth Nolan in the Just Plain Bill show.

It was twelve years ago. Vivian walked into her first audition—a singing role in "Of Thee I Sing." She walked on the stage, which was empty except for a man sitting at the piano.

"I'll accompany myself," Vivian told him offhandedly.

When she finished, the man who'd been sitting at the piano said, "You're hired," and smiled at her. It wasn't until a week later that Vivian discovered the man was George Gershwin—the composer of the music for the show.

* * *

Letter to Your Serviceman—a local New York show over WJZ, which many of you have never heard—has been televized expressly for the entertainment of servicemen in hospitals in the Metropolitan area.

It's a good show. It's too bad it has

(*Continued on page 8*)

Like velvety gardenias... like muted music... your soft, lovely hands spell romance.

So always, always keep your hands appealing. It's so much simpler when you guard them the Trushay way.

Before every household task, smooth on this new-idea, "beforehand" lotion. It's lush, fragrant, creamy... a joy to use.

And Trushay helps prevent rough dryness... guards lovely hands, even in hot, soapy water. Try it today.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

(*Continued from page 6*)

a local sponsor. Many of you would enjoy it and many of you would like to take advantage of the weekly letter that Bert Bacharach reads on the program. A newsy letter, full of little items about life around these parts, gossip that will cheer the boys and make them feel a part of things back home. The letter is available for you to mail out to your servicemen—all you have to do is write to Bacharach at WJZ, the New York station of the Blue Network. That's the American Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller City, New York.

* * *

The Apartment Shortage is getting so bad that a man can't tell whether his friends love him for himself alone, any more, or for the sake of the roof he hangs over his head, according to Jimmy Brown, until recently Guy Lombardo's vocalist. No sooner had word got around that Jimmy had received his notice to appear for his pre-induction physical examination than his telephone was busy day and night. Everyone he had ever known, it seemed, had to talk to him—BUT—it was mostly to put in first bid for his apartment in Queens.

* * *

Joan Merrill has a standing order with a Hollywood recording company to wax every song and line of dialogue she sings and says on the air. That's her way of visiting with her husband, Lt. Tex Seeger, who's stationed in the Pacific with the Navy.

When Tex left home, he took every record Joan had ever made with him. Now, she keeps him supplied with everything new she does. She waits until she has a half dozen recordings and then mails them all at once, along with a recorded Letter From Home.

It's a nice idea. Too bad lots of the rest of us can't do the same. The boys would probably love it—just to hear the voices they love and remember so vaguely in the din of battle.

* * *

We love those Quiz Kids. Young Harve Fischman was in New York recently and went to see the hit play "Harvey." After the show Harve went backstage to meet Frank Fay, who gives such a rave-inviting performance. Fay immediately introduced Harve to Harvey, the imaginary rabbit that's responsible for all the hilarity in the play. Nothing daunted, Harve bowed solemnly to the invisible rabbit and said, "I'd certainly like to see more of you."

* * *

Talking about the Quiz Kids reminds us of Joe Kelly, their quizmaster on the show. A swell character, Joe. And sometimes we have a good bit of sympathy for the spot he's in.

Joe, you see, stopped going to school when he was eight years old. It must be kind of tough on him on those occasions when the bright kids bring out answers that aren't written on the cards that Joe shuffles around during a broadcast.

Joe's father died when he was eight and Joe went into show business as a boy soprano to help support his mother. When Joe was the age of the Quiz Kids, he was traveling around the country as "The Irish Nightingale." Verbs, nouns and adjectives were things he'd never heard about. He learned arithmetic by figuring out his hotel bills. His knowledge of geography came from traveling through the Middle West.

When Joe was 11, he joined Neil O'Brien's Minstrels. There was a sixteen-piece orchestra and Joe made $75 a week for singing and wearing a splendid purple satin suit. He was a sensation and rode in the daily parade in a carriage drawn by two white horses. Everyone else in the show walked. This happy state of affairs continued for two years. Then one dire day Joe woke up without his lovely soprano voice. He woke up without any voice, at all, in fact.

Sadly, Joe returned to Indianapolis and became an office boy. During noon hours he learned piano by listening to the girls in the sheet music department of the five and ten cent store pounding out popular tunes. He couldn't read a note of music—and still can't—but he organized his own band and called it "Kelly's Klowns."

This was hot stuff and they got plenty of bookings for awhile. At 17 Joe gave

The cigarette shortage problem is attacked by George "Gabby" Hayes and Dewey "Alamo" Markham, of the Andrews Sisters Blue show.

Master of comedy Harold Lloyd stars in NBC's Comedy Theater, heard Sunday nights, 10:30, EWT.

up his career as a band leader and went into stock, playing with road companies until his marriage in 1923.

That made him settle down a bit. He settled down in Benton Harbor, Michigan, selling pianos and Victrolas. Later, he became a warehouse foreman and clothing store manager. Joe broke into radio in Battle Creek. He and Jack Holden—now an announcer, but who was then studying for the ministry—formed a comedy singing team, "The Two Lunatics of the Air." For six half hour shows a week, their dairy company sponsor paid the team $12 and all the milk they could drink.

Eleven years ago, Joe went to Chicago as a staff announcer for station WLS. He opened the station at 4 A.M. and closed it at midnight. Then, he was chosen as the emcee for the National Barn Dance show—and he's kept that job for ten years.

He got his job on the Quiz Kid show because he could keep the kids at ease before the mikes, when other people made them freeze up.

He's a good guy, this Joe Kelly.

* * *

People are never satisfied—which is probably a good thing for progress. Take Mary Small, radio's "little girl with the great big voice." She's not satisfied with her success in radio. And she gets almost more kick out of the checks she gets for her stories than she does out of her regular pay envelope which is much bigger. She's just sold her second story for $108.50 and is very proud indeed. Her first story sold for $25—so maybe she's got reason for feeling proud. Personally, we wish her all the luck in the world with the words.

* * *

If you've ever tussled with a telephone operator who wouldn't give you an unlisted number, you'll know how Danny O'Neill felt a while back.

Seems that Martin Block called Danny to talk over signing him for the Music That Satisfies show, but Danny was out. Block left his phone number. When Danny got home, he reached for the phone immediately, only to find that one of the numbers in Block's phone number was missing. Danny called Information, of course, only to hear that Block's phone number could not be given out.

Followed a hectic session. Danny was shifted from operator to operator—a

John W. Vandercook, whose crisp, authentic news comments come to you weekdays, 7:15 P.M. EWT, NBC.

little practice known as passing the buck—until he was pretty desperate and explained to the umpteenth one that it was very important and might mean his losing the best job he ever had in his life. The little lady was very sympathetic, but she might lose the best job she'd ever had in her life, too, if she broke the rules.

But she was a little lady with ideas. She suggested to Danny that they play Numbers. Get it? Without breaking the rules, Danny was able to get the information he needed. Danny got Block on the phone—and he got the job.

"That girl should have studied law," Danny said, "at least, she wouldn't have to waste any time learning about how to find loopholes."

* * *

The war certainly plays havoc with the cast of radio shows, especially the ones that require youth. A Date With Judy is typical. Oogie, Judy's heart-throb, was originally played by Jimmy Smith. Smith was called into the Army and Dick Crenna took over the part. Now, Smith's been released from the Army—and—Dick Crenna's been taken in. Jimmy's back on the show.

* * *

Patricia Bowman, who directs the Aunt Jenny's Stories show, is wondering whether life is becoming less strenuous for the Fifth Army these days. She just got a letter from a WAC stationed in Italy, asking for details about writing scripts for the program. P.S. The WAC got the details.

* * *

Much as they belong together now, George Burns and Gracie Allen didn't start out on their careers together. Did you know that? Gracie was one-fourth of a vaudeville team known as the singing "Allen Sisters." George's first job was as a member of the Pee Wee Quartet, which sang at political dinners and rallies.

We like stories of early beginnings. (As if you couldn't tell that after reading a few of these columns!)

Back in 1939, Arch Oboler was very little more than a name in the Chicago telephone directory. Nazimova, that great lady of the theatre, had heard vaguely of him, however, and someone had sold her on the idea that he was a budding genius. She asked him to write a radio play for her.

And Oboler proved he was a genius, all right—in more ways than one. He not only wrote an original play for Nazimova and sold it to her. He also sold her on the idea of playing in it for the union minimum—21 dollars.

* * *

Our favorite mystery show for a long time has been Casey, Press Photographer. We like it because the people talk like human beings and there aren't any phony gimicks. Even Ethelbert, the whimsical bartender, sounds real. He sounds like a corny philosopher, instead of like an actor making fun of a corny person—of whom, leave us face it, there are many.

* * *

Hit Parade or no Hit Parade, Sammy Kaye says that in all the time his swing and sway band has been in existence, three tunes keep cropping up among the requests he gets: "Easter Parade," "Stardust" and "Begin the Beguine."

* * *

Morton Downey likes to remember back to the days when he had to use

Ed East and Polly brighten the morning with their NBC comedy show, heard daily at 9:00, EWT.

subterfuge in order to get a job. Downey was with Paul Whiteman's band then and the manager of one of the theatres they played wouldn't pay $75 a week for just a singer. So Downey used to hold a dummy saxophone and pretend he was playing it. When the time came for the vocals, he'd put down the sax and start singing.

He still can't play one note on a sax.

* * *

Major Bowes' Amateur Hour has proved to be a stepping stone to a brilliant career for several talented people, now. Baritone Robert Merrill, one of the two young men to win this year's coveted Metropolitan Auditions of the Air Award—which means a contract with the Opera company and a cash prize of $1,000 for further study—is the sixth graduate of the Amateur Hour to win his way to that Mecca of all singers—the Metropolitan.

Bob Merrill first contacted the Major about nine years ago and won a place for himself in one of the traveling units. He says that the year or so of singing with the unit was invaluable to him in his career. He feels it gave him stage presence, added to his repertoire and—"set him on his feet musically."

Don't ever make the mistake Ted Malone did. It's costing Ted 100 francs for having bet with an American Colonel in Europe that there was no such fowl as a gooney bird. It would seem that there are such birds. As a result of Ted's mentioning his bet on the air, to show how smart he was, no doubt, he's received hundreds of letters from people who have seen the birds in their native habitat, Midway Island.

* * *

The movies had their Lon Chaney—radio has his counterpart. He's Allen Drake. Drake's most famous stunt with his trick voice was the "running travelogue" he did on a recent network show. He made a scriptual journey to all parts of the world—and used twenty different dialects in five minutes.

* * *

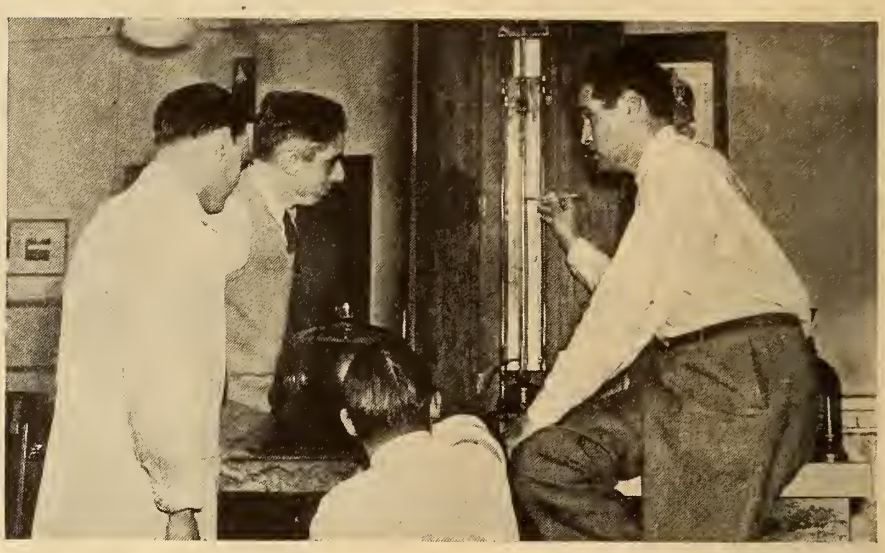
Pity poor Ed East. Because of the difficulty of getting maids, Ed had to give up his hobby. Ed used to be a tropical fish fancier—but no more. He had to give his fish away because cleaning up the fish tanks left such a trail of sand all over the kitchen floor that the maid threatened to leave. And that Polly couldn't have. So, Ed's fine finned friends lost their happy home.

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL AROUND. . . . Ralph Edwards, emcee of that zany Truth and Consequences show, has received two bids from movie companies to star in comedy roles. . . . Guy Lombardo headed for Hollywood in the Fall to make a picture for MGM. This will be his third movie. . . . Sigmund Romberg and a 45-piece orch will summer substitute for Hildegarde's Raleigh Room show. . . . The new orchestra leader on Mutual's Double or Nothing is Victor Pelle, recently discharged from the Army with a Purple Heart to his credit. . . . Fritz Kreisler has signed a contract to appear on four broadcasts in the 1945-46 Telephone Hour season. . . . Gertrude Lawrence is using "I Want Someone Beside Me Beside Myself," the Milton Berle tune, in her entertainment program overseas. . . . The "Tall Tales" submitted by ailing servicemen and featured on the Kate Smith show will probably be compiled into a book in the near future. . . . The Army Hour is the only radio program that really wants to go off the air. Much as we like the shows—we would also like to see them off the air. Because that would mean the war is over. . . .

Basil Rathbone, armed with hat and pipe, ventures forth on one of Holmes' Adventures, on Mutual.

Singer Jack Smith's day-by-day routine is not a blueprint for a lazy man's life. Besides his radio chores, he doubles as an instructor in aircraft instruments—making two full-time jobs!



Huttons everywhere—this one's Marion, of the cast of CBS' Romance, Rhythm and Ripley.

FACING the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

DON'T be surprised if two of bandom's most famous married couples turn up with their own coast to coast network sponsored shows. Advertising agency representatives have been in serious huddles with Alice Faye and Phil Harris, Betty Grable and Harry James.

If these deals materialize, Harris may seek his release from the Jack Benny show and Harry James may ask to leave the Danny Kaye show.

* * *

Well, you won't hear Judy Garland on the air this season with her own show. After days of conferences, the singer, now enjoying her biggest popularity thanks to "Meet Me In St. Louis," could not convince Louis B. Mayer, her movie boss, that it would be a good idea. Judy even had a sponsor waiting. But MGM, fretful about Judy's health being impaired by too much work, and also sore because she wouldn't sign a new five-year contract, turned the bid down.

* * *

Handsome Jerry Wayne's Blue network show is such a success that his sponsor has rewarded the tall baritone with a new contract. On the domestic side, however, Jerry is not so lucky. He and his wife are legally separated and there's little hope of a reconciliation.

* * *

Black market operators in phonograph records are trying to peddle priceless Command Performance transcriptions of the memorable overseas transmission that pitted Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra in a hilarious song competition.

* * *

Deanna Durbin is the next likely movie singing candidate for a big time network show.

* * *

It's probable that by the time you read this Johnny Johnston and his cigarette sponsor have kissed and made up.

* * *

When Frank Sinatra had dinner recently in an Italian restaurant in New York, he escaped the adoring throng outside the bistro by sneaking out through the kitchen, but Bernie Woods, Frankie's friend and music editor of "Variety," got pushed around by the fans. Bernie wears bow ties, looks almost as anemic as Frankie, and in the brownout, it was difficult for the kids to tell poor Bernie from their idol.

* * *

Kate Smith back at Lake Placid for the summer months. She continues her noontime commentaries direct from her island paradise.

The town is talking about Benny Goodman's new-found ability to unbend when on a stage. Usually quiet and stiff, the master of the clarinet has suddenly revealed a pleasing personality and a gift of gab. Incidentally Benny's new band, featuring Red Norvo and Teddy Wilson, is the finest thing in the country.

* * *

Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard are barnstorming one night stands until their all-comedy show returns to CBS.

* * *

JACK SMITH OF ALL TRADES

"Doubling in Brass" is an old show business term applying to multi-talented troupers who are proficient in more than one endeavor.

Jack Smith who looks and sings like an All-American, and is featured on two top network shows, The Family Hour and Gaslight Gayeties, has taken this axiom, turned it inside out and given it a practical wartime flavor.

"Today my singing, although pleasant and profitable, is not my important job. It has to take second place," explains Jack.

Jack is an instructor at the New York School of Aircraft Instruments, having graduated from a student. He has been at it for three years. For five days and three evenings each week, the six-foot, brown-haired West Coaster trains men in the construction, repair and maintenance of the various gadgets found in the cockpits of today's planes.

"Right now most of our trainees are honorably discharged servicemen seeking rehabilitation."

Jack's day-by-day routine was not blueprinted by a lazy man. It's a tough grind. I asked Jack for a typical day's routine.

The singer is at the school at 9 a.m. and keeps busy there until 11:45. While the students knock off for lunch, he hustles to Radio City for a noon Glamour Manor broadcast. He goes on "cold," sings two songs without benefit of dress rehearsal. A quick double malted and then he's back at the school by 12:30. At 4 p.m. he shoots back to the radio studio for rehearsals of his night time airings. By 5:30 he has dined with his attractive red-

KP for Corporal George Montgomery, with assistance from his singing wife, Dinah Shore.

haired wife, Victoria, and braces himself for the evening schedule. This includes a night instruction course at the school from 7 to 10:30 and usually a recording job at Majestic Records.

Fortunately Jack abhors night life. His wife feels the same way. As a matter of fact, Jack says they think alike on almost everything. There's a reason for it.

"Vickie and I were born on the same day, the same year, November 10, 1915. I'm fifty-five minutes older. We happened to meet because of this."

Jack was dating Vickie's cousin. He happened to tell her his birth date and she told him about Vickie. The cousin arranged a double birthday party for the two. The couple met over a mutual birthday cake and before you could say blow out the candles they were in love. Vickie's cousin never expected that to happen.

"She didn't think I would like Vickie," Jack added.

The Smiths married a year later—you guessed it—November 10. That was eight years ago.

Jack was born in Seattle, Washington, the son of a Naval officer. Soon after, Jack's dad was transferred to Honolulu and Jack and his brother Walter, who became a movie actor and is now in the Army, acting in "Winged Victory," went to school in Hawaii.

But when it came time for high school the Smiths were back in the States, this time in Hollywood. Jack planned to be an architect but at Hollywood High he joined the glee club, and with two other school chums, formed a rhythm trio.

"We were nuts about the Rhythm Boys, Bing Crosby, Al Rinker, and Harry Barris," Jack said, "then a big hit at the Cocoanut Grove. We copied their style."

When the Rhythm Boys went east, a friend got the high school copycats an audition at the Grove with Gus Arnheim. Arnheim hired them. Jack sang Bing's parts. In those days the Groaner sang three notes higher than he does today. Jack has a pleasing tenor.

The $65 a week Jack received seemed fabulous for a youngster used to getting $2 allowance every Saturday from a conservative father. No wonder he didn't go back to school.

Jack and his pals, Martin Sperzel and Marshall Hall, called themselves The Ambassadors in honor of the hotel they worked in, and teamed up with

Top man in two lines—that's Bing, long a topper on radio, now recognized as tops in the movies, too!

Lulu Belle and Scotty, belle and beau on the National Barn Dance, heard Saturday nights over NBC.

Anson Weeks and later with Phil Harris. The latter brought them east. Shortly after, the boys hooked up with Kate Smith, Eddie Cantor and Ray Block. It was Block who gave Jack his first real solo opportunity.

"Once Kate Smith gave me a solo on her show," Jack recalls, "but she never asked me to repeat."

Jack attracted Al Goodman's attention and he was signed—not as a soloist—but as a member of the Prudential Family Hour chorus.

It was just another chore to Jack who by this time was on a flock of broadcasts and getting $650 a week.

When Goodman introduced some Latin American tunes, Jack trotted out his high school Spanish and clicked with "Blen Blen Blen" and "Babalu."

But the strain started to tell on the overworked tenor.

"One night I got the shakes before air time. I was afraid of cracking up. I told Goodman I was going to quit and go to the Coast to rest."

This probably called for a major advertising agency conference but it got results. The sponsor signed Jack to a five year contract and a salary tilt that allowed Jack to drop all his choral work. He emerged as a top-flight radio singer to be reckoned with. In addition to the Family Hour show he's now featured on Gaslight Gayeties, Glamour Manor, and recently completed a recorded series for an oil company in which he was starred.

Jack is the healthy, masculine type. Only a slightly bumpy nose detracts from his handsomeness. Not having a press agent, the nine fan clubs that have sprouted up in his honor must be legitimate and loyal. Wife Vickie is the niece of the late composer and film director, Victor Schertzinger, of "Marcheta" and "One Night of Love" fame.

The Smiths are childless, live in New York with Vickie's mother.

"And," Jack hastily adds, "she's not the typical mother-in-law. She's a good sport and a great poker player."

Jack likes New York radio and doesn't want to go to Hollywood. He believes married couples, particularly those in showbusiness, have a better chance for uninterrupted happiness away from movieland.

"You can't be in a different and beautiful girl's arms every other day—making pictures—and not eventually succumb. Radio is safer. All you can hug is the mike."

Beautiful Nan Grey, who slips so easily from one kind of success to another—in movies, in radio, as wife and mother.

COVER GIRL

By

ELEANOR HARRIS

FOR seven years now, you have been listening to Kathy in NBC's popular radio drama Those We Love. So maybe, after seven years, you'd like to meet Kathy in the flesh—who is Nan Grey. Nan Grey means to you a motion picture actress as well as a radio actress; you first saw her as Deanna Durbin's sister in *Three Smart Girls*. She wasn't even in her teens.

Now she's twenty-three; she's a lovely five-feet-six-inches tall; she weighs 112 pounds, and she has the bluest eyes and the most golden hair to be sighted around Hollywood. What's more, she has two little daughters—one-year-old Jan, and two-year-old Pam. She also has one of the nicest men in the country for a husband—Jackie Westrope. And thereby hangs a tale . . . a tale that proves love at first sight.

Nan was just twelve, and still a resident of Houston, Texas, when she begged her mother to take her to the races one ninth of December . . . truly wanting to go only to see the horses.

You can guess the rest. Her mother accompanied her down to the stables, 12-year-old Nan met 15-year-old Jackie Westrope—and it really was love at first sight. It was six years before they were married, of course; six years of letter-writing and brief meetings.

Originally, in the distant days before Nan and Jackie met, her name was Eschol Miller, and she was a native of Houston, Texas, where her father was an official of the motion picture operators' union. Nan didn't possess the faintest interest in films, however; she had only one ambition—to become a newspaper woman. She was still simmering with this idea when her mother suggested a two weeks visit to Hollywood during Nan's summer vacation.

Nan went with her, then—her head still spinning because she had met Jackie at the races only a month before. And the two weeks trip turned into a lifelong stay in Hollywood . . . for when Mrs. Miller's ex-agent saw Nan, he gave a cry of triumph and instantly got her one of the leads in *Three Smart Girls*. From then on, Nan was acting, despite her age and despite her lack of drama lessons. She's never stopped since!

It must be Fate again that helps her find time to act now, in the midst of her confusing life—nothing else would explain the miracle. Her household consists of her mother, a colored nurse-housekeeper called "Boo," the two little girls, and the Westropes. Nan and her mother divide all the cooking, and since Nan has a non-stop appetite this means plenty of cooking! She thinks nothing of putting away three full-sized meals, two milkshakes, four sandwiches, and a slice of cake in a day, none of which has the slightest effect on her slim figure.

Meanwhile, the Westropes entertain continually—most of their friends being from either the world of radio or the world of sports. Generally, any evening finds the Westrope living room full of friends, talking or playing gin rummy. Otherwise, you might discover the Westropes at a movie. But the most likely place to locate them on non-visitors' nights would be right beside the radio—with a carefully marked-up chart of the various programs they want to hear. In between programs, Nan pores over mystery novels.

Right now, though, they're bound to be home of an evening working on a new project. Since racing is over for the duration, they are planning on starting a business of some kind for Jackie to run. (Which kind remains their secret so far.)

But this, added to the house-buying-redecorating-and-then-selling business that they're in spasmodically; added to their teeming household of family and friends; added to Nan's radio career—should keep them busier than ever. And if, by chance, things should get a little slack, you may be sure the Westrope's energetic Fate will step in to pep them up.

No other Shampoo

only Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves your hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage!

Make a Date with Glamour! Right away . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. ✓ *Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair. This soap film dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene is different! It leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✓ *Such manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing . . . due to the fact that the new improved Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner! ✓ *Complete removal of dandruff*, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Learn about Hair-dos from the girls who know!

Here's DORIAN LEIGH, one of New York's most glamorous fashion models, Cover Girl and a "Drene Girl." On this page she shows you what just a hair-do can do to change your personality!

(*Above*) THE SMOOTH, SOPHISTICATED LOOK! Smart, new one-braid arrangement. All hair is combed up, but over to one side, then tied securely with ribbon. To braid, divide hair into two sections, use ribbon as third section. (Ribbon three inches wide.) Small bow conceals end of braid. For glamorous hair, Dorian always uses Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

THE DASHING, DARING LOOK! From Paris—through Drene's Paris correspondent—comes the idea for this stunning arrangement! All hair is combed sleekly to one side—straight across back (held with combs at far side). Dorian's hair was first shampooed in Drene with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

THE DEMURE, DISARMING LOOK! For this beguiling effect, Dorian uses an Alice-in-Wonderland comb to push all her front hair straight back from her face. Ends of front hair blend in with back hair. Not a wave or curl, except for the smoothly turned-under ends. Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner deserves the credit for that gleaming smoothness. No other shampoo can make your hair look so lovely!

Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONER

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

Product of Procter & Gamble

"I feel like Cupid!

Sister Sally's complexion has that Ivory Look . . .

. . . and here's the beauty tip that did the trick!"

How do you get that Ivory Look—that softer, smoother, lovelier complexion? The answer's simple—Ivory care! Stop being careless about your skin—change to regular, gentle cleansings with a cake of pure, mild Ivory Soap!

More doctors advise Ivory than all other brands put together. It has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. Try a cake today—then see how soon your skin gets lovelier—gets that Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory
—than all other brands put together!

99 44/100% PURE

Important: Don't Waste Ivory Soap. It contains materials which have important war uses. Make every cake last!

Next of Kin

Shirley had loved David, and now she must forget him. But is it possible to forget a man you have never really known?

I DIDN'T feel anything I should have felt. I wasn't afraid, as so many women must be when they walk, as I was walking, down Army hospital corridors toward doors beyond which lie husbands who are not the same men as they were when the women last saw them. No, I wasn't afraid. Nor was I proud, holding my head high—proud of the man I would presently see, and of the things he had done in the war. Nor did I have to force myself to be brave, to try to hide my real feelings behind the warmth of a manufactured smile. Nor did I feel, as some women must, that I couldn't face what lay ahead—that I must turn and flee, and somewhere find the courage to try another time.

I didn't feel anything. Not fear, nor pain, nor compassion. Nor love—least of all love, and the heady, sweet warmth of it that reunion should bring. It was simply, all of it, unbelievable,

like a story that is read and laid aside; like a dream that is dreamed and done with. This couldn't possibly be me. And the man I would see in a few minutes, as soon as I'd finished talking to the doctor—that couldn't possibly be David. David was part of the story, part of the dream, something finished and long past, and not a real man at all. He wasn't my husband . . . he was a boy I once knew, a boy who once had kissed me, the touch of those hands I had known, in whose arms I once had lain, when I was another kind of girl and lived in another kind of world.

Suddenly, desperately, I *wanted* to feel—to feel something, anything, but this uncaring, un-alive strangeness. I wanted happiness to wring my heart, or even pain. Or love, or even hate. But I couldn't feel. We were too far apart, David and I. We were separated by bitterness, which is a wider expanse than any shoreless sea, by years of not mattering to each other, which is a higher barrier to scale than any mountain.

I had come to the door of the doctor's office now. In a couple of minutes it would be all over. I'd explain who I was, and the doctor would tell me about David. Then he'd take me to see David, and I'd talk to him for a little while, cheer him up, and then it would be done with. I could go back to Port Hill, and to the business of living the days out.

But it wasn't that simple. Because there, on the threshold of the doctor's office, I began to remember. I began to remember a time when the days were not simply things to be lived out, but glorious, wonderful things, gifts presented me by the rising of each sun, to live in and love in, just as I chose. It wasn't the sort of brief recollecting I had done on the train. This was nostalgia, this was hurt-sweet. I was really remembering. . . .

I WAS remembering years ago—five, or was it six?—when I was just out of high school, and had started my brand new job as secretary to my uncle, John Fairfax, who was the owner and editor of our town's one newspaper, the *Port Hill Post*. The *Post* had been too big for a weekly paper, and Port Hill had grown too large for one. So the *Post* had become a daily—and Uncle John was finding out that it was almost too small to be that, and that Port Hill was almost too small to support a daily paper. However, Uncle John had good equipment and did a brisk job printing business on the side, and had the county "legals" as well, as Port Hill was the county seat. As for me, I thought that working for the *Post* was infinitely superior—and, more important, infinitely more romantic—than clerking in Clark's Emporium or Marshall's Glass Block, or working in the Port Hill State Bank, or in one of the several combined law-real estate-insurance offices or pushing and pulling plugs at the telephone exchange, as the other girls who had graduated in my class were doing. It was almost as exciting as going on to State Teachers' College—and after all, only one of the girls in our class had done that.

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David came to work as foreman of the shop after I'd been there about six months. The first I knew of his coming was an argument between Uncle John and Aunt Lil at dinner one night. I was living with them while I worked for Uncle John—my parents lived on a farm upstate.

Aunt Lil's mouth was firmly set in a little slit when Uncle John and I got home that night, and she planked the pork chops and sweet potatoes down on the table with uncompromising clatter. When we were seated, she apparently could contain herself no longer.

"John," she began, "what's this Harry

"Well," said Uncle John, in that sensible-sounding way of his, "it seems to me that you two could solve everything by teaming up."

Sweet told me about That Fellow coming to work for you again?"

Uncle John laid down his knife and fork. "Now, Lil," he began, in a conciliatory tone, "you know arguing at table's not good for your digestion."

Aunt Lil sniffed. "Never mind about my digestion. Is That Fellow coming back to work for you or not?"

"Do you have to call him 'that fellow,' Lil? His name's David Lansdowne—David Forsythe Lansdowne," he added, with a twinkle in his eye.

Aunt Lil repeated the sniff in a louder tone. "A fine, fancy name for a convict, I must say! It sounds false to me."

"Probably picked it out himself," Uncle John said equably, attacking his pork chop again. "He was abandoned at an orphanage, you know, Lil—never knew his real name."

"That," countered Aunt Lil, who knows a good opening when she sees one, "Is a good example of what I mean. I must say, John Fairfax, that you must be getting soft in the head if you're going to hire him back, after the way—"

"Who is this fellow—this David Lansdowne?" I put in hastily.

"Used to be foreman of the print shop," Uncle John told me. "And will be again, starting Monday," he added firmly. "Had a lot of hard luck when he was a kid. Ran away from the orphanage, and got mixed up with a car-stealing gang when he was only eleven, and got sent to the reformatory. Wasn't his fault—you can't say a kid eleven's a criminal."

"He was paroled to your uncle when he was nineteen," Aunt Lil added. "And a couple of years later, after your Uncle had made him foreman of the shop, and all, he showed his gratitude by stealing Harry Sweet's car and—"

Once more Uncle John's knife and fork clattered to his plate. "Lil! I won't have you talking like that about Dave! No one had a shred of evidence against Dave—they just wanted to hang it on him because he was a reformatory boy, that's all. So far's I know, David never did a dishonest thing while he worked for me. He finally left town," Uncle John turned to me, "because your aunt and a lot of females like her, with nothing to do but gossip, wouldn't let him alone. They finally got the whole town believing Dave really had stolen that car. As a matter of fact, I think it was Sweet's own boy, Tommy—"

"OH!" Aunt Lil broke in. "John—how can you say a thing like that? Tommy Sweet's never been in a reformatory, or—"

"That," said Uncle John, "is one of the great mysteries of our time—why Tommy Sweet hasn't been, I mean. If Harry'd of tanned his tender young hide a bit oftener—"

I stopped listening, knowing that this would go on and on—once Aunt Lil gets started, there's no stopping her. But next day, at the shop, I asked Red about David Landsdowne.

"He's a real good printer," Red said slowly. "Knows his business backwards and forwards. Yes, he's a real good printer, considering he learned his trade at St. John's."

That was a phrase I heard over and over when David Lansdowne came back to town. Whenever anyone had any praise for him, anything good to say about him, it was always modified with that phrase, "considering he comes from the reformatory."

Only Uncle John never said it, never for one moment let Dave or anyone else think that he considered Dave any different because of his background. It was Uncle John who introduced Dave to me that first Monday morning, when he went to work.

"This is David Lansdowne," Uncle John said, "My niece, Shirley Wallis. Dave's the best darned printer in the state, Shirley, and don't let anyone tell you different."

I raised my eyes slowly. What do you say to a man like Dave, a man who's spent most of his youth locked away from the world? And then, seeing his smile, I forgot all about that, and smiled back. I didn't notice the strange something, the guarded something, in his eyes until later.

"Hello, Dave," I said, and I made myself say it naturally. "It's going to be nice to have you here." And I put out my hand.

"It's nice to be here," he answered, taking it. "Even nicer than I thought it would be."

That was all. He turned and went back to the shop, and after he was gone I realized that I didn't really have any idea what he looked like—except that his smile was very sweet, and very good, as if he (*Continued on page* 76)

like a story that is read and laid aside; like a dream that is dreamed and done with. This couldn't possibly be me. And the man I would see in a few minutes, as soon as I'd finished talking to the doctor—that couldn't possibly be David. David was part of the story, part of the dream, something finished and long past, and not a real man at all. He wasn't my husband . . . he was a boy I once knew, a boy who once had kissed me, the touch of those hands I had known, in whose arms I once had lain, when I was another kind of girl and lived in another kind of world.

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"Used to be foreman of the print shop," Uncle John told me. "And will be again, starting Monday," he added firmly. "Had a lot of hard luck when he was a kid. Ran away from the orphanage, and got mixed up with a car-stealing gang when he was only eleven, and got sent to the reformatory. Wasn't his fault—you can't say a kid eleven's a criminal."

"He was paroled to your uncle when he was nineteen," Aunt Lil added. "And a couple of years later, after your Uncle had made him foreman of the shop, and all, he showed his gratitude by stealing Harry Sweet's car and—"

Once more Uncle John's knife and fork clattered to his plate. "Lil! I won't have you talking like that about Dave! No one had a shred of evidence against Dave—they just wanted to hang it on him because he was a reformatory boy, that's all. So far's I know, David never did a dishonest thing while he worked for me. He finally left town," Uncle John turned to me, "because your aunt and a lot of females like her, with nothing to do but gossip, wouldn't let him alone. They finally got the whole town believing Dave really had stolen that car. As a matter of fact, I think it was Sweet's own boy, Tommy—"

"OH!" Aunt Lil broke in. "John—how can you say a thing like that? Tommy Sweet's never been in a reformatory, or—"

"That," said Uncle John, "is one of the great mysteries of our time—why Tommy Sweet hasn't been, I mean. If Harry'd of tanned his tender young hide a bit oftener—"

I stopped listening, knowing that this would go on and on—once Aunt Lil gets started, there's no stopping her. But next day, at the shop, I asked Red about David Landsdowne.

"He's a real good printer," Red said slowly. "Knows his business backwards and forwards. Yes, he's a real good printer, considering he learned his trade at St. John's."

That was a phrase I heard over and over when David Lansdowne came back to town. Whenever anyone had any praise for him, anything good to say about him, it was always modified with that phrase, "considering he comes from the reformatory."

Only Uncle John never said it, never for one moment let Dave or anyone else think that he considered Dave any different because of his background. It was Uncle John who introduced Dave to me that first Monday morning, when he went to work.

"This is David Lansdowne," Uncle John said, "My niece, Shirley Wallis. Dave's the best darned printer in the state, Shirley, and don't let anyone tell you different."

I raised my eyes slowly. What do you say to a man like Dave, a man who's spent most of his youth locked away from the world? And then, seeing his smile, I forgot all about that, and smiled back. I didn't notice the strange something, the guarded something, in his eyes until later.

"Hello, Dave," I said, and I made myself say it naturally. "It's going to be nice to have you here." And I put out my hand.

"It's nice to be here," he answered, taking it. "Even nicer than I thought it would be."

That was all. He turned and went back to the shop, and after he was gone I realized that I didn't really have any idea what he looked like—except that his smile was very sweet, and very good, as if he (*Continued on page 76*)

This is the story of that incredible moment, that moment when the sun and the stars fuse into an enchanted mist, and you—and one other—are apart from all the world

way love finds you

EVER since I could remember, I'd been going to Sandy Cove to spend the summers with Aunt Emily and Aunt Fran. Those summers were what I lived for, what I dreamed about through the snow-bound winters of northern Pennsylvania, where I lived with Uncle William and Aunt Martha, and their twin daughters. It wasn't that I wasn't happy in Uncle William's house; my own parents had died when I was a baby, and he and Aunt Martha had been the only parents I'd ever known. It was just that Sandy Cove meant everything a young person wanted; it meant sailing and swimming and fishing with the crowd of teen-agers who hung around the docks; it meant never dressing up and practically never combing one's hair, and going around all day with a pair of old shorts and a baggy shirt pulled over your bathing suit.

That is, Sandy Cove meant no more than that until the summer of three years ago, the first summer that America was in the war. I was sixteen that summer, and in token of my new maturity, Uncle William let me take the train to Sandy Cove alone. Feeling very grown-up in my tailored suit and unaccustomed high heels, I changed to a north-bound train at New York City, and I didn't even wire my aunts when I was coming. I would arrive on Saturday afternoon, when they would both be busy at the little rental library they ran at the Cove—although on other days Aunt Fran took care of the library and Aunt Emily kept house—and it pleased my new sense of independence to get myself and my luggage out to the house without bothering them.

At the Sandy Cove station, I took a taxi, a luxury ordinarily used only by the summer resort people, and sat with my face close to the window, happy to see the sea again, happier still at the sight of the weather-greyed old house, standing tall and stern in the riot of color that was Aunt Emily's flower gardens. The driver carried my bags as far as the porch. After paying him, I picked them up again with some difficulty, and started into the house . . . and very nearly collided with a tall young man in swimming trunks.

We stared at each other, and then he said, "You're Grace Landon. Your aunts told me about you."

"And you're Ronnie Sears." I could have added, "Aunt Emily told *me* about *you*," but I didn't. I was too surprised. *You'll have company this summer, Grace, Aunt Emily had written. Ronnie Sears, from the Coast Guard base down the shore, has been coming to visit us. He's barely eighteen, and I think he enlisted before he quite realized what it meant to be away from home. He's been staying with us whenever he gets leave, and he seems to prefer the quiet sort of time we can offer to the places the servicemen frequent in town. Fran and I are very fond of him. . . .*

I'd been prepared to meet Ronnie, but somehow, I'd expected him to be a little boy, although I knew he was in the Coast Guard. I hadn't expected him to be six feet tall and broad-shouldered. Or perhaps it was his fairness that made him look big. His pale gold hair curled in crisp rebellion against a service haircut; his skin was pale gold, too, and satiny, utterly unlike the burned-black leathery skins of the Sandy Cove boys.

"You're . . . different." I hadn't meant to say it aloud.

He knew what I meant. "You are, too." He smiled, and I saw then why gentle, romantic little Aunt Emily, and even tart practical Aunt Fran, had lost their hearts to him. His smile was utterly appealing. Coupled with a direct glance from his dark blue eyes, it gave me a little shock of pleasure. "I thought you were just a kid. Your aunts showed me snapshots—"

I flushed. Any snapshots my aunts had of me were taken at the Cove, and in all of them I looked like nothing so much as some sort of marine animal crowned with seaweed.

Ronnie picked up my bags. "Where do you want these?"

"Upstairs." I led the way to my room. Ronnie set the bags down beside the bureau, and stood looking around him for a moment, at the heap of small pillows with old-fashioned embroidered ruffles, at the lampshade to match, with red ribbons run through the eyelet embroidery, at the long-legged doll I'd won at the carnival the summer before. "Girl-stuff," he said. "I used to kid my sisters for having things like that around, but it's kind of nice to see it now."

My heart turned over for no reason at all, and I was glad suddenly that Aunt Emily had redecorated the room last year, had taken out the plain dimity curtains, the neat, practical rag rugs. I hadn't realized until now how really pretty the room was, how—how feminine.

I went swimming with Ronnie that afternoon, completely forgetting my original intention of walking down to the library to greet my aunts. It was different, swimming with Ronnie, from swimming with the other boys at the Cove. We played the same rough-and-tumble water games, the same games of catch on the beach, but there was a difference. With Ronnie, it didn't seem important that I out-swim and out-dive him; it didn't matter that I missed the ball a few times. I wore a flowered cotton suit, too, instead of the patched knitted one I usually wore at the Cove, and I even took along a bathing cap—an affectation only a few vain older girls were guilty of. And when Ronnie took my arm to help me over the rocks at the point, I didn't tell him that I was surer-footed on those rocks than he. I let him help me. I discovered something about myself, too: I was happy. Oh, I suppose I had been happy before, but I hadn't thought of it in just that way; I'd thought of it in terms of having a good time, and there had always been something missing, something incomplete. Now, lying beside Ronnie on the warm sand in the warm, powdery gold sunshine, I was aware of being completely happy, of having nothing more to wish for, for the first time in my life. I smiled to myself, just thinking about it, and Ronnie asked me what was funny. "Nothing," I said. "I'm happy."

"I am, too. Happier than I've ever been, I guess." And then I knew that I'd been wrong a moment ago; I hadn't been completely happy then, not quite. I was now.

After swimming, we went back to the house and fixed ourselves a snack. We'd cleaned up the kitchen and were dancing around snapping dish towels at each other when Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily came in. Aunt Emily dropped her purse and rushed forward to kiss me, but Aunt Fran stopped just inside the threshold, saying, "Well . . . Grace. You could have let us know you were here—"

"I know," I said contritely. "Ronnie and I went swimming." It was no excuse at all, and I was surprised to see that Aunt Fran looked immediately mollified. A second later she did something even more surprising. She patted Ronnie's shoulder as she came over to me. "I found some more piccalilli for your friend," she said. I already knew about the piccalilli. Ronnie's buddy, Mickey, was crazy about it; Aunt Fran had been supplying the Coast Guard tables with delicacies from her own larder.

That night I was allowed to take the car out after dark for the first time—to drive Ronnie back to the base. There were no stars, but at the horizon, at the very rim of the world, there was a golden glow that meant the rise of a new moon. Ronnie made no move to get out of the car when we parked outside the station. "Let's wait for the moon to come up," he suggested. "We'll see who sees it first." We waited, almost holding our breaths as the glow paled in the sky, suddenly spread brilliant burnished silver over the sea. We both cried, "There it is!" and leaned forward to peer through the windshield. Our heads bumped; we looked at each other and laughed, and then Ronnie's lips brushed my cheek, settled delicately, tentatively on my mouth.

I dared not move; I hardly dared breathe for the few seconds the kiss lasted. It was as if all the bright new wonder of the day, all of the beauty of the moonlight were distilled in the kiss, given substance and meaning; it seemed that I'd explode with rapture. Then Ronnie lifted his head, took my hands in one of his—and his hand was trembling. "I suppose I shouldn't have done that," he said. "I mean—the first day of knowing you—"

I couldn't answer. I could only look at him, tasting love for the first time, not wondering how, in the space of a few hours, it could have come about. Just accepting it, just knowing.

"Or maybe—" there was his smile again, and the direct, disturbing glance of dark blue eyes, "—maybe it is all right, even if it is the first day. It's the first time I ever kissed a girl."

"Me, too," I whispered. I didn't make sense, but he understood. And I wouldn't have admitted it to anyone else. It would have seemed silly and naive, but it didn't seem silly now. I was glad that it was true.

"I'm glad." He burrowed his face in the soft hollow of my neck. Then, quickly, he got out of the car. "I've got to log in. You'll be all right—going back?"

I nodded—and I wasn't really alone on the three-mile drive back to the house. The touch of Ronnie's hands, and his kiss, and his concern for me, went with me.

In the days that followed, we moved in an enchanted world of our own. It didn't matter that there was nearly always someone around—other people on the beach, Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily in the house in the evenings. We could be alone for a few minutes when we walked out to the rocks in the evenings, and when I drove Ronnie back to the station. There was time, then, for the heaven of Ronnie's kisses, for the bliss of his arms holding me gently, with infinite care, as if I were something so dear and so precious that he was almost afraid to touch me. One day he brought his friend, Mickey, with him, a stocky redheaded boy with wise, humorous green eyes. Mickey swam with us, and afterwards we stretched out on the sand, face down, my hand in Ronnie's, and talked. At least, I thought we were talking, until I heard Ronnie ask Mickey, "Where are you going?"

I lifted my head. Mickey was on his feet, brushing sand from his trunks. "Back to the house, to read a good book. It'll be better company. You haven't heard a word I've said for the last half-hour."

I looked after his retreating figure. "Do you suppose he's offended?"

Ronnie laughed. "Mickey? Of course not." He pillowed his head on his arm, reached for my hand again. "And if he is, it doesn't matter." And it didn't.

Then there were three days when Ronnie was away on a training cruise, when I wandered restlessly about the house, making excuses to Aunt Emily for not joining the crowd on the docks, hoping that Ronnie might come back unexpectedly, knowing that he would not. On the night of the third day I sat up long after my aunts had gone to bed, trying to read myself sleepy. Tomorrow Ronnie should be back at the base; tomorrow, he should at least be able to telephone . . . A step on the porch startled me; then instinctive fear became incredulous joy as Ronnie came in. I sat up on the couch, and the book fell to the floor. "Ronnie!"

He came swiftly over to me. "I can't stay," he said hurriedly. "I've got to go right back. But oh, Grace, I *missed* you—" And then I was in his arms, lost in a kiss that was different from our other kisses. This one hurt, sent a stabbing pain of longing all through.

We sat apart at last, and looked at each other. There were tears in my eyes, in my throat. Ronnie laid his face against mine. His jaw was set, and

The Way Love Finds You was adapted from Ralph Rose's original story, "Theme With Variations", heard on the Stars Over Hollywood program, CBS.

I felt a little muscle jump in his cheek. "Grace," he said in a shaken voice, "people who feel the way we do ought to be married."

Married! I'd thought about it, dreamed of it—as I'd dreamed of a whole lifetime with Ronnie. But now his mentioning it left me speechless; it was too much to take in all at once. "We can't," I said finally. "We aren't of age."

"We can, though. One of the fellows at the base got married just last week, and he's under age. There's a justice of the peace over in Kingston who doesn't ask questions. And I know where I can borrow a car—"

"We could take Aunt Fran's—"

"No!" The word exploded from him. "I'd feel like a heel. I mean— Don't you see, Grace—we can't tell them."

I knew. I'd already accepted the fact that our marriage would have to be a secret. My mind was racing ahead; the wonderful impossibility was rapidly becoming possible. "It won't be for long," I said. "I'll be through school next year, and then I can get a job. If I'm independent, maybe we can tell people—"

Ronnie's arm tightened around me. "You don't have to get a job," he said almost roughly. "I'm going to take care of you, as soon as I can. I can't send you an allotment, because I can't tell the Coast Guard we're married. But I'll save all my pay, and— Oh, Grace! Grace, darling—"

We were married two days later, by a justice of the peace in Kingston. Not once did it occur to me to hesitate, to doubt the wisdom of the step we were taking. I'd been moving in a dream since I'd met Ronnie, a dream that shut out all thought of anything but our love, a dream that could have only one right, inevitable ending. It was only when we were in the justice's office, and had been given our license by a bored clerk, and were waiting while another couple were being married in a railed-off corner of the room, that I had a twinge of uneasiness. Somehow, it didn't seem right—this box-like, dusty room; the droning voice reading the ceremony . . . and the justice had a spot on his tie. . . . My hand tightened on Ronnie's arm, and then there was a stir behind the railing, and the justice was looking over at us, saying, "Next?" exactly as if we'd been waiting in line for groceries. All at once I was (*Continued on page* 54)

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this to me

Vin's arms were waiting for her; the old Villa, with its gracious, peaceful way of life, was waiting too; why, then, must Linda resist their sanctuary?

LOOKING down from the second-story window, above the First National Bank, I could see the siesta-quiet streets of Guadalupe and the hazy low hills beyond. The sun's rays struck the hoods of parked cars at the curb and spread out in a dazzling glare. A few people walked slowly down below but they didn't bother to look up at my window; didn't bother to read the newly-painted black lettering that read: VINTON MARA, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

The sun was making me dizzy but still I stood there, letting the peace of the day steal through me with its healing, soothing, stupefying power.

This is sanctuary, I thought, drowsily. *Here I can forget*—and, unbelievable as it would have seemed to me a month ago, I *was* forgetting. A week ago was like a year ago, and the memory of a handsome boy with a weak mouth, the familiar sights and sounds of a New England village, were already fading from my mind. I had known that town for all my twenty-one years and I had known Clyde Peters almost that long, yet already Guadalupe, after a month, was more real to me, and Clyde I could almost remember without pain.

The door behind me banged open.

"Hello!" Vin Mara came into the room, as he always did, like a pent-up tempest. "How do you do it, Linda—manage to look so cool and untouched on a day like this?" Vin was my boss and I had only known him a month, but his "Linda" was friendly and not familiar. "It's a scorcher down on the streets. I brought sandwiches and milk for us both so you wouldn't have to go out today."

In a second my tiny reception room had taken on the festive air of a picnic. We didn't worry about appearances—clients wouldn't be apt to call at noontime on a day like this.

"It's even hot out at Villa Mara today," Vin went on, after he had settled his long, lean figure into one chair and put his feet up on another, and we had eaten in silence for awhile.

I handed him a paper cup. "Villa Mara? Is it a hotel?"

"A hotel?" He glanced at me under his thick, straight brows quizzically. "Oh—I forgot . . . you're a newcomer here. No. Villa Mara is my house—grandfather's and mine." From the warmth in his grey eyes I could see this house was more than walls and roof to him. "Someday I'd like to show it to you, Linda. You see, the Maras were originally Spanish settlers who had a land grant—at one time it took in all of Guadalupe—but gradually my ancestors let the property slip through their fingers and now all that's left is the hacienda, Villa Mara, and it's pretty run-down. But I'm fond of it. I think you'd like it, too."

Something personal and direct in those last words sharply arrested my attention. For the first time I found myself looking at Vin Mara as a person—and not just an employer. And what I saw in his eyes made my heart suddenly skip a beat.

"I wouldn't have thought you were Spanish, Mr. Mara. Of course you have the straight black hair but—"

"Both my grandmother and my mother were English," he explained, getting to his feet in one quick motion. Abruptly he seemed to remember that this was a law office and we were dawdling over our lunch. "Is that summons ready on the Brunner case? I'm seeing him at four today."

I handed him the papers—Brunner vs. Brunner. Divorce proceedings . . . co-respondent . . . mental cruelty . . . *desertion.* Just typing out those words, even about people I didn't know, had made me feel sick inside. I was glad to get those papers off my desk—out of this room, behind the closed door of Vin Mara's office.

Too well I knew that word *'desertion'* and all it implied. My earliest memories were of my mother crying, and knowing that she was crying because my father had left her for another woman. I had brooded about it as a sensitive child. It had become the most important thing in my life—to find a love and a security that would never change, that would be mine and only mine, that I would not have to share with anyone.

The ordinary girl-and-boy romances were not for me. I didn't want any part of their momentary intensity,

All this to me

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their quarrels and reconciliations, and their gradual, fitful wearing-away. That was why I had let Clyde Peters assume such importance in my life. Even when we had become engaged I had known I wasn't really in love with him—but his utter dependence on me, his dog-like devotion, had been enough.

I WAS luckier than my mother, I thought to myself, bitterly, while my hands automatically busied themselves filing Vin Mara's correspondence. At least Clyde Peters had jilted me *before* our wedding day—not afterwards!

But why? Clyde's sullen words that last day came back to me—I understood them no better now than I did then. "I don't want to be possessed, Linda. I want to be *free.*" But marriage—love—meant a kind of possession! It meant becoming one person, not two, and being *glad* to surrender freedom for the security of marriage bonds.

My hand trembled on the papers and I caught my breath in hurting self-control. I must try and forget! I *was* forgetting. Deliberately I had let the work at the office and the somnolent heat of the quiet lonely evenings drug me into forgetfulness. And I was finding it easier than I thought. I was even discovering that it was only my pride and my self-confidence that had been hurt and the ache in my heart was slowly lessening.

Now I wondered, remembering the near-intimacy of his words today, if Vin Mara wasn't a little responsible for my restored pride.

So much had happened in the past few weeks that I was deeply grateful for the friendliness of this tall, dark man. I had fled to Guadalupe without any knowledge of what might await me there—I had picked the name blindly because it seemed to me like the ends of the earth and that was what I wanted. But it is one thing to run away without hope or thought for the future, and quite another thing to find yourself stranded and without money. Vin Mara had given me a job. He hadn't asked for references or pried into my reasons for coming here.

I hadn't realized till now how much I had come to look forward to the daytime hours I spent working with him. I had always been a solitary person; here in Guadalupe I was lonelier still. Not that it was just loneliness that drew me to Vin; it was his sure strength, his direct openness in speech and action; the quick, immediate response of his emotions.

The days went by in quiet fashion. Vin's practice, begun only recently since his discharge from the Navy, was growing in leaps and bounds and we had little time for chats or picnic lunches. Still I knew, as any woman does, that his thoughts of me were not office routine.

More and more I could see his Spanish blood. It showed in his profile, with its resemblance to some seventeenth-century grandee. I could almost see him with his chin held arrogantly above a white fluted ruff, his hand on his sword . . . but there the resemblance ended. There was no haughti-

There could be no real happiness for me while Jean was here—Jean and the running of the household.

ness or arrogance in Vinton Mara.

It was another hot Saturday that he stopped at my desk.

"Let's close up shop, Linda," he said, smiling. "I don't care how many writs and summonses you have on your desk, you're fading away in this heat. Take the afternoon off."

He strode to the door but, with his hand on the knob, a thought seemed to strike him and he came back.

"Where will you spend the afternoon? In that stuffy little room at your boarding house? I can't let you do that—you'd be on my conscience all day. Come out to Villa Mara with me and meet my grandfather and Jean."

"I'd planned to spend the day looking for another room. I'm being evicted Monday for a war worker and his wife. But," impulsively, "I'll do it tomorrow. I'd love to come, Mr. Mara."

"Call me Vin," he commanded, holding open the door for me. Under his swift, warm gaze I felt my spirits rise in excitement and anticipation. It had been so long since I had gone anywhere—especially with an escort whose grey eyes spoke their approval of tawny-haired girls in green flowered jersey dresses.

Driving out of Guadalupe I felt like a different person. The last vestige of formality seemed to disappear in a puff of the orange blossom-scented breeze that tossed my hair, fan-wise, about my shoulders. Brief cases between us formed a toppling barricade; still I could feel the nearness of his wide shoulders and see the pleasure in his smile as he showed me lemon groves and eucalyptus trees and mesquite-covered dusty brown hills that were familiar to him and still strange and exotic to me.

"IT'S FUN playing guide to you, Linda. You don't say much, but when you're excited the color comes and goes in your cheeks and those long green eyes of yours actually shine." His tone made me happy out of all proportion to the compliment.

We turned off a lane bordered by pepper trees. Usually the sight of pepper trees, so much like the New England weeping willows, reminded me of Clyde. But today the thought of him merely touched me and was gone.

The car stopped by a gate set in a high stone wall, and we walked through it directly into a patio which was almost enclosed by three sides of the house. *But what a house!*

Big and white—not the white of newness, but the shaded white of years of weather and bleaching, with here and there a sign of crumbling adobe or a stain beneath an eave. White house and blackened timbers and great arched windows below, facing into the patio, and small balconies of lace-like wood perched above, framing shuttered windows as if they held mysterious secret invitations. And on the two sides, outside staircases curved upwards to second-story doors and to a balcony that ran the full length.

If it hadn't been for the bougainvillea twining over the staircase arches in soft purple (*Continued on page* 89)

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So much had happened in the past few weeks that I was deeply grateful for the friendliness of this tall, dark man. I had fled to Guadalupe without any knowledge of what might await me there—I had picked the name blindly because it seemed to me like the ends of the earth and that was what I wanted. But it is one thing to run away without hope or thought for the future, and quite another thing to find yourself stranded and without money. Vin Mara had given me a job. He hadn't asked for references or pried into my reasons for coming here.

I hadn't realized till now how much I had come to look forward to the daytime hours I spent working with him. I had always been a solitary person; here in Guadalupe I was lonelier still. Not that it was just loneliness that drew me to Vin; it was his sure strength, his direct openness in speech and action; the quick, immediate response of his emotions.

The days went by in quiet fashion. Vin's practice, begun only recently since his discharge from the Navy, was growing in leaps and bounds and we had little time for chats or picnic lunches. Still I knew, as any woman does, that his thoughts of me were not office routine.

More and more I could see his Spanish blood. It showed in his profile, with its resemblance to some seventeenth-century grandee. I could almost see him with his chin held arrogantly above a white fluted ruff, his hand on his sword . . . but there the resemblance ended. There was no haughtiness or arrogance in Vinton Mara.

There could be no real happiness for me while Jean was here—Jean and the running of the household.

It was another hot Saturday that he stopped at my desk.

"Let's close up shop, Linda," he said, smiling. "I don't care how many writs and summonses you have on your desk, you're fading away in this heat. Take the afternoon off."

He strode to the door but, with his hand on the knob, a thought seemed to strike him and he came back.

"Where will you spend the afternoon? In that stuffy little room at your boarding house? I can't let you do that—you'd be on my conscience all day. Come out to Villa Mara with me and meet my grandfather and Jean."

"I'd planned to spend the day looking for another room. I'm being evicted Monday for a war worker and his wife. But," impulsively, "I'll do it tomorrow. I'd love to come, Mr. Mara."

"Call me Vin," he commanded, holding open the door for me. Under his swift, warm gaze I felt my spirits rise in excitement and anticipation. It had been so long since I had gone anywhere—especially with an escort whose grey eyes spoke their approval of tawny-haired girls in green flowered jersey dresses.

Driving out of Guadalupe I felt like a different person. The last vestige of formality seemed to disappear in a puff of the orange blossom-scented breeze that tossed my hair, fan-wise, about my shoulders. Brief cases between us formed a toppling barricade; still I could feel the nearness of his wide shoulders and see the pleasure in his smile as he showed me lemon groves and eucalyptus trees and mesquite-covered dusty brown hills that were familiar to him and still strange and exotic to me.

"IT'S FUN playing guide to you, Linda. You don't say much, but when you're excited the color comes and goes in your cheeks and those long green eyes of yours actually shine." His tone made me happy out of all proportion to the compliment.

We turned off a lane bordered by pepper trees. Usually the sight of pepper trees, so much like the New England weeping willows, reminded me of Clyde. But today the thought of him merely touched me and was gone.

The car stopped by a gate set in a high stone wall, and we walked through it directly into a patio which was almost enclosed by three sides of the house. *But what a house!*

Big and white—not the white of newness, but the shaded white of years of weather and bleaching, with here and there a sign of crumbling adobe or a stain beneath an eave. White house and blackened timbers and great arched windows below, facing into the patio, and small balconies of lace-like wood perched above, framing shuttered windows as if they held mysterious secret invitations. And on the two sides, outside staircases curved upwards to second-story doors and to a balcony that ran the full length.

If it hadn't been for the bougainvillea twining over the staircase arches in soft purple (*Continued on page* 89)

The next day there were roses from Dan, and with them a note that was amusing and touching.

I DIDN'T understand. I'd heard about and read about women who broke up their homes and divorced good, kind husbands in order to marry someone else, but I didn't understand why they did it, or how they could do it.

But now I see how it's possible for those things to happen. I know that the things you love can sometimes fill your life too full, can crowd in upon you until the fire that is the very germ and essence of your love is smothered. I know that you can give until you wake up one day to find that the spirit that has made the giving worthwhile is exhausted, and that you have become less a person in your own right than a wife and mother and jack-of-all-household-trades. Yes, I know now how it's possible for things like that to happen. . . .

My moment of awakening came the evening Ed brought Dan Hewitt home for dinner. It had been one of those days when everything went wrong: the laundry hadn't been delivered; the sink had stopped up; there was no sugar at the grocer's; and Maxine, trying out the roller skates she'd got for her fifth birthday, fell and skinned her knees so badly that I had to take her to the doctor. At four o'clock, when Ed called and asked if he could bring a guest for dinner, I'd just got the beds made and the luncheon dishes washed. "Give me two hours," I said, and then after he'd hung up, I stood by the phone for a moment, wanting to cry, knowing that I wouldn't. It wasn't the unexpected company that I minded—that was part of my job as Ed's wife; it was just that there always seemed to be too much to do and only I to do it. There'd been a time when I hadn't had to do everything myself, when I could have left the sink for Ed to fix when he came home, when I could have called him at the office when Maxine came in with her knees red and lacerated, when he would have brought part of the dinner home when he brought a guest. But that had been before Ed began trying to fight the home front war all by himself to make up for his being turned down by the Army. Now his job as purchasing agent for a manufacturing company claimed him six days a week and, many times, half the night. And on the few nights when he didn't bring work home, he fell asleep in his chair in the livingroom before I'd finished my coffee at the dining room table. The war had divided our responsibilities neatly in two; I had the house and the children; Ed had his job.

The house was tidy, dinner was on the stove, and both Maxine and I were bathed and dressed by the time Ed came home. I was giving Dinah her supper in the kitchen when I heard the front door open and Maxine came limping out, calling excitedly, "Mummy! Daddy's home! Our company's here—"

"Well, you just go say hello to them then," I said, and then I didn't have time to finish because Ed brought his guest out to the kitchen. I saw the uniform first. I thought, "another Army man," and I knew that Ed would be too absorbed in war talk to eat. Then I saw the face above the uniform, the gray eyes light against brown skin, the arrogant yet appealing line of cheekbone and jaw, and my heart thudded with recognition. "Dan!" I exclaimed. "I'm so glad—"

The polite warmth in his eyes changed to incredulity. "Marian!"

Ed looked puzzled but pleased. "I didn't know you two knew each other."

"Marian's from Colton—my home town," said Dan dazedly. "But I almost didn't know her. I mean, she's changed. I mean—"

His confusion was a compliment; it said so sincerely that the thin, intense girl who'd followed Dan adoringly around Colton had turned into a pretty woman, that my hair had turned from carrot orange to a soft copper, that my freckles and gawkiness had disappeared with the years. Still, the moment very nearly became awkward; Dan hadn't let go my hand, and he seemed unable to finish his sentence. Then Dinah banged her spoon on her plate and bubbled her lips at him. Dan dropped my hand. "And this," he said hurriedly, "is the baby you told me about. She's the picture of you, Ed." Ed grinned because it was true.

Experiment in heartbreak

Marian tried to recapture a feeling—but the feeling was formless and nameless. The danger was that she might try to give it the wrong form, the wrong face, the wrong name

But at the moment, with her features screwed up and a froth of cereal around her baby mouth, the likeness wasn't flattering. "Not right now, I hope," said Ed, and we all laughed, and the awkwardness was gone.

Outwardly, the rest of the evening was extremely pleasant and uneventful. Maxine, after a first shyness, hung close to Dan until she was sent to bed. Proudly she showed him her kitten, Eenie, and her bandaged knees, and by some whim of her own she promoted him from his real rank of first lieutenant to captain. Ed kept Dan talking, listened avidly to everything he had to say. Dan hadn't seen actual combat; he'd been in Service of Supply, both overseas and in the States, and this trip to Ridgeville was the last he would make for the Army. He was being honorably discharged, and he was going home to Colton to take over his father's hardware store. I was content to listen, and I tried not to notice how often Dan's eyes turned my way.

Then Ed excused himself to get some drawings from his desk, and Dan turned quickly to me. "How long is it since you've been in Colton?" he asked.

"Three years. We were there just after Dinah was born—" And then Ed came back with a roll of blueprints. "Now this," he said, "is the sump pump we ordered—"

Ed didn't mean to interrupt; he was too engrossed in his own concerns to realize that we were talking. But Dan sent me a rueful, apologetic glance, and it was then that the queer flash of awakening came. I looked at Ed, and I was aware of him suddenly not as my husband, but as a person apart from myself—not as a stranger, exactly—someone I knew very well but who was separate from me. *I don't feel anything about him,* I thought. *We've been married for six years, and I've borne him two children, and right now I've no more feeling for him than I have for—for Dan.* And then I heard Ed laughing over something in the blueprint, and the strange, frightening moment was gone.

But it had been there, and I couldn't quite forget it. After Dan left that evening, Ed and I were straightening up the livingroom, picking up ash trays, when Ed sat down and said, "Hewitt's a nice fellow, and he's from Colton, too. How is it you never mentioned him?"

"I'm sure I told you about him," I said. "He was my hero all through high school, and for a couple of years afterward."

ED GRINNED. "Didn't do you any good, eh?"

"No," I said cheerfully. "He took me out a half-dozen times—but that was after his girl jilted him and married someone else. Then he left Colton to take a job in Chicago. That was the last I saw of him until tonight."

Ed's eyes were twinkling. "And then what happened—I mean, after Hewitt left Colton?"

"Then you came there to visit your uncle."

"I didn't see much of him after I met you, did I?"

"I guess you didn't." I sat down on the edge of his chair, remembering that summer I'd met Ed, wanting him to pull me into his arms now, to kiss me hard and eagerly as if it were the first time, wanting to be terribly close to him.

Ed yawned and loosened his tie. "Tired?" he asked sympathetically. "That was a swell dinner you gave us

I know that the things you love can sometimes fill your life too full until, one day, you wake...

on such embarrassingly short notice."

"Not very tired—and get *up*, Ed! You know you'll fall asleep if you stay in that chair." My voice was sharp, but my eyes stung, and I wanted very much to cry.

The next day there were flowers from Dan, a great sheaf of roses. I was amused and unexpectedly touched by the card that came with them. It read, "Many thanks from a hungry soldier," and it sounded exactly like Dan. There'd always been a touch of the dramatic about him—not much, just enough so that you remembered his gestures, so that a word or a phrase lingered long after he was gone. Ed hardly noticed the flowers when he came home that night. He admired them briefly when I mentioned them, and then he forgot about them. After dinner he took his paper into the livingroom while I still sat at the table, watching him over the rim of my coffee cup. I saw the paper lowered to his lap; his head nodded toward the back of his chair, and again the queer feeling of apartness from him came over me. I remembered suddenly that one time, when a dinner guest had sent a lavish box of roses, Ed had come home the next day carrying, very solemnly, one petunia in a pot, declaring that no one was going to get ahead of *him* in the matter of sending his wife flowers. Tomorrow, I thought, there'd be no ridiculous present of a petunia. There was no time for such nonsense these days, or Ed just wouldn't . . .

A few days after Dan's visit Ed told me that he was going away on business, and for a longer trip than usual; he would be gone for three weeks or more. It would be a good time, he suggested, for me to take the children to visit Mother and Dad in Colton. "I don't like leaving you alone for that long," he explained, "and if your parents are as anxious to have you and the girls as their letters sound—"

"Of course they are," I said. "For that matter, they'd be willing to look after the children for us, if you want me to go with you."

Ed grinned, the infectious little grin that was a permanent part of him, inside and out. It was his way of looking at life, of laughing at problems even while he was seriously, deftly settling them. "Sure," he said, "You'd have a swell time, sitting around a hotel room while I tramp through warehouses, and going to a movie by yourself at night while I wrestle with specifications."

"I used to go with you, and I never minded sitting around."

"You'd mind a month of it. And besides, things are a little different now. This job is for a government contract—"

I wanted to cry out, *Oh, yes, things are different, Ed—but they're different between us. It isn't the war, or your job—it's us. We've lost something. We worked hard when we were first married, when your salary was small and we had to do everything ourselves. But we did things together then, and you wanted me with you everywhere. . . .*

But I didn't say it. That was another difference, perhaps the biggest difference of all. I'd always been able to talk to Ed about anything, but now, with this new, invisible wall between us, this shadowy sense of separation, I couldn't bring myself to say the very words that might help break down the wall and let us be together again.

Ed left on his trip two days afterward, and a week later I arrived in Colton with the children, thoroughly tired in body and spirit. It had been an exhausting job, getting clothes washed and ironed and mended and packed, finding someone to care for Maxine's kitten and my house plants, keeping two small girls quiet and in reasonably good humor for a thirty-six hour journey. And somehow it seemed that Ed was to blame, that he had gone gaily off burdened with no more than a grip and a briefcase, leaving me to struggle with a welter of children and

Dan was the boy I had followed around, in adoration, for years.

bags and sweaters and lunchboxes and drinking cups. He could, it seemed to me, have delayed his trip long enough to put me on the train. . . . And then I knew that I was being unreasonable, and reason and resentment battled in my mind until I gave up, and tried not to think about it at all.

It was good to be back in Colton finally, to see the peaceful, small-town streets drowsing in the June sun, to be back in my parents' pleasant house. Still, I wasn't entirely pleased when Mother told me that she had already accepted for me a half-dozen invitations from my old friends. "I wanted to rest," I protested.

"That's what you think now," Mother said. 'You'll change your mind after a good night's sleep. And you're just going to leave the girls to your Dad and me all the while you're here. Believe me, I know what it is to be tied down

That sly little grin was a part of Ed's way of looking at life.

to a couple of youngsters, especially with the help situation the way it is these days, even if you don't say much in your letters. Now, tomorrow is Jenny Hewitt's party. Dan's coming to pick you up about eight—"

"Dan is!"

"Why, yes," Mother said. "I thought it was nice of him to offer, with gas so scarce. Didn't I tell you he's come back here to live?"

I murmured some sort of answer, but I was absorbed in trying to understand my own instinctive, unspoken objections to Dan's calling for me. I hadn't given him a thought since the day the flowers had arrived, but now I found myself remembering the way he'd looked at me the evening he'd come to dinner in Ridgeville, and thinking that it was odd that he should come after me when Dad's car stood unused most of the time in the garage. Then I told myself that I was being silly, that there was no reason in the world why Dan shouldn't drive me to his sister's party. I had never meant anything to him, and it was years since he had meant anything to me.

I know now that my first intuitive feeling was right, and that I should have known from the night of Jenny Hewitt's party that Dan had fallen—or was falling—in love with me. But I didn't believe it then. Perhaps I didn't want to believe it. I was having too good a time enjoying my temporary freedom, too good a time being Marian Spender again, instead of Mrs. Edward Cowles. Because that's how I felt, almost from the moment Dan called for me to take me to Jenny's. It was a beautiful June evening, with a few stars showing a dim gold through the powdery purple dusk, a night for young people. Dan smiled down at me as he helped me into the car. "Like old times, isn't it?" he asked.

If I'd stopped to think, I'd have realized that it wasn't at all like old times. In the (*Continued on page 60*)

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS

THE STRANGE ROMANCE OF

Evelyn Winters

The tender story of a love that lies unacknowledged, quietly waiting, in the hearts of two young people

EVELYN WINTERS, charming and gay as any twenty-year-old, is still mature enough to be deeply in love with her guardian, Gary Bennett, seventeen years older than she. Since the war, Evelyn, an orphan, has devoted most of her time to volunteer work with the Red Cross Blood Bank.
(Evelyn Winters played by Toni Darnay)

GARY BENNETT, successful playwright, who was made Evelyn's guardian by Colonel Winters before he died, is as much in love with Evelyn as she is with him. But he feels that his thirty-seven years make him too old for Evelyn, and so he goes on unhappily passing on her acknowledged suitors.
(Gary Bennett played by Karl Weber)

Conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert; heard daily at 10:30 A.M. EWT, on CBS.

JINNY ROBERTS, Evelyn's best friend, is helplessly in love with Ted Blades. Evelyn has tried in every possible way to bring these two together, but Ted can never see Jinny if Evelyn is near by.
(Played by Mary Mason)

MAGGIE, Evelyn's lovable, loyal old housekeeper, has been in charge of the Winters household ever since the death, many years ago, of Mrs. Winters. Under her guidance Evelyn has learned everything there is to know about the smooth management of her home in New York. Just as she did when she was a child, Evelyn brings Maggie all her problems; and although the problems are now serious, grown-up ones, Maggie can still be counted on for comfort and advice.
(Played by Kate McComb)

CHARLIE GLEASON is Gary's business manager. Under the toughness that he affects, he is a sincere, honest friend, concerned over Gary's welfare.
(Ralph Bell)

TED BLADES, a young Army officer who has loved Evelyn since their growing-up years together, persistently refuses to admit to himself that Evelyn's love for Gary is far too deep for him to overcome.
(Played by Stacy Harris)

JANICE KING, a successful actress, has not been quite as successful in the management of her personal life. Many years ago Gary Bennett wanted to marry her; she refused, because he was then only a struggling playwright. But now Janice, in her early thirties, has decided that she is in love with Gary. Knowing that Gary loves his young ward has not discouraged Janice, who is still a lovely, attractive woman; she has determined to compete with Evelyn.
(Played by Flora Campbell)

MISS BEAN is Gary Bennett's stern maiden-lady secretary. Many years ago she was secretary to actress Kitty Sales, with whom Gary was in love.
(Linda Carlon-Reid)

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Before we part

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

THE STORY

LINNA FABRY hadn't been unhappy while Lance Jordan was overseas. She filled her days with little things that passed the time and that prepared for the future she and Lance had planned together. The love there was between her and Lance was, to her, so real and vivid a thing that it had an identity all its own; it was like a presence beside her, which kept her from being lonely. And in all of Lance's letters she found the same feeling, as though part of her were there in England beside him.

Then came D-Day and the terrifying knowledge that, somewhere, Lance was in the midst of that horror. Linna's heart stopped that day, and didn't start again until she tore open his next letter —the letter that told her he was safe. But it told her something else, as well. "Linna . . ." it said, "I have fallen in love. Her name is Angela Temple . . . we're going to be married."

Somehow, Linna picked up again and went on. But now the days were waiting, waiting—she hardly knew for what. She learned that Lance, wounded, was on his way home, and she knew that somehow things would be made right for the two of them, once he had come and explained to her what had happened; that was what she waited for. And Lance did come to her; he watched her home, waited for her to come out so that he could speak to her alone; and when they had done looking at one another, he said, "Linna . . . I've brought my baby back to you . . . I had to, Linna."

I'*VE brought the baby back to you.* That couldn't have been what Lance said. I couldn't have heard him correctly.

"To—me?" I whispered. "But what of Angela? What of the baby's mother?" The words hurt.

"Angela is in England. She's—going to stay there." Then he burst out almost desperately. "For God's sake, Linna, don't look like that. Let me tell you—"

"No! I can't understand. I don't want to hear." The baby had been the thing—the living, breathing instrument that had finally broken my faith in our oneness, had severed the tie between us forever. "Just go away. I don't want to see you, hear you, anything—"

"Linna, not for my sake—I don't deserve anything from you—and not for the baby's sake, either—but for the love we shared, for what we had that was so rich and living, let me talk to you. Oh, I know what you're feeling. You feel I killed that love because I denied it. But there are some things too strong to kill—I've found that out. Some things that just don't die, no matter what fools like me do to them. You've got to accept that, believe that. You've got to give me a chance to tell you, Linna."

Lance looked around the hostile, waiting room. It wasn't easy for him.

"I can't think now. It's too much—I —Oh, I've got to be alone."

"Tomorrow, then," he persisted. "Let me come to the house tomorrow."

I felt like an animal harried into a corner. "All right," I cried. "Tomorrow. Anything. Only leave me alone."

Driven beyond endurance, I turned away, half running from him. It was as if I were drowning, and I found I was fighting for air, struggling to quiet the roaring in my ears.

I walked and walked, until the effort to breathe hurt my chest and forced me to stop. Why did things like this happen to people? I'd never, knowingly or willingly, hurt anyone. Why then must I suffer for something I hadn't done, had had nothing to do with? The pain of his marriage I'd been able to take, sustained somehow by blind and instinctive belief that some day I would know the story then unknown, be told the answer then unsolved. And now when he was ready to offer it, it came in such a way I could no longer receive it. In the very trying to give it to me, he had taken it away forever.

Angela was in England. . . . Lance was here, having brought his child to me . . . tomorrow he would come and tell me why. . . . Slowly, those facts separated themselves and rose to the surface of my mind. I could refuse. I could shut myself away from him

And yet, in a numb sort of fatalistic way, I knew that tomorrow I would let him come and I would listen. I would let him because I was compelled to. Just as I had been caught up in something I'd had no part in setting in motion, now I was just as much caught up in following it out to the end. Once things start, they have to go on and on until they finish, and sometimes you have to play your part in them like a puppet whose strings are pulled by hands that cannot be withstood.

Mother and Dad were sitting on the porch. I knew they were waiting for me. They tried to greet me naturally as I came up, just as if nothing were wrong, as if I'd gone out to take an ordinary walk on an ordinary evening.

"Well, dear—" mother began.

"I've seen Lance," I said, and my voice sounded as I felt—at a dead calm. "He's coming here tomorrow. I told him he could."

"Linna!" They both spoke at once, with anger, protest, condemnation. They began to argue against it, to forbid it. Dad even said he would kick Lance out of the house if he dared to show his face there.

"If I can't see him here, I'll see him somewhere else," I said. "I don't want to but I have to. Don't you understand, I *have* to? It's like something I have no control over, that I can't help."

At last they gave in. Grudgingly and because they felt that as long as I was determined to see him, in my headstrong, foolish, weak way, it was better

Now, at last, there is an end to waiting, an end to despair. Now Linna can see blindingly clear the truth that will be a part of her life, forever

Before we part

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I walked and walked, until the effort to breathe hurt my chest and forced me to stop. Why did things like this happen to people? I'd never, knowingly or willingly, hurt anyone. Why then must I suffer for something I hadn't done, had had nothing to do with? The pain of his marriage I'd been able to take, sustained somehow by blind and instinctive belief that some day I would know the story then unknown, be told the answer then unsolved. And now when he was ready to offer it, it came in such a way I could no longer receive it. In the very trying to give it to me, he had taken it away forever.

Angela was in England. . . . Lance was here, having brought his child to me . . tomorrow he would come and tell me why. . . . Slowly, those facts separated themselves and rose to the surface of my mind. I could refuse. I could shut myself away from him

And yet, in a numb sort of fatalistic way, I knew that tomorrow I would let him come and I would listen. I would let him because I was compelled to. Just as I had been caught up in something I'd had no part in setting in motion, now I was just as much caught up in following it out to the end. Once things start, they have to go on and on until they finish, and sometimes you have to play your part in them like a puppet whose strings are pulled by hands that cannot be withstood.

Mother and Dad were sitting on the porch. I knew they were waiting for me. They tried to greet me naturally as I came up, just as if nothing were wrong, as if I'd gone out to take an ordinary walk on an ordinary evening.

"Well, dear—" mother began.

"I've seen Lance," I said, and my voice sounded as I felt—at a dead calm. "He's coming here tomorrow. I told him he could."

"Linna!" They both spoke at once, with anger, protest, condemnation. They began to argue against it, to forbid it. Dad even said he would kick Lance out of the house if he dared to show his face there.

"If I can't see him here, I'll see him somewhere else," I said. "I don't want to but I have to. Don't you understand, I *have* to? It's like something I have no control over, that I can't help."

At last they gave in. Grudgingly and because they felt that as long as I was determined to see him, in my headstrong, foolish, weak way, it was better

Now, at last, there is an end to waiting, an end to despair. Now Linna can see blindingly clear the truth that will be a part of her life, forever

that it happen at home than anywhere else. "But," my father finished grimly, "I intend to be here. Lance is going to talk to me as well as to you."

"Yes," I said. "I think he wants to."

The next day was Sunday. A lovely, soft spring day, full of the vagrant smells and stirrings of coming summer. It was a day made for peace. But there was little in our house. Mother and Dad were tense with a kind of grim-lipped waiting. And Dessy was sulky and raging, by turns. With all the violent, thoughtless feelings of sixteen, she let everybody know exactly what she thought as soon as she heard Lance was coming.

"You haven't any pride," she cried at me accusingly. "He's ruined your life and now you let him come back like this—if he'd brought his wife back, I suppose you'd invite her over for tea! You—you just make me *sick!*"

I didn't try to answer. What she said didn't mean anything. I was still held in the same, curious thrall of last night.

We were all sitting in the living-room when he came. The front door opens directly into it, and Lance just pushed open the screen and came in. We sat and looked at him and nobody said a word. Nobody could. Because in his arms, awkwardly and not too surely, he was carrying a pink-blanket-wrapped little bundle. Lance had brought his daughter.

He stopped a moment, caught in the strange silence in that room. Then he looked down at the sleeping baby and said, quite simply and directly, "Her name is Anne."

He made as if to put her on the couch. Mother spoke then, for the first time. "Don't do that," she said sharply, uncompromisingly. "Give her to me."

The baby didn't stir as she was given over. Lance looked at me. "I didn't want to bring her, Linna. I didn't intend to. But the landlady was going out and there was no one to leave her with. I'm sorry."

"It's—all right," I said with difficulty.

It wasn't. I didn't want to see that child, to feel any further its reality.

He looked around the room, that waiting, hostile room. And for one fleeting second, I could feel pity for him. Animosity was alive there—in my mother's unyielding expression even as she held the child, in Dad's hostile eyes, in Dessy's open contemptuous dislike, and in my—I don't know what I showed. It couldn't have been easy for him. In a way, perhaps, going into battle there in Normandy might have been better than the intangibles he was facing here, things he couldn't touch.

Lance drew a deep breath and squared his shoulders. I saw again the sharp lines around his mouth. I saw the shabby uniform—Lance, who had always been so neat and spruce. And I saw that he wore no ribbons—no Purple Heart, no service stars, no "brag rags." With intuitive understanding, I knew why. He'd left them off on purpose because he couldn't, wouldn't, use anything that would appear to beg for sympathy.

"I'm glad you're all here," he said in a low voice. "What I've got to say isn't an easy or a pretty thing to say, but it has to be done. I want to thank you for letting me come—like this."

"SIT down," my father said. There was no friendliness in it. No quarter.

Lance sat down in the straight chair by the desk. His hands were trembling and he didn't seem to care. "It's a long story," he said. "And I guess I'll just have to tell it in my own way."

Going overseas (Lance began) was a lot more for me than just getting on a boat and going from one place to another. Of course it was for everybody—we knew we weren't taking a joy ride but going somewhere where, eventually, in one way or another, we'd fight. But for me, it was more than that even. Leaving Linna was like an amputation. It was like leaving a part of myself—an arm or a leg—and I didn't feel complete any more. You know what I mean?

It was more than homesickness. It was like I wasn't myself any more, but just part of myself living in a dream. Of course they kept us busy, and being in England, knowing English people and getting used to their ways, was interesting. But none of it seemed real. I used to live for mail call and Linna's letters. I'd read them over and over, feeling our love was the only part of me that was really me and that the life we'd planned together was the only one that was really living. I knew we had a big job ahead of us and it would be a long time before I got home, but I tried not to think much about it.

So when I was off-duty, I'd keep busy. I'd take long walks around the country where we were stationed, and whenever I had weekend leave I'd go up to London, sightseeing and stuff. It was just filling in time. I got to know a few English people and once I got used to the fact that they were different from us, I liked them. You couldn't help it. The way they took the war and the blitz and the shortages—they were swell!

One Saturday night in London, there was an air raid. A bad one. I'd been by myself, walking along one of the residential streets thinking about Linna, when the sirens went. It was pitch black of course and I didn't know where the nearest shelter was, so I ducked into a doorway. The noise was awful—the worst I'd ever heard. They were dropping a lot of incendiaries, and I don't mind saying I was scared.

It was getting worse when all of a sudden somebody ran in beside me. Even in the dark I could tell it was a girl. But she wasn't panicky or anything. She even laughed a little when she saw me, all scrooged down like they tell you to do, and said, "Hello, Yank. Mind some company?"

I said I was glad of it, and I was, too. It doesn't sound very heroic or anything, but I felt a kind of comfort to have somebody else there, another human being in the midst of all that noise and fire and hell. We huddled down close to each other.

"It's a bad one, isn't it?" she said, and her voice was as cool as if we'd been waiting out a rainstorm.

"It sure is! What are you doing out in it?" I was making myself talk so I wouldn't feel so damned scared.

"I was trying to get home, where I've got a nice comfortable Anderson shelter out in the backyard. But I couldn't quite make it."

There was a terrific blast, real close, and just sort of instinctively I threw my arms around her. It must have stunned us a little for a minute, or something, because when my head cleared, I found she was holding on to me, too, and looking up at me with the strangest expression on her face. I felt strange myself. It was like there was nobody else in the world but us two, and that we might get hit any minute, and that all that mattered was that we were alive right now and in each other's arms. It's hard to describe but I felt an excitement, an exhilaration—I know it sounds crazy but I wanted to laugh out loud. And more than anything I wanted to kiss her because the next minute I might be dead.

So I did. And she kissed me back, and it was like—well, it was like some of that fire outside was burning right inside of me.

Then a bomb hit about a block away, and for a little while everything seemed to black out. When it got clear again, the girl was standing at the edge of the doorway looking out into the street in the direction of the blast.

"There were people in that house!" she cried. "Come on, Yank!" And she did something I'd never have had the courage to do. She ducked out and started running down the street. There was nothing else for me to do but follow her. I couldn't let a girl show me up, scared though I was.

By the time I caught up with her, she was already pulling bricks and stuff away from what had been the front door of the house where the bomb had struck. I began to help her. By the flickering light, I could see her face; it was like she was on fire with something inside. We worked feverishly there together, trying to clear a space, and it was all crazy but it was all *real*—realer than anything that had happened to me in my whole life. The war was real and I was (*Continued on page* 69)

Before We Part was adapted from one of the problems originally presented on John J. Anthony's weekday program, broadcast at 1:45 P.M. EWT, on Mutual.

What can a girl do when her heart says "love", but his eyes say only "friendship"? Helen Donald didn't do anything—and that was just right

Where have you been?"

By MRS. PETER DONALD

OUR love story really belongs to radio. It began in Radio City and has never wandered far from the microphones. I never will forget the first time I met Peter.

It was shortly after I'd left my sophomore year at Massachusetts State College to seek a radio career. I had done some work in summer stock and also in plays at school, and was convinced I wanted to become a radio actress. I didn't know many people in New York, and it was rather lonely at first, because breaks in radio don't come overnight. Peter was just beginning to make a name for himself; he was doing a number of important shows. Mutual friends had been singing his praises to me several weeks before we actually met.

"You'll just adore Peter Donald," they'd cry whenever his name came up. They gave him a terrific build-up, so that when we did meet, I was terribly taken aback when he smiled briefly.

"I've heard so much about you," I said, and in this case it was an understatement.

"It's been swell meeting you," he said, "I'm sorry I've got to run."

In a moment he was gone. I felt completely let down. Instead of the charming guy with the delightful sense of humor that my friends had been raving about, I found a preoccupied young man, who obviously was in a hurry to break away. Anyway, I was used to college boys with sport clothes and crew cuts, and smooth, dapper radio stars didn't seem to be my type.

I was to find out later that he was rushing over to register for the draft (you see, that was October 1940—October 16th, to be exact) and he was late. But the fact remained that we got off on what is popularly known as the wrong foot.

About a week later I bumped into Peter in the famous Kauffman-Bedrick Drug Store. That's the drug store in Rockefeller Plaza where all radio people gather before and after shows and rehearsals. I had just had my first dramatic audition with NBC. I was terribly upset and excited; I was so anxious to know if I'd made the grade.

"Hi, Helen Janis," he greeted, and I was surprised that he remembered my name, "You look as if you're as far down in the dumps as I am."

Over our cokes I told him about (*Continued on page* 74)

"With all my

By MARY NOBLE

THE other day I was walking along Broadway, on my way to the Comedy Theatre for an evening performance of "Blackout" in which I play the lead. I was just sort of daydreaming along, when a truck whizzed by. There was a poster on the side of the truck. "Write Often," it said. "Write Often, Be Brief. Be Cheerful."

Of course, the first thing I thought about was Larry and how far away he was, way over there in the Pacific. I felt a wave of loneliness that almost made me cry. And then, when a young Coast Guard Lieutenant passed by, tears actually came, for his uniform was exactly like Larry's.

And then, I began to see everything through Larry's eyes in a way and I knew I would have to describe Broadway to him as it is now, the people, the difference without all the brightly lit signs, the curfew. I gathered many ideas for my daily letter to Larry in that short walk, ideas that would give him a pleasant picture, without any feeling that I was complaining, or going through any great hardships—except that I miss him terribly.

It seemed to me as I walked along thinking of the things I wanted to write to Larry, that there was something strange about the poster on the side of that truck. I felt that there must be something very wrong with us, if we have to be reminded to write to the ones we love.

But that poster set me thinking, remembering. I remembered a young soldier at the Stage Door Canteen, one night. He couldn't seem to relax.

After awhile, he talked about himself and it began to come out in little things he said. He'd just come back from overseas for his first furlough in two years. He was anxious to get home to his wife. Anxious, but also afraid.

"It's her letters," he said. "For months they've been bothering me. I can't make out what goes on at home."

I wanted to know what kind of things were going on, but he couldn't put his finger on anything specific. His wife was worried. She quarreled with his mother. She stopped seeing her best friend. His father was sick and he didn't know whether he was better. Lots of scattered things like that. It all sounded to him as though home were no longer a pleasant place, certainly not the place he'd dreamed about.

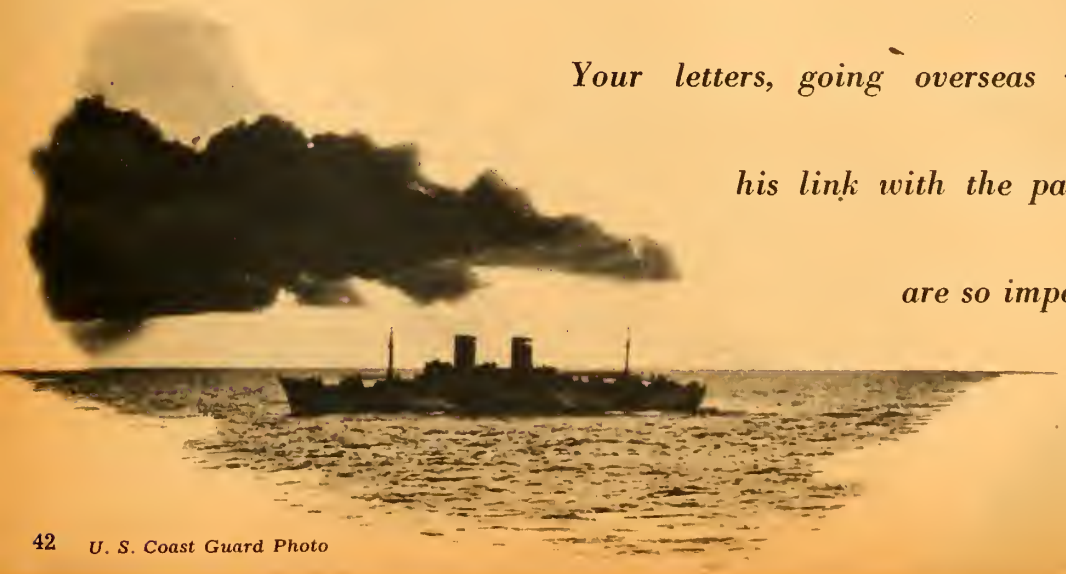
The important thing about this story is that I saw the same soldier two weeks later. He was a different man.

Just two weeks later he'd seen for himself there was nothing wrong at home. His father had had a cold and got better before his wife wrote to him again—and she forgot to mention that. The quarrels weren't serious. There wasn't any privation or discomfort. Everything was fine.

Think of the mental anguish that wife could have saved the man she loved! It would only have needed a little rereading of her letters before she sealed them. It would only have taken a moment to see whether she'd written anything that might depress or worry him, that might paint an unhappy picture of a place which she must have known he kept in his memory as a very special thing, an ideal, a dream to cling to.

Men don't always want letters full of unusual news. I've talked to Red Cross workers and men in the morale divisions about that. They say men like the kind of letters that chat the way the family does over a late snack from the refrigerator. You know, the movie you've just seen—and remember he's probably seen it, too, and would like to compare notes the way he would if he were at home—and who's getting married, or had a baby, or what sister's new beau looks like. Little things!

One Yank magazine correspondent told me there were certain letters soldiers definitely do not like. Those are letters that describe gay evenings in night clubs, especially if there are too many of them and other men involved. I don't think our boys overseas want us to hide away in a dark room and twiddle our thumbs all the time. But surely you can see how it might be a bit annoying to be sitting in a foxhole, all covered with dirt, surrounded by noise and danger, and read about



Your letters, going overseas with all your love, are his link with the past and the future. They are so important that more than love must go into writing them

U. S. Coast Guard Photo

love—"

an evening in a swanky club with the war very far away, indeed.

You know, there's a great deal to be said for V-Mail in this kind of discussion. I send about four out of every five letters to Larry that way. I only send ordinary mail when there's very special news, or pictures of Larry, Jr., or clippings I want him to see.

When you're writing to someone very dear to you, whose understanding you take for granted, whose concern for your well being you know is very deep, it seems to me using V-Mail is one guarantee that you won't let yourself go overboard and write and spill out all the small troubling things that come into your mind.

I know many people object to V-Mail because they say it isn't private and it isn't as fast as Air Mail. As for privacy, V-Mail isn't censored any more than is any other type of mail. V-Mail forms are opened automatically at the rate of 300 letters a minute and checked only for correct addresses and enclosures Otherwise, the letters are run through microfilming machines at the rate of 1500 an hour. After being flown overseas, the microfilms are printed at the rate of 2000 an hour and folded, inserted in envelopes and sealed by machines. That's private enough, it seems to me.

Your V-Mail still has priority. When you know that 1800 V-Mail letters fit into a single carton three and a half inches square, while 1800 ordinary letters would fill six postal bags, you can understand this preference. Also, V-Mail is probably the safest postal service ever devised. All original forms are numbered when they are first processed and are not destroyed until an outpost station radios that the film with the corresponding numbers has been received. If the film fails to arrive, the letters on the roll are reprocessed and sent through again.

What our fighting men need more than any other form of morale building is letters from home. I know that from Larry, writing to me from his ship in the far-off South Pacific. I know that from all the boys I've met at the Canteen. I know that from all the men and women whose concern it is to keep the fighting spirit high and good, the Red Cross workers, the morale officers, the nurses and doctors.

Surely, in return for what they are doing for us, it is a very small thing to ask—that we write them often, short, cheerful, good letters that will show them how we love them, how we are waiting for them, how we are safeguarding the things they're fighting for.

I feel better, now. That poster on the truck doesn't haunt me so with the thought that there may be people who have to be reminded to write to their servicemen. I feel better, because I can say to myself, "It isn't much that I've done, but I have tried to do something for the war—more important, for men who are awaiting news from home."

You know, taking care with your letters now means that you are strengthening your future, strengthening ties that might, through carelessness, be weakened instead.

And, I'll have something cheerful to write to Larry, too. I can start off my next letter with, "Darling—I'm a writer!" But my letter is for Larry....

Vivian Fridell has been "Mary Noble" of Backstage Wife ever since the serial's inception in 1935. It is heard over NBC each weekday afternoon at 4:00, EWT.

Tears are behind us

MY love, I said, when it came, would never be a little or a light thing. It would be an overwhelming thing, without doubt or questioning, and it would possess me. I would give of it stintlessly, able to meet any test it asked of me. That was the kind of love I used to dream of when I thought of marriage and a home and children. I knew myself, I thought; I knew what I wanted. I heard other girls talk of how they wanted to marry a handsome man, or a rich one, or somebody who "was somebody." And I used to feel sorry for them, and infinitely superior. I didn't care about those things; if the man I loved was any one of them, that would be fine. But I knew that I would have to love him for himself first, and that nothing else would matter.

How sure I was! How very, very sure. And how I failed, in my heart, when the time came!

It was a natural failure, I suppose, when you remember the way I was brought up. But that doesn't excuse me. It was a failure many of us make, in many relationships besides love, without thinking or being aware of it. That still doesn't excuse it. Or me.

When love came, bringing its own kind of pain and its own special betrayal, I was twenty-two. I was teaching school in a midwestern town of about ten thousand people. You know the kind. Quiet, tree-shaded streets, except where the factory was. Nice, substantial homes, except, of course, for the section where poor people lived. Main Street with a few movies and the drugstore on the corner where the gang held out, the Country Club where you were invited sometimes for the Saturday night dance, everybody knowing about everybody else, especially those people in town who "were anybody," like Mr. Clarke who lived in the biggest house in town and owned the block on Main Street that contained the department store and the drug store. Like Mrs. Harwell, who was on the school board, the library board, and headed all the charity committees, who was regarded as the social leader of Newtown.

I'd been born and brought up in Newtown and I liked it. I'd never had the urge to go away, to a big city. I liked the friendliness, and the living with trees and lawns and growing things. And I liked my teaching. I had just finished the State Normal School for teachers the year my mother died, and getting a position in the Newtown grammar school right away meant a lot to me. It meant that in spite of the fact I had no family, I still belonged, I was not alone. I had the same friends, did the same things, and even kept on living in the same big, old house. I could do that by fixing up the downstairs spare bedroom and my father's den into a two-room apartment for myself, and renting out the rest of the house. It was an ideal arrangement. I had my own side entrance and could come and go as I pleased, and yet it was not like living completely alone. My tenants, the Millers, had been friends of my parents', and Max, their youngest, was in the grade I taught at school.

So I worked all winter, and had my summer vacations at the Lakes, and went to parties and had dates with the boys I'd known all my life. And all the time I was waiting. Waiting for the day that love would come and take possession of my heart.

And when it did, I wasn't ready.

One night I had to go to the public library to look up some special references for my history class. I wasn't in the mood to study. It was one of those April nights that don't belong to April at all, but to late May. It was warm and soft, and the moon was bright. It was a night for—oh, for anything but sitting in a stuffy library reading musty books. A night to be driving along a country road with the top down. A night to be dancing on the terrace at the Club. A night to be walking arm in arm on a shadowy street with Somebody—somebody I was waiting for.

I got my books at the reference desk and carried them over to one of the long tables. A young man was there, on the opposite side, reading and making notes. I glanced at him. He was slimly built, though his shoulders were broad, and his concentration was so intense it was as if he were reading with his whole body. Every line, every movement was absorbed, and he didn't even look up as I sat down. I opened my notebook and then glanced at him again. His face was lean, too, and his hair was dark and his eyes—his eyes were arresting. A sort of dark gray-blue. I had never seen him before.

With a kind of impatient dissatisfaction, I reached for my books. And my gesture sent the whole pile toppling. The top ones spilled over onto the papers spread out in front of him.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" I cried in that sort of stage whisper people use in libraries. "I didn't mean—" And then as his eyes

Phyllis was afraid of her love for Robert,

until courage and faith grew up to kill the fear.

And then she discovered that because she

had courage, she had the whole world on her side

"Don't be upset, Phyllis," he said. "It has happened to me many times before."

caught mine, I didn't feel apologetic any more. I felt, instead, oddly happy and at ease. I laughed. "I guess I don't really want to study tonight and I just took it out on the books and on you."

He laughed, too, then, and his teeth were white and even. "I know," he said, and handed me the books. "People ought to have to go to the library on rainy nights only. There ought to be a law."

I took the books and opened them and tried to read. But I couldn't. I knew he wasn't reading either. I could feel him looking at me occasionally, and I could sense his restlessness. Finally I glanced up, and we both smiled.

"Look," he said, leaning across the table. "I'm going to give up. Will you give up too and come out and have a coke or something with me?"

This wasn't a pick-up. This was just a friendly gesture. "I'd like to," I said. "Thank you."

We took our books back to the desk, and walked down the library steps together. "My name is Robert Lesser" he said. "I haven't been in Newtown very long."

"Mine is Phyllis King. I've lived here all my life." Then I said, "What was it you were reading so hard when I came in and interrupted you?"

"Architecture . . . Oh, I'm not an architect. But I'd like to be. I studied for a while but then my money ran out and I had to give it up. Now that I've been left a little I decided it was too late to go back to school, and I've gone into the real estate business—opening new additions and buildings, you know. I looked around and decided on Newtown because there was all the good, undeveloped land out there by the river and not too far from the factory. I'd like to build inexpensive houses for the workman."

"You children go over there to eat," Mrs. Harwell commanded.

I REMEMBERED then why his name had seemed vaguely familiar. There was a new, neat little sign in one of the windows of the Clarke office building that I'd seen. It said, "Robert Lesser, Real Estate."

We sat on the high stools at the counter of the drug store and he told me more about his plans. His dreams, really. He dreamed of low-cost houses for people who didn't make much money, people with children, who needed sun and light and air and space, instead of living all cramped together. His eyes glowed as he talked, and I knew this was more than a business with him. It was an ideal. "There's no reason just because they're poor that kids can't have sunshine and lawns to play in," he said. "I'd like, somehow, to help them get it and this seemed a good place to start."

Then he asked questions about me and I told him all there was to know. And as we walked on down the shadowy street to my house, I felt happy and expectant. Expectant of the promise that this evening held—like being on the verge of something rare and lovely and exciting and yet not quite daring to believe it.

"Where do you come from?" I asked him. It was no idle question. I wanted to know. I found I wanted to know everything about Robert Lesser.

"Chicago. My grandfather settled there after he came to his country. He had had to leave Europe, with his family, during one of the pogroms."

"Pogroms?"

"Against the Jews. I'm Jewish, you know," he said, quite simply.

I felt as if something had stopped me dead in my tracks. It was so unexpected I couldn't think of anything to say. There were Jewish people in Newtown, of course. But only a few. There was old Moses Abrams, the junkman, who had a black beard and drove an ancient horse and wagon, collecting bottles and old rags. And there were the Rabonowitzes who ran the tailor shop and spoke with a heavy Polish accent. I taught their ten-year-old Reba in school. When I thought of Jewish people at all, it was in terms of them. But this man wasn't like that. He was just like—anybody. Any-

body at all—except that I liked him better than any man I'd ever met and had felt with him, for the first time in my life, that strange and exciting sense of promise.

I couldn't see his face clearly in the darkness but I knew he was looking at me. And waiting. I could sense it. It wasn't aggressive or defiant. It was just—waiting.

"Oh," I said. "No, I didn't know." We had reached my house by that time and had stopped on the sidewalk leading to my door. And right there, in that moment, I knew something. I knew I wanted to see Robert Lesser again and that he wanted to see me. But he wasn't going to ask, unless I gave him an opening. It was all part of the waiting that had started in the little silence after he'd said, "I'm Jewish, you know."

And so I said, "I hope you're going to like Newtown. And I hope you'll come to see me."

He smiled then, and the curious, self-aware tension in each of us relaxed. It had barely existed but now that it was gone, I knew that it *had* existed. "May I come Saturday?" he said. "Would you like to go to a movie or something Saturday night?"

"I'd love to," I said. And after the goodnight, after I'd walked up the steps and into my little apartment, I felt again the promise that trembled on the verge of something— the promise I didn't quite dare look at . . .

Saturday night I dressed carefully. I wore my newest dress. I brushed my hair until its latent reddish highlights shone, and then piled it up on top of my head, fastening it in back with an old-fashioned comb that had been my mother's. I even opened my carefully hoarded bottle of expensive perfume and used it lavishly. And I knew I must have been successful in my efforts because when little Max Miller knocked at my door to bring me a message from his mother, he said, "Gee, Miss King, you don't look a bit like a schoolteacher!"

SO I felt good when Robert Lesser came. I felt—eager. And I saw the same, though unspoken, admiration in his eyes that had been in Max's. Just as we were getting ready to leave, the telephone rang. It was Louise Humphries, my best friend.

"Jack's taking a bunch of us out to the Club tonight," she said. "Come on and go."

"I've got a date—"I said tentatively.

"Bring him. We'll need an extra man anyway."

It would be fun to dance with Robert, to introduce him to my friends. I turned from the phone and asked him if he'd like to go.

"I'd like to very much—if you would," he said.

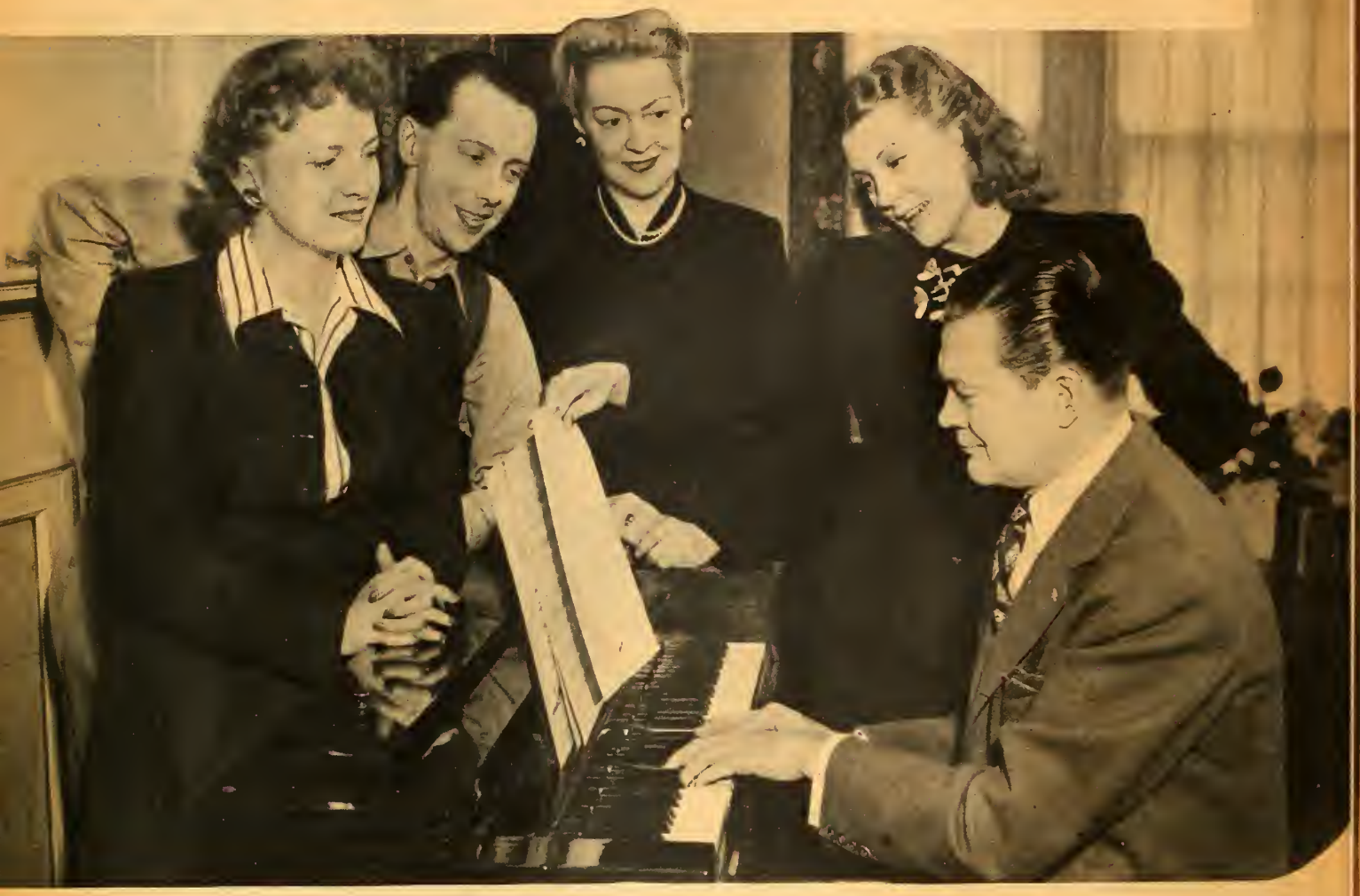
"Then we'll come by for you about nine," Louise said when I told her. "By the way, who is he?"

"Robert Lesser."

There was a moment's pause. I could feel Louise's embarrassment like a tangible thing. "He's Jewish, isn't he?" she said (*Continued on page* 64)

Robert smothered a furious exclamation.

"Forsaken", an Old World folk tune, loses none of its charm in its new American setting as the theme song of CBS Bachelor's Children, heard daily at 10:45 A.M. EWT. Here are Ruth Ann (Marjorie Hannan), Sam (Olan Soule), Ellen (Hellen Van Tuyl), Janet (Patricia Dunlap) and Dr. Bob (Hugh Studebaker) gathered round the piano, of an evening, to see how well the lyrics match the melody.

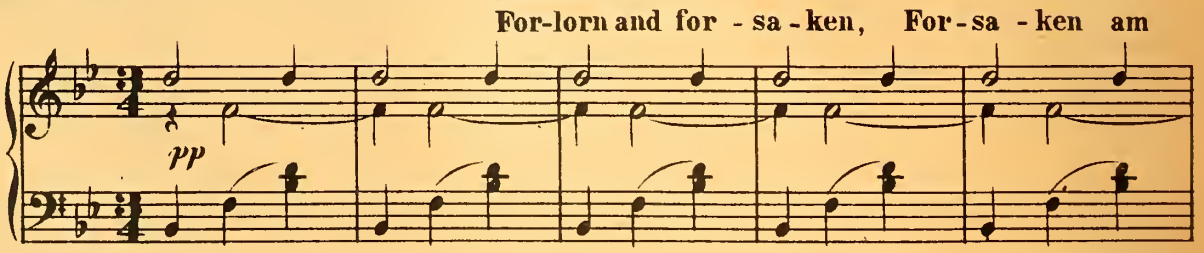


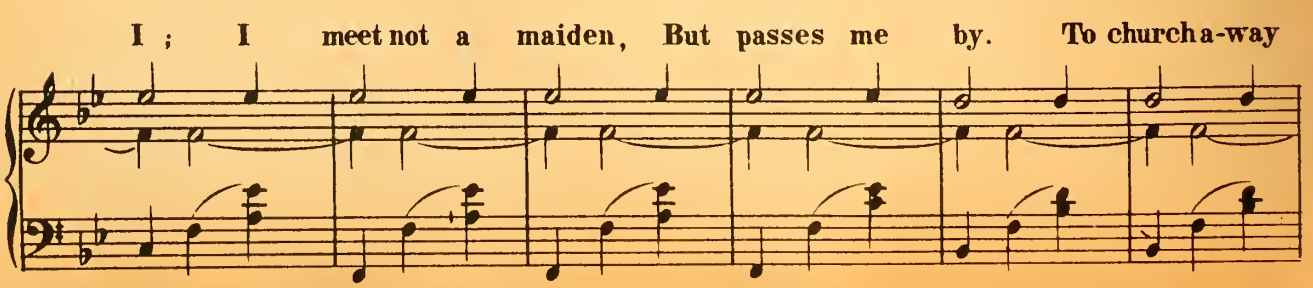
FORSAKEN.

English version by
F. W. ROSIER.

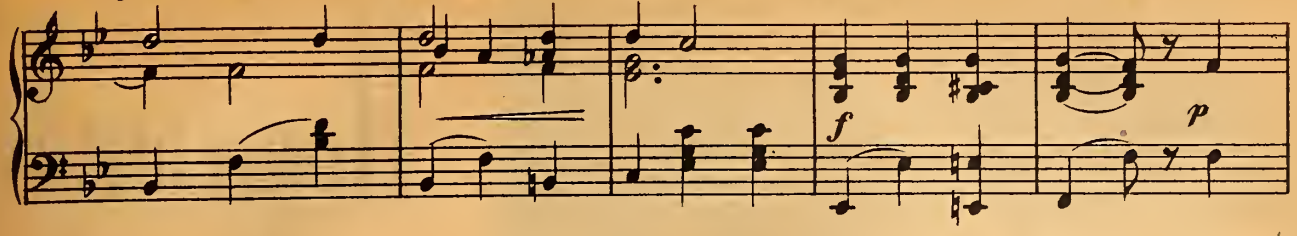
THOMAS KOSCHAT.

dolciss.

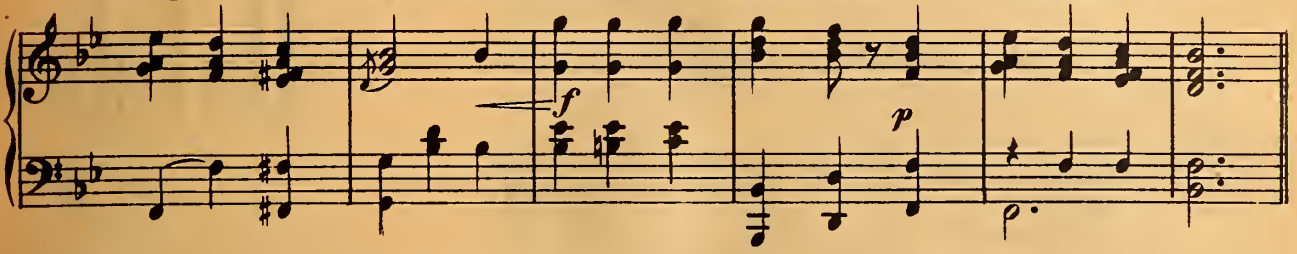




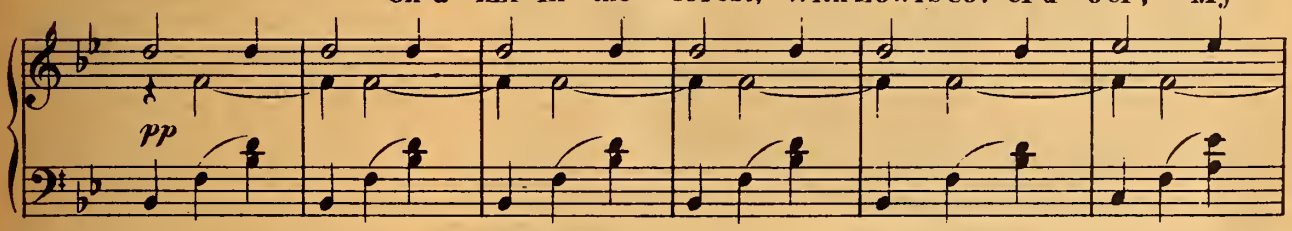
yon - der, In sad-ness I go;---- And there low - ly kneeling, I



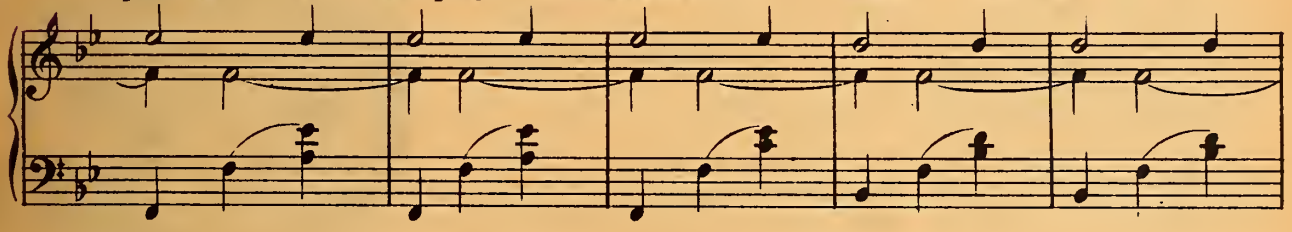
weep o'er my woe, And there low-ly kneel-ing, I weep o'er my woe.



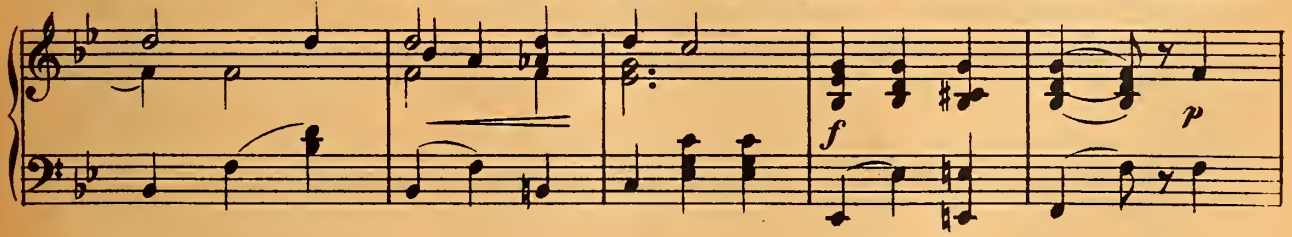
On a hill in the forest, With flow'rs cov-er'd o'er, My



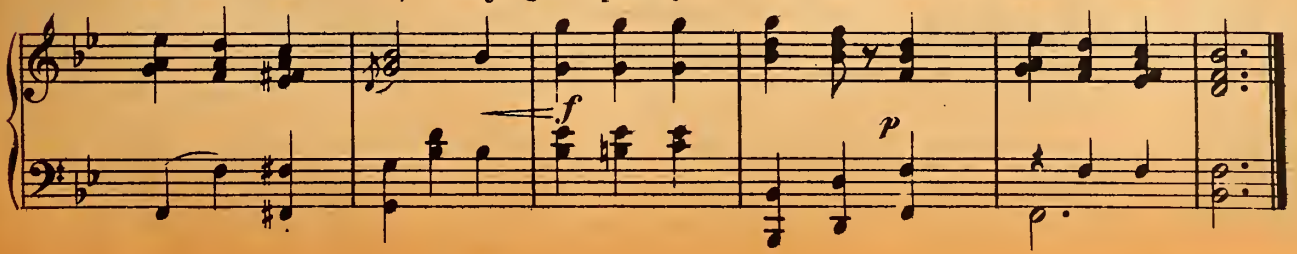
poor girl is sleeping, Love wakes her no more. There oft do I



wan - der, And heave the deep sigh; My grief plain - ly tell - ing, How for-



sa - ken am I, My grief plainly tell - ing, How for - sa-ken am I.



Homemade Holiday

There's neither time nor means of transportation for the old-fashioned Fourth of July picnic. But you can bring the tradition up to date with a new kind of celebration; learn that good food tastes every bit as good if the picnic is in your own backyard.

BY
KATE SMITH
RADIO ROMANCES
FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon on CBS. She is vacationing from her Sunday night show.

FOURTH of July is nearly here and the best way I can think of to celebrate it is to have a picnic in the traditional fashion—and since we are all pledged to do no unnecessary traveling, the best place I can think of to have it is right at home, on the porch or in the backyard. That is modernizing the tradition. Also in the modern tradition are this month's recipes; they all stem from picnic fare of our grandparents' days and are as delicious now.

Chicken and Ham Sandwich Filling

¼ cup cooked chopped chicken
¼ cup cooked chopped ham
½ cup celery, chopped fine
¼ cup mayonnaise

Combine ingredients and chill. Serve on cracked wheat bread, or prepare filling only and let the guests make their own sandwiches. Makes 1 cup.

Picnic Hamburgers

1 lb. ground beef
1 onion
1 clove garlic (optional)
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 tbl. prepared mustard

Grate onion and garlic into bowl. Stir in salt, pepper and mustard. Stir in ground beef and mix well. Let stand for 15 minutes so seasonings will be well blended. Form into patties and broil or pan-fry on both sides. Makes 4 to 6 patties.

Less highly seasoned and a good meat stretcher is Hamburger Toasties.

½ cup ground beef
1 cup 40% bran flakes
1 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
6 tablespoons milk or water

Crush bran flakes slightly, add remaining ingredients and mix well. Makes 6 patties, 3 inches in diameter. Broil or pan-fry. Both recipes may be prepared and formed into patties in advance ready for the guests to broil their own over an outdoor fireplace. Serve on round soft buns.

Cottage Cheese Sandwich Filling

1 cup (½ lb.) cottage cheese
1 pimiento, chopped fine
1 green pepper, chopped fine
½ cup celery, chopped fine
3 slices crisp broiled bacon, crumbed
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
½ cup mayonnaise

Combine ingredients and chill. Serve on brown-bread. Makes 12 sandwiches.

Strawberry Sponge Pie

½ cup sugar
¼ tsp. salt
1½ cups crushed strawberries
1 package strawberry flavored gelatin
1 cup hot water
3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
1 baked 9-inch pie shell

Sprinkle 4 tbls. sugar over crushed berries. Let stand 10 minutes. Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Drain ¼ cup juice from berries, add to beaten egg yolks and cook in double boiler, stirring constantly, until thickened. Remove from fire. Stir in gelatin and cool until slightly thickened. Fold in strawberries. Beat salt and remaining sugar into egg whites and fold into gelatin mixture. Turn into cold pie shell. Chill until firm. Garnish with strawberries.

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, Harpsichord.st
		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
6:30	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	9:30	10:30	MBS:	Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
		11:30	MBS:	Reviewing Stand
	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	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:	Armerica United
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue:	Sammy Kay's Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Chicago Round Table
		1:30	MBS:	Sweetheart Time
10:15	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Problems of the Peace
11:00		2:00	NBC:	Ford Show
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Chaplin Jim, U. S. A.
11:00		2:00	CBS:	Stradivari Orchestra
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
11:55		2:55	CBS:	Olin Downes
12:00	2:05	3:00	CBS:	New York Philharmonic Symphony
		3:00	Blue:	Charlotte Greenwood Show
		3:00	NBC:	WEAF World Parade
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Army Hour
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue:	Ethel Barrymore as "Miss Hattie"
		3:30	MBS:	True Detective Mysteries
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Darts for Dough
		4:00	MBS:	Your America
		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
		4:30	MBS:	What's the Name of That Song
2:00		5:00	NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
		5:00	Blue:	Mary Small Revue
		5:00	MBS:	Let's Face the Issue
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Nick Carter
		5:30	Blue:	Metropolitan Opera Presents
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Harriet Hillard and Ozzie Nelson
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Radio Hall of Fame
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS:	Quick as a Flash
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
		6:30	MBS:	Upton Close
		6:45	MBS:	Dick Brown
		7:00	MBS:	Cleveland Orchestra
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
	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cleveland Orchestra
4:15	5:15	7:15	Blue:	Don Gardiner, News
8:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
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 Story
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Radio Readers Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Steel Horizons
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
		9:30	MBS:	Cedric Foster
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 Life of Riley
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
		10:00	MBS:	Earl Wilson Show
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Comedy Theater, Harold Lloyd
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	We The People
		10:45		"What's the Good Word?"
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Bill Costello
	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Cesar Searchinger
		10:15	MBS:	This Is Helen Hayes
10:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Pacific Story

THE HUNCH GIRL

The lovely blonde lady with the hazel eyes is Helen Forrest, whose singing sends you on the Dick Haymes show, Everything For The Boys, heard on the NBC network on Tuesday evenings at 7:30.

By the time Helen Forrest got around to a singing teacher for the first time, she was already one of the top vocalists in the country. Knowing that her voice was okay commercially, Helen wanted to know how it rated technically.

After hearing her, the teacher said, "I have to work a week to earn as much as you do every time you open your mouth. Just keep on singing the way you do." And that's what Helen has been doing ever since.

Helen started singing professionally in 1933 under five different names on five different broadcasts over WNEW in New York. The names were Marlene, Bonnie Blue, Helen Forrest, Helene—and one other which she honestly can't remember. It was in Washington, however, that she got her first real break, after her five-name, five-show stint in New York. She was at the Madrillon Club there when Artie Shaw offered her a job singing with his then not too well known band.

This was in 1937 and lots of people thought she would have done better taking an offer from another band leader who was then riding the crest of the wave of popularity. "But I had a hunch to go with Artie," Helen says. And it turned out to be a swell hunch, because in a short time Artie Shaw was the idol of a swing loving generation.

Helen always follows her hunches. In 1939 she had a hunch to join Benny Goodman. In 1941, the little voice whispered to her to tie up with Harry James. And in 1943 she just knew she was ready to spread her wings on her own.

A couple of the records she made with the Harry James band—"I Don't Want To Walk Without You, Baby," and "I Had The Craziest Dream" made wax platter history and paved the way for a successful personal appearance tour for her. Upon her return to Hollywood, she joined Dick Haymes, with whom she had sung when they both worked for Harry James.

Helen still can't read music, but learns tunes after one hearing. She's what's known as a natural singer. In musical circles she's regarded very highly for her fine phrasing. Helen says she picks that up from instrumentalists like Harry James and Shaw.

She is single, but, according to every poll of GI's she is one of the most popular girls in the world. She has no hobbies, because she has no time for them. Camp shows, broadcasts, recordings and picture work keep her far too busy.

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:	Ed & Polly East
1:30	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		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:	Nation's Rations
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winter
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Lisa Sergio
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:10	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:10	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Finders Keepers
	10:45	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
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
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	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
10:45	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
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	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
12:00	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
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:	Sing Along
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis, News
		4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
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 Story, Bob Trout
		4:30	MBS:	Never Too Old
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
	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
		5:00	MBS:	Chick Carter
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Superman
		5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
		5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
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
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
		6:00	NBC:	Hoagy Carmichael
	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:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
	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			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
		7:30	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond
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:	Sherlock Holmes
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 R
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players R
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Guy Lombardo
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Cameron Andrews Show
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Dr. I. Q.

TUESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nations Rations
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Finders Keepers
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
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:	Army Air Forces Band
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 Woman's Exchange
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
		1:30	MBS:	Paula Stone & Phil Britto
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:45	1:15	2:15	Blue:	Mystery Chef
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
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
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
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
12:00	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
		3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
		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
1:00	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 Story, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
	3:40	4:45	CBS:	The Raymond Scott Show
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
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
		5:00	MBS:	Chick Carter
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS.	Superman
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:	Cimarron Tavern
		5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Wilderness Road
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
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:	Clem McCarthy, Sports
		6:40	CBS.	On Your Mark—Ted Husing
3:35	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
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
		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
		8:30	MBS:	Roy Rogers Show
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 Fields 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:	American Forum of the Air
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John S. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Listen, the Women
R 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	10:30	CBS:	Congress Speaks
		10:30	MBS:	Wings for Tomorrow
7:30			NBC:	Hildegarde
		11:15	CBS	Joan Brooks

SWEET YOUNG THING

When Henry Aldrich phones his favorite girl friend, Kathleen Anderson, to see if he left his rubbers at her house, or maybe invite her to a party, it's blonde Mary Shipp who picks up the receiver and generally helps to add to the confusion on The Aldrich Family broadcasts over CBS on Friday nights.

In the role of Kathleen, Mary Shipp sounds like a typical high school girl, pleased and a bit coy when she gets a call from her Henry, but not letting him for one minute think he's the only beau on her string. In real life, Mary said goodbye to all her other suitors when she married an advertising executive, Harry Ackerman, in 1939.

Mary was born in Los Angeles. Her early schooling was taken care of at the Immaculate Heart Convent and Hollywood High School. She went to Los Angeles City College for three years, majoring in dramatics and winning several awards for her acting.

By that time, of course, it was easy to win awards because she was an old hand at this theater business. She made her first appearance professionally, too, in a stock company production of "The Little Princess", when she was eight years old. Most of her acting has been done in radio plays, although she did do some stock company work. Her first radio job was way back on "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" in which show she played Becky Thatcher, of course.

Young and impish looking as she is, she has played with some of the greats on radio. On the Cavalcade of America show she played leads opposite Charles Boyer, a very coveted place to be, indeed. She also worked on the Silver Theatre with Orson Welles. And to her record leads on Sherlock Holmes and with the Blondie and Burns and Allen shows.

In 1940 Mary and her husband moved to New York and Mary went to work on the Aldrich Family show. She also plays ingenues on My True Story and the role of Linda, the oldest sister—all of 17—on My Best Girl. Between broadcasting engagements she studies French and Spanish. She and her husband love Cuba and want to get back there again after the war. She serves two mornings a week at St. Vincent's Hospital as a librarian, her way of answering the constant plea for help in hospitals which will relieve nurses for war duty.

Mary by no means limits her interests to radio. She writes, too, occasionally and has sold four scripts for the Kate Smith Speaks show. She loves the theater—something which she may have got from her cousin Jeanne Eagels, the only other member of her family who ever had any connection with the stage—and would like very much to appear on Broadway. So far, nothing she's liked has turned up in the way of an offer. But it probably will. And she has plenty of time and lots of good experience behind her. We'll be looking for her.

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	Ed East & Polly
1:30	2:30	9:10	CBS	Arthur Godfrey
	8:45	9:45	CBS	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:30	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
6:45		9:45	NBC.	Nation's Rations
	9:00	10:00	NBC	Robert St. John
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards, Songs
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:40	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Finders Keepers
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
	10:45	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Wood
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	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Three Pianos
		2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	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
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
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	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC.	A Woman of America
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS.	Michael Scott
	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:	Sing Along
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:	Danny O'Neil Songs
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
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
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	5:35	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:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Eileen Farrell
		6:40	NBC.	Clem McCarthy
		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
4:00			NBC:	This Woman's Secret
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
9:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Adventures of Ellery 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	MBS:	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:	Fresh Up Show
8:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	David Harding—Counterspy
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	"Carton of Cheer"—Henny 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
		9:30	MBS:	Brownstone Theatre
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
		10:30	MBS:	Human Adventure
	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Casey, Press Photographer
		1:30	NBC:	Words at War

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:	Ed East and Polly
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nation's Rations
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
	2:00	10:30	CBS:	Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Finders Keepers
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
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
		12:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
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
		1:30	MBS:	Paula Stone & Phil Britto
10:40	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Gulding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	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
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
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:	Michael Scott
		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:	Sing Along
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:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
		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
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
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:	Clem McCarthy
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 Jonston
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
		8:30	MBS:	Agatha Christie's Poirot
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
		9:30	MBS:	Treasure Hour of Song
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
		10:00	MBS:	Arch Oboler's Plays
7:30	9:45	10:30	CBS:	Romance, Rhythm & Ripley
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue:	March of Time
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Rudy Vallee
		10:30	MBS:	Swing's The Thing
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	John Daly, News

WITH A SMILE IN HIS VOICE

Johnnie Johnston, singing star and emcee of Music That Satisfies over CBS Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights at 7:15 (EWT) is fast becoming another "Voice."

He's six feet tall and handsome and he's got a wonderful smile that somehow manages to convey itself over the air to listeners. There's something warm and nice about his voice—friendly.

But Johnnie didn't get that smile from leading a soft and easy life. He's a hep character who's been around plenty. He's come to grips with reality often and in lots of places that were strange and unknown to the average American before the war.

At the age of 15, weighing a scant 124 pounds, he was an amateur boxer, scoring 30 wins, six draws and three losses in 39 bouts with the Heart of America boxing team. At 17, Johnnie left Kansas City and turned his eyes westward. He hitch hiked and rode freights to the West Coast and landed a job as a busboy in Hollywood.

He saved his money on that job and when he had enough he went to Mexico City. From there, he thumbed his way to Central America. Once there, he signed as a mess boy on a passenger liner bound for Hawaii, Australia, China and Japan. He worked his way back to America as a steward, landing in Los Angeles just in time for the earthquake in 1933.

But the wanderlust hadn't been beaten out of him yet. He was still restless. He "bummed" his way to Chicago; became a door-to-door match salesman, a job which netted him enough to buy himself a ukulele.

This really opened up new vistas for him. It was the beginning of his career as a singer. He became a "stroller", singing in one tavern after another for whatever he could pick up, until he hit a spot that paid him $8 a week and tips.

After three years of this kind of wandering, Art Kassel offered Johnnie a job, singing and playing guitar with his "Kassel In The Air" orchestra. Six months later, Johnnie joined Roger Pryor's band. Then, in May, 1937, an audition netted him a five year radio contract and he began a strenuous routine of 12 shows a week. In 1941 he added to this schedule the making of a movie for Paramount. Remember him in "Sweater Girl"?

Soon after his current radio series began, Johnnie made a personal appearance at the Capitol Theatre in New York. This, combined with his radio schedule and benefit and camp performances nearly knocked him out, since he was just recovering from an appendectomy. But Johnnie's tough days, banging around the lesser known places in the world stood him in good stead. He held up under the strain, although his director Bill Brennan nearly collapsed trying to figure out what he'd do if his star folded up on him. Johnnie's not the collapsing kind.

FRIDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		8:15	NBC:	Do You 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:	Ed East and Polly
1:30	2:15	9:15	NBC:	Arthur Godfrey
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nation's Rations
8:15	9:10	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards, Songs
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	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:	Finders Keepers
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:00	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
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:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Gulding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:00	2:00	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	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
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
1:25		4:30	CBS:	Feature Story, 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:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
		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	6:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
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:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Sally Moore, Contralto
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
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
4:00			NBC:	This Woman's Secret
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Friday on Broadway—Frank Parker
	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:	Cecil Brown
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Highways in Melody—Paul Lavalle
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Duffy's Tavern
	9:30	8:30	CBS:	Adventures of the Thin Man
		8:30	MBS:	Freedom of Opportunity
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:	Those Websters
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	People Are Funny
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Amos and Andy R
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Durante and Moore R
		10:00	MBS:	Fights
7:30		10:30	CBS:	Danny Kaye Show
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
		10:30	Blue:	The Doctor Talks It Over

SATURDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	News of the World
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News
		8:15	CBS:	Music of Today
		8:15	NBC:	Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shipping
		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
		9:30	NBC:	Encores
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	David Shoop Orchestra
	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Youth on Parade
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bob Armstrong and Company
11:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	What's Cooking—Variety
		10:30	NBC:	Bern Klassen, Tenor
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	Blue:	The Land of the Lost
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Smilin' Ed McConnell
		11:30	MBS:	Hookey Hall
		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
		1:00	NBC:	The Veteran's Aid
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Eddie Condon's Jazz Concert
		1:15	NBC:	Music as You Like It
		1:30	Blue:	Soldiers With Wings
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	The Baxters
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Report to the Nation
		1:30	MBS:	Symphonies for Youth
1:00	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
	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Of Men and Books
		2:00	NBC:	Musiciana
		2:15	CBS:	Adventures in Science
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Grantland Rice
		2:30	CBS:	Carolina Hayride
		3:00	NBC:	Symphony
12:00		3:00	CBS:	The Land is Bright
12:00	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Syncopation Piece
		4:00	CBS:	Report from Washington
		4:00	NBC:	Doctors Look Ahead
		4:15	CBS:	Report from Overseas
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Assignment Home
		4:30	NBC:	Music on Display
		4:30	MBS:	Music for Half an Hour
		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	MBS:	Sports Parade
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	John W. Vandercook
2:00	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Viva America
3:30	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Tin Pan Alley of the Air
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Hello, Sweetheart
		6:00	MBS:	Hall of Montezuma
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
		6:30	MBS:	Hawaii Calls
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
		7:00	MBS:	American Eagle in Britain
		7:15	Blue:	Leland Stowe
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Meet Your Navy
		7:30	NBC:	Robert Q. Lewis Show
		7:30	MBS:	Arthur Hale
4:30	6:30	8:00	Blue:	Early American Dance Music
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Mayor of the Town
		8:00	NBC:	Gaslight Gayeties with Beatrice Kay
		8:00	MBS:	Frank Singiser
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:	Detroit Symphony Orchestra
8:00		8:30	NBC:	Truth or Consequence
		8:30	MBS:	Symphony of America
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	National Barn Dance
		9:00	MBS:	Jean Goldiettes Orchestra
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
		9:30	MBS:	Mysterious Traveller
		9:30	MBS:	Calling All Detectives
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
		10:00	MBS:	Theater of the Air
		10:15	CBS:	Al Pearce
R 7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Grand Ole Opry
		9:00	NBC:	Night Editor
R 11:05	9:45	10:45	CBS.	Talks
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News
	11:15	11:30	Blue:	Hoosier Hop

The Way Love Finds You

(*Continued from page 25*)

terrified. Was that all there was to it—just a few words mumbled at you, and your signature in a book? Was that all it took to change your whole life? It couldn't be; it didn't seem real; something was terribly wrong. Then Ronnie was smiling down at me, reassuringly, as if he knew how I felt, and everything was all right again.

We drove back to Sandy Cove, stopping on the way to eat the basket of lunch we'd brought along—not because we were hungry, but to substantiate the story we'd told my aunts about going on a picnic. We left the car with the garageman from whom Ronnie had rented it, and then we walked back along the shore to the house.

That night there was no walk to the rocks, no nonsense and towel-snapping as we did the dinner dishes. Ronnie and I hardly dared look at each other, for fear the electricity between us would leap forth in visible, betraying flame. We played cards with my aunts, hand after hand, until at last Aunt Fran yawned and said, "This is too much for Emily and me. You children can sit up if you want, but we're going to bed."

RONNIE rose when they did, and said goodnight to them. Then he went out to the kitchen, where I heard him running water in the sink, taking a glass from the cupboard. I turned off all the lamps except one, and then I curled up in the big chair, waiting for Ronnie to come back. This was one of the things I'd dreamed of whenever I thought of being Ronnie's wife—the two of us sitting in the one big chair, talking about our future, making plans, or not talking at all, just being contented. It was the way we would be every evening after dinner, when the war was over . . .

Then I was aware that the water had stopped running and that the light was out in the kitchen, and I realized that Ronnie must have gone upstairs the back way, that he wasn't coming into the livingroom at all. I got up and turned out the light, blinking back sudden, foolish tears. It was silly to be disappointed about such a small thing.

In my own room I undressed and crept into bed, where I lay waiting, watching the band of moonlight shorten on the floor as the moon rose, listening to the distant murmur of the sea, to the soft creakings of the old house, holding my breath, because each creak sounded like a footstep. It had been a tiring day, and in the very stillness and tenseness of my waiting, I must have dozed. I didn't hear Ronnie's step in the hall, didn't know that he was in the room until he was close beside me in the dark, reaching for me with hungry arms and hungry, searching lips.

We had five nights together, and very nearly five whole days, and then Ronnie was transferred. When twenty-four hours had passed in which we had no word from him at all, we knew that he had gone. Aunt Fran's face was unusually set that night, and Aunt Emily's soft blue eyes had a suspicious brightness, as if she were very close to tears. After dinner we sat talking in subdued voices, trying not to speculate about what might happen, or to think about how very dangerous the shipping was. The murmur of the sea seemed no longer friendly, but had an ominous sound, and my aunts and I drew closer together, trying not to listen, trying not to feel the emptiness of the house.

I kept wanting to talk about Ronnie to someone. He hadn't been gone a week before I knew that I was no longer one of the crowd at the docks. I got out my old knit swim suit, and pulled a pair of disreputable shorts and a baggy shirt over it, and went down to the docks every morning, just as I always had before I'd met Ronnie. But digging for clams, and going out to the lobster pots, and tinkering with the boats wasn't fun any more; they were as far behind me as the dolls I'd used to play with. The only thing I still liked was sailing, and that was because I could pretend that Ronnie, and not Jigger Harris, was with me, sharing the delight of the swift motion, and the wind on our faces. Disgustedly, Jigger told me that this summer I was the worst crew he'd ever had—I, who used to be the best. "Next thing I know," he said, "you'll be getting in the way of the boom." A year ago I'd have been crushed by the remark, but now I smiled tolerantly.

The fact that I'd outgrown my friends was no compensation for loneliness. I stayed in the house more and more, and wrote endless letters to Ronnie, who was stationed now at a southern port, and I developed a sudden interest in cooking, an interest that gratified Aunt Emily and puzzled Aunt Fran. Aunt Fran wanted me to learn to cook, but she didn't understand my volunteering to do so in blazing July weather. I didn't tell her that in a way, cooking was like sailing; it brought me closer to Ronnie. I could pretend that the meals I planned were for him, that he'd be home at five to sample the batch of cookies I'd baked in the afternoon. And I was very careful to write down her recipe for piccalilli, so that I could can some.

THAT was the world I lived in the first weeks after Ronnie left, the dream world in which we would be together again. And the only times the dream and reality met were when there were letters from Ronnie in the mailbox. Aunt Emily noticed how often they came, how I jumped at the postman's step, and it was she who gave me the opening I'd been wanting. "You thought quite a lot of Ronnie, didn't you?"

I nodded. Now that I had a chance to speak of the precious subject, it seemed so big that it choked me. "He—we wanted to be engaged," I blurted finally.

Aunt Emily smiled wistfully, as she smiled sometimes when she saw something pretty and frivolous in a shop window. "Maybe you will be, some day," she said. "Of course, you'll wait until after the war."

That pushed everything I wanted to say right back inside me. If Aunt Emily, who was the most sentimental person in the world, took that attitude, there wasn't any use talking.

But that night I tried again. At dinner, Aunt Fran told me that Jigger had stopped by the library to ask if I were ill. "He thought you had a date to go sailing this afternoon," she said.

I'd forgotten about it. "It wasn't a date. I just said (*Continued on page 56*)

AIRLINE HOSTESS is airman's fiancée! Mary Ann Long helps servicemen and their families feel "at home" in PCA planes. She works in one of the war jobs where women are so badly needed. Ask your local U. S. Employment Service about *your* war job.

Flyer to Wed Mary Ann Long

Popular Tennessee girl, the daughter of the H. C. Longs, engaged to Richard H. Albrecht. She is a graduate of Virginia Intermount College and was May Queen in her senior year. He was at Yale before entering the Air Force

HER RING—a 2-carat, emerald-cut diamond in a platinum setting

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

The day that Mary Ann pinned his wings on her officer-fiancé—he slipped a diamond engagement ring on her slender finger.

She is *another* lovely girl with an engaging soft-smooth *Pond's* complexion.

Mary Ann says of Pond's Cold Cream —"It's perfect, I think! I don't know anything that makes my face look and feel so clean and fresh and soft-to-touch."

This is the way she uses Pond's:

She smooths snow-white Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat. Pats briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with another Pond's coating —swirling her fingertips quickly over her face. These *two* creamings make her skin feel *extra* clean, *extra* soft.

Copy Mary Ann's twice-over way of using Pond's Cold Cream—*every* night, *every* morning, and for in-between clean-ups.

Ask for a luxurious big jar—you'll love the quick way you can dip fingers of both hands in this wide-topped, *big* Pond's jar!

A few of the Pond's Society Beauties.. The Lady Morris, Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, Mrs. James J. Cabot, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, The Countess of Radnor

(*Continued from page* 54) I'd see him at the docks." Then I added, "Besides, I don't care to hang around with the kids—after Ronnie."

My aunts exchanged glances. "We all love Ronnie," said Aunt Emily gently. "But you'll have lots of boy friends, and Ronnie will have lots of girls, before you're old enough to know how you really feel about each other."

"I don't know why. Lots of girls my age are married."

There was a silence. "Lots? Do you know any?" asked Aunt Fran.

I knew that I was on dangerous ground, but I'd roused real interest in them now, and I persisted. "Ronnie does. One of the fellows at the base got married this summer. He's nineteen and his wife is sixteen."

"I can't imagine what sort of parents would consent to it."

"They didn't," I said recklessly. "They don't know about it. There's a justice of the peace near here who doesn't ask questions."

AUNT Fran caught her breath. *"Near here? Where?"*

I'd gone too far. I picked at my food and murmured that I didn't know—which, of course, gave less credibility to what I'd told them.

Aunt Fran sighed with relief. "I'd hate to believe that a public official would be that conscienceless. If there is one, he ought to be horsewhipped. A sixteen-year-old girl.... The boy could be sent to the reformatory for a crime like that, and I'm not sure but that he deserves it."

Aunt Emily was smiling softly, reminiscently. For the moment she had forgotten me. "*Our* mother was married when she was seventeen. William was born on her eighteenth birthday."

"Emily!" Aunt Fran sounded appalled. "You know there's no comparing that day and this. Young people matured early, especially in little out-of-the-way communities such as the Cove was then. They knew what responsibility was almost from the day they were born. The whole world was different, and life was far simpler—"

As soon as the dishes were done, I escaped to my room, where there was no one to see how shaken, how frightened, I was. *The reformatory... a crime....* What was criminal about marrying the person you loved? Our happiness hadn't hurt anyone. Aunt Fran was just being—disciplinary. I swallowed, and shook my head back, and tried to calm myself. That was it. Aunt Fran was just talking. All that about life being complicated, and responsibilities—there weren't any complications when two people loved each other as much as Ronnie and I did. As for responsibilities—I could keep house, and I was learning to cook. What else was expected of a wife?

I didn't mention Ronnie again unless my aunts spoke of him first. I spent more time at the docks in the next few days, and on Friday I went to the Boathouse dance with Jigger. It was pure luck that I dressed up that night, and put on a tailored sports dress instead of the cotton dirndl I usually wore to the dances, because Jigger came calling for me in an immaculate linen suit. I just gaped when I opened the door to him. Never had I seen him in anything more formal than white ducks—and those usually with a paint stain here, an oil smudge there. "I'm celebrating," Jigger explained.

"Celebrating?"

"I enlisted last week, on my birthday. Passed the physical today."

"Coast Guard?"

"Certainly. What else?"

I was too surprised to answer, and shock faded into uneasy wondering. Jigger—in the Coast Guard! Was it possible that only a few months ago Ronnie had been like Jigger—a high school boy, interested only in lobster pots and sailboats? Was it possible that he was really as *young* as Jigger—as young as my aunts thought him?

At the end of the evening I had a second shock. Jigger kissed me goodnight—and I liked it. He pulled me to him as we shook hands, set his lips on mine briefly, lightly—yes, very much as Ronnie had kissed me that first night outside the Coast Guard base. Then he said, "I like you, Grace, a lot. How about writing to me?"

"I like you, Jigger." I meant it. I hadn't realized until then how much I did like him, how much a part of my life he'd been in the years we'd played together.

I promised to write to him, and I watched him go down the walk with tears crowding in my throat—tears of regret at his going, tears of bewilderment and dismay. I'd liked his kissing me—and how could I, when I was Ronnie's wife? How could I, when Ronnie and I belonged to each other, had been destined for each other from the beginning? That was the frightening thought: perhaps destiny wasn't as all-powerful as I'd believed. Perhaps if Jigger had been with me as much as Ronnie had, I'd have fallen in love with Jigger. And—yes, perhaps even now, if I were to see Jigger often enough, if I had more of his kisses, I would come to feel about him as I felt about Ronnie. And if that were true, mightn't Ronnie be able to care for another girl as he cared about me? How could I be sure?

A WEEK later I was sick. I staggered when I got out of bed in the morning, fell against the pillows as if a hand had jerked me back, lay there paralyzed with terror. All that week I'd gone about the house frozen with fear, trying to thrust aside the knowledge that was too awful to believe. But the truth kept flashing back, relentlessly, until now I could not longer escape it. We had whispered about this sometimes, Ronnie and I, lying close in each other's arms in this very room. We wanted children. We meant to have a lot of them, some day. Some day.

I didn't want a baby now. I was terrified at the very thought, and I knew that Ronnie would be terrified, too, if he knew. I could see him opening my letter, see his face stiffening, paling. I couldn't tell him until I'd figured out some way of taking care of myself.

"Gra-ace! Breakfast—" That was Aunt Emily, calling from downstairs. "Coming!" I called back. I set icy feet on the floor, stood up slowly. I was better now. By the time I was dressed, I could go downstairs. I would pass before Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily. *... sent to the reformatory for a crime like that...* Those words, too, had pressed at my mind all week long—and then anger born of desperation revived me. I was being hysterical, letting my fear run wild. You couldn't take a boy out of the Service and send him to a reformatory, and Aunt Fran wouldn't.... Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily wouldn't know; that was all there was to it.

That afternoon, I walked down to the business section of the village and got a job (*Continued on page* 58)

IS THIS THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION?

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"LADY ON A TRAIN"

This Beauty Care really makes skin lovelier... no wonder 9 out of 10 screen stars use it!

(*Continued from page* 56) I wasn't feeling anything except an all-pervading, numbing fear, and a kind of grim hope that came of the knowledge that the very worst had happened, that something else would happen to save me. Then I saw the sign in the window of Lyman's bakery: Girl Wanted. I walked in, answered Mrs. Lyman's surprised question glibly, as if I thought all the answers out beforehand. And at dinner that night I told my aunts that beginning Monday I was going to wrap packages at Lyman's for fifteen dollars a week.

Aunt Fran was surprised, but she approved. "I don't see why you shouldn't work if you want to. You can use the money for little luxuries, with your last year of school ahead of you. We'll go to the bank some noon and open an account. I'll have to sign, of course, because you're a minor."

NEXT afternoon Aunt Emily came into the bakery. She ordered a loaf of bread and a dozen rolls, and then stood back, beaming with pride, to watch me work. When she opened her purse to pay me, she took out an envelope and slipped it into my apron pocket. "I thought you'd want this right away," she whispered.

I read the letter after she'd gone. It was shorter than Ronnie's other letters, obviously written in haste. I mustn't worry if I didn't hear from him for weeks, even months, he said, and he would be thinking of me every minute.... Ronnie had shipped out.

I put the letter back in my pocket, feeling nothing but a kind of dull wonder that his going should be a shock, when I'd known all along it would happen. And of course, I wouldn't write to him tonight. I didn't want my news to reach him when he was overseas, and anyway, it would reach him too late. I didn't ask myself, "Too late for what?" I wouldn't admit, even to myself, that I needed his reassurance and his help, that I wasn't strong enough to carry the responsibility alone.

I knew then that the plans I'd made were fantastic, but I stayed on at the bakery because I didn't know what else to do. I fought to stay there, fought nausea every morning, evaded my aunts so that I got out of the house without their seeing my puffy, green face. I fought the heat, and the warm smell of baking bread, and the sickening sweetness of sugar and raisins, the penetrating odor of cinnamon, fought the black oblivion that threatened to close in on me a dozen times a day. Once I fainted, it would be the end of my job, the end of everything. The Lymans would tell Aunt Fran, and Aunt Fran would insist that I go to Dr. Jacobs.... And then, in the middle of the second week, I did faint, just before closing on a blazing hot day.

I came to to find Mrs. Lyman standing over me, fanning me, calling to Mr. Lyman for water. "It's the heat. I was afraid she couldn't stand it. You'd better call her aunts to come for her—"

"Don't." My own voice sounded far away. I waited a minute until I felt stronger. "They'd worry. I'll get home all right."

"Mr. Lyman will take you home."

"I'd rather walk. I want the air."

I didn't go home. I went to a coffee shop at the end of town, a small place patronized mostly by truckmen, where I wasn't likely to be recognized. I called Aunt Emily from there, told her that I was going to dinner with one of the girls in the crowd. "But, Grace," she protested. "We're supposed to have dinner with Mrs. Bromwell tonight. Fran won't like it—"

"But I've *promised* Margie—"

"Well... suppose you join us after dinner, at Mrs. Bromwell's."

I promised, and then I went back to the counter and took tiny sips of the coffee I'd ordered, and waited, and tried to nerve myself to attempt the one possibility left to me.

It wasn't the first time I'd thought of appealing to Ronnie's parents, but surely, if I couldn't go to my own relatives, I dared not go to his. But now, in my desperation, all my former thoughts were reversed. It seemed easier now to tell a stranger than to tell Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily... and perhaps I wasn't really a stranger to Ronnie's mother and father. He hadn't told me much about them—but maybe he'd told them about me; he must have written to say he'd met me, maybe—even—that he was in love with me? Surely it was the right thing to do, since I was their daughter now. Of course that would be a shock to them, but then, after I met them, maybe they would like me. And then the nightmare would be over; I would be safe.

I ordered more coffee.

The hands of the clock crawled past six, past six-thirty, toward seven. And then, not because I'd finally found courage but because I was getting a little sick from the coffee, I asked the counterman for change and walked quickly to the booth in the corner.

IT seemed hours before the call went through. I almost hung up a half-dozen times before I heard a woman's voice, a distinct, reserved voice, saying, "This is Mrs. Sears. Hello? Hello?"

The operator said, "Here's your party." I swallowed. The words would not come. Then I said, "This is Grace."

"Grace?" The voice was louder now, but more reserved, even cool.

"I'm sorry—I don't recall—Grace who?"

"Landon. Grace Landon." There was silence; I don't think I even breathed while I waited. "I *am* sorry," Mrs. Sears said at last. "If you'll tell me what it is... oh, you must be the Church Fund. Just a minute—" My pent-up voice came out in a sob, cutting across hers.

"No—oh no, it's about Ronnie, Mrs. Sears."

"Oh, well!" Mrs. Sears laughed, apologetically. "Of course, you're phoning Ronnie. But he isn't home now, my dear. You must forgive me; there are so many of his friends whose names I *never* find out—"

Gently, without a sound, I replaced the receiver.

It's odd what stray thoughts come to you when you have reached the end of everything, when there's no use thinking any more, no use trying. As I sat on the little stool in the coffee shop telephone booth, staring blankly at the silent mouthpiece, it occurred to me for the first time that Ronnie had never said that he loved me. There'd been endearments, and caresses, but not once had he said in so many words, "I love you, Grace."

Does tragedy come of this fervent young love between Grace and Ronnie, or does it become, instead, the shining thing for which they hoped? The strange conclusion of The Way Love Finds You will appear in the August RADIO ROMANCES, *on sale July 18.*

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Experiment in Heartbreak

(*Continued from page* 33)

old days I'd been blind and mute with a painful happiness whenever Dan had deigned to take me out, and I'd been so anxious to please him, to make him like me, that I'd never really enjoyed myself with him at all.

But I didn't think back. I laughed and said, "A little grander than old times, Dan. This is a beautiful car. Do you remember the one you used to drive?"

He grinned. "It's a miracle we didn't get killed. Remember when the steering gear broke on the river road . . .?"

And that's the way we rode to the party, laughing and reminiscing, and without talking once of anything serious, and we were just as gay and impersonal on the ride home. At the party I had one dance with Dan; otherwise I hardly saw him at all. Nearly everyone there was an old friend, and the evening wasn't long enough for me to talk to all of them. Still, there were little things that should have warned me. There was the tone of Dan's voice when I thanked him for the flowers, and he said, "I'm glad you liked them. They looked like you." There was Dan's keeping me within eyeshot all evening, much as I had used to watch him, years ago, when he danced with other girls. There was the moment when we were dancing, and another couple jostled us and I was thrust against Dan. In catching me, his arms made an instinctive, suppressed movement as if to close round me, and for a split second he held me so closely that I felt his heart beat, held me tenderly, as if a precious treasure had been miraculously delivered to him.

EVEN if I had taken warning, it would have been difficult to avoid seeing him. All of our friends wanted to entertain us, and there were dances and bridge parties and dinners planned for a fortnight ahead. A few times Dan drove me to these gatherings as he'd driven me to his sister's; more often Jenny was with us, and one or two of the married women whose husbands were in service.

I liked being with him, more than I cared to admit, liked the little unobtrusive attentions he showed me, liked it when, casually, he began stopping by the house at noon on his way home for lunch. I was usually out in the back yard then, giving the children their lunch at the doll table that had once been mine—a procedure suggested by Mother and one that did wonders for their appetites. Dan would lean over the fence to talk to me for a few minutes; nearly always he brought candy or a small toy for Maxine and Dinah. One day he was late, and Maxine fussed over her lunch, refused to eat until the tall, familiar figure stopped at the fence. Then she ran to him, crowing with joy, holding out her arms to be picked up and tossed. Dan was laughing when he set her down. "What's all this?" he demanded. "Such a reception—"

I laughed too. "She thought you weren't coming," I explained. "You've been around so much lately—" And then I stopped, because Dan's eyes were suddenly very grave.

"Too much, Marian?"

I didn't know what to say. Then I said lightly, "Perhaps. You're spoiling the children." The gravity of his expression deepened, and I sensed that he was disappointed in me. He'd asked a serious question, and he'd wanted a serious answer. That night he wasn't at Loretta Vale's bridge party, and although I told myself that I didn't miss him, I went home feeling that the evening had been unaccountably flat. The next noon he didn't stop at the house.

It happened that there was no party that evening, no gathering of any kind. I had dinner with Mother and Dad, and afterwards the three of us sat on the front porch until the long midsummer twilight turned to darkness. Then Dad began to yawn. "Time for the old folks to be in bed, I guess," he said, rising. "Do you want me to put the light on for you, Marian?"

MY parents said goodnight and went upstairs. The light from their room shone for a while on the elm branches outside their window, and then it went out. Still I remained on the porch, waiting—without wanting to think what I was waiting for—in complete darkness now, except for the light from the street lamp that filtered through the vines. The street was utterly quiet; I started as a car passed, and again when there were footsteps on the walk. The footsteps slowed, stopped, and were about to go on, when I started up, my heart beating high with certainty, my pulse filling my throat. "Dan?" I called from the top of the porch steps.

"Marian!" He came hurrying toward me. "I thought— The house was dark—"

We talked for a while as we'd always talked—lightly, impersonally, about everything except ourselves, about last week's parties, and about Colton. Then Dan said, "I'm glad I came back here to live, glad the town hasn't changed much. I didn't realize how much the old place meant to me until I'd spent some time in the Army. I was a fool to leave here for that Chicago job. I was a fool about a lot of things in those days, Marian."

I stirred restlessly in the swing. I'd had three or four postcards from Ed since he'd left Ridgeville. All of them said that he was busy and would write a letter soon. I'd written him a letter when I first arrived in Colton, and thereafter, when his promised letter failed to arrive, I'd answered his cards with cards.

"Marian," Dan asked abruptly, heavily, "when are you going back to Ridgeville?"

"I'm not sure that I'm going back." I said it evenly, astonished at my own calm, astonished that I'd spoken the words at all.

I felt rather than saw him start; when I looked at him, it was as if a light had been turned on inside him. "I'm sorry I spoke," I said quickly. "I shouldn't have said anything, Dan. Because I'm not sure what I'm going to do. I'm not sure at all. And—I can't talk about it."

"Of course," he said quietly. "I understand." And I knew that he did. He added, "Well—I'll be going now. I—suppose I won't see you for a day or two?"

I shook my head. There was no party scheduled for the next night, and I was grateful that he didn't ask to see me alone. He walked to the edge of the porch, down the steps. I followed a step or two behind him, searching for conventional words of goodbye, finding that my mind was shut fast, my heart pounding in my throat. We reached the walk; I held out my hand. "Goodnight," I began, and then our fingers touched, and it was as if a current leaped between us, igniting the banked fires inside us into flaming, relentless life. Dan's kisses hurt, and his arms hurt, and I gloried in the pain. We had been cheated of each other too long; all our frustrated longing for each other made this moment of release more sharply sweet.

Then Dan was saying, "I love you, Marian, love you. Marian, you've—"

I PULLED away from him and stood trembling, fighting for breath, for balance. "Love," I said shakily, "is a big word."

"Marian," he said pleadingly, "don't joke."

"I'm not joking. It is a big word. There's so much to consider—" I turned toward the house, and Dan followed me, talking low and rapidly, as if he must get everything said at once.

"We love each other, Marian. We've got to do something about it. You can't go back to Ridgeville—"

I could only shake my head. "Dan, please—I have to have time to think—"

"I'll call you tomorrow—"

"*No!*" My voice was firm; I had control of myself again. But inside me, I didn't feel at all firm. My heart was singing, and my blood was racing, and at that moment I didn't want to go back to Ridgeville at all.

I awoke the next morning with the feeling that something climactic had happened. I lay drowsing while almost without my will my thoughts traveled back over the evening before, lingering over the memory of Dan's voice, of the way he had looked at me, over that explosive moment when I'd held out my hand. There they stopped. Just the recollection of Dan's kisses was enough to think about for now; I didn't want to think what they meant.

Mother had the children dressed and outside. Their voices reached me faintly from the back yard, and after a while I dressed and went down to join them. It was an enchanted morning, cool and dewy-fresh. From the back porch I saw Maxine and Dinah at the far end of the yard, two elfin

figures on the sun-dappled grass. I waved to them, feeling enchanted, too, set apart in the knowledge of Dan's love. Then the telephone rang, and I turned back into the house. It was Dan. It couldn't be anyone else on a morning like this.

My own voice shook a little with excitement as his voice came over the wire. I made myself say severely, "I thought I told you not to call today."

"This is special," he said. "Some friends of mine, the Harrisons, have a country place on the river. How would you like to go out there for dinner tonight? It's going to be a beautiful evening."

I hesitated. I really hadn't intended to see Dan at all. And I wasn't ready to go anywhere alone with him. But then, what harm would there be in visiting his friends? We wouldn't be really alone, and besides, it was going to be a beautiful evening, too beautiful not to be shared.

Dan called for me around six that evening, when the air was still golden with the late afternoon sun. As soon as I got in the car, he took my hand and gave it a little squeeze, and when I looked at him reprovingly, he laughed. "I won't say a thing," he promised. "I won't talk about us, won't say a word unless you want me to—until we reach the Harrisons'."

I laughed, too, and sat back to enjoy the drive. The sun turned to a bright red ball in the west as we rode through the lowlands; the river was a still violet ribbon under an opal sky. The Harrisons' cabin stood on a little rise above the river, and I gasped with delight when I saw it, saw the little spring that splashed happily almost at the very door. As soon as we'd stopped, I got out and ran to the spring and stood over it, marveling. So absorbed was I in the leaping water that I paid no attention to Dan's taking a basket and packages out of the car, and the significance of his taking a key from under the door mat didn't strike me immediately. Then I crossed quickly over to him. "What's happened?" I asked.

Dan didn't answer. "Take these," he directed, handing me a couple of the packages. His hands thus freed, he unlocked the door, held it open for me. I stepped inside. "Dan! Where are the Harrisons?"

HE took the packages from me, set them down along with the basket. Then he faced me, and his expression was indescribable—mingled guilt and triumph and appeal. "There aren't any," he said. "I mean—they won't be back until later tonight, and they said I could use the place. I—Marian, don't you see I had to arrange something so that we could be alone for a while, so we could talk? I brought food along, and I thought we could fix dinner, and—Marian, you aren't angry?"

I *was* angry, too angry for a moment to speak. "You might have told me—" I began, and then his expression stopped me. He looked so apprehensive that my anger vanished in an inexplicable impulse to laugh. "No," I said, "I'm not angry. I was, for a minute, but it's all right I guess, Dan."

His breath went out in a sigh of relief. "I—hoped you'd see it that way, Marian." Then very quickly he began unwrapping the packages, as if he were still afraid that I'd put my foot down and demand to be taken back to town . . . and that, I thought would be childish of me indeed, and it would be making far too much of the situation. I would stay, and we would have dinner, and afterward we would talk—and then at the thought of dinner with Dan, long hours with Dan, my heart shook a little, and some of the feeling I'd had when he'd kissed me the night before, some of the enchantment of the morning, came back to me.

Nevertheless, all the while we were getting dinner, putting up salad and frying the par-boiled chicken Dan had brought, there was that lurking, treacherous impulse to laugh. I mistrusted it, couldn't understand it . . . except that it was somehow absurd to think of me, Marian Cowles, who'd always led a quiet suburban life and who was the mother of two children, being maneuvered so high-handedly, being so impetuously carried off. Ed would—*Ed.* I knew then what was wrong, why I couldn't give myself wholeheartedly to the delight of being with Dan—it was because I was seeing the situation through Ed's eyes, and Ed would be a little amused. He would be concerned, of course, and really worried, but he would see the funny side of it, too.

IN uncomfortable silence I carried food to the table in the cottage living room. Ed's eyes, dark and anxious, but lighted with a gleam of humor, followed me. Too clearly I heard Ed saying, "You're having quite a vacation, Marian. Nothing like this ever happened in Ridgeville." After that I couldn't push the thought of Ed away. As surely as if he'd been there in the flesh, he sat down to dinner with Dan and me, created a gulf between us. I found it difficult to concentrate on the conversation, hard to form replies, and once, when Dan asked softly if I was happy, I said with a nervous laugh, "I—don't know. I don't feel quite like myself. Nothing like this ever happened in Ridgeville."

Dan frowned, and his mouth tightened, and I knew how flippant I'd sounded.

I was glad when the meal was over. I reached quickly for the dessert plates, the coffee cups, carried them out to the kitchen. And even then Ed was at my elbow, saying in mock surprise, "Why, Marian, you're not lingering over your coffee? That's the first time I ever saw you anxious to do dishes."

Dan helped me with the dishes—but we weren't alone in the kitchen any more than we had been in the other room. And when I washed the china and silver with unnecessary care, trying to put off the inevitable discussion with Dan, there was Ed, saying sternly, "Come on now, Marian; you're stalling. You brought this on yourself, and you've got to face it. Be honest, Marian. Remember how you felt last night."

But that was just the trouble—I couldn't remember how I'd felt the night before, couldn't feel again the sweet fire that Dan's kiss had kindled. It might have happened to someone else, not to me, so surely was it gone. And it was beyond recapture. I knew that when Dan took me in his arms, when his lips moved from my forehead, my temples, tenderly, seekingly toward my lips. I stood woodenly in his arms, thinking, "Love Dan? How can I, when the thought of Ed is more vivid than Dan's presence? Leave Ed? How can you leave a person who's so close that he's like a part of yourself? I must have been crazy . . ." Gently I released myself. "Don't, Dan."

"I'm sorry. It's just—Oh, Marian, I love you so much—"

"But you don't," I heard myself saying clearly. "You're not in love with me, Dan, really. You're in love with Ed Cowles' wife."

His mouth twisted. "Please, Marian. I know how you feel about hurting Ed. I don't want to hurt him, either."

"You don't understand," I said softly. "I said that you're not in love with me—and you aren't. You knew me a long time ago, and you didn't care—"

He stepped back angrily. "That's not fair!" he cried.

I shook my head. "That isn't it, Dan. I remember what I was like, and I know how I've changed. And all of the things you like me for now are the changes that Ed has made; they're the part of me that's grown to be like Ed." And as I spoke, I knew it was the truth. The blessed security of Ed's love had given me confidence and courage and self-assurance, just as Ed's kind, dry humor had taught me the value of laughter in a world too full of tears. And my body, that thin, taut body of mine, had filled out, had grown softer and more desirable in the bearing of Ed's children.

"I was tired," I said, and that was the flat truth, too. "My whole viewpoint was a little out of focus. I think that everyone gets tired sometimes—But they're only trying to escape themselves. That's what I've been doing—but I can't get away from myself, and I can't get away from Ed, either. I'm sorry, Dan—"

I'D wondered, the night I sat with Dan on the porch, what it would be like to be uncertain of Ed. I found out, on that ride back to Colton. Perhaps it was reaction to the weeks of being away from Ed, from not even thinking of him—but I was suddenly frantic to see him, to hear his voice, to be close to him. And, as always when you want something very much, there was a chilling fear that somehow I might lose what I wanted. I thought with shame of the time I'd spent with Dan, of my neglect of Ed, of the skimpy notes I'd sent him—and of the postcards he'd sent me. If he'd grown apart from me a little, it was my fault; I'd nurtured his indifference with my own. . . . My throat tightened painfully, and while Dan sent the car racing out of the river road into the highway, I urged him silently to greater speed. I'd write to Ed the minute I reached home; no, I would call him.

I don't remember exactly how Dan and I parted. I know that it was a brief parting, that I was out of the car almost as soon as it had stopped at the house—and then I went flying up the walk with no more dignity than Maxine. The screen door banged behind me—and then an arm reached out of the shadows, and a voice spoke, a voice that sent my heart rocketing in a burst of incredulous joy. "Marian," said the voice, "you're too big a girl to slam doors."

I just clung to him, hardly daring to believe that he was there. "You're here," I said, over and over again. "Oh, Ed, Eddie, darling, you're really here—"

"Of course I'm here. I cut the trip short. My golly, when your best girl starts sending you postcards, it's time to do something about it—" He was laughing, and his words were light, but there was nothing light in his kisses, in the pressure of his arms. They were all I wanted, all I ever would want.

Tears are Behind Us

(*Continued from page 47*)

at last. "Oh, honey, I'm so sorry but—well, you know. Jews aren't supposed to come to the Country Club. I'm sure he's very nice and none of *us* would mind but some of the members might—"

"We'll just forget about it," I said numbly and hung up. I turned to Robert and tried to mask what I was feeling.

He looked at me and I knew there was no use in trying to cover it up. There was pain in those gray-blue eyes but it was pain for me as much as for himself. "If you'd like to go with them—" he began.

"Oh, no!" I meant it. I was both angry and hurt for his sake. "I'd much rather go to a movie with you."

THE evening was ruined for me. All through the movie, I kept thinking about it. I felt constrained with him. He'd been hurt through no fault of his own and I wanted to make it up to him somehow. But how?

After the movie we stopped at the drugstore for a soda and then we walked on home. We didn't talk much. Robert was as natural as he had ever been, but I was still constrained.

We stopped in front of my door. The moon that had been full three nights ago was beginning to wane and it seemed to hang, silvery and distant, above the trees. Robert looked up at it. "Lovely and remote," he murmured softly. "Like you are."

"Remote? Am I so far away?"

"I'm afraid you are," he said and his voice held such sadness I made an instinctive gesture toward him. He turned to me—and then I was in his arms. I felt the glory of his kiss. And everything else was gone—the moon, the night, all that had happened. There was only Robert and me and the response that swept us together.

It was a timeless interval before he said, "I love you, Phyllis. I love you more than—anything." And another timelessness before I answered, "And I love you."

When we parted, there was still no room in my heart but the knowledge of that love, no room in my mind for anything but his dear face. I knew the love I'd waited for had come to me.

It stayed with me all the next day—in its sweet and exciting acknowledgement. It colored everything I did.

Mrs. Harwell came after school hours to ask me to be on her committee for the Charity Fete. Every year the Parent-Teachers Association gave a big charity bazaar and supper for the benefit of the city orphanage, and since Mrs. Harwell had taken over the chairmanship, it had become one of the big social events of Newtown. Everything Mrs. Harwell had to do with became "big." Everybody deferred to her, everybody flourished in the favors she saw fit to bestow, because she was a power in Newtown.

". . . a chicken dinner, as usual," she was saying. "We'll charge fifty cents a plate. And Mr. Clarke had promised to donate the ice-cream. Mr. Crawford and some of the other merchants will give the prizes for the games and contests. The only difficulty," she hesitated as if she were affronted by the fact that, as long as she was running things, a difficulty should *dare* exist, "is the place to have it. It's grown too large to hold it on my lawn. And we don't want to rent the Fair Grounds because we want all the money to go to the orphanage. . . ."

"I'll do anything I can to help, Mrs. Harwell," I said.

When Robert came that night, he took me in his arms. "Is it true?" he said. "Is last night still true—or did I dream it because I wanted it so much?"

"It's true, darling. All true."

"I—I haven't been able to think yet," he said. "It's so wonderful all I can do is feel its wonder." Then his face sobered. "Maybe it's because I don't want to think. I don't want to think of what you've let yourself in for—"

"Don't!" I cried. "Don't let's think about anything or talk about anything but—just us."

And so we sat on the couch together and, to keep from facing the thing that nagged, ever so faintly but persistently, at the back of our minds, I talked of other things. I told him all about my teaching and the various children and then I told him about Mrs. Harwell.

"Why don't you use my land to hold it on?" he said eagerly. "It's out there by the river, easy to get to. And I'll see to the construction of the booths and stuff myself—I'd like to do it."

"Robert, that's wonderful. That's terribly nice of you, darling. You're very generous. I'll go see Mrs. Harwell tomorrow! She'll be delighted," I told him.

But Mrs. Harwell was not delighted. "Who did you say this young man was?" she demanded.

"Robert Lesser. The new real estate man here. And he—"

"These Jews!" she said scornfully. "Always trying to advertise themselves and get in with the right people."

I stared at her unbelievingly. "But he's not like that. He's offered it because he wants to help—"

"My dear," she said pityingly. "Don't let him fool you. No Jew ever does anything to help unless he's got a motive back of it to make money."

I was so angry I could hardly speak. "Then you want me to tell Mr. Lesser that we don't want to accept his offer."

"Not at all," she answered quickly. "We'll take him up because we haven't any other place. But we won't let him get away with trying to push himself in where he's not welcome."

SUDDENLY what was happening in Europe took on new meaning. I had been horrified by the persecution of the Jews that was going on in Germany, but it had seemed far away and unreal. Now I was thinking of them as people, in terms of Robert Lesser whom I loved. Some of them were like him. Some of course were not—no one race or people is all good, and there were bad Jews as there were bad anybody else. But they were being imprisoned and tortured and killed only because they were born the way they were.

That marked the beginning of something for me. The beginning of something frightening and full of anguish.

All my friends knew I was seeing Robert all the time. I knew they were talking about it behind my back, whispering. *He's a Jew, you know.* A lot of them liked him and made him welcome. But even they could say—and I knew this as clearly as if I heard

them—"He's awfully nice, awfully attractive, but—" It was the *but* that did it. But he's Jewish.

And there was the time I myself told him about the hotel at the Lake where I'd spent last summer's vacation. "It's a heavenly place, darling. We must drive up there some time so you can see it. Somehow I want you to see every place I've loved and been happy in, to share it—" And then, suddenly, I was seeing again the sign that bordered the road leading up to the hotel. I saw the smaller letters under the big ones that spelled out the name, that one word that looked so little and now loomed so large, the word, *Restricted.* And my voice trailed off.

My love for him was the kind of love that meant marriage and home and children. It was the kind that answers everything, the kind some people never know. And yet, for me, it didn't answer everything. It left, still questioning, the fact of Robert's origin, the thing over which he had no control.

I FOUND I was growing sensitive to the words *Jew* and *Jewish.* Whenever I heard them, in no matter what connection, I was instantly on the alert and on the defensive. I looked at little Reba Rabonowitz in my class with new eyes. I watched to see how the other children treated her. She, of course, came of a distinctly foreign background, but as far as I could see, the others treated her pretty much like anybody else. I grew more aware of other things, too. Like Billy Johnston, in my class, and his younger sister Ollie. They were Negroes. I'd never thought about them, either, before, but now I did. Theirs was the only colored family in town, and their widowed mother took in washing for a living. The children were always neatly dressed and polite. Billy was good in his classes, and that was as far as I'd noticed them. They, too, belonged to what was known as a minority group; they, too, were sometimes made to suffer for being born to the way they were. But, no matter how I thought, I could never find any answer.

I saw Mrs. Harwell frequently over the plans for the orphanage bazaar, which was to be held the evening of the last day of school. She never referred to our previous conversation and neither did I. I knew she disapproved of me for going with Robert Lesser, and I disliked her. But, like everybody else, I was also afraid of her.

But I did what I had to mechanically. My whole soul seemed occupied with the problem that now obsessed me. *Could I—should I, in fairness to us both—marry Robert?* Everywhere I turned, I met it. Everything that happened, there it was. There was no rest from it and the agony of my indecision grew. Great love had come my way and I was afraid of it and for it.

The school year drew slowly to a close. With its official closing the night of the Charity Fete would come, inexorably and implacably, the need for my decision. Robert and I couldn't go on much longer as we were.

It was a beautiful evening, warm and still. The booths Robert had had built were gay with crepe paper. There were colored lanterns strung among the trees, over the long tables where people would dine. Mrs. Harwell was presiding over the food booth, the most important, where for fifty cents one could buy a plate heaped with fried chicken, potato salad, pickles, olives, and a big dish of ice-cream with a slice of pie

or cake. It was a good meal—the housewives had been generous.

There was a slight tug at my arm. I looked down. Billy and Ollie Johnston were standing there, hand in hand, their little black faces shining with soap-and-water and anticipation. "Hello, Miss King," Billy said shyly.

"Hello, children. I'm glad you could come. Are you going to buy your dinner now?"

"Yes'm." They looked timid and uncertain.

"Right up here," I said, and pushed them gently forward until they were standing in front of Mrs. Harwell, waiting to be served.

I watched them carefully count out their fifty cents apiece, in dimes and pennies, and I felt the quick sting of tears against my lids. I whispered to Robert. "A dollar is a lot for them, and for their mother, too. It makes me feel—oh, you know."

He did know. His eyes were warm and tender as he looked first at them and then at me. "Yes," he said. "It's —good."

MRS. HARWELL glanced at the children and swept up the small pile of change. "I'll attend to these plates myself," she said to the woman next to her.

I watched her fill those plates—if you could call it filling. I watched each little piece of neck and back and odds and ends she put on them, the tiny dab of salad, the complete absence of olives and all the other "extras" that children love so well. She handed them over, and there was no ice-cream, no cake.

"You children go over there to eat," she commanded. And she gestured to the space behind the booth, the space that was filled with the ice-cream freezers and the empty cartons, where there were no tables, no gay lanterns, no people, no laughing.

Robert, beside me, gave a smothered exclamation. "Wait a minute," he said to Billy and Ollie as they were timidly turning away. He stepped up to Mrs. Harwell with the plates in his hands. "I know you're terribly rushed," he said politely, and very clearly, "and so of course you didn't notice that these plates are not quite full. May we have a little more chicken, please, and some olives—and you seem to have forgotten the dessert."

Mrs. Harwell's face turned a dark, angry red. "I filled those plates myself, Mr. Lesser. I'm sure those children will find them quite satisfactory."

"Perhaps they would," he said evenly. "But I don't." He put the plates down on the counter. By this time you could feel the tension around us like electricity. "Will you give me four fresh plates, please—for Miss King and myself, and for Billy and Ollie." And he put two dollars down in front of her.

I was proud of him. And yet it was terrible, too. Maybe it seems a little thing—an unimportant, petty incident. But Mrs. Harwell, whose every word was law, was being challenged publicly. She was being called to account for an ungenerous and unjust act. Her furious flush deepened. "Are you presuming—?"

"Only to point out that you have made what must have been an unavoidable mistake," Robert said smoothly, but his voice was cold with anger. "And also I understood that everyone was entitled to eat dinner at the tables."

If I have ever seen hate on a woman's face, it was on Mrs. Harwell's then. It made her lose her head. She could still have retreated—not gracefully perhaps but without making an issue of it.

But she didn't. She cried out in a shrill, carrying tone, "You'll apologize for this! No one can talk to me like that, you—you young *upstart!*"

She might just as well have said "you young Jew!" That was what she meant. And everybody knew it.

And right there, in a blinding flash, I knew that if I married Robert Lesser this is what I would have to stand. Scenes, contempt, unjustified insult. Hurt and humiliation for both of us.

Robert stood there, quietly, looking at her. Then he said, "I think the apology should come from you, Mrs. Harwell—to the whole community. These children came here in good faith. They paid their share like everybody else. You have taken it on yourself to rob them of that good faith."

The crowd was stony still. I don't know what would have happened then if little Max Miller hadn't impatiently pushed his way toward us. "Hi, kids," he said to Billy and Ollie. "What are you waiting for? We gotta get the ball game started as soon as we eat."

ROBERT took my arm and we walked away. I could feel his hand trembling. "I'm sorry," he said finally, not looking at me. "But I couldn't stand there and let her get away with that."

"Oh, darling," I said. "You were wonderful. I was proud of you. Only—"

"Yes," he said grimly. "Only now she's going to hate me forever and that won't do me any good in Newtown. Or you either. Oh, Phyl—" he went on miserably—"I've let you in for something. She might even keep you from getting your appointment next year—"

He looked at me then, and the words hung between us. Significant, questioning. I felt the panic closing around me. "It doesn't matter now," I said. "What you did was right. You *had* to do it, you—"

I stopped talking then, because I found that I was talking into a great silence. The cheery hubbub that had been going on before Robert spoke to Mrs. Harwell had died away. People were standing in a rough circle about us—not close enough to be a circle of friendliness, of support—and watching us. As they might stand around the monkey cage in the zoo, I thought bitterly, interested, but keeping a cautious distance. Soon someone would nudge someone else, and ask, "What *is* he going to do next?"

I looked about me at the sea of faces, so familiar a few moments before, so strange and hostile now. Surely someone, *someone* would come up and speak to us, would shake Robert's hand and tell him he'd done the right thing, would come close and give my arm a friendly, encouraging squeeze, would smile at us, at least. But no one moved.

"Take me home!" I meant to fling the words out proudly, letting those people know that I didn't want to be a part of them any longer, but somehow the words came out in a whisper.

In silence we left the bazaar, and everyone moved back in silence to let

us pass through. In silence, too, we went home, and the ten-blocks walk seemed ten miles, because there was nothing to say. Bless Robert, he understood—he understood, better than I did, that I had finally faced the issue, that I had finally come up against a thing that, as his wife, I would have to face all of my life. And he understood that I must have time, alone and in peace, to settle it once and for all in my mind. When I opened my door he said, only, "I won't try to talk about it now, while you're upset. I want to give you time to think. But I've got to see you tomorrow, darling. Tomorrow morning. before school, as early as you can."

"I'll meet you downtown, in the drugstore," I said hurriedly. "We'll have coffee together."

Slowly I went in, and slowly I got undressed and went to bed. But not to sleep. Never, during the whole night, to sleep. And as the hours passed, the knowledge came of what Robert would say to me tomorrow. I knew as surely as if he'd said it tonight. He would offer to free me, to take himself out of my life—offer it for my sake.

AND I—what would I say? The moment at the booth came back—when I had realized *this* is what it will be like. All the other moments, too—when the facts of Robert Lesser's origin were forced on me with their own peculiar kind of pain. Was I equal to living the rest of my life that way? If I weren't equal, and I married him, then I would hurt him more than I could ever hurt him now by refusing to marry him. It was for Robert whom I so dearly loved, as well as for myself that I must know.

As I tossed restlessly, as I got up and paced the floor, and then wearily came back to bed to seek the rest I could not find, I grew afraid. I was afraid that tomorrow when he gave me the chance of release, I would take it . . .

When I started walking toward town, I was glad it was early. I didn't want to have to see people. The story of what happened with Mrs. Harwell last night must have spread like wildfire. It's the sort of thing a small town talks about and takes sides on. Too many people had witnessed it, Mrs. Harwell was too prominent, and Robert and I had already been too much talked about, for the incident not to have become one of the town's choicest morsels of gossip. And this morning I couldn't stand gossip.

I saw Mr. Crawford, the hardware merchant, walking toward me along the empty street and I wanted to cut and run.

"Good morning, Phyllis," he said and stopped. "I wanted to see you today, as a matter of fact. That little Billy Johnston—he's in your class, isn't he?"

I nodded. It was like having an aching tooth probed.

"Well," Mr. Crawford said in an offhand manner, "I've been thinking of taking a youngster on this summer, help around the store, you know. Didn't know who. Then last night I figured I'd give it to him if you thought it was okay. His family could probably use the money . . ."

"They could!" I cried. "That's—that's terribly nice of you, Mr. Crawford. *Really* nice."

I felt suddenly warmer. Toward everybody. If Robert hadn't done what he did last night, Mr. Crawford would never have done this. It was, in his way, taking sides against Mrs. Harwell, showing that he, too, had felt injustice.

Turning the corner by the bank, I ran full-tilt into Mr. Clarke. I stepped back apologetically, and turned away.

"Just a minute, Miss King," he said in his courtly manner. "If you should happen to see Robert Lesser any time today," and his eyes twinkled at me, "will you ask him to please step into my office? I'm going to sell some business property and I'd like him to handle it for me."

"Oh!" I cried. "Oh, that's wonderful! He'll be glad to, I know—"

"He'll be doing me a favor to take it on. I like what he's doing with that property of his, and also, I must say, I like his spirit. Yes," he gave a reminiscent little chuckle, "I certainly like his spirit. You tell him I said so."

Tears were very close to the surface now. These two were on Robert's side! They had heard him defy something tangible and intangible that was wrong, they had seen him stand up there alone and challenge injustice, and this was their way of backing him up and helping him stand by his guns.

I walked on faster now. And just a block from the drugstore, Miss O'Bannion hailed me. She had always been rather austere and distant with the teachers under her, but this morning she greeted me affectionately. "I just wanted to tell you," she said in her forthright manner, "that I think you've got a fine young man. I was never so proud of anybody in my life as I was of him last night, standing there and raking Mrs. Harwell over the coals. She's had it coming to her for years! My dear, if you're wise, you're not going to let that Robert Lesser get away from you. *That's* a man to snag for life!"

Then she took my hand. "Phyllis, I've heard about you and Robert. I couldn't help hearing. And at first I was afraid for you—even though I knew you didn't have the hurdle of religion or anything like that to get over. But I'm not afraid now." She looked away from me then and her voice was very low. "I've learned a lot in fifty years of living, my dear. And the most important thing I learned is that you can't put labels on people. You have to see them as they *are*. He's strong and he's good and he loves you. That's all that matters. It may not be easy—but you're strong and you're good and you love him. Don't let other people's prejudice ruin your life."

You can't put labels on people.

BUT that's what I've been doing. I'd always said that when I loved, it wouldn't matter about the outside things, it would be the man himself who counted. And here, when this blinding, lovely thing had come, I'd seen the outside only. I'd let the fact that Robert was Jewish obscure the fact of himself. He was all I wanted, all I'd ever want, in life. But every time I'd thought of marriage the word Jew had come between. In my heart, I had betrayed him. I never would again.

But life is never easy. The world has many hard and hateful things in it. One doesn't stop living because of them. One doesn't turn aside from life. I might have to accept "restrictions" and ostracism all my life. There were still the people who didn't restrict or ostracise, the people who thought as I was beginning, just at this moment, to think. And they were the only people who mattered. They, and our courage and strength and belief in our love.

I began to run to the drugstore where Robert was waiting for me. He wouldn't ask to marry me now. I wouldn't let him. I would ask *him*.

Before We Part

(*Continued from page 40*)

real and that girl was real. Or that's the way it seemed then.

Right away the air raid warden came, and the emergency crew and the ambulance. They all knew their jobs better than I did and I didn't want to get in the way, so I stepped back, just helping out where I could. In the confusion, the girl disappeared. I never did see her go. She was just gone. I looked and looked for her, but I couldn't find her. I stayed until they got the people out—an old lady and a little girl—and then the all-clear sounded and I went on back to where I was staying, because there wasn't anything else to do.

I couldn't get that girl out of my mind. The moment we'd had when we'd kissed each other, and then the way she'd run out to help those people. I couldn't get over it, or the feeling I'd had when we were caught up there together in something bigger than ourselves. Of course, I figured I'd never see her again, but every time after that when I went to London, I'd find myself looking for her, hoping.

And then one day I did.

I got off the train on Saturday at Euston station and went to the canteen, and there she was, serving coffee. For a minute I couldn't believe it. I stood and looked at her. I knew I couldn't be mistaken because I'd recognize her anywhere. In a little while, she looked up and recognized me.

"Well! If it's not the Yank," she said. And smiled.

IT was like Fate or something. Out of all the millions in London to run into her again. I talked to her a little and found out when she was through and waited around to take her home. It was then I found out her name—Angela Temple.

Being with her did something to me I can't describe. It was like that first time all over again—the same excitement and exhilaration, and the same sense of reality. I wasn't living in a dream any more. Now it was home that was the dream, and this was life. Linna and the house we'd planned and the love we had—*that* was the unreal part. And we couldn't stay out of each other's arms, Angela and I. We didn't talk very much, as people do when they're getting acquainted. It was all too intense for that, and as if each time we saw each other might be the last on earth. And in a way, that was true—what with talk of invasion and the raids on London.

I didn't even know much about her except she didn't have any family any more, and that she lived alone and worked day times in an office. I used to worry about her staying on in London, but she'd laugh and say, "If you're going to get it, you're going to get it. Running away won't help." That was Angela. There was a sort of recklessness about her and everything she did that somehow made you feel that way, too.

I was wretched when I wasn't with her. I'd think about Linna and what I was doing, and it was awful. But all the time Linna kept getting farther and farther away. I couldn't write as I used to. I'd lost touch somehow. I found I was just living for the times I could be with Angela.

And then one night we'd been out dancing and we got back to her place

pretty late. There had been a lot of rumors about the invasion, and we all knew it was coming soon. You could tell. Angela and I knew, without saying anything about it, that this might be one of our last times together; it didn't make us sad. It made us laugh more and drink more and act crazier. When we got in her room, we kissed each other and then—well, suddenly it was as if we'd both been waiting for one single moment, been living for it, and here it was at last. We didn't have to say anything—we recognized it.

I spent the night there—with Angela. It didn't seem wrong. There wasn't any right or wrong any more—there was just that wonderful, excited recklessness that drove us. The next day I asked her to marry me. I didn't do it because of what had happened, or because I thought I ought to. I wanted her and needed her, regardless of anything. She'd known about Linna of course, all along—I'd told her as soon as I saw how things were going to be between us. She knew I was miserable about it, but she said, "But that's the way things happen sometimes, Lance. You fall in love and then you fall out of it and there's nothing to do about it."

So we made the necessary arrangements. My C.O. tried to talk me out of it—he said it didn't seem wise—but he finally said okay when he saw how sure I was. It was then I wrote Linna and I was sorry the letter was so short but there wasn't anything else right then to say. I got leave, and we got married and had a few days together. And they were like all the times I'd ever been with her, only more so, if you know what I mean.

THEN my outfit was alerted. I went back to it and I didn't see Angela again. We didn't get to France until some time after D-day. I won't try to tell you what it was like—I couldn't anyway. It was just war, that's all. During the waiting part of it I thought of Linna and wanted to write again. But I couldn't. I got letters from Angela—quite a few of them at first. In one she said she was going to have a baby.

She was unhappy about it, real upset. She said she didn't want it. That worried me a lot because I did. I thought she was just scared, being alone and all. I tried to comfort her but then her letters stopped coming and I was more worried than ever. I thought maybe they just weren't getting through, though. I never figured on the real truth.

I got wounded, and it doesn't matter about that, either, right now. I was evacuated to a hospital in England. It was there that Angela came to see me. And it was there she let me have the truth, both barrels right between the eyes.

The baby was due in about six weeks, but she still didn't want it. She said she'd have gotten rid of it if she'd dared. Right there in the hospital ward, with me with both arms in a cast, she said that. And she said she didn't want me either and that getting married had been a fool thing to do. That's what she said—"a fool thing to do." Here she was tied down with a baby and a wounded guy for a husband.

She was hard—hard as nails. What she said hurt more than the shrapnel ever had, and after she left that day I had a relapse. The doctors said she couldn't come again. Everybody felt sorry for me, but everybody sort of figured that she was hysterical what with the baby—they said pregnancy

sometimes makes women do strange things—and my being wounded, and that she hadn't really meant what she said. After the first shock of it passed, that's what I thought.

But her face kept coming back to me, as it had looked when she'd said that. And other things about her. All that courage of hers I'd admired so on that first night when she ran out to save the people in the bombed house now didn't seem like real courage at all, but just a part of that crazy recklessness of hers. War does that to people sometimes—I've seen fellows in battle act the same way. It's as if it made them drunk. And what had been so real to me had been like a drunken spree to her, and after I'd gone and she found out about the baby she'd waked up sober. It had made her almost hate me.

WELL, finally I was well enough to leave the hospital, though I'd still be having treatments for a long time to come, and I went to the place where Angela and the baby had been staying. I hadn't seen her again or had any word from her except about Anne. She—she hadn't changed. She was calmer, but she still felt the same way.

"It's just no good, Yank," she said. She could still call me that! "I was crazy, to get married."

"But Angela, we *are* married! We've got a child. You can't just say it was all a mistake and let it go at that. Maybe it was, if you feel this way, but we've got to try to make it work."

It was like arguing with a stone wall. She didn't seem to have any real feeling at all, and nothing I said made the slightest impression. But I swore that no matter what happened with Angela and me, I was going to look after the baby. None of it was her fault, and she was mine. I told Angela that.

I left after a while and went on back to the hospital. A couple of days later they called me in and told me that Angela had left the place she was staying—cleared out without a word and left the baby behind her. The Army authorities had been notified and they were taking over.

Well, there's no sense in trying to tell you what I went through then. By that time I wanted a divorce. I wanted it more than I'd ever wanted anything in my life. The Red Cross helped, too, and when I insisted that I wanted to bring Anne back to the States and look after her the best way I could, they arranged that, and she came over on the boat with me in charge of a Red Cross nurse coming back home on leave.

You see, I felt I had to bring her back here. Bring her back—to Linna. It was as if Linna were so much a part of me that what had happened to me had happened to her, too, and this was the way it had to be.

Lance's long story was finished.

I lay back in my chair, exhausted. I had lived every moment of it. I had been in the blitz, I had seen Angela, I had gone through that emotional hell there in the hospital. It had all happened to me as if I had been Lance, and yet to me as Linna, too, seeing the man I loved in the arms—if ever so briefly—of another woman.

There was a long silence. Then my father cleared his throat.

"I want to be fair, Lance," he said. "It took courage to come here and tell us this—this sordid story, and I respect you for it as a man. But what it boils down to is this: you've brought home your child—another girl's baby—to my daughter. By that I suppose you mean that as soon as you are legally free, you want to marry Linna. You want to go ahead as if none of this had ever happened, expecting her to take you back, expecting her to look after this child as if it were her own. Is that it?"

Lance looked tortured. "Yes sir, I suppose you might say that was it. But put that way, it's all too simple. I mean, those words don't seem to mean what I feel at all. It's as if—"

"Well, whatever you feel, I won't have it!" my father burst out. "It's—it's unthinkable."

"NOW wait, Fred," my mother cut in. "He had to bring the baby back with him. Imagine deserting a poor, helpless little thing like that!" She cuddled the baby closer to her. "It's not *her* fault—it's her dreadful, unnatural mother's! He'd have had to put her in an institution somewhere—"

"I won't do that," Lance said. "I'll never do that. I'll get somebody to look after her while I'm in the service, but after I'm out she's mine!"

"Well, she's not Linna's," Dessy cried vehemently. She turned on Lance. "And I think you've got a nerve to—"

It was more than I could bear. "Oh, please, please, everybody—stop talking! I—I feel as though I'm being torn into little pieces. *You* can't decide what I'm going to do. Nobody can, but me. I've got to think, I've got to be quiet."

They all hushed then. They felt I'd been driven almost to the breaking point. Lance got up. He looked at me,

and there was a strange expression of struggle in his eyes—the struggle of a man to lay bare his soul when words are inadequate, a plea for understanding that goes beyond those words.

"I'm going now," he said. "But there's one thing you've got to know, Linna, while you're thinking. I haven't come back to thrust my baby on you because there's no place else to put her. And I haven't come crawling back to you myself, begging you to excuse an awful mistake I made and pretend it hadn't happened. I know I hurt you, and that no matter how hard I try I'll probably never be able to make up that hurt—though I'd willingly die in the effort. No, I came back because I had to, out of the wonderful, whole togetherness we had that somehow never stopped, no matter what I did. Can you understand that?"

I DIDN'T sleep that night. I hardly went to bed. Instead, I spent the hours pacing up and down my room in the dark. There was darkness in myself as well—the darkness of confusion and doubt and pain. From my parents' room I heard the murmur of voices for hours, and I knew they were talking it over—talking it over endlessly. And I knew there was no sleep for Lance, either; that he, too, walked a lonely path, back and forth, back and forth, tortured in his way as I was in mine.

I understood his story. I knew how it had happened—far from home, facing something terrible—as terrible as only the upheaval of war can be—meeting a girl whose reckless abandon matched his own, needing desperately that feeling of kinship in the ultimate aloneness we all must feel at one time or another in our lives. Yes, this was the explanation I'd waited for, had faith in. I knew, even, that he loved me more than ever though he did not say so.

But what of me? How could I trust that love that had once betrayed me so cruelly? How could I now know the intimacy of marriage without the shadow of that other girl—that strange, unstable girl made ill by the war—always between us? Pride rose up in me. To take him back, rear his child, to suffer the indignity of what the town and my own proud heart would say—it was impossible. He had brought all this on himself. Let *him* suffer.

But he had suffered, he was suffering. There was not only what Angela had done to him, but what he had done to me—and, knowing Lance, I knew that was by far the greater suffering. He had acted from what made him the person he was and the man I loved.

For I did love him. I knew that.

But now—no! He was asking too much of me. No love in the world was worth what he asked. It would color our whole lives, become bigger than we were. I couldn't do it!

Breakfast was a silent, worn-out meal. None of us mentioned what was pre-occupying, possessing us all. But from their eyes, I knew what each of the others was feeling.

I went on to the office. News of Lance's arrival had spread, of course, and I knew the other stenographers could talk of nothing else. I set myself to bear their whispers and their glances. What would they be saying, how would they be looking, if they knew?

I went through mechanical jobs mechanically—typing, filing, "Yes, Mr. Moresby, no, Mr. Gregory"—like an automaton. There was pressure, like an actual weight, on my brain. *What to do, what to do.* I had to sort things out, find out how I felt. I had to decide.

As I was putting on my hat and coat ready to go home at the close of the day, Mr. Gregory called me into his office. He motioned me to sit down and then he gazed out of the window a few minutes without speaking.

At last he turned around. "Lance Jordan came to see me this noon," he said.

I still sat silent.

"I've lived a long time, Linna," he went on. "And I've practiced law a long time. There are a couple of things I've learned, doing both. Now the *facts* of what Lance told me are simply these: he was in love with you, engaged to you; in England he suddenly married another girl without a word to you of having met her; she deserted him and their child; and now he has come back, asking you to forgive him, take the child, and marry him when he's free. On the face of it, you'd be a fool to do what he asks.

"BUT one of the things I've learned, my dear, is that sometimes facts don't have anything to do with truth. They can even contradict it—human beings being the poor, mixed-up things they are. Truth is always bigger, Linna.

"I'm not trying to advise you, or make up your mind for you. Only you can do that. But in trying to decide, I want you to remember what I've just said. Look for the truth, the real, deep-down, underlying truth. Examine your heart as you never have before, and examine what you know of his. And somewhere in there you'll find the only honest clue to what you should do. You've got your life ahead of you and

you can make it what you want to, mostly. Just discover on what fundamental basis you want that life to be lived." Then he smiled and put his hand on my shoulder. "That's all, my dear. I only wish I could help. . . . One other thing. The last time we talked about this, I was doing the easiest thing and looking only at the facts. I'm wiser now. And I'll be glad and proud to have Lance Jordan back in his office when the army is through with him."

When I got home, I went up to my room and closed the door. The truth, he'd said. Find out the truth . . .

Then I did something I hadn't done in months, that I'd thought never to do again. I got the key out of the jewel case and I unlocked my hope chest.

I didn't look at the linens, at the handmade lingerie, or the tea service. I hadn't opened it to pull out old, sentimental dreams. I brought out the package of my letters that Angela had returned without a word. And then I untied the ribbon around the letters Lance had written me—those creased, well handled pages. I sorted them out by dates, and I read them all through, each one. Separated from any joy or pain they gave me, shaking off the memories they evoked, I read between the lines of them, trying to find what their essence said and not their words.

After a long, long time I knew.

I WENT out to the telephone in the hall and dialed Lance's number. "Please come," I said when he'd been called. "I'll meet you out in front."

I waited there, in the soft spring dusk, and I felt a strange kind of tired peace. My decision had been made for me; there was no need to fight any longer. When Lance came, I joined him and we walked together down the quiet street, under the new-leaved trees.

Finally, I stopped and turned to him. His face was shadowed, hard to read; but his body was tight with tension.

"It's hard to say what I'm going to say," I said. "It's hard to explain. But maybe there's not any need for explanation. I'm going to do what you ask, Lance. I'm going to marry you."

"No—wait, darling." I stopped him as he started to speak. "I'm not doing this because you ask it. But because I want to, I need to, I *have* to. I know now why you brought Anne to me and what you meant when you said she was part of the whole. I found out when I read over our letters today. They weren't just love letters, Lance. They belonged to people who had found each other, forever and ever, who had something between them that just wouldn't stop or die, no matter what seemed to happen to it. I'm not 'forgiving' you, Lance, for what you did, nor 'taking you back' after it. What happened to you happened to me, too—because—well, because that's just the way our kind of love is."

Lance has been assigned to training, now, at a camp not very far away. He won't be sent overseas again, and it is not too much longer that we have to wait until he will be free to marry.

I am looking after Anne. Or rather, Mother, Dessy, Dad and Lance and I are looking after Anne. And the town—well, the town talked and talked. Presently some of it will understand and the rest forget, and I really don't care.

All that honestly matters is Anne and Lance and me. That, and the day that she will have brothers and sisters to play with—brothers and sisters that will be as truly hers as she is mine.

"Where Have You Been?"

(*Continued from Page 41*)

my audition.

"That's nothing," he assured me glumly, "I've just come from seeing one of my best girls marry another man."

"But everything I've worked for depends on this audition," I sighed.

We were both feeling so sorry for ourselves that each of us was more or less oblivious to the other's blues.

We took a walk up Fifth Avenue then, making conversation, but little sense. Finally Peter took me back to NBC. "You sit here and relax," he said "and I'll see if I can get the good word on your try-out." "Do you really think you could?" By this time I felt I had to know one way or another. "I can try," he shrugged comically. Right here, in the midst of all that suspense, I remember I had the fleeting thought that he couldn't have been so crazy about the girl who'd gotten married that afternoon. In about fifteen minutes he was coming toward me with a perfectly blank expression.

"WAS I very bad?" I managed to ask, feeling sure that I had flopped miserably. Still without cracking a smile, he held up his hand and counted off, "1—You came over beautifully, 2—They like you, 3—You're in!"

I'm afraid I babbled for the next half-hour—about how grateful I was.

Three or four days later Peter called me up and said—in a very off-hand manner—"I'm going over to Cafe Society Uptown to look over a performer. I thought maybe you'd like to come."

I had my hair up in curlers at the time, so I hesitated about accepting, but he swept all my objections aside, and this time we had fun.

At this point I think I should explain about Peter's foible. He has the goofy habit of giving girls masculine nicknames. He started calling me "Joe" almost at once, and simply wouldn't drop it. Before I knew it, I was Joe to practically everyone. My real name was Helen Janis, and I did do a number of radio shows under that name, but as the Joe business continued, I gave in and compromised—I started working under the name of Jo Janis.

It must have been a week before he asked me for another date. This time we went to see "Hellzapoppin." Peter knows Jay C. Flippen, who was starring in the show, so he took me backstage before curtain time, and introduced me to him. I got a terrific kick out of it when Jay used our names all through the performance.

We went on to a supper club, and the master of ceremonies recognized Peter. He had the spotlight thrown on us, and made Peter take a bow, and introduced him to the guests, "Here, folks, is Peter Donald—one of the fastest-rising young comedians in radio." I just ate it up. Not only was I beginning to suspect that I was falling in love with this Peter Donald, but everyone else thought he was wonderful too.

Although he didn't say anything, we seemed to have a silent understanding, and I just knew he'd call me the next day—but he didn't. In fact, days and days and days went by. I read about Peter's new radio assignments and his big success on Can You Top This? I knew he must be very busy, but after all, a telephone call doesn't take but

a few minutes. I tried to convince myself that it was because he was so busy.

I knew this, of course, but as the weeks slipped by with no word from Peter, I began to get miserable. By this time I knew I was in love with him past all doubting. What can a gal do when she discovers herself in love with a man who is very sweet to her, but certainly couldn't be accused of being romantic? Well, I guess there are several possibilities, but all I wanted to do was go away for a while. Before I left, I dropped into Kauffman-Bedrick's to grab something to eat between rehearsals. There was Mr. D.—poring over a script.

"Hello, Jo," he greeted me with that gay smile of his. Then, maddeningly, "Where've you been keeping yourself?"

"Oh, I've been busy," I answered with a brightness I didn't feel.

"I hear you're coming along fine, Beautiful," he said, as he pencilled a few words on the margin of his script.

"I'm going home for a trip," I blurted out then, "I'm leaving tomorrow—I mean the day after."

"Well, have fun, Beautiful, but don't stay away too long." A quick glance at his watch, and he was gathering his stuff together.

In a flash he had told me to have a good trip, and was off.

SO I went along home. It was good to see everyone, but I kept thinking about Peter. I was convinced he would never love me, and I made sincere efforts to put him out of my heart.

I'd hardly got through unpacking, on my return, when the phone rang.

"Well," said the man I was trying to forget. "It's about time you got back."

After some of our usual banter, I agreed to see him that evening after his show.

At 1:00 o'clock we found ourselves outside the old Plaza, at the entrance to Central Park. I was very tired, what with my trip and our night clubbing, I'd had a big day. "Let's go for a ride in a hansom," Peter said.

"I think I'd better go home, Peter," I said.

"Oh, come on," I was surprised at the urgency in his voice, "you'll love it."

I gave in, and we boarded an open cab. Driver and horse sprang to life and we started through the Park. The big August moon filtered through the trees and threw a pattern of leaves and moonbeams on us and the roadway. Peter took my hand and I relaxed.

"Jo," he said, turning toward me. "Did you miss me?"

"That's a funny thing to ask," I said after a moment. "When I was in town we hardly ever saw one another."

"I know. But when you left, and I began to realize that I couldn't pick up the phone and talk to you, that I couldn't see you when I wanted to—the blues really came in and met me."

"Oh," I said, "you like to have me handy." I didn't want to be hurt.

"I love you, Jo," he said, in that same, quiet tone.

Then I was in his arms, and a few minutes later when the hansom clip-clopped back to its place, we had set our wedding date.

In September we were married in a lovely old church on Fifth Avenue, and ever since we've been busy with radio and with living happily ever after. You can see why I think it must have been a very wise person who first said, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." I think he most definitely had something there!

Next of Kin

(*Continued from page* 21)

smiled with his heart as well as his lips.

It isn't easy to explain—or to remember—how David and I fell in love. It wasn't, certainly, "at first sight," nor was it even suddenly. It was a gradual accumulation of things, I guess—exchanged "good mornings" and smiles when our eyes met down the length of the shop, and hands that brushed together when Dave handed me copy.

We found a great deal to laugh about together, somehow, and more often than not I let my hands lie idle on the keys of my typewriter while I dreamed a little about a man whose eyes were grave and whose smile was sweet.

BUT those dreams of mine were always—it's hard to find the right word to explain it. *Abstract,* I guess. They were like the absurdly romantic serial-story I used to tell myself before I went to sleep each night when I was in my early teens. I dreamed of thrilling last-minute rescues, of love scenes in some far-off, enchanted land, instead of dreaming of a little white house on Post Hill Road and a baby who would be David, Junior, as any sensible girl dreams of a man with whom she's fallen in love, whom she hopes to marry.

It was Uncle John who brought my feet back to earth, one morning as we stood looking at the bright red-and-white posters Dave was pulling off the job press. The posters advertised the annual Post Hill American Legion Dance and ice cream social.

"You kids going?" Uncle John asked idly, looking at both of us.

We answered almost in chorus, David saying, "I haven't got a girl," and I, "I haven't been asked."

"Well," said Uncle John, in that way of his that sounds so sensible you can't find any arguments against him, "seems to me that if you two would team up it would solve everything." Whereupon he picked up a batch of the posters and walked away.

David ran off three or four more posters in silence, and then cut the switch of the press and came around it to stand beside me. "Well?" he asked, and I looked up to find that I was seeing laughter in his eyes, as well as on his lips, for the first time.

I pretended to think about it for a minute. Then I shrugged, and said, "I guess there's no way out—he's the boss, after all."

Dave's grin widened. "You're quite right," he answered, making his voice very solemn. "It wouldn't do to offend him." And suddenly we were both laughing—and we *knew* each other. We were friends, in that moment, and potentially lovers.

I went to the dance with David—over the bitter protests of Aunt Lil, who had a great deal to say on the subject of "It's bad enough to expose that poor child to That Fellow in the office all day long, John, without deliberately *making* her go out in the evenings with him!" We went to the dance, and people looked at us strangely, or were a little too glad to see us. And when we went to the South Side Church basket party the next week, people treated us the same way. And when we walked down the street, on the way home from the movies, at night. And when we went to the beach to swim. Wherever we went! David was an outsider, and being with him made me an outsider, too. All the things that

marked him an outsider were little things, but they were there, and they added up to so much. The fact that he was not allowed to charge at Weiller's Drug Store — when everyone else in town ran monthly bills for aspirin and sodas and what-all. The fact that I was invited places and politely—oh, so very politely! — given to understand that I was welcome, myself, but I mustn't bring Dave along. Such little things . . .

Ours was a funny love affair, progressing from simple dates, through held hands, to kisses, without any feeling of growing permanency at all. And it came, finally, to marriage in the same way . . .

David was living in the room off the print shop—the single men on the staff took turns living there, ever since the place had been broken into by vandals several months ago, and some of the expensive machinery wrecked. (Dave's work, too, Aunt Lil always said, when she was listing her grievances against him.)

One night, at the table Aunt Lil was holding forth on her favorite subject—Dave had been invited to dinner the night before. "He can't even eat like regular people," she was saying. "Holds his knife and fork like a savage, and all but puts his feet into the plate. I must say, Shirley, that—"

"All he needs is some nice girl to look after him," Uncle John put in, softly but firmly, but I hardly heard him. Suddenly I couldn't stand it any longer.

"I'm going down to the shop," I said, getting up abruptly. "I'll do the dishes when I get back, Aunt Lil—just leave them. I left my knitting, and I want to finish that afghan for Mom by her birthday. I can work on it tonight."

I put on my coat and hurried out of the house. Dave would be at the shop, I thought idly—I'd see him. But the whole place was dark when I got there, and there was no answer to my rattling of the front door knob. So I found my key, opened up, and felt for the light switch.

The door to Dave's room opened and softly closed again.

"Who's there?"

"It's only me—no vandals this time, Dave."

And then I found the lights and switched them on. He was standing at the rail that separated the entrance from the offices, and it seemed to me, oddly, that he was breathing hard.

"What—what do you want?"

I moved closer to him. "That's a fine thing to say. If you were glad to see me, I might have said I'd come to see you. But as it is, I'll tell the truth—

I came down here after my knitting."

"Oh."

Suddenly I was exasperated. "For goodness sake, Dave. Don't stand there with your mouth open. You look as if—"

There was a resounding crash back shop which drowned out the rest of my sentence. For a moment Dave and I stood staring at each other. Then I cried, "Dave—who've you got back there?" If I'd stopped to think, I might have thought it strange that not for a second did I believe that it might be an intruder, someone Dave didn't know about.

"NO one," he said, lamely, after a moment.

"David—don't lie to me. Who is it?"

"I can't tell you, Shirley."

"Dave—is it a—a girl?"

He came across to me then, and put his hands on my shoulders, compelling my eyes to his. "Shirley—I guess I'd better tell you. I don't know who I can trust, if I can't trust you. It's a boy—a boy who escaped from St. John's this afternoon. He hurt his leg getting over the wall, and he came here to me. I—I'm going to give him a while to sleep, and then get him out of town before morning." He said this last half-warily, half-defiantly, waiting for my reaction.

St. John's—the reformatory. I had, for a moment, a vivid picture of its soot-grimed grey walls with watch towers at the corners, of the ugly pile of the building, with its small barred windows and heavy, solid doors. This was where David had spent the years of his life that should have been the gayest, happiest years. For a moment I felt only compassion for the boy hiding back in the shop. And then I realized what it would mean to David if he were caught here.

"Dave, you can't! You've got to get him out of here—send him back! You've got to!"

"Send him back—turn him in? Shirley—"

"You've got to. It'll prove, once and for all, to the people of this town that you're just as decent and law-abiding as they are! Don't you see?"

There was a long moment of silence. And in that silence, we heard the soft closing of the back door of the shop. Dave turned on his heel and went out there, and I never knew what his answer might have been. In a moment he was back. "He's gone," he said shortly. "He must have heard you."

I sat down, weak with something that was probably relief. At least, no one had caught the fugitive with Dave!

"David," I began after a moment, "Don't you see—don't you understand? You can't ever be a respectable citizen if you do things like this! No one will ever trust you—no one will ever—oh, Dave, sometimes I wonder if you know right from wrong?"

He stood very close beside me, but not touching me at all. "Sometimes," he said, "I wonder if I do."

I looked up at him, and I think I loved him more in that moment than I ever did before, than I ever did afterwards. He seemed, somehow, more of a person than ever before, and yet farther away, more unapproachable. All this, for just a moment, and then he was close to me, vulnerable, for he dropped to his knees and buried his face in my lap.

"Shirley—Shirley—I *want* to be like other people. I *want* to know right from wrong. I want to be normal. I don't want to be *looked at!* I don't want to be the way I am—"

I felt as if my heart would break with the welling of tenderness in it. I put out my arms and gathered him in, holding his head close against my breast. "David, darling—"

"Honey, do you suppose people will ever trust me? I don't do wrong things because I want to. I don't fight with the printers and the guys down on Peters' Corners because I want to—it's because I feel I have to so they won't think they can say anything they want to about me. How can I be like other people, if other people won't let me? Shirley—help me. You can help me. You can show me how to be right. If I could have you, if you were always with me, nothing else would matter. I wouldn't have to do things to show what a great guy I am. I wouldn't have—"

"David," I said, very softly, "you can have me. I'll help you—I want to help you!" And, heaven help me, it didn't, it *didn't* sound so condescending when I said it as it does written down here!

AND so we went away and were married. I had flowers, but no bridesmaid to throw them to, and there were no people to crowd around and kiss the bride and shake the groom's hand and wish us well. Then we came home to a stiffish dinner at Uncle John's and Aunt Lil's, where Dave said little and ate less (he realized full well Aunt Lil's opinion of his table manners) and then we went home to the two-room apartment we'd rented in Post Hill House.

We had no possessions—just Dave's clothes and mine—so unpacking took very little time. Once, Dave turned

from his big bag and came across the room to me. In his hand were several green-and-white felt letters, a couple of photographs, and what looked like a high school year book.

"Did I ever show you these?" He dumped the pile into my lap.

Something turned cold inside me, and I couldn't bring my fingers to touch them. "What—what are they?"

"Letters I won at St. John's," he answered off-handedly, but there was pride in his voice. "And a picture of the track team. And the Annual—I was in charge of printing it, the last year I was there."

I looked down at the elaborately entwined felt SJ's and felt sick. Why, he was proud of these things, *proud* of them—just as proud as if he'd won them at a—at a regular school, a decent place like Post Hill High. I didn't want to hurt him, but I couldn't find one solitary thing to say, nor could I bring myself to open the cover of the Annual. At last I managed a feeble "They're nice," and David gathered them up and took them away again, his eyes very grave and his mouth tight.

IT was things like that that kept our marriage from ever seeming completely real, I suppose. Things like that, and the fact that our marriage didn't belong to us alone, but to all of Post Hill. To the Wednesday Club, where I knew at each meeting Aunt Lil and the other ladies tsk-tsk-ed and deplored; to Harry Sweet, who felt it his duty to keep everyone reminded of Dave's unreliability, thus keeping their minds off his own son, to people I met on the street, who always so scrupulously asked me how my husband was "getting on" as if he had been seriously ill and now might possibly be on the road to recovery. It was the attitude of people—oh, and to be fair, my own attitude, too—that kept me from feeling quite right about our marriage, even when we were alone. I think that feeling of mine must have been very like the feeling of a girl who is not married at all, when she lies in the arms of her lover. Happy—and a little guilty, as if at any moment someone might come into the room and discover them.

But I had definite plans about what I must do to help David, to make him more acceptable to Post Hill—and, although I wouldn't admit it, to me. He mustn't hang around the pool hall any more. He must learn to use his knife and fork properly. The ain'ts in his speech must be replaced with aren'ts, and the thems with thoses. I must guide him, show him the way . . .

Poor David—I must have sounded much more like a schoolmarm than a wife, sometimes. And I felt more like one. He was terribly sweet about it, at first, but after a while the sweetness soured a little. He became silent around the house, as if by saying nothing he could protect himself from my finding flaws in what he said.

Once he suggested, "We ought to get out of Post Hill, Shirl. We ought to go some place where we aren't known at all, and start all over again. It would be easier on me, and a whole lot easier on you."

"Easier on me, Dave?"

"Yes—you wouldn't be so conscious of people talking about me, of me offending people. You wouldn't have to nag me so much about—"

I sat up very straight. "Nag you—*nag* you? I'm only trying to help you make something of yourself, Dave. Be-

sides, a lot of employers wouldn't be as kind as Uncle John. We wouldn't have things so easy in a strange place. Lots of print shops might hesitate to hire—"

I stopped. "Hire a convict?" he finished for me. "You might as well say it, Shirley. Or were you going to be polite, and say 'a man like you'?"

And suddenly, we were quarreling—our first quarrel, but not our last. Everything Dave did, everything he said, seemed somehow a little wrong. Even things I wouldn't have thought twice about if they were done by other men—like walking home with the new girl Uncle John had hired to take my place—seemed wrong, in David. I felt that he was, in a sense, on probation, that he had to prove himself. Like the business about the money, for instance. —I naturally assumed that Dave would turn his salary over to me, and that I'd handle the household finances. But he didn't see it that way. And how could I tell him that it seemed better, *securer* to me, for me to handle them, without hurting his feelings? There was no way, and I *did* hurt his feelings —I could see it in those grave eyes of his, in the very gesture with which he gave me that pay envelope, unopened, each Friday.

AND yet, so insecure a marriage it seemed, so unreal a one, that it didn't surprise me when it came to an abrupt end after a course of a brief few months. I was hurt; I was frightened —but somehow I was not surprised.

It happened the night that Daly's Hardware Store was robbed. The store was just a few doors down the street from us, and we were asleep when the wail of the burglar alarm wakened us. I sat straight up in bed, crying "What's that?" but Dave was already out of bed and plunging toward the window in the darkness.

"Sounds like a burglar alarm," he called back over his shoulder. "Turn on the lamp, will you?" While I groped for the bedside lamp, he flung the window wide, leaned out, turning back in a moment to report, "Yes—crowd's already gathering. Looks like Daly's. Wonder if they got away?"

He was reaching for his trousers when I finally got the light on.

"Dave—where are you going?"

He grinned. "Down to see the excitement—slip on something and come along."

I caught my breath. "Oh, Dave—you'd better not!"

He paused in the cinching of his belt about his waist. "Better not? What do you mean?"

"I mean you'd better not. It'll look funny, your hanging around down there. They might think you had something to do with it!"

He came slowly across the room and stood looking down at me. Suddenly the anger I saw dawning in his eyes exploded. "For pete's sake, Shirley, why? *Why?* There are lots of people down there. Probably your Uncle John, by now. Are they going to think *he* had something to do with it?"

I shook my head. "No, of course not. But Dave, don't you see? It's different —oh, it's just that I don't want you to get into any more trouble, Dave!"

"More trouble—what trouble have I got into, except what you've thought up in your own head? I'm going down there."

"No—no, Dave—you're not!" I got hastily out of bed, throwing my robe about my shoulders. "Dave, you're not!

Oh, what good does it do for me to talk? You—you asked me to marry you to help you, and then every time I say a word—"

The look on his face stopped me. But he didn't say anything. He just finished dressing—finished dressing much more completely than was necessary in order to run downstairs to see what was going on. I felt suddenly cold, a little sick.

"Dave—where are you going? What are you going to do?"

He picked up his hat. "I don't know where I'm going. I don't know what I'm going to do. *But I do know that I'm going—and I'm going right now!* I've had about all of this that any man can be asked to take, Shirley—that's all."

My throat felt tight, so that the words came out in little high, jerky sounds. "Dave—you can't! Dave, what do you mean? I only try to do what's best. I only want to help you. I—"

He looked at me levelly. "You only want to help me—how do you know, when you've never tried? Maybe it's not your fault—maybe you just haven't sense enough to see what you're doing, but I can't take any more of it. I'm all through!"

I'm not quite sure how I got through the first few months—going back to work for Uncle John, meeting the pity in the eyes of everyone who passed me on the street, listening endlessly to Aunt Lil's "I told you so!"

I found that it was better not to remember David at all. My memory played me tricks, and brought back to me, I found, only the nice things—the sweetness of his smile, the gentleness of his hands, the little-boy expression I'd surprise on his face when he wasn't sure how I was going to react to something. Kisses, and kindness, and the sound of his voice, and the little gifts he had brought, trying to please me. And so it was better to forget entirely, make believe that never, anywhere in the world, had there been a David.

The weeks slipped mercifully into months, and the months carelessly into years. Once in a while I'd hear something about Dave, usually through Uncle John, by way of the printers. He was working on a small paper in Iowa. He had a job doing color for a big plant in Chicago. He was running a linotype for one of the Minneapolis dailies. And

then, with the coming of the war, he had enlisted. After that, no one seemed to know anything about him.

And I had forgotten. I mean that—I had made myself forget, completely. Only in forgetting lay sanity and peace, and those I had to have, in order to live my life in Post Hill.

I didn't get a divorce. You don't do that in a place like Post Hill unless there's a very good reason—and the only good reason I could ever have had would have been wanting to marry someone else. There simply was no one else I liked well enough to marry. I'd find someone someday, Aunt Lil kept telling me, and I'd agree with her, and agree with her, too, that then would be time enough to start all the fuss and mess of divorce.

In the midst of the peace and contentment a bomb burst one day—one day in the second year we were in the war. It came in the form of a telegram, sent up by the office in the railroad station because it, as the messenger explained, "seemed important enough so's Mr. Hill didn't think he oughta just telephone."

I read the telegram three times before it made sense—before I could understand that it was from the War Department, to tell me that Captain David Lansdowne had been wounded in action on the South Pacific. I wandered, dazed, out into the backyard where Uncle John was, and put the telegram into his hands.

He read it, looked up, raising his eyebrows. "Well?"

"But why, Uncle John? Why tell *me*? I mean, I'm sorry he's been hurt —I don't mean to sound callous. But I don't understand."

Uncle John let the little yellow slip fall into his lap. "They notify the next of kin, Shirley. You're his next of kin —his wife! Damn it all, Shirley, *you're his wife!*"

The strange feeling of unreality I'd had in first reading the telegram was still with me. I remember wondering, as I walked away, if that anger of Uncle John's against me hadn't been festering inside him all these four years, since David went away. But it didn't seem to matter at the moment. *Captain David Lansdowne* . . . it was like repeating a stranger's name. Who was he, this captain, this soldier, this man who had been fighting for how long—two years?—and had been wounded?

That was all there was, for a while—that telegram. Uncle John made inquiries through the Red Cross, but there had been no answer, yet. It was as if the telegram had been something that happens suddenly, like a summer shower in the midst of a sunny day, so that when the sun comes out again, you forget it. I forgot it—I put it out of my mind, and went on with the business of living each day in Port Hill.

Went on with it, that is, until a letter came. David had been flown to a hospital here in the United States—to a hospital not too far from Port Hill, as a matter of fact. And I, as his wife, would be allowed, of course, to see him.

My thoughts, on the train that took me to the nearby coastal city where the hospital was, were simply chaos. I couldn't make them come in a straight, orderly pattern. All I knew, and that I clung to, was that David was quite alone in the world. He had no one but me. Even though we no longer meant anything to each other, even though we were as nearly strangers as two people who have loved each other can ever be, I was closer to him than anyone else in the world. I had to go to him—he needed someone now, and there was no one else.

I was sent to see a doctor, when I arrived at the hospital, a doctor who somehow put his finger, at once, without knowing that he did it, on the crux of the whole matter.

"There's nothing really wrong with your husband, Mrs. Lansdowne," he told me, "that time and what we can do for him won't heal. Nothing physical, that is. But there is something wrong with his mind—and I don't mean that he's insane," he added hastily. "He doesn't want to get up, to face life. Tell me frankly, was there any trouble between you and your husband?"

My throat felt suddenly dry. Trouble? "I—doctor, you don't understand," I began. "I'm not really David Lansdowne's wife at all."

The doctor's voice had changed, when he answered me. It was a little harder. "Perhaps you had better begin at the beginning, and tell me the whole story."

And so I began at the beginning, and told him the whole story.

The doctor, when I had finished, was silent for a minute that seemed to stretch into years. Somehow I was afraid to look at him.

At last he said, and his voice was brisk, with none of the friendliness with which he had first greeted me, "That's quite a story, Mrs. Lansdowne. It all boils down to this—no one seemed to have much confidence in your husband, did they? Including you."

I felt, queerly, as I used to feel when I'd been brought before my grammar school principal to be lectured. No one had much confidence in him—no one had very much reason to."

The doctor leaned forward. I still,

without knowing why, wanted to avoid his eye, but he was compelling me to look at him. "You're wrong, Mrs. Lansdowne," he said flatly. "You're wrong on both counts. Can you tell me one thing that David ever did that gave you reason *not* to have confidence in him? Did—"

"He was a reformatory boy," I cried a little wildly. "He had stolen cars—"

"When he was a child," the doctor finished for me. "I'm talking about the *man* David Lansdowne, now. Did he ever steal anything? Was he brutal to you? Did he—"

I felt as if I were being unjustly accused of something. "No, no—I've told you the whole story. I've *told* you . . ." And I heard my voice fall away under the sharp, unpitying eyes of the doctor.

"Yes, you've told me the whole story. And you've said that no one had any confidence in David Lansdowne. Well, there you're wrong. Some one did—someone pretty important. The United States Army. We had confidence enough in him to send him to Officers' Candidate School, and he repaid the confidence by coming through with honors, by becoming the kind of soldier who is winning the war for people like you and your Aunt Lil and your Uncle John—by risking his life—nearly by sacrificing it—for his men, and for people like you and your Aunt Lil and Uncle John and all the people in Port Hill who had no confidence in him. That's all I have to say to you, Mrs. Lansdowne—except that I think you'd better turn right around and go back to Port Hill. I don't want you to see David Lansdowne—it would be the worst thing in the world for him—and if he has the sense I think he has, he doesn't want to see you, either. You'd be no help to him."

I've never known a silence quite like the silence in the office when he finished speaking. And then I didn't even mind the silence any more, because I was thinking. I was thinking of David, who was somewhere in this maze of white corridors. I wasn't thinking, as I had on the train, *I should see him and help him along—give his morale a boost, if I can, because he's so alone.* I was thinking, only, *I want to see him—I want to see him!* And I heard myself saying it aloud, "I must!"

The doctor stood up, and automatically I got to my feet, too. He came around the desk and stood very close to me, compelling my eyes to meet his once more. "Why—*why* do you want to see him, Mrs. Lansdowne?"

I didn't have any answer in my mind; I didn't even know how I felt. But the words came of their own volition.

"Because I *want* to see him—doctor, let me see him! I love him. I've just found it out. I never knew it before. I said the words so many times, but they had no meaning. Let me see him—please, *please* let me see David!"

I didn't care about anything in the world, just then, except seeing David, except putting my arms around him, and feeling once again the gentleness of his hands, seeing the sweetness of his smile. It's a hard feeling to describe—it was a sort of wonderful *completeness*—and I had never in my life felt this way before. Because, perhaps, I'd never been awake to love, never been truly in love, before.

In the corridor the feeling of strangeness, of unreality, came again. But I understood it now—I understood that it was because in a moment I would be with my husband, and until I was nothing would be quite right. But *when* I was, the whole world would be right for me—and for him, too. *Oh, let it be right for him, too,* I prayed silently.

The doctor opened the door, and I went in.

David was propped up in bed, staring out the window. He didn't hear us—or didn't care.

I found out what fear was, in that moment, what wild, unreasoning terror could be like. Perhaps he wouldn't care at all, even when he turned around and saw me. Perhaps he would say a casual, "Hello, Shirley," that would hurt more than any violent rebuke. But I had to try . . . I had to try!

"David—?"

He turned, very slowly, a little warily, as if he felt someone might be playing a joke on him. And I saw the fingers of his hand, lax on the white bedclothes, stiffen and curl a little—as if he would have liked to open his arms to me, and didn't dare.

I dared. I had to. I said, "David, dear, I've come—"

He smiled at me—the smile that was in his heart as well as on his lips. And he said, as if it were something he hadn't let himself hope for, "You've come!"

Somehow I was in his arms. I was knowing the gentleness of his hands, the sweetness of his smile, the *goodness* of his love. I was feeling his kisses, warming my mouth to laughter, my heart to humble thankfulness. I was hearing him say the words for which there are no other words in the language, "Honey, I love you—dearest, dearest, I love you so!"

We would go home, together. But I was already at home, in the place from which I had been too long a wanderer.

All This to Me

(Continued from page 29)

shadow and for the riot of color—hibiscus red and oleander white and pink—splashed against the walls; if it hadn't been for the evidences of lack of money for new awnings to replace the old and faded ones, the effect would have been overwhelming.

When I could get my breath Vin led me over the crumbling pink and turquoise flagstones into the house, to where a tall, thin, erect old man was waiting for us.

"You're home early, Vinton." The words were nothing—it was his tone that told me how much Mr. Mara adored his grandson. After introductions the courtly old man turned to me.

"Welcome to Villa Mara, my child. We can't give you the hospitality this house once could offer—you will find us living very simply. But I hope your visit here will be as pleasant for you as the sight of your lovely face is to me." I was not used to such flowery speeches, but his manner made me feel suddenly very much at ease.

"Thank you, Mr. Mara," I murmured.

"SHE'S a gringo from New England, grandfather. Can't you tell by the way she talks through her nose?" Vin's smile was teasing.

"Hello, everybody!" The greeting was as breezy as the girl, herself. Blue jeans tucked cowboy fashion into her boots, striped cotton shirt accentuating the width of her shoulders—"Vin, why didn't you tell me you were bringing a guest? I can't promise anything but a very skimpy luncheon."

All through lunch, while we laughed and chatted, I studied Jean. Vin had told me something of her story on our trip out here. Her parents had died very tragically, leaving her alone in the world, and old Mr. Mara had become her guardian. She had lived at the Villa for the past seven years. I had pictured her in the role of a foster-sister to Vin. But now I wasn't sure—there was something more.

With me she was natural and friendly. With Grandfather Mara she was both child and nurse. With Vin—oh, but with Vin I felt a subtle difference in her. Something in her tone, in her look, a hint of feeling so slight I could never quite put my finger on it.

And I was sure I must be mistaken when she added her voice to Vin's, urging me to come out to Villa Mara and stay until I could find another boarding house.

"You're being very kind, both of you. But I'm sure I'll find something tomorrow." I would have loved to live at Villa Mara—and there was a thrill in the thought of riding with Vin every morning and night . . . but I prized more my independence. Still, when I saw the disappointment on his face I wanted to reach up and touch the corners of his lips with my fingers—

It was that exact minute when I fell in love with Vin Mara.

Is there an extra-sensory perception that makes people we love hear our thoughts even when we don't speak? Vin suddenly turned to me, breaking off his conversation in the middle of a sentence, to ask:

"Want to come with me, Linda? We've just time to feed the pigeons before dinner and that's something I want you to see."

"I'd love it"—how could my voice be so controlled?—"but I think I'd

better stay here and help Jean with dinner."

There was a swiftly-masked expression on Jean's face before she answered generously, "No. You two go ahead. I'll stay—I can manage easily."

We walked back to what had once been the stables and was now a rotting timbered building nearly buried in huge geranium bushes and jasmine creepers. We had brought handfuls of grain with us and now Vin sprinkled some on my shoulders and hair, persuading the tame white pigeons who perched along the roof to come down for their evening meal.

"Here, Linda—there's one on my shoulder. Give him some of the feed. Here—" He grasped my hand as I hesitated, and guided it to the pigeon's sleek white head. To my surprise it pecked daintily and didn't hurt in the least. Vin could easily have let my hand go.

But he didn't. Startled, I looked up at him. And for a long, quiet, heart-hushed moment we stood there, breathless in the wonder we saw in each other's faces. The expression in his eyes I knew—because it was the counterpart of mine.

"Vin—"

"LINDA, darling . . ." his voice was gentle . . . "my own darling—"

His lips on mine were gentle too, at first, and wondering; and then as each beat of our hearts spun its length in thrilling, awakened realization, his lips grew more and more intense, more and more demanding. He pulled me hard against him. And power and weakness were a rhythm in my body, pounding against the strength of his embrace.

"I wanted you to kiss me." I murmured shamelessly, after a while.

"I know." His voice was shaking. "I think that's why I love you so, Linda. On the surface you're so reserved and so demure, but to me, and only to me, you show the passion that is below the surface. I knew it was there and I knew when the time came you would meet me half-way. I'm drawn by the mystery of you, Linda; by the secret rebellion I've glimpsed in your eyes. You come to me with your thoughts and your feelings and your desires for only me to know."

"Only for you," I echoed softly. "But—oh, Vin darling—there's no mystery in me, really. I'm afraid what you saw was just unhappiness."

"No, dearest. Not unhappiness. Because—" He turned my face up to his and smiled into my eyes. "Look at you now. That's not unhappiness in your eyes now, Linda. But the mystery is still there, darling, and I love you even when you look happy."

"And I love you . . ." But he stopped my words with kisses.

Stopped my words, yes; but as we were on our way back to the house I realized suddenly that he hadn't stopped my thoughts, and my thoughts were of Jean. Somehow I knew, knew deep inside me with a lover's sure knowledge, that Jean loved Vin too. It had been in her eyes, in her hand on his arm. It was there, in the pain that flashed over her face, when we got back to the house and Vin took her aside to tell her about us. But she was gallant.

"I know you will be happy, Linda," she said softly. "Vin is—Vin; and you are just right for him. I—if Vin had a sister she would be feeling toward you as I do now."

I took her hand with a momentary pang of pity and a greater feeling of admiration. But I strengthened the resolve I had already come to: Vin and

I must not live at Villa Mara. Jean was too much a part of the place; too closely interwoven with his former happiness. I must get him away, make a new atmosphere of happiness that would have no flavor of this present life of his.

Nothing could spoil the glorious, fulfilling joy of those next few hours; perhaps it was the taste of that joy that made our quarrel on the way home so horrible.

It started so innocently. Vin wanted us to be married soon—and thrilled and comforted that he felt the same way I did, I suggested we start apartment-hunting Monday morning. There was a war factory in a near-by town, and gradually more and more families were coming as far afield as Guadalupe in order to find living room. I knew we would have to hurry.

I felt Vin's arm around my shoulders stiffen even as I spoke. And when I had finished he turned to me incredulously.

"Why in the world should we look for an apartment? Villa Mara is big enough for all of us, darling, and, besides, it's my home. I couldn't imagine living anywhere else. Don't you like it? Don't you like Grandfather and Jean?"

"It's not that I don't like them. I do. But marriage should mean a fresh start for two people. Every couple should have that chance to be alone, at least for while, so they can make their own adjustments without interference or advice."

I was near to tears now. How could I make Vin understand how important this was—even if I hadn't known that Jean Garber was in love with him? I *must* have him to myself for awhile. I *must* know that we belonged only to each other—not part of us to other people, to old habits, to a house! Villa Mara could never be mine. It belonged to the generations of other women who had lived there—and to Jean.

"Promise me, Vin. Promise me we'll have our own place, at least just at first. I can't explain why it's so important to me—but I know I couldn't marry you otherwise."

"What a funny, intense little thing you are," he said, half in amazement, half in anger.

But in the end he agreed. And when we stopped in front of my boarding

house we both tried, in the warmth and the seeking of our kisses, to banish the ugliness of our quarrel.

My bed that night was a floating cloud. At least I knew it couldn't be the same bed upon which I had tossed in feverish, troubled sleep—how long ago?—the same bed where I had cried myself ino the next day. I had come to Guadelupe to find sanctuary, and I had found ecstasy. I had come to forget a man, and I had found a man—a man who loved me deeply and truly.

But morning brought a disappointment. Not only was it impossible for us to find an apartment, but there was not even a temporary room for me, alone, There was only the miserable, dirty little apartment of Mrs. Truby's. And Mrs. Truby was a slattern. I could see that Vin had instantly dismissed both apartment and landlady as impossible.

IN the meantime, there was only Villa Mara.

The next weekend found me again in Vin's home, but with a difference. Now I was there with a room of my own, and a place in the family life. And the house wove its lovely spell about me; nobody could have resisted it. It was heartbreaking to me to have to try to resist, to try to convince myself and Vin that I could never live happily there. Because, if it hadn't been for Jean, Villa Mara would have been heaven. Impulsively, I told Vin, "I do so love this place, darling. I feel as though I had carried it in my mind for years, not ever dreaming that such loveliness could ever be seen and touched."

And then, of course, I wanted desperately to catch back the words, sincere as they had been, as I saw the eagerness flare into his eyes. "Linda, darling—then you'll stay and be happy."

"No, Vin. I—I can't. It wouldn't work out. We've *got* to start out alone, together." And he bent again to his unpacking, with his face suddenly remote and closed against me.

"Where do you want this box to go, Linda?" He was carrying my few possessions into my room. "Do you want to unpack it—darling, you have no right to stand there looking like a beautiful green-eyed sea nymph when my hands are so dusty I can't touch you!"

"Who cares about dust!" I went into his arms in a whirlwind of gladness. Thunder pounded in my veins as his mouth closed on mine.

After a few days I began to love Grandfather Mara, as I already loved the Villa. It was easy to love him; to do little things that pleased him; and he was so ready to accept me that often I felt my heart go out to him in a rush of gladness. And he was wise, too; each evening he spent only an hour or so with us, on the patio, withdrawing before the dusk so that Vin and I could linger there together—isolated intervals of pure rapture. But there was no real happiness for me while Jean was there. Jean and the running of the household—the trees that had to be pruned, the crumbling stone walls that were patched and fell down and were patched again; the faded, shabby tapestry chairs that needed mending. I was the outsider, though Vin sometimes tried to draw me into the talks. But this was something they shared between them with mutual pride—and I felt out of it.

At such times I came close to hating Jean.

I was still working at the office for Vin. And whenever possible, when he had to lunch with a client instead of

with me, I went apartment-looking. But there was nothing—except Mrs. Truby's. And daily the distaste for her dirty rooms lessened in my mind and the conviction that we *must*, somehow, make our home there strengthened. I spent hours thinking of ways to transform its ugliness.

Then, one night, something happened to make me realize I must act soon.

It was Jean's birthday. After dinner we wandered into the big, cool, shadowed living room and I curled into a chair where I could watch the flickering play of the candles in their fireplace niche. Vin came in last—with his present for Jean.

"Oh, Vin—it's beautiful!" And it was—the simple, inexpensive Indian-silver bracelet was exquisite in design. But it was Jean who was suddenly, arrestingly beautiful in her pleasure.

I wasn't the only one who noticed it.

"Why, Jean, amigo—I hadn't realized how grown-up and how pretty you are! My little sister is blossoming like a rose. Can I still give you 'one to grow on?' Smiling, Vin bent over to kiss her cheek—but Jean broke out of his grasp and ran headlong out of the room.

I FELT stifled, not only because of the tension that grew in that room out of Vin's surprise—but from the jealousy that raged within me.

"Let's go outside, darling," I suggested. "There's a sliver of moon just coming up."

I felt his abstraction as we paced through the garden. And suddenly I could stand it no longer.

"I wanted to talk to you alone, Vin. You asked me the other day when we could be married and I think, now, we should set it for next Sunday." His arms went around me in a quick, glad gesture and my heart eased of its burden. *It wasn't too late—he hadn't understood what he had seen in Jean's face.* But if I waited—? If he should ever come to see that she blossomed for him and because of him—? "I went over to Mrs. Truby's again today—please, Vin, let me speak! I can fix it up so that it will be lovely and just like new."

"I know you would," his voice was angry and perplexed. "You'd work till you dropped to make it into a pleasant home for me—and yet you could never understand why it isn't my home—why it never could be. You think that because we can go to those three rooms and close the door we will be alone. Can't you see, Linda, that as long as we love each other, no matter how many other people are around we will always have a place for ourselves? That we can look at each other and know the key is turning in the lock and that the walls of our love can keep us safe—together?"

I had no words to argue with him.

"Kiss me, Vin. Hold me tight. Don't talk." And when his mouth was on mine and his arms were around me, I let my body yield itself in half-surrender, let all the passionate love that was in my heart speak to him through the mounting, throbbing of our pulses. I knew—and despised myself for knowing—that the spell was working, that his desire for me was a hardly-checked and growing thing—fearing and yet depending on the force of the emotions I was unleashing.

"If I have to choose between you and Villa Mara, darling," he said, huskily, "you know I couldn't ever let you go. You're a witch and I'll follow you—even to Mrs. Truby's."

I had won. Yet, walking back to the

house, for the first time I wondered if I was doing the right thing. If I were just protecting our happiness, then why should I feel so miserable? Was there something else—something mean and despicable—in my desire to keep Vin to myself? Was it love, or was it—possession? Could the two be separate things? My mind was a confused, unhappy turmoil.

"Linda—Vin—" It was Grandfather Mara calling. His agitated voice hastened our steps.

The first person we saw was Jean standing by the long refectory table. In her pose was a kind of unconscious defiance and her face showed stubbornness.

"Vinton, this child has gone out of her mind. She says she is going to leave us. She's going to be a nurse. She wants to leave tomorrow."

The astonishment on the faces of the two men was reflected, I knew, in my own. Jean leaving! Under cover of their excited protests I slipped away to my room. That was a family conclave and as yet I was not part of the family. Besides, I knew, intuitively, that my presence only made things harder for Jean.

I paced the length of my room, bewildered. Why was Jean leaving? Because of me? Because she couldn't stand the sight of my happiness—and Vin's happiness in me—any longer?

No, it was deeper. For just a second I wondered, with a shock, if she could be voluntarily withdrawing from what she knew might—could—become a triangle. *Was she going away because she was unwilling to come between Vin and me?*

I couldn't credit the thought. I couldn't believe that any woman would be so generous. And yet I was troubled. And, strangely, there was no joy—scarcely even relief—in the knowledge that she would no longer be a threat.

Driving home the next evening from work, Vin seemed remote from me. He was worried.

"She's such a kid!" he exploded, finally. "Oh, I know—lots of girls as old as she are on their own—you are only a year older, yourself—but she's been so protected all her life, with just Grandfather and me. I'm worried about her. She's too pretty—"

The sight of her bags piled in the tiled entrance hall made her going-away a reality. After tonight, there would be no Jean in our lives—no sister to take up so much of Vin's time—no danger to our marriage. But there was no joy in the thought for me, somehow.

Even the atmosphere added to the strain. The heat was oppressively heavy for seven o'clock and the air was still. A kind of brooding, sullen watching seemed to hang over the room, pressing down upon us.

They say an earthquake gives no warning. I don't know—but I remember that breathless expectancy, that ominous stillness just before the first shock came.

It came with an unbelievably sickening jar. I didn't know what it was—I felt my bones turn to water—my heart lurched—my eyes caught the swinging chandelier, the pictures askew on the walls—I heard old Mr. Mara's quick shout—"It's all right. It's only a little one!" but the words seemed to come from a great distance and they meant nothing—I was dizzy and nauseated. And over and above the confusion, above Vin's call of *"Earthquake!"* was a woman's high, shrill, piercing, terror-stricken scream.

AS quickly as the jar was felt, it stopped. But still there was that same feeling of waiting for something more, for something worse—and still the woman screamed. I knew now it was Jean. But it wasn't real, somehow. Jean was calm, capable, sedate. She wasn't the panicky girl who had run to the doorway in mad flight, who was crying at the top of her voice and trying, with insane frenzy, to pull herself free from Vin's restraining grasp.

Even as I grasped this fact and felt the first bewildering, fearful wonder that it was to Jean he had rushed—not to me—that the second temblor came. This was worse. It lasted no longer, but it differed from the other in that it was not a quick jar but rather a slow, earth-tilting roll that carried the heart plunging to my throat. From the dining room came the splinter of falling plates.

I couldn't speak but I knew that my eyes were imploring Vin for help. In that brief second that the earthquake lasted I read the steady assurance in them but that wasn't enough. Why were his arms around Jean? Why was he holding her, soothing her, pinioning her arms to her sides, talking to her, his cheek buried in her hair? Why hadn't he come to me?

I hadn't realized that old Mr. Mara had moved but now he was beside my chair. "It's all over. Just a small one." But his eyes, were on Jean and Vin.

They were passing me — passing me!—on their way upstairs. He had picked her up as if she were a doll and was carrying her in his arms. He paused by my chair for a second to whisper "All right, Linda? Did it scare you?" I shook my head, mutely, and he smiled—a tight, strained, weary smile—and went on. With her. Carrying Jean to her bedroom.

I heard a horrible rasping sound in that room after they had disappeared up the stairs, and for a second I couldn't realize it was my own breath escaping from my dry, hurting throat. I wasn't frightened. Not of the earthquake—not any more. I was caught up in another, a much more terrible fear, that was squeezing my heart and my throat and making me sob in that harsh, terrible way. I was afraid of what it meant—Vin caring so tenderly for Jean,

his first, his only, thoughts for her, the way he had picked her up in his arms!

And what of me? Had his love for me come into conflict with some more powerful and more compelling instinct? I was the stranger; Jean was a part of him. His first reaction had been to look after her. To me he had given only the common courtesy of a polite glance and a polite inquiry. Vin might not know it or realize it but there was a hold on him stronger than his love for me.

So my shocked and dazed mind reasoned. And suddenly the room became a prison. I found myself running out into the patio. I found my eyes going without thought to the balcony window that was Jean's.

The light was still on. I could see a tall shadow moving behind the window. He was still there.

He belongs there, a voice insisted inside my mind. I fought against that voice. *What about me? Where do I belong? He loves me. His place is with me.* But Vin wasn't here in the patio. He was with Jean, in her room.

For a second a fierce jealousy made my whole body shake. I could see them together: Vin tenderly lowering her to the bed—his hands smoothing her hair—loosening the cotton shirt she wore at her throat—his voice whispering his soft "amigo" in her ear—his head bending down—

I jerked myself up short. I had no right to think anything wrong about those two. Not of Vin who I knew was good and honorable. Nor of Jean, who I knew now had planned to leave Villa Mara tonight just so that she wouldn't stand in my way.

It wasn't she who must go. It was I who was the intruder here. That knowledge came suddenly in a blinding pain. I looked around the patio with unseeing eyes and the dim shapes and shadows of wall and shrub and fountain were suddenly unfriendly things who wanted my alien presence out of there. I didn't belong in Villa Mara. I had no roots there. The love that Vin and I had for each other had no strength against the will of this house that was a living, powerful force.

I HEARD footsteps, loud steps inside the living room and a man's call. It was Vin; perhaps he was looking for me.

But the light was still on in Jean's room and against my will, against my wishes, my feet led me up to the patio staircase, to the balcony that ran its length, and to the floor-length window that was the source of that light. Impelled by I knew not what, I stepped across the sill and into the room.

Once I was inside and facing Jean, standing by the bed, I knew why I had had to come.

"You mustn't go," I said to her without preamble. "You must stay here, for Vin's sake. I'm the one to go. He'll be sorry for a while, but he'll get over it and he'll have you. You're a part of him. He couldn't lose you."

I was too heartsick to look at her unbelieving eyes. I watched her hands, and saw they gripped each other tightly, the fingers curling as if in anger.

"Is this a trick?" and her voice was almost harsh.

"No." I explained wearily. "When the quake came he turned to you. His only thought was to protect you. I think he has a kind of love for you, Jean, which is deeper and stronger than anything he has ever known. And someday he *will* know it."

This was humiliation—and it was re-

lease, too. My love for Vin was stronger than it had ever been, but it had in it now a joy of freedom I had never known before. A freedom from the unhealthy desire to possess the one I loved.

Now her hands were still. And, slowly, reluctantly, their grip relaxed and they moved, in a sudden gentle motion to my shoulders.

"You're wrong, Linda. I lived in hope that someday it might be true and that Vin would come to care for me. But it isn't so." I moved impatiently, but she went on talking. "Oh, I was tempted—especially tonight. I knew you were jealous and your jealousy was a cruel thing that was hurting Vin. I thought I was justified—I was going to let him go on downstairs to you. I was waiting for the kind of scene I was sure you would put on, accusing him of neglecting you to care for me. I knew what that would do to Vin. I was hoping that his disgust would turn him away from you and to me."

She took a deep breath. "I thought, then, that the second-best he would someday want from me would make him forget, a little, of what he dreamed of from you. If that had happened—if you hadn't come in here tonight—"

She let me go and walked over to the window.

"It wouldn't have worked. He loves you. And the kind of love he has for you will never let him be satisfied with anything less."

AND in that moment, I knew that this was the truth that my fears and my jealousy had kept me avoiding all evening. Vin *did* love me!

"I'm your sister, too, now, Linda. So I have the right to tell you—his feelings aren't just surface ones. They go very deep—his love for you and for his grandfather and for this house and his friendship for me. If you take any of that away from him, what do you have to offer in return? Just be sure you're willing to let him pay the sacrifice you're asking of him."

I thought about her words, going downstairs. A strange embarrassment had fallen between us as she finished speaking. I wasn't angry—only terribly confused. And I think she regretted having spoken so plainly. *She's only a kid,* Vin had said of her. But now, walking slowly down the steps, I wondered. There was a kind of simple wisdom, of knowledge founded on goodness and trust, in Jean that defied her years. From my mother I had learned only that love meant *having* someone. Her grief had come because my father had left her, because he belonged to another woman. Those were the words she had used and the ideas I had absorbed.

But from Jean I saw another kind of love, that could weigh a man's happiness in the balance, and know a kind of fierce joy in giving up a chance to share his life—if it meant increasing his chances for happiness.

I had seen love in only its own form. She understood it as a whole. I knew now, that sharing love was not losing it but enriching it. If I had taken Vin away from his family and his home, some very real and essential part of him would have stayed on here at Villa Mara and I would have had only a part of the man whose every thought and mood were precious to me.

I would have to accept, I thought, his protective instinct for Jean. But still I was troubled that he had rushed to her side in the earthquake—and not to mine. I couldn't understand it.

"Linda!" He had come upon me sud-

denly as I stood, lost in thought, under the arched living-room doorway. The relief in his voice was apparent. "I couldn't find you and I was worried. I was afraid of a bad reaction for you after that shock."

"I'm all right, darling. I was upstairs talking to Jean."

"Poor Jean." His arm went around my waist in a gesture that brought us close together. "Poor kid. She goes out of her mind, even when it's only a slight quake like tonight. Grandfather and I have to watch her or she would start running and keep on running until she was exhausted and had done herself some real harm. You see, her mother and father were killed in a really bad one years ago. She was old enough to understand; she saw the room shake and the ceiling come down and bury them. She, herself, was unconscious when they dug her out of the ruined house. It all comes back to her every-time there is a quake."

I was so thankful I had not come to him with jealous questions, that for a moment I was dizzy. "Vin, darling—don't let Jean go thinking our home is no longer her home. I'd want her to stay, if she weren't so sure going away would be the best for her. . . ."

THERE was a light in his eyes that hadn't been there before—a look that was more exciting, more rewarding, than any other he had given me. "*Our* home, Linda, I've waited for you to say that." His arm held me closer. "Our home, which our friends and those we love are always welcome to share—isn't that the way it will be, my darling? So that Jean can go away now, to nurse's training, feeling that the Villa is *her* home too, and that we are her family, ready to share our happiness with her."

"Seeing new people and doing new work may help her get over her fears, too, Vin. I *would* like to see Jean happier."

"My darling," Vin said softly. "I love you for all of that. But then I love you anyway—for everything you are."

He bent to kiss me.

"Vinton! Where is my pipe? Have you seen it—Vinton!" It was Grandfather Mara, calling from his room.

Vin hesitated, moving reluctantly.

"Go to him, darling," I urged.

Tenderness and gratitude leaped into his eyes. "I'll come back to you—right away. I'll always come back to you, Linda. Just never go away. Never leave me."

I watched him go and my heart was singing.

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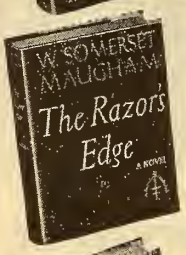

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