

# Radio Romances

FORMERLY

*Radio Mirror*

AUGUST

15¢



Living Portraits—

**OUR  
GAL  
SUNDAY**

ANN  
RUTHERFORD





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...the color stays on  
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IN COLOR HARMONY... WITH  
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Ella Raines

Soon to be seen in the Universal Picture

"UNCLE HARRY"

Max Factor -  
Hollywood



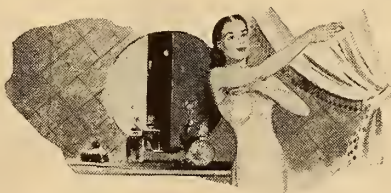
You can't take it  
with you



NOT that you'd ever embark on a date with a tub in tow—but honestly now, doesn't your bath freshness have a way of fading into the warm summer night?

But you *do* want to be safe. And there *is* a way—a sure, easy way to safeguard your daintiness. You can clinch that freshness with Mum!

Your bath, you see, washes away *past* perspiration. But Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor. With Mum, you can dance the hours away and know that your charm is safe.



Take half a minute with Mum—and *stay* as sweet as you are. Gentle, dependable Mum never irritates your skin, won't harm the fabric of your clothes. Can be used even *after* you're dressed. Why take chances when you can trust Mum?

**Sw-e-et Ad-e-line.** And they do mean *you!* Isn't it thrilling to know that men find you attractive—the girl they like most to be near? And wouldn't you be a *goon* to let underarm odor rob you of popularity! But you're too clever for that. You use Mum, *to be sure.* How's your Mum supply today?



**MUM**



Product of Bristol-Myers

takes the odor out of perspiration



# Radio Romances

FORMERLY  
*Radio Mirror*

FRED R. SAMMIS      DORIS McFERRAN  
Editorial Director      Editor

EVELYN L. FIORE      JACK ZASORIN  
Assistant Editor      Art Director

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ON THE COVER—Ann Rutherford, NBC Actress  
MGM Kodachrome

irresistible lips are

*Dearly Beloved*

Headed for the altar ...  
dearly beloved, joyously happy.  
Her lips irresistible ... smooth,  
invitingly soft, color-perfect with  
**IRRESISTIBLE RASPBERRY LIPSTICK.**  
WHIP-TEXT through a secret  
process to be creamy-soft,  
non-drying, longer lasting.  
Matching rouge and powder.



the  
bride  
wears

*Irresistible* raspberry Lipstick



NEW  
SWIVEL CASE  
10c 25c sizes

WHIP-TEXT TO STAY ON LONGER ... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!      A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME ASSURES GLAMOUR

R  
R  
2



## Did You Know?

**On the Farm**—August is the peak month for use of city boys and girls on farms all over the country. The Department of Agriculture says that one and one-half million of these youngsters—they range in age from fourteen through seventeen—will help harvest crops in every state in the union. About a quarter of these boys and girls will live on the farms for the harvest season; the others will be brought daily back and forth between their homes and the harvest fields.

**Around the House**—You won't be tempted, any more, to "make do" by buying victory furniture—that springless, give-less kind that is no more welcoming after a hard day than if you'd filled your home with park benches. The reason is this: there just isn't going to be any more of the stuff made! Shortages in materials are still acute, but manufacturers have agreed that it's better to make a little good furniture than a lot of bad . . . Think twice before throwing away that old mattress, no matter how long and faithful a service it has given you. Mattresses will be in shorter supply than ever before the year is over.

**In the Kitchen**—Among those many things coming to us in the wonderful post-war world is a garbage disposal unit that can be fitted to your old sink. It's a kind of "chewer-upper" with a grinding device that reduces refuse to particles about the size of coffee grounds, and then washes them down the drain . . . More—and better—ice cream for civilians: that's what the War Food Administration promises, and no better hot weather food news could be had. Restrictions have been lifted on non-fat milk solids . . . If you've felt that a pressure canner is a poor investment for you, because it can be used for only one function, or because you think that you don't can enough to warrant the expense, here's good news for you. There's a new model now available, with removable racks and inset pans: when you're through canning, they can be useful the year 'round for family cooking.

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## Have you the Courage to Look 10 Years Younger?



## YOU CAN ACTUALLY *Sell* THE YEARS SLIP AWAY

as you apply my exciting new powder-shade!

**I** HAVE created a shade of face powder so new and different, the effect on your skin is really *spectacular!*

I call it "Bridal Pink", and I ask you to try it for the first time *on one cheek only*. Compare it with any shade you have ever used. See the difference for yourself! See the fresh, *young* look it gives your skin! The soft, warm look—like the blush of a bride's young cheek.

Women who have tried "Bridal

"Pink" tell me it's the most *youthful* and flattering powder-shade I have ever achieved! Your husband will love it! Your friends will admire it! You can't possibly apply it to your skin without looking younger, more romantic!

**Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" Now at all Good Cosmetic Counters**

Look more interesting, more exciting! Apply "Bridal Pink"—the new powder-shade that's so daringly *romantic!* See how it lights up your face with instant new life and warmth. The medium-size box of Lady Esther Face Powder is sold at the best stores for 55¢. Also handy pocket-book sizes for 10¢ and 25¢.



*Lady Esther*  
FACE POWDER





# Best Feet Forward

Judy Canova, who stars on her own NBC show Saturdays 10 P.M., EWT, says that foot care means foot beauty, as her own lovely legs and feet testify!

**I**T'S been proved time and again—your feet can go to your head!

As a matter of fact, they can go right straight to your face to make themselves known by little wrinkles about your eyes, a deepening of the calipers between nose and mouth corners, and worst of all, that look of discomfort and discontent that is the greatest beauty enemy of all. Your feet can do all of these things to your face if they are hot, tired, badly cared-for.

And so, if you'd have summer good looks and summer comfort, it behooves you to look to your feet!

It isn't, thank goodness, necessary any more to say much about the stupidity of trying to cram size six feet into size five shoes. We women have realized, at long last, that that sort of foolishness went out with the bustle, and is as unlikely to be taken up again as is the fad for six petticoats and long woolen "drawers." But proper-sized shoes don't solve the entire foot problem by any manner of means, especially in the hot days of summer, and especially for us working girls who have to walk the city pavements on those hot days.

Slipping off your shoes for a few moments, shielded by the privacy of your own desk, is a good beginner for your foot-comfort program. Stretch your toes; spread them wide; pull your heels off the ground, and, with the ball of your foot as a balance point, roll your feet and ankles in a round-and-round

movement. You'll be surprised how rested and comfortable you'll feel. And don't worry about your feet swelling so that those easily slipped-off shoes won't go back on—if you take care of your feet, they won't protest by swelling out of all bounds.

A few minutes of care, night and morning, will pay you dividends all day long. A soothing foot bath, containing one of the many excellent commercial preparations, or fortified merely with a handful of salt or of soda, will work wonders. Don't forget the foot powders that, sprinkled inside your shoes, keep your feet dry and sweet, cool and comfortable, throughout the day.

After a hard day of walking in the heat, you'll want a stimulating massage to supplement the foot bath. There are creams available for this purpose, too, or you can use your favorite lubricating face cream—and never think for a minute that you're wasting it! Work the cream into the "webbing" between your spread toes; massage it deeply, with a firm hand, into both the lateral and transverse arches; move both hands, in opposite directions, down either side of the tendon above the heel, and with a cupping motion around the heel it-

self. Doesn't it make you feel good just to read about it?


Then there's the matter of pedicure—and that word covers a great deal more than a quick swish with a nail polish brush before you appear barefooted on the beach. A good, sudsy footbath, including a scrubbing with a stiffish brush, comes first. Then the nails—and remember, no matter whether you favor long, talon-like *finger*nails, any of the in-between stages, or short, businesslike ones, the latter kind is the only kind your toenails should be. Keep them short enough so that they won't embarrass you by poking through your stockings and peering out at the world through your toe-less shoes, or make you uncomfortable by bumping against your shoes that have toes. Be sure that they are smoothed off with a good emery board. Next comes your favorite cuticle-removing preparation—use it just as you do on your *finger*nails, but remember to press back gently. And then you're ready for polish—the same color as your *finger*nails, by all means.

You can give your feet a vacation, too. Take them, as bare as the day they came into the world, for a walk through the dew-fresh grass some early morning. Walk about the house barefooted sometimes, too—it's as good for your feet as it feels! When you're on the beach, try picking up pebbles or a "footful" of sand with your toes—that's the kind of exercise that's fun.

**Radio Romances**

**Home and Beauty**





## Quit Sitting On the Cover of Your Hope Chest!

All the girls were getting married . . . but not Alice. Alice was sitting on the cover of her hope chest and didn't know it. She would be the last to suspect why men were interested in her one moment and indifferent the next.

. . .

Even when it's only occasional, halitosis (unpleasant breath) can stamp you as undesirable. Once this condition has been detected the bad news may travel fast and be hard to live down. Dare you risk offending others when Listerine Antiseptic provides such a quick and wholly delightful precaution?

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic morning and night, and before any date where you wish to be at your best. How it freshens! . . . what a feeling of assurance it gives!

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say a number of 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. Almost immediately your breath is fresher, sweeter—less likely to offend.

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



# WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast



*Milton Berle and Eileen Barton (above) check a script for their CBS show. (right) Wounded veterans at Valley Forge General Hospital will get more than one thousand musical instruments, the result of an air appeal by Kate Smith on Columbia.*



**Y**OU'RE used to hearing the band on the Double Or Nothing show. Do you know who conducts the band—and how he got the job?

It's Victor Pelle—but very recently of the U.S. Army. On his last day in uniform, Victor attended the quiz show broadcast. He was chosen as one of the contestants and won himself the tidy sum of \$202. But he also happened to mention that he used to be an orchestra leader before he went into the service.

That was all that was needed. John Wellington, the producer of the show, invited Pelle to audition for him the next day. You are hearing the result.

Sometimes fans can be funny. Sometimes they can be annoying. But at all times, their devotion to their favorites is pretty gratifying. Anne Seymour has one fan in Cape Cod, who's listened to every show she's ever been on in the past ten years. More than that, the fan's been writing Anne a weekly letter, giving her pats on the back when Anne deserves them—and taking the privilege of criticizing, when it seems necessary.

The pattern of Fred Waring's broadcasts is so familiar by now that it's hard to think of it ever being changed. One of the steadiest standbys is his Glee Club.

No matter how important a part of Waring's set-up the Glee Club is now, though, back in the early days it used to be a plenty big headache. Nobody went for the idea, then. Once Fred had to audition 28 times before he could get a sponsor who would take the Glee Club along with the rest of the act. There were lots of offers for the band,

but Waring refused to accept them if they turned down the singers.

And now look what's happened! The Glee Club idea has wormed its way into all kinds of radio shows and movies.

Who says we don't get around? We just got a note from Marilyn Erskine, honey on the CBS Let's Pretend show. She says she's just been informed by the Navy's Flotilla 15, Group 44, 7th Amphibious Force, now in the South Pacific, that she's been elected "Flotilla Favorite"—and it all happened because the boys saw Marilyn's picture in **RADIO ROMANCES**.

Radio rehearsals are what you make them. They can be routine and not much fun. Or they can be lively and lots of fun. A couple of months ago, Staats Cotsworth, star of Casey, Press Photographer, started pepping up the rest periods on the Tuesday rehearsals. He'd fooled around with an idle xylophone, it seems, and discovered he

could actually make music with the hammers. Now, Staats and three other characters around the studio fill in the rest periods with their own special kind of jam session. Not good but fast.

It's good to hear that Hilda Simms, who's been starring in the Broadway hit, "Anna Lucasta," this long time, is making a break for herself in radio, too. She guested a while back on the Alma Kitchell show and there are other assignments coming up for her.

Hilda is a beautiful girl. A few years back she was a model—the first Negro girl ever to model at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. After that, Hilda was a teacher—having been trained at St. Margaret's Academy in Minnesota. That was a first, too, since she was the first Negro ever to have been admitted to the Academy on a scholarship.

Did you ever wonder where the Landt Trio got all those wonderful old-time tunes they feature on Take It Easy Time? Seems their father has a collection of songs dating back over some seventy-five years and not only

**By DALE BANKS**





Western-style heroine Arlene Joyce of Cimarron Tavern, Columbia's new daytime serial about the Southwest.

does he have them in print, he knows most of them from memory. The boys won't be running out of material.

Real turnabout. Not long ago when Joan Brooks was out on a USO tour the GI Joes at Camp Croft, South Carolina, turned the tables on the singing star. Joan got pneumonia on her arrival at camp and had to be hospitalized right there. When she was convalescing, the GI's rounded up all the available soldier talent at the camp and put on a show, especially for her.

Interesting sidelight on Don Bell, Mutual correspondent who successfully eluded identification by the Japanese for 37 months in the Santo Tomas prison camp. Don was a U. S. Marine in Shanghai in 1927. In those days, he had a special buddy—one named Hunter. Don eventually left the Marines to become a newspaper and radio reporter. And, in the years since then, Don Bell and his buddy sort of lost track of one another.

Not long ago, Don Bell talked to newspapermen in New York, telling about his experiences in the Pacific. Of course, there were stories and pictures in the next day's newspapers. A couple of days later, Don Bell and Hunter—now Chief Petty Officer Hunter—were reunited at Mutual's New York studios. They found they had a lot more to talk about, too, than "remember the time when..."

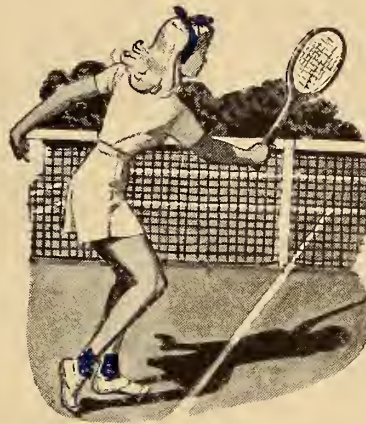
Marx Loeb, director of Theatre of Romance among other shows, is a firm adherent to the idea that when you want something well done you do it yourself. Sometimes, he carries it to lengths that could be called slightly extreme.

Like the time when a script called for a couple of intervals of tap dancing. Marx had very special ideas about what kind of rhythms he wanted in the tap dancing. So, he climbed out of his control room seat and gritted his teeth and made like Fred Astaire—after a fashion.

He'd never have fooled Astaire, of course, but he wasn't bad.

Whether they like it or not as the

# Are you in the know?



What tennis shot calls for speediest action?

- Volley
- Forehand Drive
- Chop

You make it near the net, before the ball bounces. You've got to be faster of foot and eye, quicker with the racket, to master the volley. And you're quick to triumph over difficult days—when you learn to keep comfortable with Kotex. Actually, Kotex is different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. Built for lasting comfort, this napkin doesn't rope, doesn't wad up. So chafing just hasn't a chance when you choose Kotex sanitary napkins.



How should she sign her name?

- Sally Subdeb
- Miss Sally Subdeb

Tuck this under your flat-top: A gal should never sign herself as Miss or Mrs.—except in a hotel register. That's so your name will check with the way your mail will be addressed. Avoid mixups... at "those" times, too, by never confusing Kotex with ordinary napkins. You see, Kotex is the napkin with the patented, flat tapered ends so unlike thick, stubby pads. The flat pressed ends of Kotex don't show revealing lines... and you get plus protection from that special patented safety center!

You're sure the bonnet is becoming, if—

- It's a love at first sight
- It passes the long-mirror test
- Your best friend tells you

So the hat's a honey (from a chair's-eye-view). But how does it look in a long mirror? Before buying, consider all the angles. And in buying sanitary napkins, consider that Kotex now provides a new safeguard for your daintiness.

Yes, there's a deodorant locked inside each Kotex. A deodorant that can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on! Another Kotex extra, at no extra cost!



A DEODORANT  
in every  
Kotex napkin at  
no extra cost

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

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



TO THE DAINY BELONG THE MEN



# Brides Know

## THE ALLURE OF FRESH, HEAVENLY MAVIS FRAGRANCE

What's more tempting to men than a girl who's alluringly fragrant? And Mavis, showered an offer your both, leaves your whole body that way: Skin pretty, flower-sweet, soft... armpits dry and dainty. Clothes and shoes slip on easily. Get Mavis today... See how its fragrance helps you keep lovely!

**MEN:** You'll like the cool comfort and freshness of Mavis Talcum on your skin.

The some delightful MAVIS fragrance in Toilet Milt 69¢ and \$1.00  
Dusting Powder with Puff \$1.00

# MAVIS

*talcum*

FOR BODY BEAUTY

At all cosmetic counters, 59¢, 39¢, 23¢, 10¢  
All prices plus tax

V. VIVAUDOU, INC., Distributors

first radio program they'd heard in weeks, a bunch of dirty, tired GI's in Germany had to sit and listen to The Romance of Helen Trent awhile back. Bess McCammon's son, Bill, was in the group, when they came across a blaring radio somewhere in Germany. Bill demanded quiet so he could hear his "Mom," who plays Aunt Agatha on the Helen Trent show. He got it, too. Wouldn't it have been wonderful if all the guys could have heard their mothers' voices? It would.

We've heard of all kinds of honoraries—honorary chairmen, doctors, lawyers, club presidents and on and on. Comes now an honorary postman.

Danny Thomas, who plays Jerry Dingle, the troubled postman on the Fanny Brice show, has been made an honorary postman by the Angel City Branch No. 24 of the Los Angeles Postmen. Not for nothing was this honor conferred on him, of course. It was for helping to make a public servant a real person in the eyes of radio listeners.

Fan mail is one of our favorite topics. It can get so far out of this world. Here's a sample from Fulton Lewis, Jr.'s grab bag. A lady from Maryland wrote to the national affairs reporter, "Please make some arrangements to have some cats taken away from my yard. I have written to several places and they have not called for them. Please give this prompt attention, as I want to put in a garden."

To date, Lewis has been trying to figure out what he could do besides just stare at the letter.

Martin Agronsky, Blue Network commentator and news analyst, has received the Asiatic-Pacific Service Ribbon from Gen. Douglas MacArthur.

Such things we like to hear, especially when they are awarded because military men understand that writers and correspondents are doing a swell job in this war and running many risks that don't necessarily go with their profession. Lots of these men might be able to get themselves nice, quiet, safe assignments. But they don't. They

get out into the thick of battle. Sometimes, they get hurt. Sometimes, they get killed.

Which makes it time to doff our hats in memory of Ernie Pyle, a hero in his own right.

Cute twist at one of the Blind Date shows a while back. One of the lucky servicemen did a double take when he opened the door after he'd won and got a look at his "date." For a long minute he stared and was sure that he'd won Betty Grable. Really, his girl-for-the-evening was Janice Hansin, a model. The soldier was pleased, at that. He settled down to enjoy his evening at the Stork Club without having to worry about offending Betty's husband, Harry James.

No rehearsal on the Nelson Eddy show is complete without a small tussle between Eddy and Robert Armstrong's drummer. Eddy's always wanting to take a crack at the drums and thinks up all kinds of gimmicks to lure the percussion man away from his instruments.

Seems that back in the days when Eddy was a telephone operator—he was 14 years old then—his greatest ambition was to become a drummer in an orchestra. Seems, also, that Eddy has never really had a chance to beat that out of his system.

It would be interesting to know just what Arch Oboler's small son, Guy, is thinking about his father and mother these days. Guy is out at the Oboler ranch home in California, while Arch and his wife are in the East for Oboler's series on Mutual. Guy is probably wondering what in the world happened to his mom and pop. Because young Guy is under the impression that whenever his parents leave the ranch house, they're only going down the road a piece to empty the garbage.

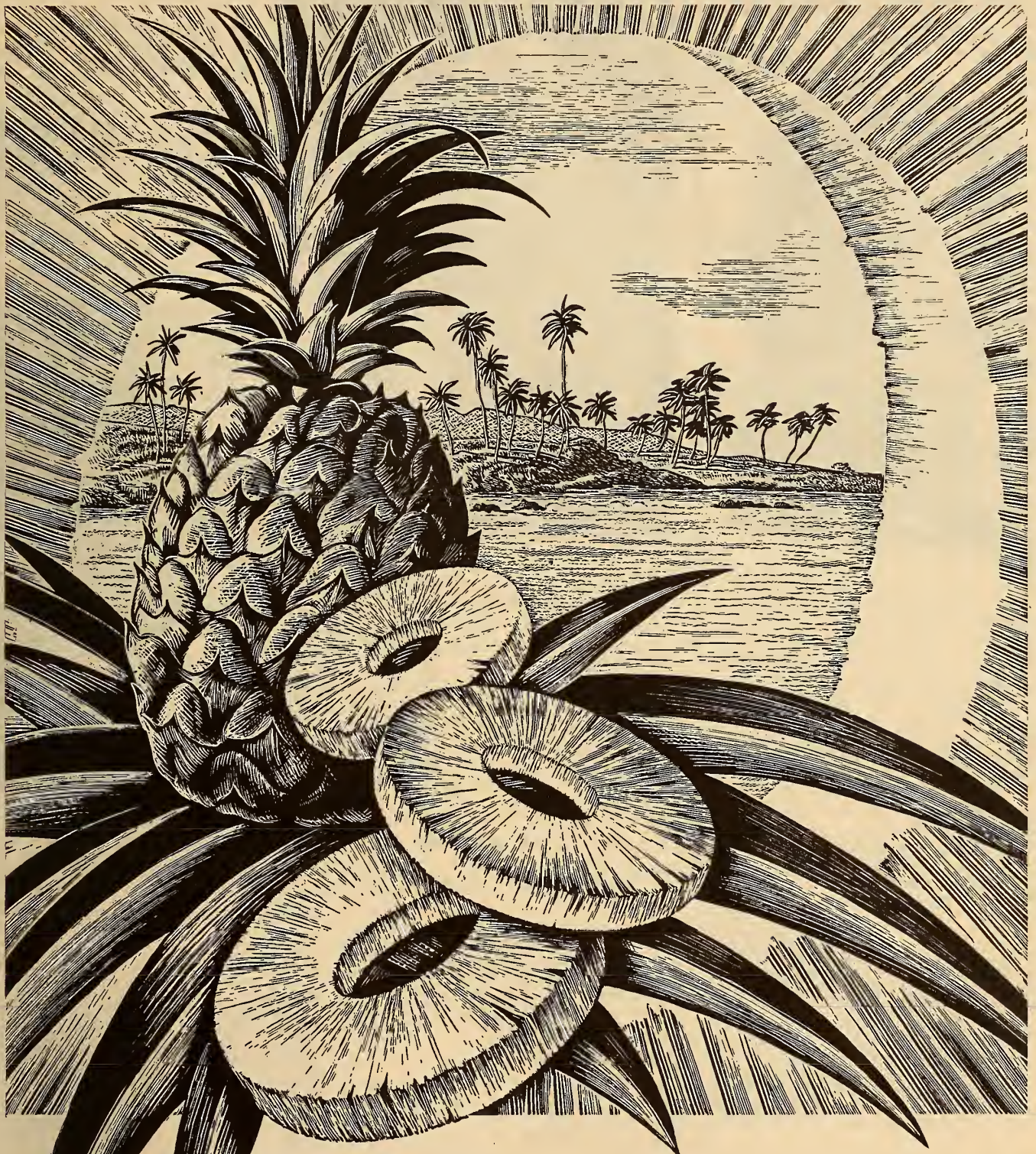
Bennett Kilpack, who plays Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons, has been commended by the American Red Cross

*Continued on page 14*



Hard-working Hollywood youth starts a CBS Command Performance overseas. Back row: Philip and Gary Crosby, Peggy Ann Garner, Elizabeth Taylor, Roddy McDowell, Frank Sinatra. Front: Lindsay Crosby, Margaret O'Brien and Dennis Crosby.





**PLENTY OF PINEAPPLE,  
BUT—SORRY—NOT FOR YOU**

Abundant as the 1945 harvest of Dole Hawaiian Pineapple is, only a small share of this splendid crop will be available to civilians. Again this year the Armed Forces will require about two thirds of all the pack of the Dole Pineapple and Dole Pineapple Juice.

Meanwhile, should it be your good fortune to have a precious can of Dole Pineapple occasionally, consider its luscious goodness as our promise that when peace comes there will be plenty of Dole Hawaiian Pineapple Products at your grocer's — for you.





# SCALP ODOR— *Not you?*



You might have scalp odor—and not know it. So why risk losing friends—missing out on dates? Your hairbrush knows the truth. Check it tonight.

Your scalp perspires, you see, just as your skin does—and oily hair, in particular, very quickly collects unpleasant odors.

To be on the safe side, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. It works wonders with hair and scalp odors because it contains pure, medicinal pine tar. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

Start using Packer's tonight. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

**PACKER'S**  
*Pine Tar*  
**SHAMPOO**



## **E&J Folding WHEEL CHAIRS**



Rehabilitate the  
handicapped  
**EVEREST & JENNINGS**  
WHEEL CHAIRS

*Fold*

For Travell! Work! Play!

YOUR DEALER CAN SUPPLY YOU  
OR WRITE

**EVEREST & JENNINGS**

7748R SANTA MONICA BLVD. • LOS ANGELES 46, CALIF.



*Granddaughters Toni and Teresa take advantage of pianist Jose Iturbi on his day off. Daisy Bernier, The Honey, Bees Hal Kanner, Bob Evans, Ray Sax, are Waring's "Honey and The Bees."*



# FACING the MUSIC

By **KEN ALDEN**

**UNLESS** certain adjustments are made suitable to Ginny Simms, listeners can look forward to hearing one of the GIs' favorite singers on a different network and with a new sponsor. Ginny recently came East to straighten out her future plans. She told friends she was not happy with her present broadcasting format and salary but was very loyal to the cigarette sponsor who gave her the first starring opportunity.

Jerry Wayne's marital blowup rocked Tin Pan Alley. His wife sued for divorce and named a tall blonde model as correspondent. Jerry denied the charges. The girl in the case was formerly the constant companion of comic Ed Wynn. Jerry used to sing on Wynn's radio show.

Gene Krupa has cut his band down fifty per cent, junking the string section. Jitterbugs aren't even shedding crocodile tears.

Readers of this column have written in saying friends in the armed forces tell them that GIs in Europe were positively informed that Glenn Miller was dead. Glenn's wife, Helen, was recently given the Bronze Star medal awarded her husband.

Here's a switch: Singer Harry Cool, who used to sing with Dick Jurgens' band and then went it alone, has pur-

chased the entire music library of Carl Ravazza's band. Harry wants to organize his own band. Ravazza prefers to drop his band and sing solo. The latter is currently m.c. at the Roxy Theater in New York.

In addition to his orchestra leading and trumpet playing, Charlie Spivak is the owner of a brand new music publishing company—Stevens Music. The company is named for Charlie's year-and-a-half-old son, Steven. Charlie's older boy, precocious Joel, wasn't offended. He told his dad, "Don't worry about hurting my feelings, Pop."

Jean Tennyson, gracious soprano star of CBS' Great Moments in Music, is one prima donna who doesn't hog the spotlight. Without fanfare, Jean goes out of her way to encourage youngsters in getting recognition on her program. When replacements are needed for solo spots, no high-priced singers are lured. Jean prefers to fill in with members of the chorus. And when Jean vacations, her own roles are performed by kids in the choral group. Thanks to this policy, several new and shining voices have been heard, and will be heard again. I asked Jean to mention a few of these promising vocalists. She picked out blonde, 26-year-old Vivian Bauer, tenor Norman Horn (who once pinch-hit for the great Jan Peerce), soprano Karen Kemple, and basso Eugene Loewenthal.

Silent Jack Miller, Kate Smith's



veteran orchestra leader, controls the largest "dramatic music" library in show business. He has some 5,000 original music cues and bridges carefully cross-catalogued, and estimates the collection at \$100,000.

Joe Lilley, the brilliant choral director of the Dinah Shore program, is ailing. Doctors blame over-work.

There is a slight possibility that Bing Crosby might not continue his regular air series next year, preferring to do occasional guest appearances.

### A Gal Named Jo

Soldiers writing from muddy fox-holes in the Pacific best describe why tall, syrupy-voiced Jo Stafford is making such amazing progress on the air and with her records.

"When we hear you sing," one GI V-mailed, "we just put our heads on our arms and think of home."

Another penned, "My platoon was tuned into one of your broadcasts but I had to shove off. Believe it or not, I walked out on tip-toes so as not to disturb them."

These unsolicited letters from the various fighting fronts astonish the modest and retiring singer. She tries to joke about it.

"The other day a whole gang of sailors came to see me," she said. "It seems their ship had been badly damaged by Jap planes and all the phonograph records aboard were destroyed except mine. They had to listen to me."

Not all of Jo's mail comes from service men. Their wives and sweethearts also fill her mail bag. They tell the singer how their men write about her and link her voice to their thoughts of home and happiness.

"I'm sort of a short-waved cupid."

The brown-haired, gray-eyed singer just recently finished a record-breaking engagement at New York's Paramount Theater, crowning a slow but sure trip to the top. On the way she sang with Tommy Dorsey, Johnny Mercer, as a member of a sister act, and as one of Capitol Records' best selling platter queens.

I asked her if she was nervous when she made her solo debut at the Paramount.

"I was frightened to death. After all, those bobby-sockers out front are



Jo Stafford's easy, natural vocal style has put her recordings right up at the top with the best-sellers.



## Evening in Paris

**SMOOTH, LUSCIOUSLY  
COLORFUL**

## Face Powder!

Dreamed up in Paris, "triple color-blended" in America, by a wonderful French process, Evening in Paris is the kind of face powder you've always longed for. Super-fine, super-smooth, in heavenly colors that do gloriously flattering things for your complexion.

Only Evening in Paris, in America, is "triple color-blended" by this French process. Try it, won't you? See why they say "to make a lovely lady even lovelier, Evening in Paris face powder."



Face Powder \$1.00 • Lipstick 50c  
Rouge 50c • Perfume \$1.25 to \$10.00  
(All prices plus tax)

# BOURJOIS

NEW YORK • DISTRIBUTOR

Tune in "Romance and Rhythm," gay and sparkling variety show with Larry Douglas, Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch's Orchestra — Thursdays, 10:30 P. M., E. W. T., Columbia network.





**says Mrs. Gary Cooper—  
beautiful wife of one of  
Hollywood's most distinguished stars**

**MRS. GARY COOPER:**

Just think of all the lovely lips here in Hollywood. With all this competition, I was overjoyed when I discovered your new colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. They're really thrilling — particularly that wonderful Tangee Red-Red!



**CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN**  
Head of the House of Tangee  
and one of America's fore-  
most authorities on beauty  
and make-up.

**CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN:**

You're not alone in your enthusiasm, Mrs. Cooper. All over America, the smartest lips are praising the vivid new colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Colors that make lips look exciting—and inviting. For Satin-Finish (an exclusive Tangee discovery) gives a soft alluring gleam that stays on for many extra hours. It insures lips that are not too dry, not too moist... In Red-Red, Theatrical Red, Medium-Red and Tangee Natural.



*From Kentucky comes young and lovely Martha Stewart, with a young and lovely voice to match.*

tough critics. They know singers and songs. They buy 75% of the records made and are responsible for the tunes that make the Hit Parade. I told my sister Chris that if I clicked I would buy myself a mink coat."

Jo went out for that first show and was greeted with warm applause. They took to her the way they do to a juke box and a coke. Jo showed me the sleek mink, her certificate of success.

But that still didn't convince Jo that her talents were appreciated.

"I think they liked me because I used to sing with Sinatra. Any friend of Frankie's is a friend of theirs."

Jo lives, eats and talks nothing but music. It's been that way ever since she quit high school in Long Beach, California, to join her two older sisters, Christine and Pauline, who already were performing on KHJ, Los Angeles. Jo majored in music, studied diligently. She remembered the basic rule for all good singers, proper breath control. That's why experts tout her voice. It's clear, clean-cut without tricks.

The Stafford Sisters broke up when Jo joined the Pied Pipers, a male trio, in 1938. Jo married one of them. Sister Pauline wed Blue Network commentator Galen Drake, retired. Christine is now Jo's personal manager. Another sister, Betty Jane, works as a secretary.

The Stafford Sisters claim they got their singing ability from their father, a husky California oil foreman who used to raise his lusty tonsils at the drop of a drill.

When the Pied Pipers joined Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, songwriter Johnny Mercer used to come over to the immense Palladium Ballroom in Los Angeles and listen to them every night.

"He used to stand right up close, packed in with all the jitterbugs," Jo recalled. "We wondered what intrigued him." They soon found out. When Mercer got his own NBC show, Jo and the Pipers joined him. Mercer encouraged Jo to turn soloist; last June she followed his advice. Mercer helped launch her when he became a backer of Capitol Records, and signed her as one of his recording stars. Her platters, including a particularly infectious version of "Candy" have been enthusias-

Use **TANGEE**

and see how beautiful you can be



tically hailed by listeners in the know. Although the 25-year-old singer has had a relatively easy professional career, her married life was different. It wound up on the rocks. Jo doesn't like to discuss it, but some clue is given when Jo discusses her philosophy about marriage.

"Any girl who is in show business and marries someone who is also in show business should make sure that her husband is going to be more successful than she is," Jo advises.

Nevertheless Jo only accepts dates with people in show business.

"Gosh," she says, "what would I have to talk about with anyone else?"

## NEW WORD FOR GLAMOUR

# Gabytan



Suntan safely! Enjoy the sure allure of a gorgeous, golden Gabytan. Just apply GABY... America's most popular Suntan Lotion. Then take your place in the sun. No fiery after-effect. No smeary grease. No drying alcohol. And GABY is so smooth, so soothing to even the tenderest skin. Three sizes... 25c • 50c • \$1.00 plus tax



## ROMANCING THE RECORDS

(Each Month Ken Alden Picks The Best Popular Platters)

**FRANK SINATRA** (Columbia 36797). Johnny Mercer's new hit, "Dream" is reverently treated by Mr. S. "There's No You," an elegant ballad, is on the reverse side. Axel Stordahl, an orchestra leader who refuses to drown out the singer, provides a rhythmic assist.

**SAMMY KAYE** (Victor 20-1662). Sammy K-rations two slow-paced tunes, "The More I See You" from "Diamond Horseshoe" and "I Miss Your Kiss." At any moment you half expect the maestro to recite poetry but fortunately this never occurs.

**HORACE HEIDT** (Columbia 36798). Remember the Rita Hayworth film "Tonight and Every Night?" Well here's a slick version of that picture's best song, "Anywhere" enormously helped by Dorothy Rae and the Sweet-swingsters. The reverse has a stock treatment of "My Baby Said Yes."

**ARTIE SHAW** (Victor 20-1668). A revival of a fine melody, "September Song," paired with jumpin' "Little Jazz" shows off Shaw's new band in both slow and swing fashions. No vocals.

**GOLDEN GATE QUARTET** (Okey 6741). This excellent Negro group reprise their show-stopper from "Hollywood Canteen"—"General Jumped At Dawn," and throw in a ballad, "I Will Be Home Again," for good measure.

**GENE KRUPA** (Columbia 36802). If it's drumming you want, why not take the best? Here's a platter featuring Krupa and tenor sax star Charlie Ventura on "Dark Eyes" and "Leave Us Leap." The last named features the whole band.

**THE MODERNAIRES** (Columbia 36800). No one wants to be without some recorded version of "You Belong to My Heart," from Disney's "Three Caballeros," so it might as well be this one turned in by a rhythm group headed by attractive Paula Kelly. Plenty of room for improvement but still satisfactory. The reverse has "There! I've Said It Again," but you won't be referring to it often.





# It's New!

Dries fresh  
polish in a flash . . .

Won't dull lustre . . .  
(Apply over polish)



### Ready to put on gloves and dash

The biggest thing since liquid nail polish! No waiting . . . no smudge-patching.

### Ten-karat sparkle

The finest ingredients—with a *very* special oil—assure fast-drying action without dulling lustre.

### Softens cuticle

This same special oil in Cutex Oily Quick Dry gently softens cuticle—helps keep it neatly in place—smooth and trim.

### Helps prevent chips and scratches

Helps keep your nails unmarred . . . unscarred . . . makes your manicure really l-a-a-s-t.

Large bottle only **25¢**  
(plus tax)

# CUTEX *Oily* QUICK DRY

## Coast to Coast

Continued from page 8

for having appeared in more than 250 sketches at war plants, clubs and other groups in behalf of the Blood Donor section.

Bet if all the many appearances of all the entertainers in the United States were added together to give some idea of the contribution that artists have made to morale in this war—that would be some impressive figure. Artists of all kinds, this includes.

\* \* \*

Very few people ever take the expression "chewing up the scenery" literally. On the Inner Sanctum show, though, it's nothing but the gospel truth. Hi Brown, the producer-director, not only chews up the scenery, but eats his victims bit by bit at the same time. One of the most important props on Inner Sanctum is a head of cabbage, used by the sound man to supply the effect of a knife entering a body or a skull being crushed. Hi Brown being a great nibbler, the victim is very often a shred of his former self by the time the show is over.

\* \* \*

When Music For Half An Hour rehearsals first started, Jean Merrill and Hugh Thompson discovered they had a lot more in common than that job.

Both were born in the state of Washington, both are in their 20's, which is still unusual for opera singers, and both are quite tall, Jean being 5' 10" and Hugh 6' 3". Besides, both are past winners of the Metropolitan Opera Auditions and first time parents, Jean's little girl Gretchen and Hugh's small son Dow being among their favorite topics of conversation.

\* \* \*

Lon Clark, who plays pioneer Simon Weston on Wilderness Road and assorted characters on Casey, Press Photographer and Report to the Nation, is bugs on the subject of Abraham Lincoln. He's got an enviable collection of data on Lincoln, a collection of books, stories, articles and pictures. And he's always on the track of more stuff. On his last vacation, he took the Lincoln trail from Kentucky to Illi-



When Ginny Simms sends her popular records to servicemen, her picture goes right along.





Cedric Foster will be heard as Navy Correspondent from the Pacific Zone, whenever possible.

nois, making many of the same stops that Lincoln once made and visiting the places where Lincoln lived and worked.

\* \* \*

Guy Lombardo, who has enjoyed the longest hotel engagement of any well-known maestro—having returned to New York's Hotel Roosevelt for fifteen successive years—recently came up with some amazing statistics. The maestro figures that in all those years he has played to over 7,600,000 customers at the Roosevelt, or approximately the entire population—if you go by figures—of the city of New York!

\* \* \*

Dropped in on Martin Block in his hole-in-the-wall studio adjoining Studio 6A, where the Supper Club program originates, and left with a headache. There's a musical arranger who practices scales on a clarinet in another hole-in-the-wall nearby. It isn't enough he practices, he practices all the time. Our headache has given us an even greater respect for Martin Block and the kind of concentration he must have in order to take care of all three of his shows and all his visitors, with that racket going on incessantly.

\* \* \*

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER. . . Bob Hope's off on another overseas entertaining jaunt. . . Maybe you'd like to read about some of your favorite radio comedians in a book called "There's Laughter in the Air." It was written by Broadway and radio columnist Jack Gaver and Dave Stanley and is on the stands now. It reveals little known facts about the stars and gives some of the best spots from some of their best air shows. You can get the inside dope on people like Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, Fibber McGee and Molly, Fred Allen, Abbott and Costello, Fanny Brice and many others. . . Jean Holloway, erstwhile Kate Smith scripster, has been signed by MGM to write a picture based on the life of Jerome Kern. . . Victor Borge, pianist comedian, will probably by the summer be replacement for the Fibber McGee and Molly show. . . The Blue Network has completed negotiations to broadcast Madison Square Garden boxing matches this fall. Did you buy bonds in the 7th War Loan? It's never too late. . .

"Extra!  
Good News about  
Prickly Heat!"



"R-r-read all about it...!"

"Us babies are spreadin the news fast—about the *better* baby powder that helps keep our skins smo-o-oth as satin, just glowin' with health. And we do mean Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Powder. It's *antiseptic*, mild and soothin'—sure helps to prevent prickly heat, diaper rash, chafing and urine irritation!"

1. Most baby specialists prefer Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Powder to any other baby powder (and 3 out of 4 doctors say baby powder should be *antiseptic*)\*.
2. Mennen is smoothest—shown in microscopic tests of leading baby powders. Only Mennen powder is "cloud-spun" for extra smoothness, extra comfort.
3. Makes baby smell so sweet . . . new, mild flower-fresh scent!



"Buy me the  
best...  
Mennen!"

IT'S BACK!  
50¢ Money-Saver Size  
(Also 25¢ Size)



Also . . . 4 times as many doctors prefer MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL as any other baby oil or lotion\*

\*Nationwide survey

R  
R





**OF COURSE YOU CAN...**



**GO IN SWIMMING...**



**WITH TAMPAX!**

**WHY ENVY OTHERS** at that certain time of the month? You can wear Tampax in the water on sanitary-protection days and no one will be the wiser! This summer at any popular beach, you are almost sure to find many women who go in swimming on "those days"—wearing Tampax without *any* hesitation whatever. . . . There is nothing about Tampax in the slightest degree embarrassing (or offending) under bathing suits wet or dry.

**WORN INTERNALLY,** Tampax discards belts, pins, outside pads—everything that can possibly "show." Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed in modern applicators for dainty insertion. The hands need never touch the Tampax. No odor forms. There is no chafing with Tampax. Changing is quick and disposal easy.

**COMES IN 3 SIZES** (Regular, Super, Junior). Sold at drug stores and notion counters in every part of the country—because millions of women are now using this newer type of monthly sanitary protection. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. The Economy Box holds four months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

**3 absorbencies** { **REGULAR**  
**SUPER**  
**JUNIOR**



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

# COVER GIRL

By **ELEANOR HARRIS**



*Ann Rutherford's daily routine adds support to the rumor that living in Hollywood is one long, mad, happy series of adventures!*

**T**HINK of a happy whirlpool made up of people, hats, hidden babies, burglars, automobiles, trips, dresses, fires—and then, when you're dizzy and breathless, think of Ann Rutherford. She's riding that whirlpool like a champion swimmer . . . and loving every minute of it! Somehow she manages to leave it long enough to play opposite Eddie Bracken in NBC's Eddie Bracken Story whenever necessary—and the minute the program's over, she dives in again.

Ever since she left her movie career (only a temporary absence, if you ask us!), Ann has been putting her violent energy into day-to-day living; and for the past two and a half years, this has included a husband in the happy confusion. He is David May II, executive of the gigantic May Company Department Stores in Los Angeles; and because of his marriage to Ann, he has found himself wading through adventure after adventure.

Adventure Number One we'll call the Hidden Baby Episode—the baby being a blue-eyed blonde-haired girl named Gloria whom the Mays adopted at the age of one day. Knowing how adoption agencies disapprove of publicity, Ann determined to keep the baby a dead secret for eight long months until the final adoption papers were signed—and since she was also determined to lead her normal life, this created one crisis after another. Friends would swarm in the front door of the big white Georgian Colonial house, while Ann and the nurse whisked Gloria to one of the upstairs back rooms. When Ann's many girl-friends went upstairs, the baby disappeared down the back.

So that was one adventure the Mays weathered successfully. Adventure Number Two dealt with Ann's birthday present from David, which is a wicked black continental car named Christopher. Christopher is as beautiful as Amber, and as treacherous—he has brought the Mays nothing but bad luck. In quick succession, after the acquisition of the car, the garage burned down, destroying another car and smoke-damaging the newly-decorated house, burglars ransacked the house, and Christopher himself was stolen and stripped of everything—and found, three days later, washed and filled up!

What with fires, burglars, hidden babies and stolen cars, you would think that the Mays' abode was a shambles by this time. Quite the contrary. Of all the homes in Beverly Hills, theirs is one of the most lavish and lovely—fifteen rooms, all done in gay chintzes

and colorful draperies, enclosed by a spreading garden with a big swimming pool. In it Ann forgets to eat lunch, but eats steadily at small dinner-parties she gives for her endless friends, who include Veronica Lake, Andre de Toth, Frances Rafferty, Peter Lawford, June Allyson, Stephen Crane, Hope and David Hearst, Cobina Wright Jr. and her husband Palmer Beaudette, and Mr. and Mrs. Sylvan Simon.

Ann Rutherford's life has always been a whirlpool, beginning almost with her birth twenty-six years ago in Toronto, Canada. She was only four years old when she began acting in plays in San Francisco (where she and her parents had moved), and by the time she was thirteen (and now living in Los Angeles) she became utterly irritated with schooling and marched into a radio station which lay on her way to school. "I," she announced, "am an actress, ready for work!"

To her astonishment, they thought so too; and she was instantly cast as the lead in a two-year radio serial. That led to other radio parts, which led to her photograph in the newspapers, which led directly into the motion picture studios—where she became famous opposite Mickey Rooney in the Hardy pictures.

But right now Ann is mostly acting the role of wife and mother . . . and gay adventuress! Her hat adventures alone would keep you reading for hours. She has always made her own cocktail hats, and she approaches her hobby briskly, armed with a hat-block, yards of wire for frames, bolts of various cloths, and boxes of flowers, veiling, and artificial birds. She has no inhibitions about hats—her most recent success consisted of two hats, worn one on top of the other!

But enough of this! By this time you get the idea: Ann lives in a happy whirlpool. Which is nothing compared to what is to come, when she and David have the five children they want. Then life will be an even bigger whirlpool for Ann—and she'll still ride it like a seasoned and graceful mermaid, in the best-looking hat you ever saw!



# Even Beginners Can Now Put Up Jewels in Jars!



Delight your family with finer fruits...save sugar, too

**H**OME CANNERS everywhere are enthusiastic about this fully tested, sensationally new way to put up fruits with finer flavor, brighter color, firmer texture.

Beginners and veteran canners alike are packing fruits and berries; making preserves and marmalades that rival fresh fruit in sun-ripe flavor and

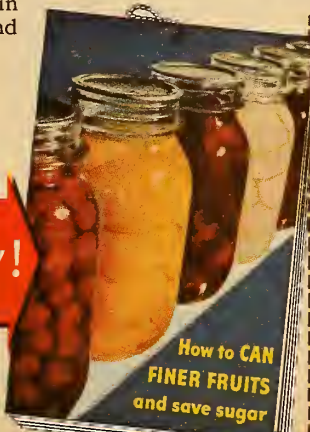
putting up 25% to 30% more with their sugar ration.

The secret is home-blended syrups of Karo-and-sugar. Tested recipes, preferred by the tasting jury of experts and endorsed by home economists and food editors, are now yours for the asking.

Send today for the exciting FREE book... beautifully illustrated in full color... containing simple fool-proof directions for blending these new canning syrups. Accurate charts in this book guide you in perfect home canning of finer fruits to enrich your pantry shelves and delight your family.



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How to CAN FINER FRUITS and save sugar

Paper shortages make it difficult for us to print enough books for all. Be sure of your FREE copy. Don't delay. Write at once. Print or write name and address plainly.

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Canal St. Station, P. O. Box 154  
New York 13, N. Y.

Please send me "How to Can Finer Fruits and Save Sugar".

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Rich in dextrose... food-energy sugar



# Variety IS THE Spice of Salads!

HERE ARE 3 PIQUANT VARIATIONS FROM 1 "MASTER DRESSING"

With Mazola's new "stay together" dressing as your theme, harmonize your own piquant variations for delicious fruit, vegetable or sea food salads. Tempt your family with a

symphony of *different* salads, or serve all three to summer guests.

Keep a big jar of this new "Mazola" dressing fresh and cool in your refrigerator, "ever-ready" for use.

## MAZOLA "EVER-READY" FRENCH DRESSING

(The dressing that "stays together")

1 tablespoon dry mustard	1 tablespoon salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar
5 teaspoons sugar	2 teaspoons paprika	2 cups Mazola
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper	1 egg	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice

Combine all dry ingredients, egg, and 3 tablespoons of the vinegar. Beat until well blended. Add Mazola 2 tablespoons at a time until  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup Mazola has been added, beating after each addition till Mazola disappears and mixture is

smooth. Add remaining Mazola  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup at a time, alternately with lemon juice and vinegar, beating well after each addition. Makes 3 cups. Store in refrigerator, and use "as is" for summer salads, or try these variations:

### 1 CREAM NECTAR DRESSING for FRUIT SALADS:

Blend well  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Mazola "ever-ready" French Dressing with 1 cup sour cream, 1 tsp. lemon rind, 1 tsp. orange rind and 1 tsp. Red Label Karo or honey. Makes  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups.

### 2 "DEEP SOUTH" DRESSING for SEA FOOD SALADS:

Blend 6 tbsps. Mazola "ever-ready" French Dressing with  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup mayonnaise. Just before serving fold in  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup diced avocado. Makes  $1\frac{3}{4}$  cups.

### 3 CHEESE AND CHIVE DRESSING for VEGETABLE SALADS:

Blend well  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Mazola "ever-ready" French Dressing with 1 cup cottage cheese,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk and 1 tablespoon chopped chives (or onions). Makes  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups.

© Corn Products Sales Company



1

2

3



# *I believe in you*

*A handful of words . . .  
and the past became a  
lie, the shining future  
a black, ominous threat*

**S**TAND still, Joanne!" Miss Ward's fussy, querulous voice recalled me sharply from my day-dreaming. Outside the window were the sagebrush hills that made our New Mexico ranch lands a valley, and from where I stood I could see the golden Palomino pony kicking up his heels in the corral. I wanted to be out there—not acting as a clothes-horse for the white wedding dress Miss Ward was fitting on me. "I'll never get this straight if you don't stop fidgeting!" Her words came out jerkily through the pins she held in her mouth. "The wedding only a week off and your





ma sick in bed—I've got plenty to do if I'm going to have you looking like a bride and not a ranch hand. But then I suppose you'd just as soon be married in your overalls, the way you live in them!"

I smiled at Miss Ward. The little seamstress was trying hard to disguise her pride that she had been called in for the occasion when Mother's illness had made it impossible for me to run up to Albuquerque for my trousseau. And I knew well that, though she scolded me to my face, back in her little shop in Indian Wells she would brag to anyone who would listen of how I looked in that white dress and of what a perfect match Don and I would make.

"I don't think Don would care if I did wear overalls. He likes me just as I am." And then, because that sounded smug, I added, penitently, "I do care—very much—how I look, Miss Ward. I want this wedding to be absolutely perfect." Strange that I should feel no excitement—only this pleasant feeling of satisfaction and importance when I thought of Sunday. But perhaps not so strange when you consider that Don and I had been taking our getting married for granted for so many years.

"Did you know Duncan was back?"

"Duncan? Oh, I'm glad! We were afraid he wouldn't get here in time. And it would be a queer wedding with-

out Don's own twin—without my only brother-in-law." Everything is working out as it should, I thought complacently, as I turned around on the stool in obedience to Miss Ward's commands. Duncan home from Washington; the doctor confident that Mother would be out of bed and well by Sunday; the weather perfect; and the wedding plans shaping up as the biggest affair Indian Wells and the whole dis-

trict had seen for a good many years.

It was all as it should be. Even the congratulations from our friends had the knowing, we've-always-expected-it tone about them as if it would be unheard of for either Joanne Deming or Don Henry to marry anyone else. We had always, Don and I, been the leaders among the sons and daughters of the ranchers whose holdings lay hidden in and around these hills, perhaps

*Suddenly, there in that peaceful room, among the people and the things I had known always, I felt a chill of fear.*





because both of us had the knack of doing things well, whether it was working or playing or building our ambitions for the future. Under Mother's tutelage I could manage the house as well as she; before he died Dad had taught me to ride herd like a boy and to understand the business of ranching. Don ran his own place, the Bar-H, with an expert hand that older ranchers envied. Besides that,

we went well together . . . his tall, dark squareness and my slim height and fair coloring.

"I saw him get off at the station this morning. Looked like an Easterner—except that no dude ever was that brown or had those sun-squint lines around his eyes."

For a minute I couldn't think who she was talking about—and then I remembered Duncan.

"He's been gone a year so I suppose there'll be a lot of changes in him. And he was away at college for so long before that, I honestly don't know him very well," I answered absently. I was trying to recall exactly what Duncan looked like. He looked like Don, of course. They were twins. But when I tried to picture him distinctly I could only remember a slightly mocking smile that used to make me uncomfortable at times, that used to shake my self-assurance and that I knew had the same effect on Don. Outside of that, he was to me only a slighter, slimmer edition of Don, without any real impression of the man, himself. He had been ill a long time when he was a child and now that he was grown his interests were different from ours. He loved this country as we did, but not from our viewpoint. He didn't think of it in terms of cattle and range and horseflesh. Duncan was a geologist and I had only the foggiest notion of what a geologist did. . . .

"**THERE.**" Miss Ward straightened her back and stepped back to look over her work. "You can take it off now—it's fitted." Carefully she helped me ease the white silk folds over my head. "This will be the prettiest dress I've ever made. As it *should* be. It isn't every day we have a wedding like this, absolutely right and made in Heaven, if ever there was one. And the dress has to be just as right."

"It will look terrible, if Joanne doesn't stop riding every day and getting more and more tanned." The dress covered my head at the moment but I didn't need eyes to know that the speaker was my second-cousin, Helen Lodge. There was a light contempt in her voice.

"Helen! I didn't hear you come in. You startled me. Here—help us get this sleeve off," Miss Ward directed her.

Once off, I breathed deeply in release. But Miss Ward wasn't finished. The suit skirt, she explained, didn't hang properly and I was to stand right there until she could go and get it.

I was left alone with Helen. I was weary of standing still so long, but that didn't account wholly for my irritation. Part of it came, as it always did, from the sight of her dainty, perfectly-groomed figure. From her red curls in faultless ordered waves. From her carefully-manicured nails and her shining, high-heeled pumps. Helen's grooming was never ruffled by heat or wind, because she never stirred, if it was possible, from the coolness of the house. Her nails could be perfect because her hands never did anything harder than making her own bed. Both Demings, I thought . . . Helen and I . . . both of us receiving from childhood the same love and care and training . . . yet we were so different. Duty and responsibility rolled off Helen like water off a duck's back and if there was work to be done she took it for granted someone else would do it. And someone always did.

Involuntarily my eyes went to my own slim, rounded legs—strong and supple from the (Continued on page 73)









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 "Duncan? Oh, I'm glad! We were afraid he wouldn't get here in time. And it would be a queer wedding with-

*Suddenly, there in that peaceful room, among the people and the things I had known always, I felt a chill of fear.*

out Don's own twin—without my only brother-in-law." Everything is working out as it should, I thought complacently, as I turned around on the stool in obedience to Miss Ward's commands. Duncan home from Washington; the doctor confident that Mother would be out of bed and well by Sunday; the weather perfect; and the wedding plans shaping up as the biggest affair Indian Wells and the whole dis-

trict had seen for a good many years. It was all as it should be. Even the congratulations from our friends had the knowing, we've-always-expected-it tone about them as if it would be unheard of for either Joanne Deming or Don Henry to marry anyone else. We had always, Don and I, been the leaders among the sons and daughters of the ranchers whose holdings lay hidden in and around these hills, perhaps

because both of us had the knack of doing things well, whether it was working or playing or building our ambitions for the future. Under Mother's tutelage I could manage the house as well as she; before he died Dad had taught me to ride herd like a boy and to understand the business of ranching. Don ran his own place, the Bar-H, with an expert hand that older ranchers envied. Besides that,

we went well together . . . his tall, dark squareness and my slim height and fair coloring.

"I saw him get off at the station this morning. Looked like an Easterner—except that no dude ever was that brown or had those sun-squint lines around his eyes."

For a minute I couldn't think who she was talking about—and then I remembered Duncan.

"He's been gone a year so I suppose there'll be a lot of changes in him. And he was away at college for so long before that, I honestly don't know him very well," I answered absently. I was trying to recall exactly what Duncan looked like. He looked like Don, of course. They were twins. But when I tried to picture him distinctly I could only remember a slightly mocking smile that used to make me uncomfortable at times, that used to shake my self-assurance and that I knew had the same effect on Don. Outside of that, he was to me only a slighter, slimmer edition of Don, without any real impression of the man, himself. He had been ill a long time when he was a child and now that he was grown his interests were different from ours. He loved this country as we did, but not from our viewpoint. He didn't think of it in terms of cattle and range and horseflesh. Duncan was a geologist and I had only the foggiest notion of what a geologist did. . . .

"THERE." Miss Ward straightened her back and stepped back to look over her work. "You can take it off now—it's fitted." Carefully she helped me ease the white silk folds over my head. "This will be the prettiest dress I've ever made. As it should be. It isn't every day we have a wedding like this, absolutely right and made in Heaven, if ever there was one. And the dress has to be just as right."

"It will look terrible, if Joanne doesn't stop riding every day and getting more and more tanned." The dress covered my head at the moment but I didn't need eyes to know that the speaker was my second-cousin, Helen Lodge. There was a light contempt in her voice.

"Helen! I didn't hear you come in. You startled me. Here—help us get this sleeve off," Miss Ward directed her.

Once off, I breathed deeply in release. But Miss Ward wasn't finished. The suit skirt, she explained, didn't hang properly and I was to stand right there until she could go and get it.

I was left alone with Helen. I was weary of standing still so long, but that didn't account wholly for my irritation. Part of it came, as it always did, from the sight of her dainty, perfectly-groomed figure. From her red curls in faultless ordered waves. From her carefully-manicured nails and her shining, high-heeled pumps. Helen's grooming was never ruffled by heat or wind, because she never stirred, if it was possible, from the coolness of the house. Her nails could be perfect because her hands never did anything harder than making her own bed. Both Demings, I thought . . . Helen and I . . . both of us receiving from childhood the same love and care and training . . . yet we were so different. Duty and responsibility rolled off Helen, like water off a duck's back and if there was work to be done she took it for granted someone else would do it. And someone always did.

Involuntarily my eyes went to my own slim, rounded legs—strong and supple from the (Continued on page 73)





# A Ring for

**I**T WAS New Year's Eve, 1942, that I met Ted Bromley.

A stinging wind was coming in off Lake Michigan, carrying a fine sleet with it that soon blanketed Chicago. It would have to be a night like this, I thought anxiously. All the girls who worked for Central Communications—and there were nearly three hundred of us—had decided to give a party to raise funds for the new Canteen. I was in charge of the entertainment and for days I had been rushing about trying to make all the arrangements. Even after the dance got under way there were still a good many things to do. So it was nearly midnight when I sat down at the table I shared with Mary Compton and Dora Mason, the girls I roomed with. "I've never been so tired," I admitted to Dora. "At the stroke of twelve I'm going to steal Cinderella's act and disappear."

"That's what you think!" said a teasing voice behind me. I turned to see a tall man standing there. Dora said casually in her off-hand manner, "Connie, you know Ted Bromley, don't you? This is Constance Rogers, Ted."

"I know. I've known your name for quite some time," he said surprisingly. "Care to dance, Connie?" I glanced at Dora but she was absorbed in a Marine. Ted caught my hand and led me out on the floor.

In his arms, I almost forgot how tired I was. He held me easily, lightly. There was no need for small talk. Not with this man. I might have known him all my life. "Let's get out of here," he said suddenly. "There's a small lounge off that hall where it isn't so crowded."

"But I'm taking you away from Dora," I said guiltily.

He laughed at that. "You are not taking me away. I came. Besides, Dora is busy adding to her male scalp collection." I glanced in her direction and saw her blonde head buried on the Marine's shoulder. There was a dreamy expression on both their faces as they danced. I had to laugh a little too. My roommate was up to her old tricks. She was a funny, likeable girl but she could not resist flirting with every good-looking man she saw.

The lights were soft in the lounge

so that we could look out and see the frozen shores of Lake Michigan. "Brrr, I didn't know Chicago could get so cold," I said.

"Almost as cold as Rockford, isn't it?" Ted's dark eyes were teasing.

"How did you know I came from there?" I asked, astonished.

"I made a point to find out all I could about you. I work at Central Communications too, even if you never have noticed me around! . . . Connie, the first time I saw you was up in the Personnel Department. I thought I'd never seen a girl so fresh and lovely.

And at that moment the bells started ringing in New Year . . . 1942 . . . Year of portent and blackness it proved to be for so many. We were part of the generation—Ted and I—that our late beloved President Roosevelt said, "had a rendezvous with Destiny." Not that we had any inkling of it then. We were simply another gay young pair at a party.

"Happy New Year!" Ted said softly. "Thank my lucky stars for the good old custom that goes with it!" And he kissed me. It was a strangely intimate kiss from someone I had known less than an hour. But there are some people you get to know instantly. He was one of them.

After that night I saw a lot of Ted. Dora said, "Well, I certainly started something when I introduced you two!" But she was too absorbed in her Marine really to notice anyone else. And Mary Compton, my other roommate, a shy little girl from the South, began talking in misty tones about wedding bells and such. But I laughed at that. "Ted and I have fun together. That's all," I explained. "I don't want to be married for a long time." And I meant it. It was too pleasant just drifting along like this. Ted was teaching me to ice skate and to bowl. It was such a comfortable companionship, so friendly and smooth, that I doubted if I were in love at all. Romance, to my mind, meant breathless excitement and a sense of high adventure. There was nothing like that in my feeling for Ted.

About once a month I was in the habit of going home on the bus to Rockwood for the week-end. It was only a two-hour trip and I got lonesome for mother and dad and the twins—Bud and Bidge, who were eleven. In February Ted decided to go down with me for a visit. "I haven't had any folks of my own since I was fourteen. D'you mind if I adopt yours?" he asked.

"Of course not!" I said, laughing. "But isn't that kind of rash, adopting them sight unseen?"

"No. They are *your* folks, aren't they?"

Something warm filled my heart when he (Continued on page 88)



*More than a ring,  
it was the symbol  
of the perfect thing that  
had been their love. Now  
the time had come to take  
it off—and she had sworn  
she would wear it forever!*

Ever since then I've been like a kid looking in a candy-store window . . ."

We looked at each other intently. "But why didn't I see you?" I asked. He was not the type to go unnoticed. He had light hair, curly as a child's, and brown eyes, and the deeply tanned skin of a man who spends most of his time out-of-doors.

"Oh, you've seen me," he grinned. "But I am a 'trouble shooter' for Communications on their Main Line, and usually I wear thick goggles even around the plant that make me look first cousin to gargoyle . . . I've been waiting for tonight to meet you, Connie."

He took my hands in both of his.



# Remembrance

*"When I take you into my arms as my wife, I want it to be for good. Not just a day, and then separation."*





*He talked continually of marriage,  
of the things he wanted for us. And  
I listened to him as if in a dream.*





# Until too late

*Some things, Adele knew, she could never have—but she didn't know that happiness might be among them until she found that in choosing between love and friendship it's possible to lose both*

UNTIL I met Tim Ellis, I thought I had everything in the world that I wanted. Everything, that is, within reason. There were some things I could never have—a sound heart for my mother, a sound body for my crippled brother, Eric. But we were comfortable, the three of us, in our little house on the west side of Blue Bridge—and being comfortable was a triumph and an achievement that had once seemed impossible for the Warren family. That was five years ago, after the automobile accident that left Eric a helpless cripple and settled the support of the family on my shoulders.

I wasn't prepared to carry the burden. I was just out of high school, and I'd had no commercial training. I learned, in weeks of waiting in one personnel office after another, that no one wanted to hire a high school graduate with neither training nor experience.

And then I saw the advertisement. "Receptionist wanted," it said. "Alert, intelligent. No experience necessary. Offices of Blaine and Anson, Blaine Building, after nine." I was in the lobby of the Blaine Building at ten minutes to nine the next morning. At nine I went upstairs, pushed through wide double doors into a large room filled with girls. A distracted-looking young woman handed me an application blank. I took it hopelessly. Somehow, that advertisement in the paper had seemed intended especially for me—and now I saw that every other high school graduate in town had evidently thought the same thing. There wasn't even room enough for me to sit down; I wrote holding the blank against the wall near the door.

That was how I met Harold Anson. The door flew open, jogged my shoulder, and the blank slid to the floor. I stooped to retrieve it, but another hand—a man's hand—was quicker. A man's voice said, "I'm so sorry. Did I hurt—" Then, as we straightened, facing each other, his voice died away. For a second he said nothing at all; for a second there was something startled, something like recognition—in his eyes. Then it was gone, and he was saying smoothly, repeating, "I'm terribly sorry. I should never have opened the door so abruptly."

I took the blank he held out to me, assured him that I wasn't hurt. He

touched his hat and went on to the inner offices, after stopping for a minute to speak to the woman at the desk. The woman collected our applications. I imagined that she looked at me with some attention as she took mine, but then I put the fancy down to wishful thinking. She disappeared into the inner offices; two minutes later she came back, announcing "Miss Warren, Miss Adele Warren."

I followed her, trying not to hope too much. Then I was seated opposite Mr. Anson in his office, trying to control my trembling hands, my shaking knees. There was no recognition in Mr. Anson's eyes now; he was brisk and business-like, but he didn't look frightening. He was a plain little man in his forties, hardly taller than I. He had a nice, rather boyish face, but he was the sort of person you would never notice on the street, wouldn't remember after a casual introduction. His hair was thinning, and everything about him—hair, eyes, his well-cut suit—was an unobtrusive, medium brown. Everything except his shoes. His shoes were a bright tan, almost orange. Somehow, the sight of those gaudy shoes gave me courage.

He had my application blank in his hand and he referred to it as he questioned me. "Two dependents, Miss Warren?" he asked in a voice that said I was rather young to have any dependents at all.

"My mother and my brother," I explained. "My father died several years ago, and Eric, my brother, supported us after that. Mother has a weak heart and can do nothing more strenuous than light housework. Then this spring Eric was hurt—paralyzed as the result of an auto accident."

"There's no chance of recovery?"

"He may be able to use his hands, some day. But the doctors say he'll never be able to walk again."

Mr. Anson didn't say anything. I liked that. Everyone said how sorry they were about Eric—but being sorry didn't give him back the use of his limbs.

Mr. Anson rose and held out his hand. "Thank you for coming in, Miss Warren. We'll call you to let you know."

I rose, too, swallowing my disap-



pointment. I'd heard that so many times—"We'll let you know." Only they never did.

But they called me that afternoon, and the next morning I started work as receptionist for Blaine and Anson, shoe manufacturers. I didn't question my good fortune. I was too intent upon doing my job well to wonder how I'd happened to be chosen for it—until the last day of the first week, when Mr. Anson called me into his office. It was late in the afternoon; most of the staff had gone home, and I thought Mr. Anson had gone, too, until he popped his head out of his door and said, "Miss Warren, I'd like to see you for a minute."

I went on shaking legs, wondering what I had done wrong, sure that I was going to lose my job. Mr. Anson closed the door after me, picked something out of the drawer of his desk. "Miss Warren," he said abruptly, "I'd like you to have these."

I looked down at the objects he placed in my hand. They were gold buckles—thick, heavy, old-fashioned shoe buckles. I'd never seen anything like them, but they looked valuable. "I can't," I stammered. "I mean, thank you, but I can't possibly—"

"But you can," he insisted. "I don't care what you do with them—sell them, have them melted down, anything. We had them made for a special display, and we've no possible use for them unless we gave them away as curios. I'd much rather you had them."

If I had been older or more self-assured, I would have known that he was as flustered as I was. But I was panic-stricken, remembering the odd way he'd looked at me the day he'd bumped into me, remembering, too, all the stories I'd ever heard about employers who made advances. "I can't," I repeated desperately, "and I think I'd better resign—"

"Oh, no!" he cried. "You mustn't do that! Think of your mother and your brother—"

"That's just it," I said stiffly. "I didn't want to be hired out of pity, or for any other reason. I can't work here unless it's on the basis of ability alone."

"Out of pity," he repeated. He sat down suddenly, took out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead. "I don't pity you, Miss Warren. But it's

true that I asked Personnel to consider you for the job, and I did have a reason. Would you like to hear it?"

I nodded dumbly. He motioned toward a chair, and I sat down. "You look like someone I knew once," he said, "someone I cared a great deal about. She had blue eyes like yours, and round pink cheeks like yours, and her hair was the same shade of bright, light brown. And there was something more, too—something young and shining and courageous about her—something you have. She was a waitress in the college town where I went to school, and I—well, I fell head over heels in love with her. We planned to be married, until I came home on vacation, and Blue Bridge closed in on me. Blue Bridge isn't a very big place, but it's big enough for snobbery. I'd been brought up to believe that the six best families in Blue Bridge were pretty important, and that there was a sort of law against marrying outside them, if you happened to be born into them. It's pretty hard to rise above that sort of thing when you're twenty, and I didn't have the courage my girl had. I didn't have spirit enough to fight my family and their friends. I didn't go back to school that fall. I stayed here and went into the firm."

I was listening, fascinated. Mr. Anson didn't look like a plain, nervous little man any more. His voice had deepened as he talked; he had taken on dignity and stature. "What happened to her?" I breathed.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "At the time, it didn't seem important to find out. I rationalized, put the whole thing down to infatuation, told myself that she'd been only infatuated, too. I married a Blue Bridge girl, and my two boys were born, and for a few years I was busy, building our home, working up in the business. But lately—As you get older, Miss Warren, you begin to think back, and you wonder sometimes. . . . I've been thinking lately that not only was I false to that girl and to myself, but false to something bigger than both of us—false to Life, in a way. That's why when I walked in the other morning and saw you—it was like being offered a second chance. I'm sorry I blundered about the buckles, but they mean nothing to us, and I'd truly like to help you in any way I can. I'm glad that you're here. It makes me happy just to see you around the office. I ask nothing except that you stay on here and let me be your friend."

I refused the buckles, but I kept my job. I walked out of Mr. Anson's office that afternoon dazed by his confidences, but so touched by them that I felt like crying, even while a cynical part of my mind whispered that they might not be true. Afterwards, I was ashamed of myself for doubting him. I asked no question about him, but the office force gossiped, and it wasn't long before I discovered that everyone was sorry for him. Even close-mouthed, acid-tongued Miss Porter, Mr. Blaine's secretary, softened when she spoke of Mr. Anson. "Poor man," she said. "All the color there is in his

life is in those shoes he wears. He's spent his whole life running around a tight little triangle made up of the office and his home and the country club. As for his wife—she cares a lot more about Mrs. Harold Anson than she cares about her husband. It wasn't so bad when his boys were younger, but now they're both away at school. . . ." She shook her head. "I don't know what he'll do for an interest."

I might have told her that Mr. Anson was interested in me, but at that time I didn't know how much he thought about me, how much he planned for me. There was the secretarial course, for one thing—the first thing. One day he said to me, casually, "Have you ever thought of going to business school, Miss Warren?"

"I've thought of it," I said ruefully. "But I can't afford it."

"You can borrow on the employees' fund," he suggested. "It's there for you to use, and you can repay the money at the rate of a dollar or two a week. You'd make more as a stenographer . . . and my secretary is leaving to be married next June."

I lost no time in drawing on the employees' fund. I'd finished the course in night school: I'd been a stenographer for three months and Mr. Anson's private secretary for six before I discovered the amounts loaned out of the employees' fund were normally not nearly as large as the one I'd had, and that usually they were reserved only for emergencies. But by that time I'd been with Blaine and Anson for over a year, and I'd grown accustomed to Mr. Anson's thoughtfulness and generosity. In dozens of ways he made the difference between comfort and bare existence for Mother and Eric and me, between worry and a sense of security. Our clothes and household goods were purchased at discount at the department stores that did business with the firm of Blaine and Anson. At Christmas and on holidays and on every possible occasion gifts came to the house—practical gifts, like great baskets of tinned delicacies that provided midnight snacks and party fare for our family for weeks afterward. I had a two-week vacation my first summer, and a three-week vacation each summer thereafter—and more often than not the railroad fare and the hotel expenses at the resorts I visited cost me nothing at all. Mr. Anson had intended to use the railroad tickets himself, he explained, and had had his plans changed at the last minute. Mr. Anson "just happened" to hold a due-bill at the resort hotel I wanted to visit. There was no thanking him for any of these favors, but I felt better about accepting them after I discovered that the acidulous Miss Porter, who was middle-aged and had been twenty years with the firm, received the same sort of favors—although in smaller quantity—from Mr. Blaine.

I never saw Mr. Anson outside his office. Soon after I became his secretary our days fell into a pattern that never varied. He would come marching in in the morning, brisk and business-like. "Good (Continued on page 54)



Until Too Late was suggested by the radio script, "Motor Trouble", by Jon Slot, first heard on Stars over Hollywood, Saturdays at 12:30, EWT, over CBS.



# In the Heart's Keeping

*Marjorie prayed twice for a thing she wanted more than anything in life. And twice her prayer was answered...*

**I** WAS tired that night, coming home from work. I couldn't remember ever having been so tired. It was the kind of tiredness you wake up in the morning with, the kind that seems to have gotten into your very bones. And ahead of me, there was dinner to cook, the dishes to wash, the house to straighten and—most of all—Bob, with whom I must pretend I wasn't tired at all.

I sighed. Gary Gray turned from his driving for a moment and looked at me. "You look all in," he said sympathetically.

"I'd like to go to bed and sleep for six weeks." I tried to smile at him. He was a nice person and a most considerate boss. "I certainly do appreciate this lift home. I'd never have made it on the bus tonight."

"You deserve a lift, having to work overtime. It's been tough lately for you and your husband. But he'll be well soon and then you can take your six weeks' nap. Although—" he smiled—"what I'll do without you at the office I don't know."

The car stopped in front of the small two-family house, and I got out. "Thanks ever so much," I said. "See you tomorrow." I stood there for a moment, holding my big bag of groceries, as he drove off. Gary Gray was attractive—tall, slim, good-looking. He was probably going





home to his bachelor apartment to bathe and dress and then take a girl out to dinner and a show. He knew lots of girls, and some of them ran after him.

Suddenly I wished I were going out to dinner, like the girl he was taking. I wanted to have a long, leisurely bath, to take my time doing my nails and hair, to get all dressed up and go to dinner some place where there was music and soft lights—and where I could just sit and order what I wanted without having to worry about cooking it and cleaning up afterwards. It had been a long time since I'd done that. Not since before Bob's operation, nearly five months ago.

But it was silly, thinking like this. I shifted the heavy bag, fixed a smile on my lips and went up the steps and opened the door.

Bob was sitting in his wheel chair by the window. He had managed to wrap himself in a robe. There were magazines and books on the table beside him, and the portable radio, and a piece of paper covered with figures. He tried to shove it out of sight, but I saw it and knew he'd been worrying over expenses again.

I went over and kissed him. "Hi, honey. How are you?"

His worried frown relaxed a little but the worry didn't leave his face. "Okay, I guess." His voice was lifeless, and at the sound of it all the life seemed to drain out of me, too. "You're

awfully late. Whatever kept you?"

"We had to work overtime again. And then I had to stop and do the marketing. Mr. Gray brought me home, though, so it wasn't too bad."

"Yes," he said. "I saw him."

There was something in the way he said it that was—well, almost as if he were accusing me of something. As if he resented it. I looked at him sharply, and noticed again how much weight he'd lost and how drawn he looked. Bob was a big man. He'd played football in high school and had always been active and strong. That was one of the reasons why it was so hard on him to be sick for so long.

"Well," I said as cheerfully as I could, "dinner'll be ready in a minute." I carried the groceries out to the small kitchen. The sink was stopped up again. I'd have to fix it before I could wash the vegetables and, for a minute, I felt like crying in my exasperation. Marie was always letting the sink get stopped up. But she was young and inexperienced, and we were lucky to have anyone at all who could come in and get Bob's lunch every day.

"What did you do today?" I called out, as I started to work. "Have any company?" Sometimes the neighbors came in to visit with Bob.

"No, nobody came. And I had my usual busy, exciting day. I read the morning paper and I read the evening paper. I did a crossword puzzle. I listened to the radio and I looked out the

window. That's always fascinating."

I should have been warned by the bitterness in his voice. I should have realized that this was one of the times when he felt most deeply discouraged. But I was full of my long, hard day; I was trying to unplug the drain; I was thinking of the note I'd have to leave Marie tomorrow telling her she must clean out the ice-box as I'd asked; and so I said, without thinking, "Gosh, that sounds like a wonderful day. I'd like to have had it."

THERE was silence for a minute. When I looked up Bob had wheeled himself to the doorway. His face was taut and angry. "Okay," he said, "throw it up to me that you have to go out and work all day, and then come home and work again. Tell me how you have to earn all the money while I sit here doing nothing."

"Bob!" I cried. "I didn't mean that. I was only thinking—"

"I know what you were thinking. You don't have to tell me. You're sick to death of having an invalid for a husband . . . you've made *that* clear. I saw you standing there on the sidewalk, looking after Gary Gray. You probably wish you were out with him somewhere."

"That's not fair! Maybe I did wish for a minute I were going out—but not with Gary Gray or anybody else. With you. That's only natural, isn't it? To want you to be well so we can go places again and have fun. To want you to be well for all the reasons in the world. It's been a long time—"

"You're telling me! Do you think I like sitting here alone, day after day, not able to do any of the things we used to do? Do you have to remind me how tough it is on you?"

I burst into tears. I couldn't help it. After a minute, Bob said: "I'm sorry, Marjorie. I'm—jittery tonight but I didn't have any right to take it out on you. Don't cry, honey."

I needed to have his arms around me. I needed to have the tears kissed away and to be soothed and comforted. But he only sat there, gripping the arms of his chair, with his face suddenly white with fatigue. Even as I looked up at him, he turned away and propelled himself slowly back to the window as if he had expended every ounce of energy he had.

I dried my eyes. "It's all right," I said dully. And went back to peeling the potatoes.

But it wasn't all right. None of it was all right. It was true Bob's operation had been a serious one, and his long convalescence had been a strain on him. I knew he was weak, that he was sometimes in pain, and that he was bound to feel lonely and low here alone all day. His company had put him on half pay since his illness and he worried about money a lot. All that was true. But what was also true was that it had been a terrible strain on me, as well. I had taken the job with Gary Gray as soon as Bob was well enough for me to leave him, and I worked hard at it. We needed the money desperately. I, too, worried and, more, I had



*"I had my usual exciting day," Bob said. "I read the morning paper. I read the evening paper."*



to try to keep *him* from worrying. I had tried to keep him cheerful and undiscouraged as the weeks turned into months. And then tonight when I was so tired, when I needed comforting myself, to have him turn on me like that—I knew he didn't mean it, but it wasn't fair. It was too much!

I thought of the way things used to be between us, and tears came to my eyes again. The way we used to laugh, while I was getting dinner when he got home from work. The way he'd interrupt what I was doing to take me in his arms and kiss me and tease me. The way we planned for the things we wanted some day to have, the things we wanted to do. The—the togetherness of it.

And now all that was gone.

I remembered our first Christmas. We'd been married eight months then and we were terribly in love. We didn't have much money and we needed a lot of things for the house, so we'd decided instead of giving each other a regular Christmas present, we'd each save a certain amount and buy an easy chair for the living-room as a Christmas present to the house and to ourselves. We got a little china bank and put it on the mantel-piece, and at the end of each week we had a ceremony when we each put in the amount we'd saved—Bob from his budgeted allowance, I from mine.

And I remembered how, during the weeks before Christmas, I'd decided I'd

break the pact and secretly get a special present for Bob anyway. A wristwatch. It wasn't a very expensive watch, but he wanted and needed one. So I scrimped every way I could—and I did without the occasional lunches I'd had downtown with girls I knew. I denied myself little things. I mended stockings again and again instead of buying new ones. I walked all over town to get the lowest prices on household supplies and food, to save enough to make a secret payment each week on that watch.

And then, on Christmas Eve afternoon, I'd gone to the jewelry store to make the final one. Just as Mr. Cohen, the jeweler, was wrapping it up—Bob walked in! I felt as guilty as if I'd been caught robbing the store instead of buying a present. I'd wanted to surprise him Christmas morning.

"Darn it, what did you have to come in here for?" I cried. Then I turned to Mr. Cohen. "You might as well give it to him now," I said. "He's ruined the surprise."

Mr. Cohen handed him the package, and Bob stood there, turning it over and over in his hands, looking at it with a funny expression. Then he said to Mr. Cohen, "Give her *her* package."

The jeweler reached under the counter and brought out a similar box. He handed it to me. It was a simple, inexpensive wristwatch. It was the most beautiful watch in the whole world.

When I looked at it, and looked at

Bob, and then at Mr. Cohen standing there beaming at us, I couldn't say anything. Only Mr. Cohen spoke. He kept saying, over and over, "Don't I keep secrets good? I knew it all the time! Each of you buying it for the other. Ah, that's nice, that's nice. That's good."

We walked out of the store with our watches, our precious gifts. We walked all the way home. "You're an old double-crosser," I said. "I thought you were putting all your savings into the bank, for the chair. I bet you had to do without lunches for this."

And Bob said, "You're an old double-crosser, yourself! All the time telling me you gave up candy because you were getting fat, and you couldn't go downtown to lunch because you were too busy at home."

We kept kidding each other because it went too deep to be serious. And when we got home, we broke the bank and there was enough in it to buy the chair. It was the happiest Christmas, we decided, that anybody ever had. Not because of the watches. But because the watches represented sacrifice and love.

That was what we'd had once. And now—

Now I put the dinner on a tray and carried it in to Bob. The chops had burned a little, because I'd been preoccupied with thinking about what had been.

Bob took a couple of bites and pushed

*Mr. Gray looked at me with sympathy.  
"What you need," he said, "is a little fun."*





his plate away. "I don't think I want any dinner," he said.

"But you've got to eat! You won't get your strength back if you don't eat."

"I'm not hungry. And besides the chop is burned."

"Then why didn't you say you weren't hungry?" I burst out. "I wouldn't have fixed dinner if I'd known you weren't going to eat it. I'm not hungry either. I'm too tired."

"I know you're tired. And I'm sorry you had to fix dinner. I'm sorry I can't take you out, if that's what you want. I'm sorry I'm sick. But, for Lord's sake, don't blame me if I don't want anything to eat!"

I tried to fight down the anger that rose uncontrollably within me. "Look, honey," I said as evenly as I could. "I know it's hard to be sick for so long. But it's not going to last forever, you know. You're going to get well. Soon, Dr. Squire says—"

"**YEAH.** Sure. That's what we've been telling ourselves for months now. You and the doctor have been giving me pep talks as if I were a six-year-old kid—"

"You've got to make an effort. For my sake, as well as your own. You've got to try to look on the bright side of things instead of always the dark side. I can't do everything, Bob."

"There you go again—reminding me of everything you have to do! I know what you have to do. But—" he shoved back from the table. "Skip it," he said in a dead voice. "I'm going to bed."

I sat there in front of the littered table, with its dirty dishes, its dinner we couldn't eat. I looked at it. I thought of the laundry still to be gotten together to send out tomorrow, the blouse I still had to wash and iron to wear to the office. And suddenly resentment flooded through me. What good were any of the things I had to do? What use were they? When the only results were that Bob and I were becoming like strangers to each other, who no longer spoke the same language except to bicker? He never seemed to appreciate anything any more at all; he could never have acted as he had tonight if he did.

"Well," I finally told myself, "he's sick and I have to make excuses for him. But why can't he, just once, maybe make excuses for me?"

Two hours later, when all the work was done, I went into the bedroom. Bob was lying in his bed, staring at the ceiling. I knew from the way his mouth was drawn that he was in pain.

"Is it very bad, honey? Will you be able to sleep?" I said softly.

"It's okay."

I waited a moment. Then I said, "I'm sorry if I was cross. I didn't mean to be."

He looked at me then but it wasn't as if he saw me. It was as if he were looking at something a long time ago. "I'm sorry if I was," he said.

Whenever we had quarreled over anything, before Bob was sick—and we had occasionally, as I guess all married people do—we'd always ended it finally together. There had always been

a reconciliation that had gone deeper than the quarrel, and made the disagreement as if it had never been. Now nothing was finished. Nothing was ended. It was exactly as if two strangers had apologized for accidentally running into each other on the street.

And that was the way it stayed. Bob and I seemed to withdraw more and more from each other. It was as if we didn't have anything to give each other any more—we who once had given in full and overflowing measure. In trying not to quarrel or misunderstand each other, we just stopped trying to talk—really talk—at all.

I stopped trying to figure it out, and resentment stayed with me. If he really, truly loved me, I thought, he'd stop thinking only of the way he felt and try to understand how I was feeling.

One day at the office, after Gary Gray had finished a lot of dictation, he said, "What's the matter lately, Marjorie? You seem so depressed."

"I am," I said. "Oh, I guess it's nothing really—except just things at home don't seem to go so well any more."

He looked at me sympathetically. "What you need is a little fun. Tell you what—let me drive you home this afternoon and on the way we'll stop off at that new place and have some tea. It will do you good."

It would make me late getting home. But what of it, I thought suddenly. I was late when I had to work overtime. Why shouldn't I be late, just once, to have some pleasure? Bob shouldn't mind—just this one time. So I called Marie at noon and told her to tell Bob I'd be late. I didn't say why. I would tell him when I got there.

And all afternoon I worked with more vigor, thinking how I was going to do something gay and different at the end of the day instead of the same dreary round of going home and cooking dinner and facing the silence that seemed now to come so often and so separatingly between Bob and me.

**T**HE tea room was in one of the new, smart hotels. There was an orchestra for dancing, and lots of well-dressed people. Gary and I had thin little sandwiches, and talked—not of work, but of the people around us and things like that. He could be very amusing, and I found myself laughing as I hadn't laughed in months. One of the things I'd always liked and respected about him was that, in all the time I'd worked in his office, he'd never made a too-personal remark to me. He never, in the slightest way, ever tried to make a bid for personal attention, as some bosses did with their secretaries. And it was the same now. We had a good time together but it was exactly like being out with an older brother.

It was raining when we left. As we drove up in front of my house, Gary took off his topcoat and put it over my shoulders. "Better wear this in," he said, "so you won't get wet." And then we both laughed at the way I looked bundled up in the coat that was so much too big.

He put his arm around me, helping me hold it up, as we ran up the steps of the house. "Come in," I said, "so I can give this back to you."

I opened the door and he followed me in. Bob was sitting in his chair by the window. "Hello, honey. You've never met Gary Gray, the nicest boss anybody ever had. Gary, this is—"

Bob's voice cut over mine, and you could feel the anger in it. "Where have you been?" he demanded.

I stared at him in amazement, and all my gay mood drained away. "Why, we just stopped off for some tea on the way home. I phoned you I'd be late—"

Bob was looking over my shoulder at Gary. "Is this what you call working overtime, Mr. Gray? When my wife has been late getting home before—"

"Bob!" I cried. "For heaven's sake—"

"I'm afraid it's all my fault," Gary interrupted smoothly, ignoring the implication of Bob's words. "This time wasn't overtime. I gave myself the pleasure of inviting Marjorie. I didn't think you'd mind. I'm sorry—"

Bob tried to get up. I saw his hands clenched at his side. "Well, I do mind. And I'd just as soon you left—right now."

Gary Gray looked at him a long moment, in silence. Then he turned to me. "Good night, Marjorie," he said, and picked up his coat and left.

I was shaking with angry humiliation. "What on earth are you doing?" I cried to Bob. "What do you mean—insulting him that way, implying the things you did about not working overtime when we said we were! He was just trying to be nice."

"I don't like other guys being nice to my wife like that! He's too smooth—and if he thinks—"

"He's not! And you behaving like a— a rowdy to him and to me, too! With all the rest I've had to stand, now you have to go and act this way." The tears rushed up and choked me. I ran into the bedroom, slammed the door, and threw myself on the bed.

I cried for a long time. Finally, from the other room, I heard Bob dialing a number on the telephone and talking for a long time. I couldn't hear what he said. Then he opened the door and wheeled in. He came up to the bed beside me and said, very quietly:

"I want to apologize, honey. I just got through apologizing to Gray. You've got to understand and forgive me, too. I'm terribly, deeply sorry."

"You ought to be!" I wouldn't look at him.

"You've got to try and see the way it was for me. I—I've been sick a long time, Marjorie. And I've sat here, day after day, watching all the things you've had to do and feeling like a useless dope because you had to do them. I wanted to look after you, take care of you, and I couldn't. I haven't even been able to kiss you as I've wanted to, for a long time. It was as if the illness—took my manhood away and just left me like a kid you had to look after. Don't you see?"

"But you didn't have to humiliate me like that. As (Continued on page 67)



IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

# Our Gal Sunday

*The story of a happy Anglo-American alliance.*



*SUNDAY'S* strange story began years ago when, a tiny baby, she was left at the door of two old miners. She grew up to loveliness and happiness as the wife of Lord Henry Brinthrope, but she has never solved the mystery surrounding her origin and her background.  
(Vivian Smolen)

Produced by Anne and Frank Hummert; heard each weekday at 12:45 P.M. EWT, CBS.





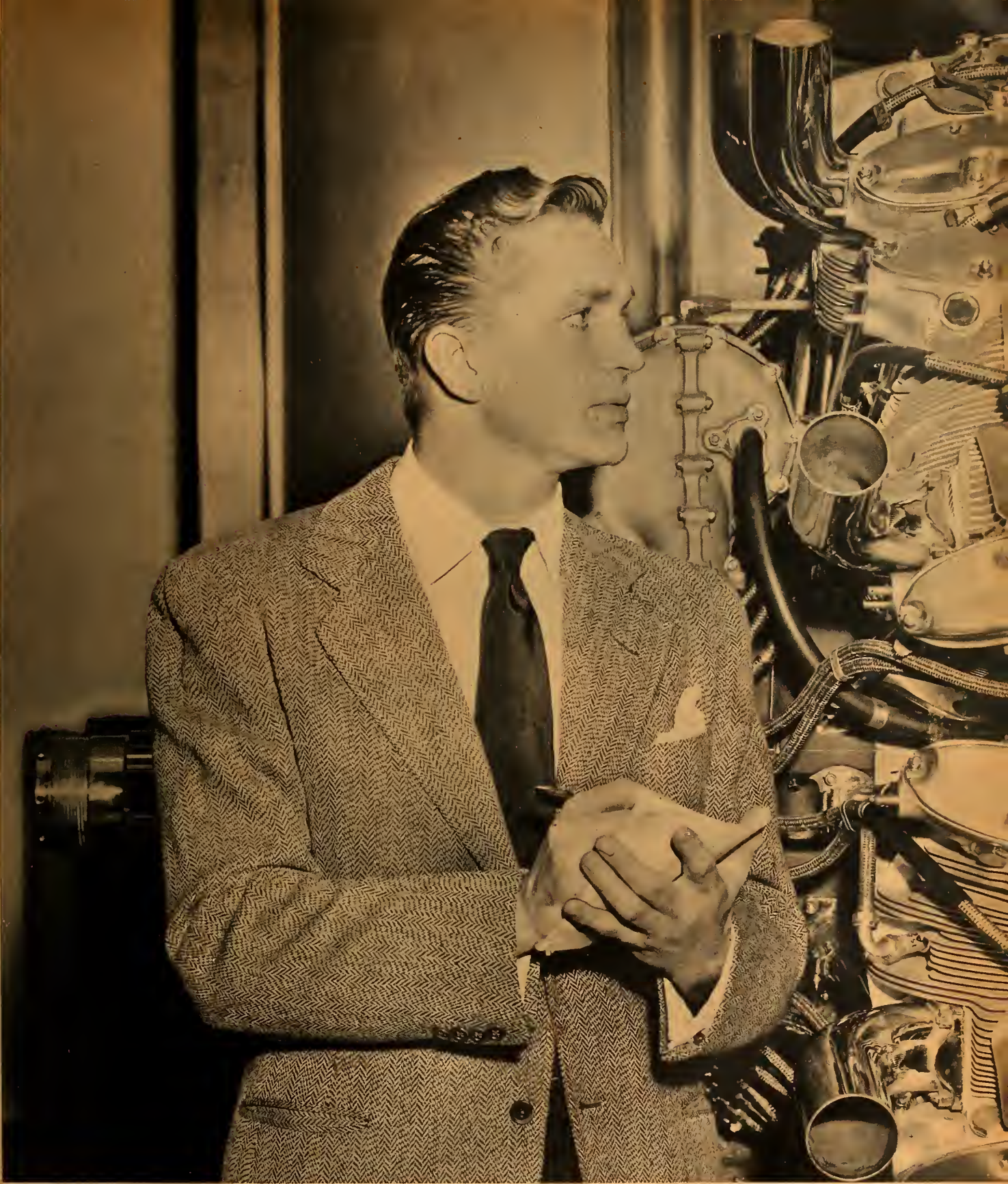
*LONNIE, though he is an adopted and not a real son of the Brinthropes, is a true big brother to little David, and a worthy heir to the Brinthrope title.*  
(played by Alastair Kyle)

*CHARLOTTE ABBOTT, the wife of the local doctor, gossips too much; but Sunday admires her for the efficient help she gives her overworked husband.*  
(played by Elaine Kent)



*IRENE GALWAY, next-door neighbor to the Brinthropes and Sunday's trusted friend, will always remember that her present happiness is chiefly due to Sunday. If it had not been for Sunday's tireless efforts, Irene and Peter, her ex-husband, might never have reunited.*  
(played by Frances Carlon)





*LORD HENRY BRINTHROPE, Sunday's beloved husband, was born into wealth and an assured position in the British aristocracy. But he is one of those Englishmen who feels altogether at home with American people and traditions, and has managed to transplant himself and his family from his castle at Balmacruchie, in Scotland, to the thoroughly American environment of the state of Virginia, with no hitches and no regrets. Sunday and Henry, with their three children, are living at Black Swan Hall while Henry devotes his energies to the important work that his airplane plant is accomplishing in turning out needed war supplies.*

(Lord Henry Brinthrope played by Karl Swenson)





*HILDA MARSHALL was once a famous actress. Suddenly threatened by ruin and disgrace, she took advantage of the fact that she had once lived in the little Western town where Sunday grew up, and, uninvited, thrust herself upon Sunday and Lord Henry at their home in Virginia, Black Swan Hall, in an effort to reconstruct her fortunes and plan her future. Sunday and Lord Henry will not soon forget the strange woman whose visit turned into a period of trouble, very nearly of heartbreak, for them.*  
(played by Ara Gerald)



*LAWRENCE SHEFFIELD, in addition to his capable functioning as Lord Henry's lawyer, has another place in the lives of the Brinthropes; he is their respected, trusted friend. Henry prizes him equally highly in both relationships, and often pays him the tribute of saying "Good old Lawrence, always there when I need him."*  
(played by Clyde North)




*PETER GALWAY is another person whose gratitude to the Brinthropes will last for all of his life. He too will never forget that it is to Sunday and Lord Henry that he owes the happiness of his remarriage to Irene, after the divorce that was so sad a mistake for both of them. An architect, Peter completed some special assignments for the government in connection with the war, and now works at home where he can be close to his wife, his friends, and his adored and adoring small daughter, Dorothy.*  
(played by Joseph Curtin)



*KATHY, in her brusque Scottish way, worships all three of the Brinthrope children, though the newest, baby Caroline, has a particularly firm grip on her sentimental heart. When Sunday and Lord Henry left England, faithful Kathy came with them to America, so that she need never be parted from the family to which she has so long been devoted.*  
(played by Ruth Russell)





*When I saw the painted, neat little house, I thought, "Why, it's not so bad!" But that was before I had seen the inside.*

*There are many ways of living—some ugly, some tempting. But for Myra and Dick there was only one way, if they were to be truly at home, together*



WHEN I woke up, that morning, the train was moving rather slowly through country where the cold breath of the north seemed still to linger, country one step removed from the wilderness. But there was no grandeur about it, I saw as I propped myself up and peered through the window of my lower berth. Scrub evergreens, dark thickets, patches where swamp water reflected the greyness of the sky like a dull mirror. And a little town, its mean buildings cowering, huddling together for protection from the surrounding wasteland.

I remember that I smiled to myself, thinking, "No wonder Dick got away! No wonder he never wanted to bring me here, even for a visit!" I pulled the shade down, shutting out the sight after one last supercilious glance.

But of course the country was still there, waiting, forty-five minutes later when I got off the train at Farr. It greeted me with a gust of cold wind which carried stinging particles of dust, and I shivered in spite of the warm tweed suit I had been wise enough to wear. Down in the city, two hundred miles away, it was Indian summer, but here—why, here it was winter already! If, indeed, it had ever been summer. A wide, unpaved street stretched away at right angles to the railway tracks; a street of shabby wooden buildings, some of them obviously untenanted. The only sign of life was a mud-crust Ford car which came down the street and stopped a few feet away from me. A man leaned out to look at me. "You Mrs. Terrell?" he asked in a harsh voice.

"Yes," I said, and he unlatched the car door.

"Get in. You can put your valise in back." He was certainly ungracious enough, I thought as I obeyed. No doubt he was a neighbor of Dick's parents who resented being asked to meet me. He was old and thin and strong, with a deeply lined face and brown hands that engulfed the car's

steering-wheel, they were so big. He was dressed in a black suit which was green with age and not particularly clean.

"How is Mrs. Terrell now?" I asked. He didn't answer; just shrugged his thin shoulders and swung the car into a narrow, rutted dirt road. Evidently conversation wasn't his strong point. I fell silent, staring out at the dreary landscape. "It's a dead country," Dick had told me once. "It used to be good timber land, but the lumbermen came in and stripped it bare. I mean—really bare. It actually won't support life now."

He had exaggerated there, of course. I closed my eyes, and against the lids I could see Dick again—not in his uniform, because the uniform meant the war, and the war was to be only an interlude in our life together. I brought back, vivid to my memory, the way his brown hair grew irregularly above his forehead, and the lively sparkle of his blue eyes, and the flat leanness of his cheeks; and I heard again, as I heard every day, his voice saying, "We've had one perfect year together, Myra, and it will do for a starter. When I come back we'll pick up exactly where we left off. Until then—"

He hadn't finished, but I had understood. Until then, I was to keep the old life intact. It was Dick's life; he had fought for it and fashioned it himself. Seeing this country, his birthplace, I was realizing all over again exactly how hard he had fought. He'd come from poverty, had worked to put himself through college and medical school, had built up a city practice. That was a good deal for one man to accomplish. And then, just as he had begun to enjoy the fruits of all his work, the war . . .

I opened my eyes, shaking my head a little in self-reproof. I musn't think about the war, or about the fact that at the present moment Dick was some eight thousand miles away from me. Much better to think, instead, of what

I could do to help Dick's parents, that unknown old couple I was on my way to meet.

"I don't see why you have to go racing out there yourself," Edith, my brother's wife, had complained when I showed her the telegram signed Amos Fennison, M. D. "Suppose Dick's mother is ill? What can you do to help?"

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"But—really, Myra, I should think if you must do something—and I suppose you are obligated, since they're Dick's parents," Edith conceded grudgingly, "it would be much more sensible to send a trained nurse. Roger could get one for you."

"He probably could. But I certainly don't think he should—not with the Army and Navy crying for nurses. Besides, I've gone all summer without a vacation. Here's my chance."

"Vacation!" Edith sniffed. "You'll work yourself to death."

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"Maybe."

"A high price to pay for curiosity, if you ask me," he commented. "I went through there once, on a hunting trip. It looked awful—and from what Dick's always said, it is."

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Here is Home

A CASE HISTORY FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S FILES









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has tried to persuade his people to sell their place and move nearer the city, where he could take care of them. You know that. If they insist on staying . . ." His gesture indicated that it was hopeless to try to help people who wouldn't help themselves.

AND maybe he was right, I thought uncomfortably as the old car rattled down one side of a washed-out gully and up the other. Living here could be nothing but an unending struggle for the barest existence; a refusal to leave argued an unintelligent stubbornness. I glanced at the hard-bitten old man beside me. If only he'd say something!

"Do you live near the Terrells?" I ventured.

He gave me a brief sidelong glance. "No," he said, in that grating voice. "In Farr."

"But— isn't Dr. Fennison going out to the farm today? I thought probably he'd meet me—he sent me the wire telling me to come."

Suddenly he laughed, without merriment. "I'm Fennison," he said.

I felt my cheeks crimson in mortification. But how was I to have guessed that this—this shabby, gaunt old man was a doctor? There was nothing of science about him, no sign of education—

He guessed my thoughts, of course. "Not your idea of a doctor, am I?" He pulled the car around a sharp bend in the road. "Nor Dick Terrell's, either, I guess," he added with a slow bitterness.

"You—you know Dick?"

"O' course." Taking his eyes from the road, he let them travel over me with a scorn I saw without understanding—as if he were cataloguing my smart clothes, my slim figure, the

modest amount of makeup on my face, and finding them all distasteful. "Brought him into the world . . . Here's the Terrell place."

I looked, and my first thought was, *Why, it's not so bad!* True, the house was small, but it was painted and neat. The fence that separated it from the road was in good repair, and plump chickens scratched in the yard.

Dr. Fennison brought the car to a shuddering stop. "It wasn't my idea to send for you," he said sourly. "There's nothing you can do for Mary Terrell—nothing anybody can do. But Jim said Dick 'ud want you to be sent for. So I did as he said." He got out of the car, snatched up a bag from the floor in back, and was turning toward the house when I stopped him.

"Doctor," I said breathlessly, "I don't know— Just what is the matter with Mrs. Terrell?"

"Cancer," he said, without looking at me.

While that one word rang horribly in my ears, I got out my suitcase and followed him to the door of the little house, which was open now. The old man who stood there went with the house. He too was little, and weather-worn, but in excellent repair. Dick would have made two of him, but one look into his bright blue eyes told me that this was indeed Dick's father. Dr. Fennison indicated me with a gesture and a muttered word, and left us, going on into the house.

"Well!" Mr. Terrell said. "So you're Dick's Myra. You look just like your picture, only prettier. Come in, come in—Ma can't hardly wait to see you. Don't believe she slept a wink last night." He saw the pain in my face—how could she sleep, if what Dr. Fennison had told me of her illness was true?—and he patted my hand gently. "Ma

don't complain—never has. You'll find that out. All the same, having you here's going to mean a lot to her."

He led me inside, into a low-ceiled living room with painted beaverboard walls. A closed door at one side indicated that Dr. Fennison had gone to his patient; through another door, open, I glimpsed the kitchen. Everything showed the fumbling efforts of the old man to keep house; the floor had been swept, but there was dust on the furniture, and a trayful of soiled dishes lay on the table. He picked it up and took it into the kitchen, apologizing for its presence. "Just as soon's Doc's finished with Ma," he promised, "we'll go in to see her."

I laughed nervously. "I don't think the doctor likes me," I said. "And I made things worse by not realizing he was a doctor. I think that insulted him."

"Doc's getting a little crabby in his old age," my father-in-law said with a chuckle. "Don't mind him. He's a real good doctor, though, spite of his ornery ways. He and Dick used to be great friends—I always figured knowin' Doc was why Dick made up his mind to be a doctor too." There was a deep, happy note of pride in his voice as he spoke of Dick, and as he rummaged in a table drawer and brought out Dick's latest V-mail. "Writes to us nearly every week," he said. "Says he's in the Philippines. It's hard to imagine that—I never been farther than Linden, myself."

Yes, the Terrells lived in a remote, completely different world. Again and again; that first day, I was brought face to face with the fact of its difference. It came when I met Mrs. Terrell—Ma—and saw her pain-ravaged, cheerful face, heard her speak quite calmly of dying, as if it were no more than a moving from one house to another; and again when I saw the room where I was to sleep. It was only a lean-to at the back of the cottage—bare and unfinished, with an iron cot and a wash-basin on an old chest of drawers for its furniture. It had been Dick's room.

"It ain't very nice," Mr. Terrell said apologetically. "Dick sent us money to fix up the rest of the house but we never use this room, now he's gone away, so we left it just as it was. I'm sorry now, seein' you got to sleep in it."

I was sorry too, but not for that reason. I was sorry because this room gave me a glimpse of how the whole house had been when Dick was a boy—a boy yearning to get away from its poverty.

"I don't intend to be poor," Dick had said to me—oh, so long ago, three eternal years ago! Roger had introduced us only a few weeks before, and we were flushed from dancing, and the veranda of the country club was a fairyland of moonlight and honeysuckle-perfume. Beside me, Dick leaned on the railing, staring out across the black-and-silver of the care-

"You see," Dick wrote, "I've stopped wanting to pretend that Farr doesn't exist . . ."





*I found myself telling Roger and Edith about Farr, even though I knew they would never understand.*



fully tended grounds. "It's fine to talk about the nobility of poverty," he said—"except that there's no such thing. Poverty's mean and ugly. I happen to know."

Yes, he knew.

I smiled at Mr. Terrell. "It's just fine," I said. "I'll be perfectly comfortable here."

I had no idea that I was telling the truth. But there was a strange sort of comfort—a spiritual comfort, not a physical one—in being here with Dick's parents, in plunging wholeheartedly into the task of making things easier for them. I gave the house a thorough cleaning, washed and ironed curtains and put them up again, cooked a good meal out of the materials I found in the kitchen and made up a list of more groceries to buy in Farr. Mr. Terrell told me Dr. Fennison would do the shopping. "I used to have a mule," he said, "and Ma and I went to town every couple o' weeks, but the mule died about the time Ma was laid on her back and there wasn't much sense gettin' a new one, seein'g's I couldn't leave the place anyhow."

Dr. Fennison . . . Dr. Fennison. His name was always cropping up. He *must* be kind, I told myself—but why did he have to be so sour about it? He

hadn't said goodbye to me when he left the first day, and he didn't say hello to me when he came the second. He took the list from me, glanced at it, and said, "Canned asparagus—hmp! Chittering's grocery in Farr don't even know what that is."

"Oh! I'm sorry—I didn't realize—"

**H**E cut me short. Thrusting the list into his pocket, he said, "I'll get what I can. Better give me the money now."

Hastily, I got my purse and with trembling fingers (though I didn't quite know whether they were shaking from fright or from anger) produced a ten-dollar bill. He took it without comment.

But I saw the other side of him a moment later. I watched from the window while he stood beside his pitiful old car, talking to Mr. Terrell, and his face lost its grim austerity then, became gentle and kind. It was simply that he didn't like *me*, I realized.

He was only a crotchety old man, and his opinion didn't matter to me. Or did it? If it didn't, why did I find myself, the next day, going to meet him with a smile on my lips as he got out of his car, and being troubled when he froze the smile with a curt nod?

Why did I—certainly without planning it—hear myself saying, "Dr. Fennison! I'm sorry if I've offended you?"

He stopped, frowning. "Offended me?"

"Yes—by not realizing you were a doctor, that first day—"

"Oh!" The corners of his mouth drew down. He said—not kindly, but with perfect sincerity, "I'd forgotten all about that."

"Then why don't you like me?" I burst out. "It's plain enough that you don't!"

He stood quite still, looking at me. His eyes, set deep in their sockets, seemed to probe into my brain. Then, inexplicably and very rudely, he turned without a word and went into the house.

Well, I had done my best. If he wanted us to be enemies—

I set my chin and began taking parcels out of the back of the car. I carried them into the kitchen, and stayed there when I heard him come out of the sickroom. Let Mr. Terrell have the honor of talking to him in the future!

I whirled at a sound in the doorway behind me. He was standing there, as tall and forbidding as ever. "Got a couple of hours to spare?" he asked.

"Why—yes, I suppose so—"



"Want to take a ride with me? There's some things I can show you."

As he said it, it was the opposite of an invitation, but—"All right," I said, and went for my hat and coat.

We turned to the right when we drove out of the yard, not to the left toward Farr. We passed another farm like the Terrells'; but after that the road degenerated to a mere track, pierced by out-croppings of granite rock. The car lurched from side to side so violently that I had to grip the door to keep from being thrown against Dr. Fennison. Finally, when he could go no farther, he stopped. "We walk a ways now," he said.

Slipping and stumbling—hating my city awkwardness—I followed him along a path running through undergrowth and scrub pine, skirting a tamarack swamp. "Where are we going?" I asked once, and he answered, "To see a patient of mine."

I SUPPOSE it wasn't more than half a mile, but it seemed ten times that, to the clearing where the rusty-red earth swelled to make a low hill. There was a hole in the side of this hill, framed roughly in timber, with a door swinging crazily on its hinges. Ragged children played there in the dust, but they ran and hid when they saw us. Dr. Fennison marched to the door, and through it. I hesitated. Inside I could see nothing but blackness—a heavy, solid kind of blackness, as if you would have to push your way through it. Then I took a deep breath and followed. It was not as dark as I'd thought. Enough light came in through the door and a sort of window on the crest of the hill overhead to show me a boarded-up room, a rusted stove, a bed made out of lumber nailed together, some boxes and rickety chairs. A woman was on the bed, and another woman was standing by the stove. Both were thin, both watched us with dull, incurious eyes. It was impossible to guess their ages, because somehow you knew that time had different values here; a year in their lives was the equal of ten years outside.

Feeling faint and oppressed, I stood near the door, waiting while Dr. Fennison bent over the woman on the bed. Rags covered her; he pulled them gently aside, touching her wasted flesh, talking to her with friendly roughness. "You been taking those pills I left you? Every night and morning, like I told you?"

"I did for a while," the woman said in a high, querulous voice. "But they didn't seem t'do me no good, Doc. What I need's a tonic—I get such bad shortness o' breath when I try to get up. . . ."

"You swallow those pills and forget about the tonic," Dr. Fennison told her sternly. "Where's Lafe? He get any crop in?"

The other woman laughed—a dreadful sound. "Blight got it—Pop let it rot on the ground."

"I don't rightly know where Lafe is now," the sick woman said. "Might be out in the woods somewheres—he said somethin' about borrowin' Wheelers' mule to sledge some wood into town.

But he ain't feelin' so good these days either, Doc."

"No, I suppose not," Dr. Fennison said dryly. He had a hypodermic needle in his hand, and the woman shrank away, but he paid no attention. Swabbing clean a spot on her arm, he deftly inserted the needle and depressed the plunger. "There now," he said. "You finish those pills—here's another bottle for when you've finished the old one. And tell Lafe if he happens to be in town to come and see me." He turned to the other woman. "And how're you feelin', Nancy?"

In all, I think we spent nearly an hour in or just outside that dark hovel. Dr. Fennison looked at the children, too, after Nancy had captured and brought them, screaming, to him. They were miserably thin, and all appeared to have colds—and no wonder, I thought, considering the way they lived, like little savages!

At last we were walking back the way we'd come, and Dr. Fennison asked quietly, "Well? What do you think of the Thatchers?"

I shuddered. "Horrible," I said in a choked voice. "I can't believe—I never knew people lived this way—not in America!"

"They do, though. And if you think the Thatchers are bad off—!" He stopped and faced around, looking past me up the narrow path. "There's others, farther in—so far in that I can't even get to them."

All at once, he no longer seemed grim or forbidding, but only a rather tired and frustrated old man, struggling against overwhelming odds.

"Thank you for showing me," I said humbly. "You make me feel so— If there were only something I could do. But what can anyone do for people like that?"

His eyes flashed out at me. "Do? Plenty! Dick Terrell could have done something—if he hadn't turned his back on the place where he was born, and gone off to the city to make money and marry a city wife!"

The attack was so unexpected that for a moment I could only stare at him.



The story *Here Is Home* was adapted from a problem presented originally on the John J. Anthony program. Hear it on Mutual, daily, at 1:45 P.M., EWT.

"You think those people back there are past all help, don't you?" he demanded. "Well, let me tell you, young lady, that's not so. Yes—they're poor, and they don't get enough to eat. But nobody helps 'em. Nobody's ever helped 'em. Every day that passes, they get sicker and weaker, and the rest of the country goes on, payin' no attention. Not even a doctor to nurse their aches and pains—nobody but an old crock that can't get any place but where his car will take him, and that doesn't know anything newer in medicine than what was found out in nineteen-hundred!"

His face working, he turned abruptly and strode on down the path. I needed all my breath to keep up with him, and perhaps this was just as well, because it gave me time to realize why his attitude toward me had been so prickly. He blamed Dick for staying in the city to practice instead of coming back here—and he blamed me for the influence he fancied I'd had on Dick in making that decision. But that wasn't fair, I told myself, not fair at all! I felt that I had to defend Dick, and as we reached the car I said:

"You think Dick should have come back here to practice—is that it?"

Climbing wearily into the seat behind the wheel, he said, "I hoped he would. When he was a little fellow, he used to go with me on my calls—used to talk to me, and learn everything I had to tell him. I set him on the road to bein' a doctor, and the reason I did it was because I hoped there'd be somebody better and younger'n me to take care o' these people."

"But you can't seriously expect Dick to bury himself in this backwoods, Dr. Fennison!—to waste all the years of study and sacrifice that went into his education!"

"Waste?" he said sternly. "Do you call it wasting his education to use it saving people's lives?"

"He saves lives in the city, too!" I said defiantly.

"And if he wasn't there, they'd be saved anyway because there are plenty of other doctors around!" he retorted. "No, young lady, you can say what you want, but this is where Dick ought to be. Oh, I know it ain't very attractive, and he'd never get rich, if that's what he wants most out o' life. But there's a real job to be done, and he wouldn't starve at it. The county's ready to pay a health officer in this district, if it could get a man that'd really do the work, and there's no other doctor than me closer than Briarly, forty miles east o' Farr, so he'd have some paying practice of his own. These people can be helped—only reason so many of 'em are poor and shiftless is that they're sick, they haven't got the energy to do anything for themselves—"

He had begun now, and he didn't stop again, all the way back to the Terrell farm. He talked steadily, telling me of patients he'd saved and patients he'd lost, of reclamation and reforestation schemes which could be carried out on this blasted land if only its people had (Continued on page 60)



# Ring around my finger

As told by ELISSA LANDI

to

MARTHA ROUNTREE

**T**HE other day I was poking around in an old trunk battered from cross-country theatrical tours. (I have a mania for keeping all sorts of souvenirs) when, caught between a spangled head-dress and an old crinoline skirt, I found a calendar. There was a big, bold, carelessly-drawn circle around the date May 5, 1943. I sat back and smiled reminiscently, as I remembered that night.

We had played our last-but-one performance of "Candida" in Boston. Shortly after the curtain fell on our final scene, there was a knock on my dressing-room door, and I opened it to a very tall, dark-haired young man, whose hat seemed strangely familiar. "I know this hat and this man—" I told myself, "but from where?"

Exerting my memory to its fullest, I came up with, "Mr. Curtis, how nice."

"Curtis Thomas," he corrected me with a smile. "Remember—Cambridge, cock-tails, and our literary agent?"

"Of course," I said as the light dawned, "of course, won't you come in?"

"I just dropped by," he stammered, "on the chance that you might be free this evening."

"I'm very sorry," I shook my head, "but I have an engagement. As a matter of fact, he is due here any minute."

He looked crestfallen for a moment—then he asked me if he might sit with me until my date arrived.

When fifteen minutes went by and my Marine date had not landed, I arose and put on my hat. "Either there has been a misunderstanding, or I'm being stood up," I announced.

"Is it my pleasure to take you to supper?" Curtis asked.

I remember thinking that the old-fashioned phrase sounded most refreshing. I



*A ring around a date on Elissa's calendar marked the start of an interstate romance that culminated in another kind of ring*



have learned since that he has a certain inherent formality that is very endearing—and never, never stuffy.

Just as we started to leave, I laughingly picked up an eyebrow pencil and circled the date, which was May 5. "There," I said, tossing the pencil back into my make-up box, "that will serve to remind me of the first time I was stood up."

Little did I realize that only a few months later this particular date would assume an entirely different significance. A flippant gesture, a ring around a broken date, would evolve into a ring around my third finger, left hand, after an exciting summer romance.

**W**E spent the evening drinking coffee and talking. Everything under the sun came up for discussion; in fact, we were so absorbed in our conversation that the time flew and we found ourselves practically thrown out of the restaurant at three in the morning. Still talking, we walked back to the Ritz, where I was staying. I had never enjoyed anyone's company so much. But Curtis said good-night in the entrance without making a future date.

"Landi," I sent myself a mental note as I crossed the lobby, "you're hooked. And he lives in Massachusetts and you in New York!" Then I was struck by the difference between this meeting and our first one, eleven months before, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where I was playing in the Brattle Hall Playhouse, in Somerset Maugham's play "Theatre." My literary agent had come up to see me to discuss my book, "The Pear Tree." I was apologetic that she had to make the trip, but she assured me that I should not feel too bad about it.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "I have another author in this neck of the woods. He's written an exceptionally good historical novel, but like most young writers he's written too much. I have to talk to him about cutting it down."

I could not help remembering this description several days later when I met a very serious young man, with a battered and beloved-looking felt hat, who immediately identified himself to me by saying, "By the way, Miss Landi, we have a mutual friend."

"Really," I said, surprised, "who?"

"My literary agent."

"Ah," I said, "you are the man who wrote the historical novel!"

From then on all conversation was based on history, so far as I can remember. I had to leave for the theater so soon after our meeting that we really had no chance to get acquainted, and it wasn't until I was lucky enough to be stood up by my Marine Captain one night—eleven months later—that we really got to know each other.

Two days later, Curtis asked me to dinner before the theater. It didn't seem possible that there could be so much to talk about, so many ideas to compare, and experiences to relate! The dinner hour seemed over before it had begun, and I felt a little unhappy as I bade him good-bye because, you see, we were closing the next evening,



*Versatile Curtis Thomas writes historical novels in his serious moments, sonnets for relaxation.*

and I had to go right back to New York.

But Curtis wrote to me, after that. His letters had the same warmth, understanding and absorbing interest as his company; and as we became even better acquainted through our letters, I was suddenly set back on my heels by a lovely sonnet for me which he enclosed in a letter one day. I had not suspected that such a serious thinker and writer could also be so sentimental, but now that I knew it, I began to look forward to those verses. And they became more romantic and more charming with each letter.

We played a return engagement in Cambridge several weeks later, and I saw Curtis practically every night. A few of my very close friends were in Cambridge at the time, and Curtis came down from Boston, and for the two weeks the play was scheduled we had a wonderful time. We all just seemed to click together, and when the show moved on to Providence, Rhode Island, the quintet continued.

When the play closed, I invited them all up to my farm in Kingston.

The day we arrived was warm, and I kept promising them bracing showers and cool things to eat and drink. But I painted the delights of farm life too gaily—and too soon!

My father met us at the farmhouse with the alarming news that my maid had up and left. A mild sort of panic seized me when I thought of the ten-room house, the farm chores, and four guests. I had promised them fun—not hard labor!

It was then that Curtis—the serious thinker, the sonnet-writer—displayed another talent. He came to the rescue with a burst of domesticity that was amazing. He pitched right in to all the

work with an enthusiasm that is rare in a man and practically unheard of in a poet-writer. I began to regard him with a sort of amazed wonder. "This man," I thought, "can do *anything!*"

One day, he and I were weeding the beet patch. We'd yank at a weed and then stretch the kinks out. I was tugging away at a particularly stubborn one, and talking about my plans for the immediate future.

"I'm going to arrange my life so I can stay on the farm," I told him, frowning at the weed, "and write."

"Just write?"

"Well," I considered, "I expect to do a radio program soon."

"Where," he asked without looking at me, "do I fit into these plans?"

"What?" I looked at him quickly.

"You know I'm madly in love with you," he said gently.

I gasped, wide-eyed with amazement. And, inexplicably, I dissolved into tears. It wasn't until that moment when he looked so earnestly into my eyes and told me he loved me that I realized how important he was in my life. It was a pretty stunning realization to come upon out of the blue; I felt that I had to think over this thing, and figure out what had happened. Later that afternoon, while my friends were engaged in a violent political discussion, Curtis came back into the kitchen where I was ironing a shirt. He straddled a chair and sat watching me.

"You shouldn't be doing that," he grinned. "Now, if we were married, I could do half the housework."

There was a serious undertone to the joking. "Do you mean you really want to get married?" I asked him rather breathlessly.

He got up and came over to me. "When would you like me to speak to your father?"

"Curtis, in this day and age?" I said. "Does a man really ask a girl's father for her hand nowadays?"

A few minutes later I just rescued the shirt, which was on the verge of going up in smoke.

We were married the next month in a little wedding chapel on Park Avenue, with only our immediate families and four very close friends attending. That was August 28, 1943.

We are terribly happy. We are exceptionally compatible. We like the same people, entertainment, food and general way of life. We both love children. In September, 1944, Caroline Maude was born.

And it's particularly wonderful that all of our evenings are as absorbing as that first one in Boston. We have everything in common—our daughter, our writing, and now we both are in radio, too. Curtis is my best critic, and he and Caroline Maude stay at home and listen to me every Wednesday night on the radio. I have a show called *Between Us Girls*, which is a *Roundtable of Romance*, and like everything else I do these days, it's fun because happiness makes the whole world seem wonderful. All the fun in life is doubled, as if by magic, when there is another person to share it—but it has to be the one other person.





*Beautiful Elissa Landi has such a vigorous creative talent that she can't confine it to a single field of action. She has matched her brilliant career on the stage with movie success; has recently published a well-received mystery novel; now emerges as star of Mutual's *Between Us Girls*, Wednesdays at 10:30 P.M. EWT.*



## THE STORY:

**S**ANDY COVE was the same as it had always been, when sixteen-year-old Grace Landon came to spend the summer, as she did every year, with Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily. Grace thought it would be the same kind of summer, too—until she met Ronnie Sears, the nineteen-year-old Coast Guardsman from the Station near town, whom the aunts had taken to their hearts. And immediately it became different from anything that had ever happened to her. For Ronnie and Grace fell in love—the violent, irresistible, unthinking love of early youth, the love that demands fulfillment, that will admit no outside influence to guide its course. There was only one thing to do about this, Ronnie and Grace decided—and so they were married, secretly, by a nearby Justice of the Peace.

Ronnie and Grace had five stolen days and nights together, before Ron-

nie got his orders and shipped out. Grace was miserable in her loneliness, and in the necessity for keeping her marriage secret from her aunts when she longed to shout it to the world; but gradually she realized that the secret could not be kept much longer. She was going to have a baby. Panic-stricken, she made childish, impossible plans . . . she would get a job, take care of all the details herself . . . no one should ever know, until Ronnie came back. But even while she frantically planned, she knew she could never do it. She was only sixteen—she needed help, adult help. Afraid to turn to her own family, she fell back on her last hope. Ronnie's parents—surely he must have written them something about her. Surely they would at least know her name as a friend of their son's, and then she could go to them and tell them she was in reality their daughter-in-law. Timidly, she placed a long distance phone call to Ronnie's home, timidly

gave her name to Ronnie's mother. Mrs. Sears was apologetic. "I'm so sorry," she said, "but there are so many of Ronnie's friends whose names I never know. . . ." Quietly, Grace replaced the receiver.

**S**OMEONE tapped sharply against the door of the phone booth. I looked up. The face of a truckman, large and impatient, peered through the glass panel. "I got a call to make, too, girlie—"

I rose stiffly, pushed open the door, said something apologetic to the truckman. How long had I sat there, I wondered, unable to move, unable to think, just wishing that I could find a dark hole and crawl into it and never, never have to face the world again.

I walked out of the shop, started blindly down the street toward the shore. I moved without purpose, aware only that I must get away from the town, away from the lighted windows and the people behind them, people

*I looked at Ronnie teasingly, and said, "Aunt Fran says we're too young to know what real love is."*





who had no dreadful secrets that cut them off from the world, people whose lives were straight and clear and open. I crossed the highway, went down the concrete steps of the breakwater, and then there was sand under my feet, and a stiff, stinging wind from the sea. I pressed into it, worked down toward the water's edge, as if I would find sympathy in the lonely roll of the waves . . . and because Ronnie was out there somewhere, on the dark and restless water.


*He'd never said that he loved me.* . . . I didn't want to think about that. It didn't matter surely, when his every letter said how much he missed me and longed to be with me, when I had so many endearments, so many little tenderesses to remember. But still, he hadn't mentioned me to his parents . . . and he had not, I knew, except perhaps casually. And I knew that if I'd had parents to write to, my letters would have been full of Ronnie. Why, I'd even told Uncle William and Aunt

Martha many things about him. . . .

I came to the rocks at the point, and I climbed them in reckless haste, not caring that I slipped sometimes, not caring that the rough surfaces bruised my hands and my knees, finding in the physical pain some release for the hopelessness and misery stored within me. Half-way up, on the flat, windworn ledge where Ronnie and I had often sat, I rested and looked back toward Sandy Cove. The houses looked like toy houses at this distance; I could pick out the tall dark shape of Aunt Fran's house and a few doors down the lighted windows of Miss Bailey's, where Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily were having dinner, waiting for me to join them to make a fourth at bridge. What would happen, I wondered, if I should walk into Miss Bailey's and tell my aunts that I hadn't had dinner with one of the girls, that I'd been trying to call Ronnie's mother because Ronnie and I had been married in June and I was going to have a child? Would it be so

much harder, after all, than the time I'd confessed to breaking Aunt Fran's prized heirloom vase when I was a little girl? I still didn't see that Ronnie and I had committed a crime, even though Aunt Fran had said that a boy ought to go to the reformatory for marrying a sixteen-year-old girl. I stared at Miss Bailey's windows, knowing that I wasn't going to walk into her house and tell my aunts anything about Ronnie and me, knowing that somehow we'd done something terribly wrong, even if I didn't understand what was wrong with marrying the person you loved.

I huddled back against the sheltering rocks, brushed my cheek against the gritty surface, tried to recall what it had been like, being there with Ronnie, trying to conjure his presence at my side. And nothing happened. I couldn't feel his arms around me, couldn't hear the way his voice dipped when he spoke my name. Couldn't see his smile, his *(Continued on page 80)*



# The way love finds you

*Had the summer been wasted—the summer  
that had brought Grace such warm enchantment,  
such frightening pain? Or had it been,  
instead, merely a prelude to other summers . . .*



# Valley

*The battle that begins with c*

By LT. RALPH J. ANSLOW, U.S.A.

**L**AST Tuesday I received more letters than all the other patients on Ward Six combined. They weren't ordinary letters.

"This is a big world," one said, "so I know I'll never have the honor of meeting you; but I want to thank you for what you have done to keep America safe. Your courage and faith is something I shall never forget, nor shall I forget what you've done." . . .

"I was a former teacher of French," another said, "before I was stricken with my illness, which has made me a shut-in for five years. (It is a condition similar to Lou Gehrig's.) I had about given up everything, but after last night I have new ambition and courage—and my French books are out this morning." . . .

"Was much interested for the fact that you came from New Castle, N. B. I was in that territory from 1889 to 1893. I worked as night operator at Beaver Brook and fished in that brook three hundred feet east of the station where Lord Beaverbrook used to fish when he was a boy. Wonder if you ever knew a fellow by the name of J. Gordon Edgar who was secretary to J. B. Snowball in Chatham. He had a sister Belle who married a clergyman. Was much interested in your case. Sincerely hope you get fixed up and make the grade for a life work." . . .

"Our two sons, Bob, twelve, and Dick, nine, were most thrilled at your story." . . .

"Que Dios le ayude a elevar a cabo todo lo que desea, y mucho mas!" . . .

Personal letters, all of them. Yet I have never seen the people who wrote them, and until the day before, they had never heard of me. I was a nameless soldier in a military hospital. They were the nameless public that tuned in its twenty million radios at eight o'clock on a Monday evening, to a program called Vox Pop.

I like radio programs where people are called in and interviewed before

*Last Tuesday I received more letters than all the other patients combined. And they weren't ordinary letters. . . .*





# Forge-1945

*ounded soldier's return home can be more bitter than any other fighting he has faced . . .*

the microphone. They have a human-interest flavor that you don't get from the big-name shows. I used to wonder how they picked the people they interviewed. They'd never picked me—I knew that, and I'd traveled around a lot. Perhaps they took someone from the audience, or a name out of the telephone directory. It could be anyone, you could tell from the voice. It just never happened to be me.

Two days after Christmas—the second Christmas I've spent at Valley Forge General Hospital—a Gray Lady came into my room with a long sheet of paper in her hand.

"Lieutenant," she said, "here's a chance for a late Christmas present."

"For me," I said, "or from me? That looks like a tax-blank."

"It isn't," she said. "The Vox Pop radio program sent us these. They're going to broadcast from the Red Cross auditorium here on New Year's night, and they want to select five people from the hospital to appear on the program. Why don't you fill it in? You

might be one of the lucky ones."

"It's a big hospital," I said. "Lots of men around here have an interesting story to tell—better than mine."

"You've got as good a chance as any," she said. "Anyway, you've got nothing to lose. Why don't you give it a try?"

She been a good friend of mine, this



*"Your courage and faith, and what you've done, I shall never forget."*

New Brunswick, Canada, but an American citizen since 1937. . . . Years in military service: Ten . . . The long list of questions was no different from any standard questionnaire, with the exception of one curved-ball question: "What is the most outstanding experience you've ever had?" I didn't know whether this applied to business achievement or narrow escape or what. You could take it any way.

My mind went back to a certain day many years ago. I was working on a log-drive on a stream called Grog Brook, which runs into the Upsalquitch, in New Brunswick. A very bad jam had formed where this wild stream makes an almost right-angle turn after it piles up in a boiling mass against the foot of a cliff. This jam was tangled up like a keg of nails. As we worked down on the face of it, dogging the logs out one by one with our peaveys, the water which swirled away below us was feather-white.

About three hundred yards below us on the river a great granite boulder was bared by the receding current, so that logs started to pile up on the head of rock, (Continued on page 69)



*"I agree with you; the hand-capped do not want or need pity."*

Gray Lady. I don't believe in luck, but I wanted to please her.

"All right," I agreed. "What do they want to know?"

She helped me fill out the questionnaire. She helped me because I've lost one of my eyes and have only hazy vision in the other. My name: Ralph J. Anslow. . . . Birthplace: Newcastle,

*"I had about given up, but after your broadcast I have new courage."*







# Valley Forge - 1945

The battle that begins with a wounded soldier's return home can be more bitter than any other fighting he has faced . . .

By LT. RALPH J. ANSLOW, U.S.A.

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"I was a former teacher of French," another said, "before I was stricken with my illness, which has made me a shut-in for five years. (It is a condition similar to Lou Gehrig's.) I had about given up everything, but after last night I have new ambition and courage—and my French books are out this morning." . . .

"Was much interested for the fact that you came from New Castle, N. B. I was in that territory from 1889 to 1893. I worked as night operator at Beaver Brook and fished in that brook three hundred feet east of the station where Lord Beaverbrook used to fish when he was a boy. Wonder if you ever knew a fellow by the name of J. Gordon Edgar who was secretary to J. B. Snowball in Chatham. He had a sister Belle who married a clergyman. Was much interested in your case. Sincerely hope you get fixed up and make the grade for a life work." . . .

"Our two sons, Bob, twelve, and Dick, nine, were most thrilled at your story." . . .

"Que Dios le ayude a elevar a cabo todo lo que desea, y mucho mas!" . . .

Personal letters, all of them. Yet I have never seen the people who wrote them, and until the day before, they had never heard of me. I was a nameless soldier in a military hospital. They were the nameless public that tuned in its twenty million radios at eight o'clock on a Monday evening, to a program called Vox Pop.

I like radio programs where people are called in and interviewed before

the microphone. They have a human-interest flavor that you don't get from the big-name shows. I used to wonder how they picked the people they interviewed. They'd never picked me—I knew that, and I'd traveled around a lot. Perhaps they took someone from the audience, or a name out of the telephone directory. It could be anyone, you could tell from the voice. It just never happened to be me.

Two days after Christmas—the second Christmas I've spent at Valley Forge General Hospital—a Gray Lady came into my room with a long sheet of paper in her hand.

"Lieutenant," she said, "here's a chance for a late Christmas present."

"For me," I said, "or from me? That looks like a tax-blank."

"It isn't," she said. "The Vox Pop radio program sent us these. They're going to broadcast from the Red Cross auditorium here on New Year's night, and they want to select five people from the hospital to appear on the program. Why don't you fill it in? You

might be one of the lucky ones."

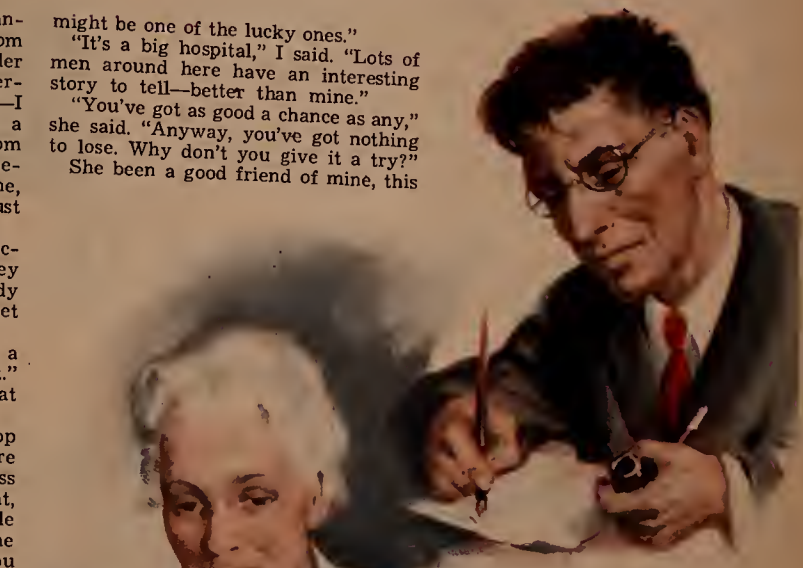
"It's a big hospital," I said. "Lots of men around here have an interesting story to tell—better than mine."

"You've got as good a chance as any," she said. "Anyway, you've got nothing to lose. Why don't you give it a try?" She been a good friend of mine, this



Last Tuesday I received more letters than all the other patients combined. And they weren't ordinary letters. . . .

"I had about given up, but after your broadcast I have new courage."



"Your courage and faith, and what you've done, I shall never forget."

New Brunswick, Canada, but an American citizen since 1937. . . . Years in military service: Ten . . . The long list of questions was no different from any standard questionnaire, with the exception of one curved-ball question: "What is the most outstanding experience you've ever had?" I didn't know whether this applied to business achievement or narrow escape or what. You could take it any way.

My mind went back to a certain day many years ago. I was working on a log-drive on a stream called Grog Brook, which runs into the Upsalquitch, in New Brunswick. A very bad jam had formed where this wild stream makes an almost right-angle turn after it piles up in a boiling mass against the foot of a cliff. This jam was tangled up like a keg of nails. As we worked down on the face of it, dogging the logs out one by one with our peaveys, the water which swirled away below us was feather-white.

About three hundred yards below us on the river a great granite boulder was bared by the receding current, so that logs started to pile up on the head of rock, (Continued on page 69)

"I agree with you; the handicapped do not want or need pity."

Gray Lady. I don't believe in luck, but I wanted to please her.

"All right," I agreed. "What do they want to know?"

She helped me fill out the questionnaire. She helped me because I've lost one of my eyes and have only hazy vision in the other. My name: Ralph J. Anslow. . . Birthplace: Newcastle,



On more than eight hundred local stations, Cpl. Leon Gray's baritone heralds the Recruiting Publicity Bureau's show, The Voice of The Army.

This is not just a song. This is a plea  
for the thousands of nurses the Army  
so desperately needs. This is a chal-  
lenge—is there any way in which you  
can help to speed the final victory?



# THE VOICE OF THE ARMY

The Official Song of the U. S. Army Recruiting Service

Lyric by  
NORTH CALLAHAN

Music by  
NORMAN CLOUTIER

Tempo di Marcia

The Voice of the Arm - y is  
in the Air! Cal - ling A - mer - i - cans ev' - ry where! —



May - be you're just the one we are look - ing for! ————— to vol - un -

teer and help win the war! ————— While our brave sol - diers

fight through - out the un - i - verse! ————— Won't you serve as a U. S. Ar - my

Nurse? The Voice of the Ar - my is cal - ling you! —

— to get in step with the march to Vic - to - ry!







*Vegetables double as main dishes in these days of rationing, when you employ a trick or two—like these curry biscuits for shortcake.*

ONE of the nicest things about summer is the added zest with which we eat. It is easy to tempt the appetite when Victory Gardens and markets are filled with brilliantly colored vegetables, offering color and appeal. But appeal depends on variety of preparation as well as on variety of ingredients for even a popular food grows tiresome if served always in the same ways, and so this month I have collected from my vegetable files some of my favorite recipes. Try them while fresh produce is abundant, and earmark the ones that prove most popular with your family, to make next winter with your home-canned vegetables or with the quick-frozen variety.

#### Vegetable Curry Shortcake

- 4 tbs. butter or other fat
- 3 tbs. flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- Pinch pepper
- 2½ cups milk



### 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.

- ½ tsp. grated onion
- 1 egg yolk
- 2 tbs. diced green pepper
- 2 tbs. pimiento, cut in 1-inch strips
- 2½ cups cooked mixed vegetables
- 1 tbl. butter

#### Curry biscuits

Make thick white sauce of butter, flour, salt, pepper and milk, using double boiler. Add onion. Add beaten egg yolk to a small quantity of sauce and blend, then pour gradually into remaining sauce and cook 5 minutes more. Drop green pepper into boiling water and let stand 10 minutes. Add to sauce with pimiento and mixed vegetables and remaining 1 tbl. butter. Serve shortcake style on Curry Biscuits. Green beans, lima beans, carrots, corn, peas and mushrooms in any desired combination may be used. Serve with an additional cooked vegetable if desired—peas, for example, if peas have not been included in the cooked vegetable combination.

#### Curry Biscuits

- 2 cups cake flour
  - 2 tps. double-acting baking powder
  - ¾ tsp. curry powder
  - ½ tsp. salt
  - 5 tbs. shortening
  - ½ cup milk
- Sift flour before measuring. Add baking powder, curry powder and salt and sift together. Cut in shortening.

# Vegetable Variety

Add milk and stir to form soft dough. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead 30 seconds. Roll out ½ inch thick and cut with floured 2-inch biscuit cutter. Bake on ungreased baking sheet in 450 degree oven 12 to 15 minutes.

#### Vegetable Casserole

- 2 cups sliced green beans
- 1 cup thin-sliced onion rings
- 2 cups thin-sliced raw potatoes
- 1 can condensed mushroom soup
- 1 tbl. butter or other fat
- 1 tsp. salt
- Pinch pepper

Place beans in buttered casserole, cover with onion rings, then with potatoes. Spread soup over top. Dot with butter and add salt and pepper. Bake, covered, in 400 degree oven 50 minutes. Stir thoroughly, cover again and bake until vegetables are tender, about 20 minutes longer. Uncover and continue cooking until brown. Corn, lima or wax beans, peas or carrots may be used in place of green beans. If quick-frozen vegetables are used, do not thaw before placing in casserole; cooking heat will defrost.



#### Favorite Vegetable Stew

- 1 eggplant
- 4 onions
- 2 green peppers
- 6 stalks celery
- 1 garlic clove
- 4 tomatoes
- 6 tbs. olive oil
- salad oil
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper

Peel eggplant and cut into 1½-inch cubes, cut onions into eighths and pepper and celery into 2-inch strips. Place in heavy stew pan with garlic; pour in oil and toss as you toss salad until vegetables are well covered with oil.

Cover and cook over low heat until vegetables are almost tender, about 45 minutes. Add tomatoes, cut into quarters, salt and pepper and continue cooking until tomatoes are cooked through.



# 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: Four Clubmen
	8:30	Blue: Sylvia Marlowe, Harpsichordist
	8:45	CBS: Bennett Sisters
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 NBC: Southernaires
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Words and Music
	10:00	11:00 MBS: Radio Chapel
	10:00	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
	10:30	11:30 MBS: Rewinding Stand
	10:45	11:45 NBC: Marlon Loveidge
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 CBS: Concert Orchestra
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Transatlantic Call
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: John B. Kennedy
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Voice of the Dairy Farmer
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: George Hicks from Europe
10:45	12:30	1:30 CBS: Edward R. Murrow (from London)
	1:15	NBC: America United
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Sammy Kay's Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: 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 MBS: Chaplain 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
	1:30	2:30 Blue: National Vespers
11:55	2:55	CBS: Olin Downs
12:00	2:05	3:00 CBS: New York Philharmonic
	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: You Were Meant to Be a Star
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Darts for Dough
	4:00	Blue: Your America
	4:30	Blue: Andrews Sisters Show
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Nelson Eddy
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Tommy Dorsey—RCA Show
	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: Silver Theatre
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Radio Hall of Fame
3:00	5:00	6:00 MBS: Crime Doctor
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: Catholic Hour
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: The Great Gildersleeve
8:00	6:30	MBS: Upton Close
	6:45	MBS: Dick Brown
	7:00	MBS: Opinion Requested
4:00	6:00	7:00 MBS: Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Wayne King 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
4:30	7:00	8:00 Blue: Greenfield Village Chapel
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Frances Langford, Spike Jones
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Blondie
	8:00	MBS: Mediation Board
	8:15	Blue: Dorothy Thompson, News
	8:30	Blue: Joe E. Brown
8:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Crime Doctor
5:45	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
8:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Radio Readers Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Steel Horizons
7:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Walker 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 Theatre, James Melton
	9:30	MBS: Cedric Foster
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: American Album of Familiar Music
8:15	8:30	9:45 Blue: Jimmie Fidler
	9:45	MBS: Dorothy Thompson
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
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Earl Wilson Show
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Comedy Theatre, Harold Lloyd
	9:30	10:30 CBS: We the People
	10:00	MBS: What's the Good Word
	10:00	11:00 CBS: Bill Costello
	10:15	11:15 NBC: Cesar Sarchinger
	10:15	MBS: This Is Helen Hayes
10:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Pacific Story



## DRUMMER TO CROONER . . .

Now that Andy Russell has been signed by Paramount, maybe it's time to give out with a little information about the singing star of the Andy Russell Show, which is presented by the Blue Network Saturday nights at 10 (EWT).

Andy wasn't always a singer. He started out in life on the tough east side of Los Angeles, twenty-four years ago. And it was tough going, too. Not only did he have to contend with the neighborhood kids to keep his place—he was one of eleven children and frequently had to put up a fight for his rights.

When Andy was sixteen, the show business bug hit him. He ran away from school to join Gus Arnheim's band as a drummer and singer. He stayed with the band for four years. While singing and playing with local bands in and around Los Angeles, Andy got lots of offers from leading bands. Paul Whiteman, Jimmy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Charlie Spivak and Tommy Dorsey all put in bids for his talents, but all of them, except Tommy Dorsey who was satisfied with having Frank Sinatra as his vocalist, wanted Andy to double on vocals and drums and Andy didn't accept any of the offers.

He finally left Arnheim to go with Sonny Dunham and, after a stay with that band, shifted to Alvino Rey's orchestra. That was when Paul Whiteman heard him sing and offered him a job as a staff singer for the Blue Network. That was for Andy.

Not long after he joined the Blue's Hollywood staff, Andy recorded a Mexican song, which made record sales history. It was "Besame Mucho." He followed that success with recordings of "Amor" and "Magic Is the Moonlight," and those two hit the top.

When Bob Crosby went into the Marines, Andy was selected to co-star with Les Tremayne on the Crosby air series. He went to New York that summer and broke attendance records in New York's theatres and night clubs. That was when the Russell fan clubs began sprouting up all over the country. The girls call themselves, appropriately enough, "Russell Sprouts."

On Andy's return to Hollywood, the movies began to sit up and take notice. Followed some screen tests—and a nice contract.

He should do all right in pictures. Andy's of Spanish and Mexican ancestry. That's where he gets that handsome, olive skinned, dark haired, brown eyed and very romantic look. What his ideas concerning romance are, he's not telling. He doesn't drink or smoke—and—he thinks night clubbing is a waste. He refuses to take night club engagements, because he doesn't like the late hours and the smoke and noise.

## 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 & Pelly East
6:15	8:15	9:15 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
	8:15	9:15 Blue: This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: My True Story
	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
	9:30	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	11:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
	10:10	11:10 Blue: Amanda
8:00	10:10	11:10 CBS: Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
	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 Blue: 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
	11:30	MBS: Take It Easy Time
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
	12:45	1:45 Blue: Little Jack Little
	12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
	1:45	MBS: John J. Anthony
	1:45	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
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 Blue: Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Mystery Family
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: 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 CBS: Ma Perkins
	2:15	3:15 Blue: Appointment With Life
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Michael Barrymore
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
	2:45	3:45 Blue: Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Ethel and Albert
	3:00	4:00 Blue: 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 MBS: Johnny Family
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: "I'll Buy That"
	4:30	NBC: Lorenzo Jones
	4:30	CBS: Feature Story, Bob Trout
	4:45	Blue: Hop Harrigan
	4:45	NBC: Young Wilder Brown
2:15	4:00	5:00 CBS: Dan 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	MBS: Chick Carter
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Fortia 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	6:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
	5:30	NBC: Just Plain Bill
	5:30	CBS: Captain Caveman
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
	4:45	5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:45	MBS: Tom Mix
	6:00	CBS: Quincy Howe
	6:00	NBC: Hoop & Carmichael
	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
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	6:00	7:00 NBC: Jack Kirkwood
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Chesterfield Supper Club
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper, Hollywood
	7:15	Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: The Lone Ranger
	7:30	MBS: Bulldog Drummond
	7:45	NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
4:45	6:45	7:45 CBS: New Pat
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Ted Maloney 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
8:30	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: The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Information Please
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Screen Club Players
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Guy Ward
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Contented Program
	10:00	MBS: Leave It To Mike
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
	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Ed East & Polly
6:15	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: 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 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: Fred Waring Show
	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
	11:30	MBS: Take It Easy Time
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: Glamour Manor
	9:00	11:00 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: Bernard 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
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Hymns of All Churches
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Milton Bacon
	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: 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	3:45 Blue: Westbroek 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	Blue: One More Story, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: I'll Buy That
	4:45	Blue: The Raymond Scott Show
	4:45	Blue: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
	4:45	Blue: 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
2:15	4:00	5:00 CBS: Service Time
2:15	4:00	5:00 MBS: Chick Carter
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy
2:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Cimarron Tavern
	5:30	MBS: House of Mystery
5:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
	5:45	Blue: Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:45	MBS: Mix
	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
	6:45	Blue: On Your Mark—Ted Husing
3:35	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	NBC: Lowell Thomas
	6:55	CBS: Bob Trout
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: News
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Jack Kirkwood
8:00	6:15	7:15 CBS: Chesterfield Time
8:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
	7:15	NBC: News of the World
4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: The Green Hornet
	7:30	Blue: American Melody Hour
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Everything for the Boys
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Ted Malone from Overseas
8:30	7:00	8:00 Blue: 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
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Theatre of Romance
	8:30	MBS: Roy Rogers Show
5:55	7:30	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	7:00	8:00 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: Inno Sanctum
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Doctor Fights
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Victor Borge
6:30	9:30	10:30 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: The Women
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Man Called X
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Service to the Front
10:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Congress Speaks
	10:30	MBS: Wings for Tomorrow
7:30	11:15	NBC: Sigmund Romberg Orchestra
	11:15	CBS: Jean Brooks



BETSY ROSS GIRL . . .

She's just getting to the age when it becomes important for a girl to start doing everything she can to be glamorous. Marion Loveridge, NBC's Betsy Ross Girl, heard Sundays at 11:45 A.M. (EWT), is just past sixteen, lovely with brown hair and brown eyes and the complexion that no amount of artifice can ever duplicate. Not long ago, Marion was "done up" by experts in the arts of make-up and clothes and she turned out very glamorous, indeed. But it wasn't long before she was back to her natural self again. It was more comfortable that way.

Marion was born in Brooklyn, New York, on New Year's Eve in 1929. One afternoon, when Marion was four years old, a stranger knocked at Mrs. Loveridge's door in Brooklyn and asked whether any of that lady's children needed vocal lessons. Mrs. Loveridge said no.

"What about her?" asked the man, pointing at Marion.

"Oh, she can't sing," Mrs. Loveridge said. "How do you know?" the man asked.

Much to Mrs. Loveridge's amazement, in a few minutes the stranger had Marion singing for him. She sang all the popular songs that she'd learned from hearing them on the radio. That takes a really musical ear—at the age of four, or any other age, for that matter.

A week later, the stranger was presenting Marion on a Brooklyn radio station. Marion sang "I've Got You In The Palm of My Hand" and she was launched on her career. Since then, she's sung almost steadily, having appeared over a long list of stations, local and network. The name of the man who started Marion on her career was Mr. Lord. The Loveridges never found out his first name, because they never saw him again, after that first time.

Marion is now a senior at Bay Ridge High School, where she majors in music. Besides her own Sunday morning programs, she sings on the Children's Hour Saturdays. She is also a tap dancer and dramatic actress and has appeared in numerous Warner Brothers' shorts, television broadcasts and amateur plays. In spite of all this, she doesn't consider her present work anything more than preparation for the future.

Marion is a healthy minded charming girl whose private life isn't very different from that of any normal girl of her age. She has a very close "gang," with whom she roller skates and goes bowling. She likes to read, especially romantic novels like "Jane Eyre." On the other hand she also loves Errol Flynn and Lana Turner pictures. She goes for dime store jewelry in a big way and can get very excited—like how many thousands of other girls?—over the Bing Crosby-Frank Sinatra controversy.

Like all normal Brooklynites, Marion is a Dodger fan. She collects scrapbooks of movie stars, but her most cherished possession at the moment is an autographed ball from the Brooklyn (Dem Bums) Dodgers.

WEDNESDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	Blue: Your Life Today
	8:30	Blue: News
	9:00	CBS: News
	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Ed East & Polly
6:15	2:30	9:15 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
	9:45	CBS: This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:30	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
8:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Nation's Rations
6:45	9:45	10:45 NBC: Robert St. John
	9:00	10:00 Blue: My True Story
10:30	9:00	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: 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: Fred Waring Show
	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
	11:30	MBS: Take It Easy Time
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
	9:00	11:00 CBS: Glamour Manor
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	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
	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Makers
	9:45	11:45 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: 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
11:15	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 NBC: 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
	3:15	Blue: Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Michael Scott
	2:30	3:30 NBC: Ma Perkins
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
	4:00	Blue: Westbroek Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Don Norman Show
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Stella Dallas
	4:30	Blue: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: One More Story, Bob Trout
	4:45	Blue: The Raymond Scott Show
	4:45	Blue: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
	4:45	Blue: 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
2:15	4:00	5:00 CBS: Service Time
2:15	4:00	5:00 MBS: Chick Carter
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy
2:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Cimarron Tavern
	5:30	MBS: House of Mystery
5:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
	5:45	Blue: Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:45	MBS: Mix
	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
	6:45	Blue: On Your Mark—Ted Husing
3:35	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	NBC: Lowell Thomas
	6:55	CBS: Bob Trout
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: News
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Jack Kirkwood
8:00	6:15	7:15 CBS: Chesterfield Time
8:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
	7:15	NBC: News of the World
4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: The Green Hornet
	7:30	Blue: American Melody Hour
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Everything for the Boys
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Ted Malone from Overseas
8:30	7:00	8:00 Blue: 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
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Theatre of Romance
	8:30	MBS: Roy Rogers Show
5:55	7:30	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	7:00	8:00 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: Inno Sanctum
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Doctor Fights
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Victor Borge
6:30	9:30	10:30 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: The Women
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Man Called X
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Service to the Front
10:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Congress Speaks
	10:30	MBS: Wings for Tomorrow
7:30	11:15	NBC: Sigmund Romberg Orchestra
	11:15	CBS: Jean Brooks



THURSDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	Blue: Your Life Today
	8:30	Blue: News
	9:00	CBS: News
6:00	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
6:00	9:00	NBC: Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:30	9:15 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine
6:45	9:45	NBC: Nation's Rations
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Vallant 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: 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
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
	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 Britte
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 Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: John B. Kennedy, News
	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 Blue: Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30 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: Wilson Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: 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
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Michael Scott
	3:45	Blue: 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	3:45 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: 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
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Feature Song, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: 'Hi Buy This
1:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: Lorenzo Jones
	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
2:10	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
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:30	4:40	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	6:00 Blue: Captain Midnight
2:45	5:45	6:00 NBC: Front Page Farrell
	5:45	6:00 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:00	6:00 CBS: World News
	5:15	6:15 CBS: Calling Pan America
	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: On Your Mark—Ted Husing
	5:30	6:30 CBS: Clem McCarthy
	5:30	NBC: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas
	6:55	7:00 CBS: Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00	7:15	8:00 CBS: Jack Kirkwood
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Raymond Gram Swing
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: Chesterfield Time
	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 CBS: Earl Godwin, News
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Suspense
9:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Death Valley Sheriff
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: America's Town Meeting
9:00	8:30	9:30 NBC: Adventures of Topper
	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 CBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Corliss Archer
	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 NBC: Fred Waring Show
	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



HE COVERS THE FIELD . . .

When anyone around radio mentions an expert consultant of the War Department, a member of the Writers' War Board Radio Committee and president of the Radio Directors' Guild, they're not talking about three men. They're talking about one Jerry Devine.

Jerry Devine is one of the most versatile and outstanding writer-directors in radio today. His newest stint is writing and directing the This Is Your FBI shows that come to you on Fridays at 8:30 P.M. (EWT) over the Blue Network.

Thirty-seven-year-old Devine was born in Boston. His father was a well-known character actor. Naturally, at an early age Jerry was brought to New York to live, because that was the Mecca of all show people. Probably Jerry's father's appearances in plays like "What Price Glory?", "The Bad Man," "The Jest"—in many of the famous hits of that era, had a great deal to do with Jerry's choice of a career.

At twelve Jerry was enrolled in the Professional Children's School and, like most of the youngsters who attended (and it still goes) that school, it wasn't long before Jerry was acting as a professional. He was only twelve when he played an important part in "Over The Hill," which was made by Fox in their New York studios.

For the next six or seven years, Jerry was busy in the movies, appearing with John Barrymore in "Sherlock Holmes" and with Will Rogers in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," to name a couple of the ones he remembers best. All in all, in his career as a screen actor, he appeared in some fifty pictures. That kept him pretty busy and left little time for the legitimate theatre, although he did play in a few Broadway shows. Once, he even sold a play, but it never was produced.

It wasn't until 1937, however, that Devine took the step that was to prove a turning point in his career. He had done some radio acting by then. More as a lark than anything else, he decided to try his hand at radio writing. It turned out so well that he won the assignment of writing the summer replacement for the Jack Benny show in 1937. This was followed by writing sketches for the guest stars on Kate Smith's program. Out of this grew a yen to do some comedy writing, and for three years Jerry wrote the Tommy Riggs show.

Along about 1941, Jerry decided it was time to branch out a little. As long as he was writing the lines, he might as well see they got a break on the radio by telling the actors how to speak them and the sound men how to dress them with backgrounds. He won himself the assignment to write and direct Mr. District Attorney and had a great hand in building that program to its present success. Now, he's got the This Is Your FBI show, in addition, and his particular flair is bringing these real cases from the files of the FBI alive for listeners.

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
	9:00	CBS: News
6:00	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
6:00	9:00	NBC: Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:15	9:15 NBC: Arthur Godfrey
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine
6:45	9:45	NBC: Nation's Rations
8:15	9:10	10:00 CBS: Vallant Lady
8:15	9:10	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
9:00	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
	10:45	NBC: Joyce Jordan
	10:45	Blue: The Listening Post
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
	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	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
	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding 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	1:30	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: 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: Michael Scott
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	3:45 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: 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
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Feature Song, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: 'Hi Buy This
1:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: Lorenzo Jones
	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
2:10	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
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:30	4:40	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	6:00 Blue: Captain Midnight
2:45	5:45	6:00 NBC: Front Page Farrell
	5:45	6:00 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:00	6:00 CBS: World News
	5:15	6:15 CBS: Calling Pan America
	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: On Your Mark—Ted Husing
	5:30	6:30 CBS: Clem McCarthy
	5:30	NBC: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas
	6:55	7:00 CBS: Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00	7:15	8:00 CBS: Jack Kirkwood
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Raymond Gram Swing
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: Chesterfield Time
	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 CBS: Earl Godwin, News
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Suspense
9:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Death Valley Sheriff
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: America's Town Meeting
9:00	8:30	9:30 NBC: Adventures of Topper
	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 CBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Corliss Archer
	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 NBC: Fred Waring Show
	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



Continued from page 26

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-Shopping
	8:30	Blue: United Nations News, Review
	8:45	CBS: Margaret Brien
	8:45	NBC: News
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Press News
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Home Is What You Make It
	8:15	9:15 CBS: The Garden Gate
	9:30	9:30 CBS: Country Journal
	9:30	9:30 NBC: Encores
	8:45	9:45 CBS: David Snoop Orchestra
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Youth on Parade
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Archie Andrews
11:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	9:30	10:30 Blue: What's Cooking—Variety
	9:30	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
	10:00	11:00 NBC: First Piano Quartet
8:05	11:05	11:05 CBS: Let's Pretend
	11:30	Blue: Transatlantic Quiz—London
	11:30	Blue: New York
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: The Land of the Lost
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Smiley Ed McConnell
	11:30	11:30 MBS: Hooley 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
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: The Veteran's Aid
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Grand Central Station
	1:00	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	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
	2:00	CBS: Of Men and Books
	2:00	NBC: Musicians
	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
	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
	6:00	CBS: We Deliver the Goods
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
2:30	4:45	5:45 NBC: Tin Pan Alley of the Air
3:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Hello, Sweetheart
3:15	6:00	MBS: Hall of Montezuma
	6:00	NBC: I Sustain the Wings
	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: The American Story
	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
7:15	7:00	8:00 CBS: Mayor of the Town
	8:00	NBC: Variety Hall
	8:00	MBS: Frank Singler
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: 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
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Can You Top This
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
	9:30	MBS: Jean Goldkette's Orchestra
	9:30	MBS: Calling All Detectives
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
	9:55	Blue: Coronet Quiz
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Judy Canova Show
	10:00	MBS: Theater of the Air
	10:15	CBS: Al Pearce
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Grand Ole Opry
	9:00	NBC: Night Editor
11:05	9:45	10:45 CBS: Talks
10:00	11:00	CBS: Ned Calmer, News
11:15	11:30	Blue: Hoosier Hop

morning, Miss Warren. Nice morning." He would remove his coat and hat, sit down at his desk, lean back and light a cigarette. "How're things with you, Adele?"

I would tell him, then, about the party Eric and I had given the night before, about mother's finishing the new drapes—anything, no matter how trivial, interested him. Then I would say, "What sort of weekend did you have?"

Sometimes he would answer, "Oh, so-so. Golf Saturday. Bridge Sunday night. Pretty good time." Sometimes it would be, "Awful. We've got house guests. Terrible people. Can't do anything to please them." He would laugh at the very impossibility of the suggestion when I would tell him to send his unwelcome guests home. "Can't," he would grumble. "They're friends of the family."

The family was Mrs. Anson. He rarely mentioned her to me, and when he did, it was always as "the family." When he meant his sons, he said "the boys." He spoke of them often, read me parts of their letters.

WE talked for ten or fifteen minutes every morning, and then we were Mr. Anson and Miss Warren for the rest of the day. At five o'clock Mr. Anson put on his coat and hat and went home to his big brick house on the Blue Bridge Drive. At five-fifteen I went home to Mother and Eric. Sometimes there was a boy waiting for me when I left the office, one of the Blue Bridge boys I'd known all my life. But lately there'd been no boys waiting for me, few boys at the parties we had. They were all away fighting. I wrote to them, but I didn't especially miss them. I'd never given a serious thought to any one of them.

And then I met Tim.

We knew from the first that we loved each other, and it all happened as casually, as unexpectedly as the walk down the block that started it. I'd set out, that June evening, to return a book I'd borrowed from Evelyn Ellis. I found her on her front porch, talking to a tall young man in the uniform of an Air Force lieutenant. "My cousin, Tim Ellis," Evelyn explained. "Tim, this is Adele Warren."

Then I was shaking hands with him, looking up into a dark bony face and a smile that made him almost handsome. "Looks as if the problem of my date is settled, Evelyn," he said. "That is, if Adele will go with me."

"Date?" I questioned.

Evelyn laughed. "Tim wants to go dancing, and I already have a date for tonight. I've been trying to get him to ask someone else."

"I didn't know anyone else I wanted to go with until I saw Adele," said Tim reasonably.

That was how it began. We drove to a pretty little inn outside of town, and on the way he told me about himself. He had been overseas for two years, he said, and he was home now on a month's furlough. He had just got in town this afternoon. "Thirty days," he said, "in which I've got nothing to do but kick up my heels and enjoy myself. I've been looking forward to it for a long time. You don't know how glad I was when you said you'd come with me tonight. I had my heart set on dancing my first night home."

From the moment we stepped out on the floor at the inn, I understood why he'd wanted to dance. He was a born dancer, sure and strong and effortless. After the first few steps he held me a little away from him and looked down at me and smiled—and it was as if a lamp had been lighted in my heart. I knew then that Tim was what I'd wanted all my life, that I never would want anyone but Tim. And Tim felt the same way about me. The sudden quick pressure of his arms as he drew me close was an acknowledgment. We danced three dances, and then he said, "Let's leave, shall we?" and I nodded. Getting acquainted with Tim had suddenly become more important than dancing, more important than anything else in the world.

We drove through a spring night that was pure enchantment—but no headier magic than that which had taken possession of our hearts. We talked about the schools we'd gone to, about Mother and Eric and my job, about the work Tim wanted to do when the war was over—and the most commonplace statement was enthralling because we were learning about each other. When Tim kissed me, I melted into his arms as gladly and naturally as if I'd been born for his kisses. "Adele," he whispered, "you know what's going to happen to us, don't you? You and I are going to be married—soon, before I go back."

The next morning when Mr. Anson and I had our daily chat, I didn't tell him about Tim except to say that I'd gone dancing with a soldier the night before. I'd always talked to Mr. Anson as confidentially as he talked to me, but the subject of Tim was too new and too close to my heart to bear discussion. And for once my work wasn't all-important to me. The day dragged interminably until mid-afternoon, when Tim telephoned.

"Guess where I've been," he greeted me.

"I couldn't possibly guess."

"At City Hall, arguing with the license clerk. Do you know that we have to wait five days to be married?"

I LAUGHED, giddy with happiness, and Tim said sternly, "It isn't funny. I've only got thirty days, and two of them are almost gone. Will I see you tonight at dinner, darling?"

I agreed hastily, conscious suddenly that Mr. Anson was waiting to finish dictating a letter, conscious that there was something attentive and watchful in the quality of his silence. But I didn't stop to think about it after I'd hung up the telephone. Not then, and not for the next few days was there room in my heart for anything but thoughts of Tim. He called me every afternoon, and we saw each other every night. He talked continually of our marriage, of the cottage he wanted for us, of the furniture we would buy, of how we could best make our home livable in the short time allotted us. He talked of practical things like that—and I listened as if in a dream.

And then, abruptly, I came face to face with reality. One morning I came into the office to find Mr. Anson there before me, unexpectedly early. "Good morning," he said. "You look especially happy today—happy enough to be in love."

I laughed and turned to hang my  
Continued on page 56



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of

*Later!* **HIS ORDERS RECEIVED**  
**Patricia Hicks Weds**  
**Lt. William Michael Miller**  
 Service Orders brought a quick change of  
 wedding date for Patricia and Bill—as  
 for so many engaged couples right now.

*Patricia*  
*to*  
*William Michael Miller*  
*U.S.M.C.R.*



**COME AND HELP!** Patricia puts in as much work on her college farm as studies allow. Victory Gardens are more important than ever this year, and farms need workers. Ask the Women's Land Army in your locality where you can help.



**PATRICIA HICKS**—red-gold hair, brown eyes, translucently clear complexion!

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

**SHE IS VERY YOUNG** and very lovely—another darling girl with a charming soft-smooth Pond's look about her exquisitely cared-for skin.

"I'm ever so grateful to Pond's Cold Cream," Patricia confided to us. "It has such a nice way of giving my face the clean, fresh, smooth look I like it to have."

**HOW PATRICIA USES POND'S . . .**

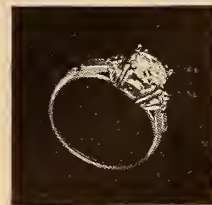
*She slips* Pond's satin-soft Cold Cream all over her face and throat, patting gently to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well.

*She rinses* with more luscious Pond's, sending cream-tipped fingers quickly round and round her face. "This *double* creaming makes all the difference," Patricia says. "Leaves my skin feeling ever so much cleaner and softer."



You'll love a big, luxury-size jar!

*Use Pond's like this*—every night and morning, for clean-ups during the day, too. It's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a *big* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. You'll enjoy dipping the fingers of *both* hands in the wide-topped big Pond's jar.



**HER RING**—On Christmas Eve, Bill gave Patricia this beautiful ring—a round diamond in a square platinum setting.

**A FEW OF THE MANY  
 POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES**

- Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt*
- Lady Edward Montagu*
- Miss Theodora Roosevelt*
- Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.*
- Joyce, Countess Howe*
- Miss Evelyn Byrd LaPrade*

R  
R



# COLORINSE

makes your hair

## sparkle

Adds  
HIGHLIGHTS  
SHEEN and  
Color!



It's no secret that hair has greater charm and loveliness when it's bright and gay with sparkling color and highlights.



Colorinse rinses away the dull film that makes hair seem drab and mousy-looking. Then it ADDS—rich, warm color, dancing highlights and soft, lustrous sheen. Colorinse is not a permanent dye nor a bleach—it's easily removed with shampooing yet it won't rub or brush off.



Sparkling hair gives your whole face a lovely radiance. Start today to bring out the beauty that lies hidden in your own hair. Whatever its color, there's a shade of Colorinse to glorify it.

**NOTE** Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Crema Wave by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

# Nestle COLORINSE



In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. At beauty counters everywhere.

**KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG**

Delicately perfumed Nestle Hairlac keeps all styles of hairdos looking well-groomed throughout the day. Also adds sheen and lustre to your hair.

2 1/2 oz. bottle 25¢.

**Nestle HAIRLAC**

Continued from page 54

hat and coat in the little closet in the corner. "I am in love," I answered without thinking and then I saw his face reflected in the mirror on the closet door.

He looked terrified.

The next instant he recovered himself. "Is it serious?" he asked, almost casually.

"I'm not sure that it is," I said slowly. "Tim is a soldier, home on furlough. He'll be gone in three weeks . . . and I have responsibilities."

"I see." He sounded doubtful, but he looked relieved—so enormously relieved that the fear within me became an incredible certainty. I'd always thought of Mr. Anson as a dear and understanding friend, perhaps the dearest friend I had, but it had never occurred to me that I meant more to him than he did to me, that I figured importantly in his plan of life—but there it was. The look I'd caught in the mirror had unmistakably been the look of a man who sees his dearest possession threatened.

Stunned and disbelieving, I sat down to the morning's correspondence, but I couldn't keep my mind on my work.

There were the many times he had said, "Adele, I don't know what I'd do if I couldn't look forward to seeing you in the morning"—and the words had been spoken from the bottom of his heart. And once he had said, "You know, Adele, I'm beginning to believe that we're never really cheated of what we want most, no matter what mistakes we've made. I'm beginning to believe that if you have patience enough and faith enough, the things you want come to you." I remembered, too, a remark of Miss Porter's in one of the rare instances when she'd talked about Mr. Anson.

"She," Miss Porter had said—and the "she" meant Mrs. Anson—"she used to threaten him with divorce every time she didn't get her own way. He always gave in, on the children's account. Believe me, now that the boys are grown up, he's just waiting for her to threaten him once more, and he'll take his freedom."

And one morning—the morning of his forty-fifth birthday—Mr. Anson had said, "I'm forty-five today, Adele, but I'll be darned if I feel that old. Why, I feel young enough to propose to a girl like you. How would you feel about that—being married to a has-been like me?" He had been in a gay, bantering mood, and I'd laughed and had said sincerely that I would be very proud. "Would you, really?" he had said, and there'd been a world of wistfulness and longing in his tone.

It was a preposterous thought—that Mr. Anson had been hoping, even planning that his wife would one day divorce him and leave him free to marry me. I told myself that I was only con-

jecturing, and that I had no real reason to think it—but there are things that the heart knows so well that the mind need not confirm them. And I had known for a long time that Mr. Anson cared for me, but I had believed it to be a paternal affection. Now I realized that I'd believed it because I'd wanted to believe it.

And I was obligated to him, and perhaps in more than money. In practical terms I owed him more than I could ever hope to repay. There were his many gifts to my family, the train tickets, the due-bills—the hundreds of kindnesses that had amounted to hundreds and hundreds of dollars' worth of help over the course of years. They were freely given, with nothing asked in return, but—and this was the thought that frightened me—perhaps the very fact that I'd accepted his generosity, gladly and without question, had led Mr. Anson to believe that I cared for him.

That night when Tim talked of marriage, I listened soberly and with uncertainty in my heart. "We're going to get our cottage," he announced jubilantly. "The people are moving out in the morning, and we can see it tomorrow evening."

"Tim! You didn't do anything—You didn't sign a lease?"

"Of course not, because I want you to see it first. But I know you'll like it, and I can have the papers drawn up tomorrow—"

"No, Tim!" "Why not?" He sobered, looked intently at me. "Aren't you sure about us, Adele? Don't you want to marry me?"

"More than anything else, ever. But—it's not as simple as all that. I've responsibilities, Tim. My family—" I couldn't tell him about Mr. Anson, not when I was still confused in my own mind.

"Honey dear—" he was holding me very close now, and his voice was very tender—"I've told you, I've thought of all that. You know I had a good job before I left—and it'll be waiting when I come back. I can take care of you and your family, too."

"But—"

"There aren't any buts."

And there weren't, not with his arms around me, with his lips moving with sweet insistence over my temples, my eyelids, seeking my mouth. Not with my own heart breaking at his dearness, his planning for me. But nothing—not his kisses, nor my own shaken response to them—would change my insisting that I must have time to think.

I didn't get any thinking done the next day. Mr. Anson came in late, looking as if he hadn't had much sleep, and for the first time I could remember we missed our morning talk in a rush of phone calls and business. But all morning I felt his eyes turning toward me, searchingly, anxiously, felt his

(Continued on page 58)

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# IS THIS THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION?

**"YES!" say  
LANA TURNER'S fans**

"Gracious, no!" says this lovely star modestly. But so exquisite is the beauty of her skin, that admiring fans declare it the loveliest in the world.

To guard its million-dollar beauty, lovely Lana Turner depends on Active-lather facials. "I've found this gentle Lux Soap care really makes skin lovelier," she says. For *your* precious complexion, use this same gentle care that screen stars tell you really *works!*

Cover your face generously with the creamy lather, work it in thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold, pat gently with a soft towel to dry. Leaves skin softer, smoother!

**IN RECENT TESTS** of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time.

**LOVELY LANA TURNER**

starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

**"WEEK END AT THE WALDORF"**



**FIGHT WASTE**  
Soap uses vital war materials. Don't waste it!

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



# TRICKS FOR A LASTING MAKE-UP!



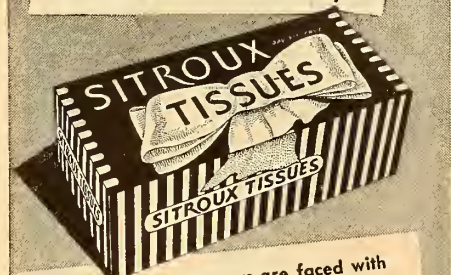
After cleansing face and neck, pat on foundation cream or lotion. Smooth in, using upward and outward strokes. (Don't forget back of neck.) Remove excess cream or lotion with absorbent Sitroux Tissue.



Apply cream rouge in three small dots, one inch below eye. Blend out and up, clear to hairline—going no lower than the tip of nose. Keep rouge one inch away from nose. If you apply too much, tone down with a Sitroux Tissue.



With cotton pad, firmly press powder on face and neck. Reverse pad—brush off with downward strokes. Saturate clean pad with mild astringent—pat entire face. When almost dry, apply second coat of powder, lightly—brush off. Use quarter of a Sitroux Tissue\* to remove excess around eyes.



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# SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

Continued from page 56

thoughts upon me. And in the afternoon when Tim called, Mr. Anson left the office hurriedly.

That evening Tim and I drove out to look at the cottage, a dream cottage with wide white siding and fresh green shutters. Tim didn't say anything as we walked through it. He let the place speak for itself, eloquently.

When we were leaving, Tim stopped. "What do you think?" he whispered.

"Oh, Tim—"

"Will you let me sign that lease?"

I started for the car. I was afraid of a misunderstanding, and I didn't want it to happen in that dream cottage. "You see, honey," Tim said. "Everything is perfect. Your family—"

I drew a deep breath. "It isn't my family I'm thinking about, Tim. It's Mr. Anson."

"Mr. Anson!" He drew back, bewildered.

I TOLD him the whole story, beginning with the day I'd applied for a job with Blaine and Anson. Perhaps I didn't tell it very well, because when I'd finished, Tim looked as bewildered as before. Bewildered and baffled and a little angry. "But I don't understand what he's got to do with us," he insisted. "You say that you've never seen him outside the office, and he's done all this for you with no strings attached—"

Desperately, I tried again. "It's just that I've accepted his help, Tim. I should have realized what it meant, but I didn't until yesterday, when I told him about you. Oh, Tim, don't you understand?"

"Of course I understand." But he spoke stiffly. "What I don't see is why you didn't tell me about this before."

"I didn't know before."

We rode home in silence—not the entranced silence that went with our being together, but an uncomfortable silence. Tim kissed me and held me close when he said goodby, but there was a difference between us. I could feel it. Long after he'd driven away, I stood in the front hall, composing myself to face Mother and Eric, fighting down the fear that filled me, hearing my own voice begging, "You'll call me tomorrow, Tim?" and his saying briefly, "I'll call you." Everything had changed.

Tim didn't call me the next day. Somehow, I'd known that he wouldn't, and my fear grew until it choked my voice, made my fingers shake so that I could hardly type. Every ring of the telephone sent my heart leaping with hope, and then crushed it with bitter disappointment. At five o'clock, when Mr. Anson got ready to leave, I was sick with despair. I didn't look at him until he paused in the doorway and said, "Goodnight, Adele," and then the sympathy in his voice, the concern in his face were too much. I put my head down on my arms and cried.

Quickly, he shut the door. "Adele—" Then he said nothing more until I'd cried myself out. "It's nothing," I tried to say. "I'm sorry—"

"I'm sure it's something," he said. "And you're going to tell me about it. But first we're going downstairs to Rilling's and have a good, hot meal."

I couldn't argue with him. He waited until I'd put cold water on my eyes and fresh make-up on my face and had called my mother to tell her I was having dinner at Rilling's restaurant.

Mr. Anson didn't ask any questions. And not until dessert had been cleared away, until our coffee was set before

us, did he allow me to talk. Then, taking my hand, he said, "Now, tell me—"

And then, over his shoulder, I saw Tim.

He was standing just inside the door, searching the room with his eyes. As he saw me, his face lighted and he started forward; then he saw that I wasn't alone, and he stopped dead. I was sure, in that moment, that he was going to turn and walk out. I started up with a little half-strangled cry.

Mr. Anson released my hand and turned to look. Then Tim was coming toward me swiftly, purposefully, coming up to put his arm around me. There was protectiveness in the gesture, and a proud possession, it said to all the world that I was his. "I tried to call," he said, "but your phone was busy every time. Your mother told me I'd find you here."

I looked up at him, and what I saw in his face told me all that I needed to know, told me that everything was all right between us, would always be all right. And it gave me courage, too, to face Harold Anson, to say, "Mr. Anson, this is Tim Ellis—"

For an instant there was a look in his eyes that wrenched my heart. He looked old suddenly, and tired. Then he put out his hand and smiled. "I'm very happy to meet you, Tim," he said. "Suppose we go outside where we can talk."

OUTSIDE on the walk, in the flickering glow of the neon sign, Mr. Anson looked at me, and at Tim, and then he nodded, as if he were answering an unspoken question of his own. "I'm very happy to meet you, Tim," he said again. "I didn't think that I would be. There've been times in the last few days that I've wished that you never existed. But just seeing you and Adele together makes me realize that you've saved me from making a mistake—an even bigger mistake than one I made a long time ago. You see, I wanted to marry Adele."

He smiled down at me, took my hand. There was no pain in his eyes now, only affection and a kind of peace. "Adele knows about it," he went on, "—about that first mistake of mine. She knows that I cheated myself and cheated a girl who was as lovely as Adele is now out of all that young love means, out of a lifetime of happiness. Perhaps the two of you don't realize even now how much you have together. I do know, and I'm happy for you."

Tim swallowed. My eyes were smarting unbearably. "Mr. Anson—"

He leaned forward, kissed me lightly, full on the mouth. "Don't say anything, my dear; I'll be running along now. I just want you to know how grateful I am for your friendship and for your youth and loveliness—and because I've been able to do for you in a very small measure some of the things I would like to have done for another girl who was like you. You've made me feel a little bit square with life, Adele, a little bit square with myself. I hope you'll continue to work for me for as long as you want—and I hope more than anything that the three of us will always be friends."

I didn't see Mr. Anson go. He shook hands with me and with Tim, but I didn't really see him leave us. It was several minutes before I could see anything at all, and then through the rain of tears there was Tim's face . . . and there would always be Tim.





**AMERICAN  
BEAUTY  
BRUNETTE**

*by Alex Ross*

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\*Rose Brunette  
Even Tan



## Here is Home

Continued from page 40

the energy and a little help and advice. I felt myself being uplifted, borne on his own enthusiasm. He was outlining a truly heroic task, a task of such magnificent proportions that it seemed one man—even one with Dick's ability—would fail at it. Yet my breath came faster. Oh, it would be worth trying!

"They thought they'd robbed this country of all the wealth it had when they cut down the timber," he said. "It ain't so. It'd grow more timber, and good farm stuff, and fine healthy people, just give it a chance!" To emphasize his words, he thumped his hands hard on the steering wheel, and glared at me.

But I had no wish to do anything of the sort. The city seemed suddenly very far away, its niceties and refinements very trivial. And Dick's often-repeated determination not to be poor . . . it was something I had always accepted unthinkingly; naturally, no one wanted to be poor. But now I saw where it had led him—to turn his back on the people who needed him most, the people he *knew* needed him most. He'd taken the easy way, the selfish way—

I PULLED myself up sharply, horrified at the direction of my own thoughts. *I was criticizing Dick!* For the first time in our married life—for the first time since I'd known him—I was thinking that he was anything less than perfect. This was disloyalty, and I would not be disloyal. When Dr. Fennison stopped the car at the Terrells' I said coolly:

"Thank you for taking me along, Doctor. It was very interesting, and I can see your point of view. But after all, you must admit it would be asking a good deal of Dick to come back here when he's made such a good start."

It was like slapping a confiding child. The glow, the excitement, died out of his face, leaving it defeated. "Yes," he said. "I guess it would." He drove away, and when he came the next morning to see Mrs. Terrell he only nodded to me, without speaking.

But he set too high a price on his friendship, I said to myself. He wanted me to agree with him that Dick had done wrong; perhaps he even hoped that I would persuade Dick to come back here. That was ridiculous, of course. What was Dr. Fennison, what were all the people in this dreary section of the country, that Dick should throw away his career for their sakes?

And yet . . .

There was a strange uneasiness in me, these days—a restless dissatisfaction that nothing could dispel. The calm, cheerful resignation with which my mother-in-law accepted pain and approaching death, the sweet friendliness of Dick's father—these made me ashamed, somehow, of both Dick and myself.

I remembered—just when I least wanted to remember it—a conversation between Dick and my brother which I'd heard a few months after my marriage. They were laughing over Mrs. Hinch, who had been Roger's patient for a time, and now was Dick's. "You won't keep her long, of course," Roger said. "But she's a gold mine while she lasts. She collects doctors like other rich people collect old masters; it's her hobby."

"But isn't there anything wrong with her?" I asked, and Dick and Roger laughed again. "Not a thing," they said in unison, and Roger added, "But if anybody told her so she'd fly into a

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rage. So she might as well have her fun, as long as she's willing to pay for it."

Remembering, I blushed. It might be that Dr. Fennison had been more nearly right than he knew in blaming me for the change in Dick that had kept him in the city. I hadn't influenced him—but my brother had. I knew that; I had always known it, but until now I had refused to admit it. Roger was the complete worldling, a materialist to the core of him. He measured his success as a doctor by his fees. Older than Dick, with more self-assurance, he had been Dick's teacher as well as his friend—and perhaps it would have been better if he had not taught Dick quite so thoroughly.

I did my best to put thoughts like this aside, but they crept into my head unasked, uninvited—as if there were something in the atmosphere that bred them. Lying awake in my little lean-to room at night, I tried to escape them by conjuring up the recollection of Dick himself—hearing the notes of his voice and laughter, seeing the play of expression on his face, even feeling his kisses, the touch of his hands. But it was no use, no use at all. He had never seemed so far away from me, not even in the days when he had first gone overseas.

On the tenth day after I had come, Dick's mother fell into a coma, and on the twelfth day she died.

I stayed for the funeral. It was held in Farr, and she was buried in the cemetery there, a flat, treeless rectangle of ground on the edge of town. I would have stayed longer, but Mr. Terrell himself insisted that I go. "It was mighty good of you to come," he said, "and Ma and I—we both thank you for it." Even after her death, he continued to speak of her as if she were still alive. "But now I have to figure out how to get along by myself," he added, "and I might's well start right in."

"But I hate to think of you living all alone!" I cried.

"I can do it," the old man said with quiet certainty.

Dr. Fennison—as taciturn, as stony, as he had been on the day I first met him—drove me to the station. At the last minute, with the train whistling for the stop, I tried to make our parting friendly.

"Goodby," I said. "I want to thank you for being so kind to the Terrells. I've written Dick about it—I know he'll appreciate it—"

"I didn't do it for him," he said sharply, "and you know it."

**I** FELT myself coloring hotly. "No matter *why* you did it," I said, "it was still kind of you. And—please don't think so badly of Dick."

He didn't answer that. He drove away, leaving me to get onto the train alone.

I came back to the city with a sense of release. Here, working at my familiar job, among familiar surroundings, I could reasonably expect to shake off the morbid depression—the sense of guilt, actually—I had felt at the Terrells'. I had a comfortable room in Rogers and Edith's home, I had friends, I *belonged*. Dick would be close.

But I didn't belong, and Dick was not close.

There were letters from him, waiting for me. "I didn't know when you'd be back," Edith explained, "so I didn't forward them to you." We both knew this wasn't strictly true; she hadn't forwarded them because, quite simply, it

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 becoming dry or  
 brittle



Leaves hair with  
 silken sheen that  
 lasts for days

had been too much trouble. I read them—Dick's small and illegible doctor's handwriting made smaller and more illegible on the V-mail—and still he was far away, not the Dick I had known and loved . . .

I dropped the letters into my lap. No, that wasn't true. Dick was the same. It was I who had changed. It was I who found my thoughts always returning to Dr. Fennison and his pitiful, gallant fight to bring health to people like the Thatchers. It was I who suddenly was asking myself the dreadful question, "What do I want from life?" A comfortable home, money in the bank, luxuries—and nothing else? Asking it—and finding no answer except the obvious one that of course I wanted these things—but I wanted something else, too, something like the integrity I had seen in Dr. Fennison, something like the soul-content I had seen in the Terrells.

"When I come back," Dick had said, "we'll pick up exactly where we left off." But suppose we couldn't? Suppose, with his kisses still warm on my lips, I discovered that we'd grown apart, so that we no longer thought alike, no longer had the same reason for living?

**T**HAT couldn't—mustn't—happen. I would forget Farr and everyone in or around it, I would wipe the two weeks I had spent there from my memory—I would do anything that was necessary to keep any gulf from opening and widening between Dick and me.

But this was more easily resolved than done. That very night, at dinner, I found myself telling Roger and Edith about the Thatchers and the poverty in which they lived. It wasn't that I wanted to tell them; it was rather that I was compelled to, by some unseen monitor who ruled my tongue, and who put into my tone all the horror and pity I had felt when I saw the Thatchers themselves.

Roger chuckled. "Sounds very much as if you were developing a social conscience, Myra," he said. "Don't let it get you down, though. Remember what the Bible says—'The poor ye have always with ye.'"

"Whoever wrote that obviously didn't have *you* in mind, Roger," I retorted. "How long ago is it that you gave up your City Clinic work?"

"About four years," he said smoothly. "And I'd hazard a guess that if Dick hadn't gone into the Army he'd have dropped his work there too, by this time. The Clinic's fine, in some ways—gives a doctor valuable experience he couldn't get anywhere else. But the time comes when it can't teach him any more."

"It's lucky not every doctor in town thinks of the Clinic as just a good place to practice," I said. "But even if they did, poor city people would have *some* medical attention. Out around Farr, they haven't any."

"If they care—and I don't seriously believe they do—they ought to move to someplace where a doctor is available," Roger observed, lighting a cigar. "Myra, the truth is that some people are poor because they haven't the ability to be anything else. You can lavish all the pity you want to on them, but it doesn't change that fact. Myself, I prefer to make quite certain that I'm not one of the poor ones."

"Yes," I said, keeping my voice level with an effort. "I know that, Roger. I don't think I agree with you, though."

"Please!" Edith looked appealingly from one of us to the other. "Stop

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quarreling, you two, for heaven's sake."  
 "We weren't—" I began, and stopped. Because it had been very close to a quarrel—as close to one as I had ever come with Roger, of whose judgment I had always stood a good deal in awe. Strangely, I didn't feel in the least awed by it now, or by him either. He seemed merely self-satisfied and insensitive—and rather old-fashioned. It was hard to talk to him without, very soon, finding some new proof that he cared about nothing in the world, really, except his own comfort.

There was no reason why this should bother me. Roger's attitudes, his ideas, were his affair, not mine. Only—and a kind of dread like the formless fear of a nightmare struck at the core of my heart—Roger's ideas were Dick's too; I had heard Dick express them, and Dick's life was patterned upon them.

I tried to escape from this fear by plunging into work. I had a good job—a very good job, I had always thought; I was style consultant and assistant buyer for one of the city's best dress shops. But now the details of my work, the preoccupation with fabric and cut and drape, seemed trivial and worse than trivial, almost shameful. I would think, "This isn't real! Two adults racking their brains in all seriousness over the question of how many women will want clothes of a certain shade of blue next spring—no, I can't believe it. Such things don't matter!"

I WAS lost. Within the space of a few weeks everything secure in my life—my love for Dick, my work, my relation to Roger—had become insecure. One night, after hours of wakefulness, I fell into an uneasy sleep in which I dreamed that Dick came home suddenly. He burst into the house, calling "Myra! Myra!" and I ran to him, my arms outstretched. But he didn't see me. He looked through me and past me, and he went into every room of the house, still calling my name in a voice that was each instant more lonely, more anguished—until I woke to the sound of my own sobbing, and to Edith bending over me crying, "Myra! What in the world's the matter?"

I couldn't tell her. She would never have understood.

In the morning I looked at myself in the mirror. My eyes were dull from lack of sleep, my skin had a yellow, pasty color, and my lips were tortured. "This can't go on," I whispered to the reflected image. "It can't . . . You're a coward, Myra Terrell. You're turning into a silly, neurotic female, making yourself miserable with imagined disasters. You must stop it. Now, wash your face and put on a lot of make-up and a pretty dress and go downtown."

Still I didn't move. Of all things in the world, the one I wanted to do least was go through another day of working in the dress shop. With diamond-sharp clarity, I knew what I *did* want to do: I wanted to give up my job and study nursing, so that when Dick came back we could go together to Farr, do together the work that he should never have abandoned.

I tried to obey my own instructions. Listlessly, I dressed and went downstairs to join Roger and Edith at breakfast. Passing the hall table I caught sight of an envelope lying there, addressed to me in Dick's handwriting—not a V-mail this time, but one sent by air. Once I would have snatched it up eagerly, but now I touched it with timid, fearful fingers, dreading to open it and experience again that sense of being separated from him.

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Now watch me, children, while I wash  
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Looks like a linen dress.

To half a cup of water, cold,  
Add half a cup of Linit  
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Roger glanced at me keenly as I came into the dining room, still carrying the unopened letter. "That must have been a bad dream you had last night," he observed. "And you don't look too good this morning. Better let me give you a check-up, Myra."

I shook my head. "I'm all right."  
"There's a letter from Dick—oh, you have it," Edith said. "What does he say?"

Mechanically, I ripped open the envelope, began to read the close-written sheets of paper while I sipped my coffee. But in a moment I set the coffee cup down.

For as I read, Dick was with me again.

"The letters you wrote from Farr all arrived together today. I knew you were there, of course, from the cable you sent when Ma died, but it gave me a funny feeling to read the letters and know you'd written them from my parents' house. Not the kind of feeling I'd have expected, though.

"You must have wondered, sometimes, why I never took you to Farr for a visit. A man usually does take his bride home to meet his parents. But I never could bring myself to suggest it. Farr was something I'd escaped from, and I had even managed to persuade myself, in a crazy sort of way, that it didn't exist. If I showed it to you, then it would be real again—I couldn't go on denying its reality. So I never would have taken you there.

**B**UT I'm glad you did go there, glad you saw it. You see, I've stopped wanting to pretend there is no Farr—it's not the nicest place in the world, but it's a hundred times better than some I've seen since I got into this man's Army. In fact, right now Farr would look like Heaven to me, if you were there . . ."

I folded the letter and put it away in its envelope, and raised my head to see Roger and Edith staring at me in amazement. "For heaven's sake," Edith cried, "tell us! Is he coming home? He must be, you look so happy!"

I laughed. "No—he won't be home, not just yet. But I *am* happy. It—it was a particularly good letter."

That was all I could say—I couldn't tell them that across the miles Dick had sent me the certainty I had needed, had reminded me unwittingly of something I had never considered. He too was changing, growing, during this separation of ours, he too was finding wisdom and maturity he hadn't had when he left. "Don't change," he had warned me, but it was against the laws of nature not to change. And if, through some miracle, our growth could be parallel, simultaneous—oh, then we were married indeed!

Standing up, smiling, I said, "By the way, people—I've just decided. I'm going to give up my job today and study nursing."

Roger's cup clattered sharply against its saucer. "You're—Myra, have you gone crazy?"

"No," I said. "I'm saner than I've been for a long time. I'm going to study nursing, so that when Dick comes back we can work together—in Farr."

For a moment, while Roger's face grew red, he couldn't speak. "You are crazy!" he said at last. "Dick will never go back to Farr."

"He might," I said. I took a deep breath, feeling weariness and doubt and unhappiness fall away from me. "He might," I repeated. "And if he does, I want to be ready."



# INTRODUCING KAY ARMEN

**M**ANY years ago, in a small inland American community, a doting congregation would send a special donkey each Sunday morning to carry its favorite boy soloist to church. That beloved boy singer was the father of Kay Armen.

Today, Kay has her doting public, too, but they don't have to do more than turn the dials on their radio sets to the Kay Armen program of songs on the Blue Network every weekday from 10:30 to 10:45 A. M., EWT. Kay doesn't even ride to the studio on a donkey. She takes the subway.

Paul Whiteman can credit himself with having made another discovery in Kay Armen. She was born in Chicago, where she went to public school and had some idea of becoming a school teacher. She did study the violin for about three months, but then gave it up, because, as she says, "It was bad."

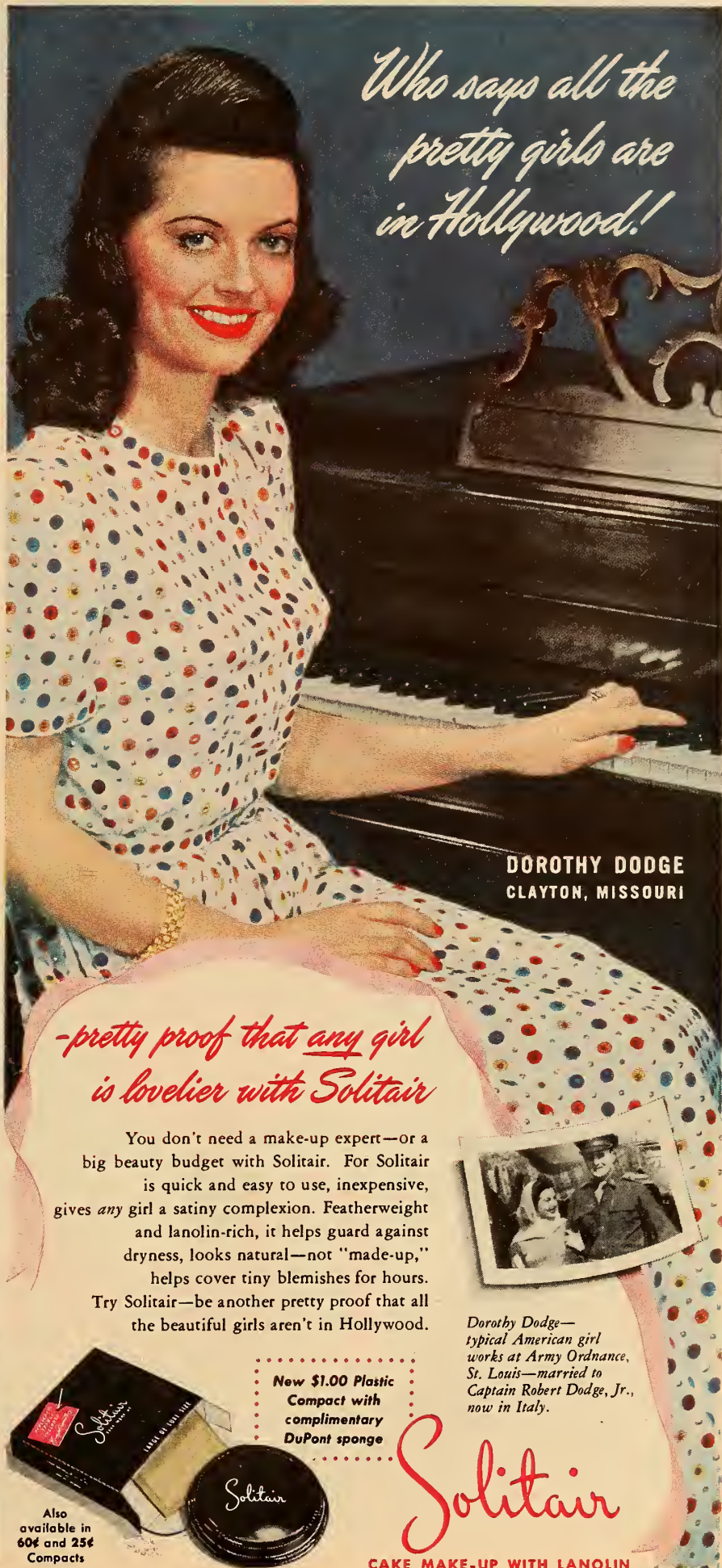
Kay got her first break in show business when she won first prize in an amateur contest run by Ed Sullivan in Chicago's Palace Theatre. That gave her a new direction, and school teaching went by the boards.

She sang for about six months on small Chicago radio stations, building a repertory and developing poise and experience. Then she got a featured singing spot on a coast-to-coast hook-up from a Nashville, Tennessee, station. During this same period, Kay made a number of recordings, one of which, "How Sweet You Are," has sold more than a million and a half records.

**L**AST year, Paul Whiteman heard her sing and signed her as a staff singer for the Blue Network, for which he is director of music now. Since then, she has appeared on Whiteman's own program, Hall of Fame, and on the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street and Broadway Matinee. Now, in addition to her own morning program, she appears as the singing star on the Friday night show. Variations by Van Cleave.

Kay's rich contralto voice is what is known among musicians as a "natural." She has never had a singing lesson in her life, yet all voice coaches who have listened to her say she has a perfect ear, good breath control and beautiful phrasing. She sings a song the way she "feels" it, whether it be the blues, a ballad, a hot number or jive. And every day, on her own program, she sings a hymn, dedicated to the small Armenian boy for whom the doting congregation sent the donkey every Sunday—her father.

Armen is not Kay's real name. That too, is by way of dedication, if not to her father, then to the land from which he came to this country of freedom and opportunity. Kay's family name was one of those long Armenian names, which was simplified when the family settled down here to Manogoff. Sports fans will recognize that name. Kay's father and her brother have both figured in wrestling rings throughout the country.



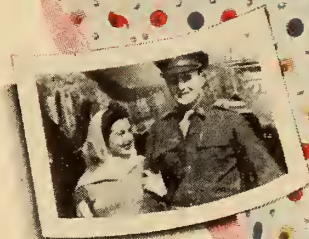
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# Chesterfield

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# In the Heart's Keeping

Continued from page 30

though you didn't trust me. As though Gary and I were doing something wrong!"

"That's all part of it. I've watched him bring you home before. I've seen how good-looking he is and—well, I guess you get sort of morbid when you have to be alone as much as I have. I started getting a little jealous of him. Then, tonight, when I saw the way you were laughing together—and you never laugh any more with me, honey—and the way he put the coat around you and had his arm around you, I—I just sort of went crazy there for a minute. That's what made me say those things. I don't really think them, Marjorie. Now do you understand?"

But the hurt had gone too deep for that, coming on top of everything else. I could feel only that, not the things he was saying. "I just understand that you don't trust me and I'll never be able to face Gary Gray again on account of the way you've acted!"

"Well," Bob said finally, "if that's the way you want to feel about it, I can't help it. I've done all I can. And all I'm going to." And he went out and closed the door.

AFTER that, we were further apart than ever. Each seemed shut up completely in himself. There was no joy, no hope, in anything for me any more. Every day was like the one before it. Gary Gray never mentioned what had happened, but I carried the embarrassment of that scene with me every day when I went to work and I couldn't feel natural with him any more. And each night when I went home, it was like going home to a burden.

Bob started getting better. He was strong enough now to get dressed during the day and go out for short walks. Things like that. I had once thought that the day he was strong enough to do that would be the happiest day of my life, and I'd planned how we would celebrate. Now, although I was glad, of course, it was just like being glad that somebody you don't know very well is getting better. It didn't really mean anything, because what we should have shared in it didn't seem to be there any more.

And at night, when we got ready for bed, when there should have been the warmest and loveliest intimacy of all, there was nothing. Bob had wounded me deeply in that moment when his trust in me had failed. None of his explanations or apologies could change that. I felt I'd made enough excuses for him. He'd gone too far, and nothing would ever be the same again, because of it.

Then came the day Bob was well enough to go back to work. I could tell that, even for him, it didn't mean as much as it should have, as we both once thought it would. "Are you glad to be going back?" I asked him that morning as we had breakfast in the kitchen.

"Sure," he said. Then his eyes met mine. "Mostly, because it will mean that now you can stop working. I know we haven't paid off the hospital entirely, but I'd like to pay that off myself. I mean, I think you've done enough. If we're careful on what I make, we can manage without your working any longer."

"Yes, I suppose so." I stirred my coffee thoughtfully. "It's funny. I

thought I'd be crazy to stop working. But now, I don't know. I'd like to have a couple of weeks off to get rested, but then, maybe, I'll go back. Gary Gray needs me and—well, I'd sort of miss it."

"But, Marjorie, you know we said when we got married that we both wanted you to give up your job, even though there wouldn't be a lot of money. We agreed then we'd be happier if you just took care of the home part and I took care of the working."

"It's different now. If I kept on, we could pay off the debts sooner without having to scrimp so hard. And then, after they were paid, we could use the extra to get a maid. A real one. Not Marie. Then I wouldn't have to do any housework."

"I thought you liked looking after the house yourself."

I looked around the kitchen. It was messy and neglected-looking. I remembered how I used to keep it bright and shining, how everything in the whole house was fun to keep bright and shining for Bob and me. And I thought how somehow the marriage had gotten to be like the kitchen was now, neglected and sort of—empty. As if the heart had been taken out of it somehow. It would take a lot of effort to make it the way it used to be and even then maybe it would never be again.

"Well," I said, "we'll see. Now it's time for both of us to get to work."

I kept thinking about it the rest of that day. Bob wouldn't like it if I kept on working. But I pictured the maid we could have, and the extra clothes I could buy out of my salary. It was true I'd once agreed with him it was better if a wife didn't work. But that had been when our marriage was new and fresh, and just being together was enough. Now that didn't seem to mean so much any more.

I WAS still undecided as I got off the bus that night, going home. I walked along the street behind a young couple. I looked at them and whispered to myself, "That's the way it used to be with Bob and me. And that's the way it isn't any more." Because they were walking hand in hand, looking at each other, laughing together, oblivious to everything and everybody about them. You could feel the sort of togetherness they had. The sort, I thought bitterly, that just hadn't lasted for us.

I was still behind them when we started across the last street. I was only a few feet away when the car came tearing around the corner, going too fast. I saw the way the man jerked the girl out of its path and then—with a sort of numb horror—I saw it strike him, saw it hurl him against the opposite curb.

I was first among the people who started running. I stood there at the front of the crowd and saw him lying there with his head all bloody. He looked as if he might be dead. The girl had thrown herself down on her knees beside him. She wasn't crying but her face had gone all white. Then she raised her head, and for one second, she was looking straight at me with all the anguish in her eyes laid bare.

She wasn't seeing me. She wasn't seeing anybody. But she was pleading with us all. "Don't let him die!" she cried. And then, "Dear God, don't let him die!"



\* June Lang, charming screen actress, smiles her approval of Princess Pat Rouge.

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I waited till the ambulance came. I saw them lift him onto the stretcher and put him in it. I saw the girl get in, too, still with that anguished pleading on her face that nobody there could answer yet. She had picked up his hat and she kept stroking it over and over, as if it were something precious. I waited till the ambulance drove off, and then blindly I made my way into the drugstore on the nearest corner.

"Give me a cup of black coffee," I said to the clerk.

He looked at me and shook his head. "That accident was nasty," he said. "I guess you saw it all. Is the guy dead?"

"I don't know," I said. "I don't know."

And sat there drinking the bitter, burning coffee, and seeing that girl's face and seeing my own face too as it had been six months ago. Six months ago one night, at a hospital, when I, too, had said with that same anguish, "Don't let him die. Dear God, don't let him die."

That was the night Bob had been taken there in the ambulance, with the terrible pain in the abdomen. And that was the night Dr. Squire had come into the waiting room and said, "We're going to have to operate. Right away."

AND I had known, looking at his face, hearing that special note in his voice, that Bob might never come from the operating room alive. I knew, right then, that I might have seen him for the last time, heard him laughing for the last time. I knew that that night my life might be over, too.

I'd bowed my head, without any tears, and said to myself and to the doctor and to God, "Nothing else matters. Nothing in the world will ever matter if only he's alive."

I'd waited there for a long time. It had taken a long time. They took me into an empty room, wanted me to telephone someone to come and stay with me, but I didn't want anyone. I wanted to sit quietly and send my spirit, my will, my being, into Bob there on the operating table, and make it say to him, "You've got to get well, darling. You've got to come back to me."

And finally Dr. Squire had come out and smiled at me. "It's all right, Mrs. Williams. He'll pull through. You're a brave girl."

I'd wept then. And the tears had been all gratitude. And I'd said to myself and to the doctor and to God, "Then nothing else matters. Nothing else in the world will ever matter as long as he's going to get well." I said that, over and over, all that night.

I'd kept on saying it all the time he was in the hospital, lying there so weak. And when he'd first come home. I'd said it when I first went out and got the job with Gary Gray so we'd have money enough to live while he was getting well. But after that—after that, what had happened? To Bob, to me, to us? Especially to me. I was still

grateful, but I'd somehow lost sight of the gratitude. The one fact—the only fact that had any meaning—the fact that he was still alive, still mine, still right there in my life as the man I loved more than anything else in the world—that truth had gotten obscured.

It had gotten hidden away in a lot of unimportant little facts. Certainly it was true that the convalescence had gone on longer than we'd ever expected, that we owed a lot of money, and that the worry had constantly nagged at us. Certainly it was true that he could sometimes be difficult, as all sick people can be. I'd gotten tired out, and he'd gotten all pent up and impatient. It had been hard and it had been tedious. And in the hard tediousness of it, we'd nagged at each other and misunderstood each other and even hurt each other just a little bit. But we'd lost sight of the main truth. I, more than Bob. I'd said—and meant—that if he lived, nothing else would ever matter. But I'd let something else matter. I'd let the strain and attrition of all the little, unimportant things cover up the irrevocable, tremendous thing: that Bob was alive and he was mine.

I got up and hurried out of the drugstore. When I got out on the street I started to run. Suddenly someone caught my arm and half jerked me around. It was Bob.

"Are you all right?" he cried. He gave me a little shake. "Are you all right?" Then his grip loosened, and he shook his head as if to clear it. "I'm sorry. I'm acting like a goof. But I saw the crowd and heard people say there'd been an accident and all I could think of was that it might have been you. I—suddenly I knew I couldn't stand it if anything happened to you."

I flung myself into his arms. "Oh, darling, it wasn't me. But it might have been you. It was just as if it were you—I mean, that's the way I must have looked, the way I felt, when I thought maybe you were going to die. Oh, Bob, darling—" And then I was sobbing against him, feeling his arms around me, feeling him understand what I could never make any plainer.

We stood there on the street, clinging together, heedless of the passersby and their curious looks. Finally Bob cleared his throat. "It's time," he said and looked at the watch I'd given him, "that we went home."

I looked at the watch he'd given me. "Yes, it is. It's time we went home."

We turned and started walking up the street, hand in hand.

"Bob," I said, "I've decided. I'm not going to keep on working. I'll tell Mr. Gray tomorrow."

He pulled me a little closer. "We'll ask him over to dinner one night with one of his girls, to soften the blow," he said.

And then we both laughed, like silly kids, because we were so happy that if we didn't laugh, we'd cry.

## IS YOUR SCRAP BASKET IN THE SCRAP?

Nothing goes to waste today—not even the scraps that go into the waste basket. It's a "save basket" now and the paper from it goes to vital uses in the war effort. Paper is as essential as guns and ammunition—not only scraps, but all discarded newspapers, wrappers, bags, cartons, magazines. Sell or give your paper to a salvage agency—but don't waste a scrap!



# Valley Forge 1945

Continued from page 47

forming what is known in rivermen's language as a center. If allowed to build up with logs coming downstream, a center can form a solid jam from bank to bank. Something has to be done—something had to be done about this one immediately.

There was only one way to get on to the center, and that was to ride a couple of logs down through the rushing water. I was being paid the extra wages of a whitewater man, so I jumped out on two of the logs we had just pried loose from the face of the jam; and in a second I was on my way down to the center. I had done this many times before, as taking off centers was part of the job of a whitewater man; but this turned out to be one of my unlucky days. When I was about half-way down a huge wave swept me off the two logs I was riding, and I disappeared into the water. I guess all the men who were watching me from the jam above thought they'd never see me again, but I came up to the surface just as I was about to be swept under the big center itself. I grabbed at the end of a log sticking out from the tangle. Waters tugged and tore at me with an almost overwhelming suction. I struggled with every ounce of strength in my body to raise at least my shoulders out of the water. Logs were smashing into the center on both sides of me. I thought to myself: "I've got to get out of here in a hurry or one of those logs will cut me in two." Inch by inch I fought my way up onto the top of the logs, until at last I was beyond the clutch of the stream. I lay there, safe, exhausted, and thanking God. To me and to the men on the jam it looked like a miracle.

Well, you couldn't put all that in. So I wrote: "The day I escaped from being swept to death under a center, on a log-drive in New Brunswick," in answer to the curved-ball question.

**I**T was easy, really. It didn't sound like much when you read it over, though—just an average life until you came to the war part, but nobody I knew had the war all to himself either. Oh well, I thought, I've had my money's worth. The radio program was a new idea—I had fun with it. You don't find many new ideas lying around an Army hospital when you've been there seventeen months.

At three o'clock on Friday, two days later, the head-nurse called me into her office.

"Lieutenant," she said, "you are to report immediately to the Public Relations office."

I didn't think of the questionnaire just then, but at the Public Relations office I was told that Mr. Grant of the Vox Pop program wished to talk with me. I was to have a seat and await my turn.

Next to me was a tall lieutenant with an eye missing, and wearing one hook—he'd lost an arm. The man next to him was a Ranger. He was young, only about twenty, with the reddest hair in the hospital.

"They'll never pick you, Sonny," I said. "They'll save you up for television."

"I hear they ask you what you want," he said, "and you get it. No kidding."

"A guy I heard of asked for a parrot once," said the man in front of us. "A sailor, he was. In the Brooklyn Navy



## The 'Inside' Story

In wartime, especially, it isn't easy to make the kind of soap people expect to find inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper. It isn't easy to get all the ingredients necessary to make Fels-Naptha pre-eminent among fine laundry soaps.

And that's only half the story. Now, a larger share of our stock of materials and our manufacturing facilities must be used to make good soap for men and women in active service.

Obviously, this will mean some further inconvenience for civilians. In the months ahead, you may have to wait more often for the familiar Fels-Naptha wrapper to appear on your grocer's shelf . . .

**but the soap inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper will be Fels-Naptha Soap.**

We think the average woman wants to know these plain facts about the supply of Fels-Naptha Soap. We think her loyalty to a good name will survive this time of trial, which is shared—in some way—by all.

# Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

R  
R



Yard. And he got it, too, they tell me." "There's a law against parrots," the lieutenant said.

"He got it, that's all I know."

"There's a law against what I want, too," the red-haired kid said. "Well, no harm trying."

"There's two hundred and fifty of us, I got the word," someone said. "Don't get your hopes up."

At last my turn came. I walked into the office and met Mr. Grant.

"Anslow is my name," I said.

"Glad to see you, Lieutenant," he said. "Sit down, won't you?"

The interview was short. Mr. Grant asked me a few quite ordinary questions—he already had most of the information he needed on the questionnaire—we exchanged experiences and matched ideas on the weather and the progress of the war. It was easy unimportant stuff, like you might have with a friend on a street corner.

"I'm sorry I've got to cut this short," he said after a few minutes. "I've enjoyed meeting you, Lieutenant. I hope we'll meet again when my schedule's easier."

**WE** shook hands again and I departed. I was glad I had filled in the questionnaire. If my Gray Lady friend was around somewhere I thought I'd tell her.

The Red Cross auditorium is a big room with windows on two sides and a stage at one end. It didn't look much like a broadcasting studio. I'd seen one, and when I remembered the soundproofed walls and ceiling and the complicated control-room (all set back of a soundproof glass partition), I wondered what they were going to do about the echoes and the shuffling feet in a room where the ping-pong tables and writing-desks had just been shoved off to one side to make room for the show. I'd never thought about it before.

The next day was Saturday. Saturday, as everyone in a hospital knows, is the most lonesome day and night in the week; but this Saturday was different. At three o'clock the Public Relations office telephoned and informed me that I was to report to their office again—at once. This time I did get my hopes up.

"Mr. Grant wants to talk to me again," I figured. "That must mean something." I thought about the other two hundred and fifty people and I thought, five out of two hundred and fifty. It couldn't be me. But I was excited. I hadn't felt that way for a long time.

The same tall lieutenant was back again, too.

"I see you are one of the lucky thirty, too," he said.

"What do you mean, lucky thirty?" I replied.

He said: "We've been screened down. There are only thirty of us applicants left."

I looked at him, and somehow I got thinking about Normandy, and how a lot of fellows like this lieutenant were why we got in. That was a tough spot—where he got his.

"You sure deserve to be one of the lucky ones," I meant it, too.

"Why me?" he said.

Mr. Grant was in the office when I entered. He had several other men with him this time. Parks Johnson and Warren Hull were there. They go on the air regularly on the Vox Pop program.

The usual introductions were made and we all sat down, and again talked

about the weather and the progress of the war. I kept waiting for something different to happen, but nothing did.

At last Mr. Grant stood up.

"Well, good-bye, Lieutenant," he said. "It was nice of you to come down. Good luck." Not a word about the broadcast.

The other men said good-bye.

"Well," I told myself, "that's the end of the deal." I never did have a chance, I figured. I was just kidding myself.

Then I thought, look, why am I caring, anyway? This show is nothing to me. That afternoon I left the hospital for several hours. I took a long hike, and as I walked I thought, perhaps George Washington himself walked over this very path. A lot has happened at Valley Forge.

I got back to the hospital just before supper. Beverly, the little WAC who works on my ward, was waiting for me.

"For Heaven's sake," she said, "where've you been?"

"What's the matter? I was out."

"You sure were," she said. "The men from the Vox Pop program have been over here twice looking for you."

Well, that settles it, I thought. What if they were considering using me on their program? They'd probably taken someone else instead by now. I didn't care, really. Yes, I did care. I was as disappointed as a kid. I must have been counting on it, even when I was walking around thinking about other things.

So Sunday was going to be just another Sunday. That's the trouble about hoping for things. When you go back to what you had it doesn't seem so good. I decided I had to change that Sunday. The hospital bus goes into the town of Paoli, nearby, at twelve twenty-nine. I have some friends there; I'd spend Sunday afternoon with them.

I don't know whether the bus left early that particular day or I was late, but it had gone when I arrived at the hospital bus terminal. My friends were waiting for me at Paoli. There was only one thing left to do—get a taxi to come out from Phoenixville, on the other side of the hospital, to take me to Paoli. I went back to the information desk to put in a call for the taxi. Then I sat down to wait.

"**YOU'RE** having your troubles," the girl back of the desk said after a while. "Want me to ring them up again?"

"I don't mind waiting," I said. "I've got nothing else to do."

At that minute the telephone rang. She answered it, and then looked at me.

"For you, Lieutenant," she said.

It was Mr. Grant, calling from Philadelphia.

"Lieutenant," he said, "you certainly are a hard man to find. We've been looking all over the hospital for you."

"If I hadn't missed my bus just now," I said, "I guess you wouldn't have found me at all."

"Well, I'm sure glad you missed it," he said. "Lieutenant, we've decided to use you on the program tomorrow night. Okay with you?"

"Sure," I said. "Sure it's okay."

"We want you in the Auditorium at six-thirty tomorrow evening to run over the program."

"I'll be there."

"We've got a few presents for you, too—that is, we will have when we find out what you'd like."

For some reason I'd never taken the

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## NUM-ZIT TEETHING LOTION





talk about the presents seriously. I didn't know what to answer.

"I can't think of anything that I need right now," I said at last. "I can think of things I'd like to have, of course. But I'd have no place to keep them."

"There must be something we can give you." He thought for a few minutes. "How about a nice watch?"

"That's right!" It was a good idea. "I do need a watch."

"You haven't got one?"

"No." Then, as I thought he was waiting for me to go on, I said: "The last watch I had was a wrist-watch. I was wearing it when the land-mine blew off my hands, so—"

"We'll certainly get you a watch," he said. "What else would you like to have? We'd like to give you something else, too."

"Would it be possible to get an electric razor?"

"We'll get one—if we have to steal it!"

I was pretty pleased about that. I figured I could manage an electric razor very nicely with my steel hooks.

At six-thirty on the dot Monday night I was in the Red Cross Auditorium. Mr. Johnson was waiting for me. He shook hands and I made a mental note: "Here is a regular guy." So many people ignore my hook, or hand, when I offer it.

"WE'RE going to interview you last, Lieutenant," he explained. "There will be four ahead of you. You probably know this isn't a script show. We want your answers to be natural. I'll run over the questions I'm going to ask you and you can figure out what you want to say. Then when the time comes just say it. No frills—and no bad language. That's the law."

I felt pretty nervous.

"What if I should—" I began.

"Don't worry," he said. "We dub it out."

The microphone was set up on the stage, with the control box on the left and the microphone cables coming in from the right. The Auditorium was set up for a big crowd.

"You people are the stars of this show," Mr. Hull said, "so you sit on the stage, just back of the mike. I'd like you here at seven-fifteen. We don't go on the air until eight but we put on an informal show first—you know, sort of fun-making. We want to get some of the boys and girls up here to do some stunts. You can't tell me there isn't a lot of hidden talent in this place."

When I was in the Army on the West Coast I used to be a fighter. I was in the welterweight class, on an Army boxing squad. I liked to fight; I was in some pretty big bouts. That night when we took our places on the stage at the appointed time I had the same feeling I used to have when I was waiting in my dressing-room before a fight—sort of an expectant excitement. The others seemed very calm. There was Sergeant Alexander Kosciusko—Kozzy, we called him—of the 28th Infantry Division, blinded at Belfontaine in France last summer, after a bitter-end hand-to-hand fight where ammunition ran out and he was down to the butt of his rifle. Private Walker Huckins was a paratrooper, knocked down in Sicily after a scramble with 88-fire back in the hills. Sergeant Gerald Goss represented the detachment at the hospital. He had charge of the military training and transportation of the wounded—a big job. He refereed the ball-games and boxing,



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*She—"What has ze Americaine girl got we have not?"*  
*He—"A big bottle of Pepsi-Cola!"*

too. Lieutenant Annette Grincowitz was an Army nurse, married to a military surgeon in the Southwest Pacific. "If they can be so calm about this," I thought, "why should I get all hepped up?"

"Figure out what you want to say," Mr. Johnson had said. I knew what I wanted to say. Twenty million people would be listening, he said. I wanted to ask them for a break. There's a lot of us men without an arm, or a leg, or eyes. On the outside we may not be so much to look at. The thing people don't remember is, inside, we haven't changed. We have the same feelings and desires and ambitions we had before. All we've really lost is that old easy chance we had. Those days seem a long way back, when anything was possible because you had a whole body.

**B**UT nobody needs a chance handed to them. You can make your own. Every man I know is trying to shove open the hospital door. I wanted to ask people not to push it shut.

I don't know what I said at first. Mr. Johnson asked me about my injuries and I mentioned my arms and my sight and the powder burns on my face. I said I'd been seventeen months in hospitals, with another eleven to go. Then he set it up for me.

"We civilians want to know how you feel, Lieutenant. Can you tell us?"

"When I find anyone staring at me," I said, wondering if I was putting it right, "it makes me angry. Not for myself—I can stand it okay now. But it's hard at first."

"You haven't changed, have you?" "I'm the very same as I was," I said.

"If people would treat every man as they would have treated him before, I think it would help him to feel like he felt before."

"I see. Have you any plans for the future?"

"Yes." If you've got your brain you've always got plans. "I'm interested in Pan-American relations. I've been studying Spanish, to fit myself for work in that field."

It was all over almost before it started. Suddenly the big auditorium was full of noise and confusion; people crowded up on to the stage to look at our presents—I had the watch and the razor and a very nice wallet—and

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*This article was written by Lieutenant Anslow while a student in the Educational Reconditioning Program at Valley Forge General Hospital. If you, too, would like to add to Lieutenant Anslow's morning mail, won't you address him in care of RADIO ROMANCES, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York—we'll be happy to see to it that your letters go on to him.*

\*\*\*\*\*

radio men started taking down the sound equipment. The doors at the back were opened and men began streaming out. I worked my way down, and all the time I was thinking:

"There's no way to say it. I tried, but there's no way."

They brought the mail in in a basket the next morning. In a hospital, mail is the other half of a conversation. For me, America was suddenly a place where my friends lived—friends who listened to what I had tried to say and then replied so I'd know they'd heard. The last letter I somehow wanted to answer first.

"It was most inspiring, hearing all of you men tell of your experiences," it said. "It made me feel humble and glad that I am an American with men like all of you on our side. I so agree with your view regarding the returning wounded soldier. The handicapped do not want pity nor do they need it. To lead a natural, everyday life is all they want, for they are just human beings exactly as they were before."

"I know because I too am somewhat handicapped. I met with a street-car accident when a child, losing both limbs close to the hips and my right arm at the shoulder. Forty years ago science had not progressed as it has now, and I did not have the opportunity to learn to work. However, I have led a happy normal life, and do as much and more than many persons more fortunate. I keep house for my Dad, cook, bake, etc., do all kinds of fancy work—well, just everything. I can and do count my blessings."

"I admire your courage, and want to say to you and all the men there that we are mighty proud of you. Good luck, and God bless you all."

God bless you, lady, from Ward Six at Valley Forge.



# I Believe in You

Continued from page 21

work they did every day. And then I looked into the old pier glass where I could see the outline of strength even in my slender waist and flat, tapering thighs; in the firm, high curves under my slip. And my irritation vanished. I'd rather have the tanned skin that Helen so disparaged, than know that my body was as useless as hers.

Movement and a great swirl of dust outside my window caught my attention. Two riders had just reined their horses beside the cast-iron water trough sturdily anchored by the side of the skinned-pole corrals.

"It's Don and Duncan!" Helen said breathlessly, and patted her already-perfect hair in place. She moved quickly to the door. I fumed, knowing I would have to wait for Miss Ward.

**B**Y the time she had adjusted the skirt and I had slipped into the overalls she despised, the twins and Helen were seated in the big, crude, home-made porch swing, busily talking. Or, rather Don was talking. He was on his favorite subject and I paused for a minute in the doorway, listening—"... it's breeding that does it, Helen. Pure strains in cattle, just like in human beings, means better stock, every time. Mix a bunch of scrubs, buy a steer when you don't know his pedigree and you'll wind up with a puny, undersized, stringy beef. Jud Parsons was telling me he favored mixing a few mavericks in now and then—but he's crazy."

Helen yawned. I looked at Duncan,

sitting next to her in well-worn jodphurs and open shirt. Yes... that mocking smile was still there! Now I remembered Don's twin—very well!

"Hi, Stranger!" I called to him. "Welcome home!"

They were both on their feet, these two men who looked so alike and yet were so different. Duncan started forward, but, as usual, it was Don who grasped my hand first, who dominated the scene, and who broke off Duncan's greeting to me to pull me to him.

"Isn't she beautiful, Duncan?" His voice was hearty. "Isn't she a bride to be proud of, the future Mrs. Henry?" And he bent his head and kissed me lightly. I was startled—it was only recently that Don had begun to claim his privilege as a fiance. Our relations, up to then, had been close, friendly, sweetly sure—but not lover-like.

With one exception.

The memory of that one incident flashed into my mind every time Don kissed me. In fact, it had a way of coming into remembrance at the oddest times, laying its tremulous, thrilling fingers on my heart, coming between me and my work, flashing into my dreams, sending a fevered wonder through me when I thought of my wedding day.

It had been at a party the Henry twins had given for Duncan's first going-away to college, five years ago. The hour was late and the room had grown warm and stuffy. I had slipped away from the game the others were playing to walk through the cool night-stirrings of the cottonwoods. The

creek bed was dry at that time of year but somehow it still gave the illusion of freshness in the black night.

Even now I remember the sound behind me and how I had turned and found him coming toward me, framed in the light from the windows behind him. I couldn't see his face—but the wide Henry shoulders, the way of walking, the glint of the light on the deep wave of his hair, I would have known anywhere.

**I** HAD started to speak, to say something casual—but suddenly—oddly—I couldn't. Something different, something I had never felt before in Don, checked the words on my lips. And in the little time it took him to reach me, a new and wondering emotion stirred to life inside me. A fire quickened and flared in my veins. I held my breath—not fully understanding what was happening to me.

He stopped in front of me. It was like a dream in which we both were caught without knowing why or how. I don't know which one of us moved first, but suddenly I was in his arms and he was kissing me with a depth of maturity and passion I had never even glimpsed before in Don. I couldn't think and I didn't want to. Nothing was real but the surge of life that began with his mouth on mine, so hard and yet tender, and flowed through every part of me with a sweet, fierce, pounding rhythm.

When at last he let me go, I still clung to him, shaking.



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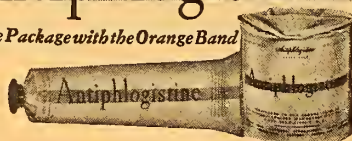
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"I'm sorry, Joanne. I forgot myself—and I forgot how young you are. Let's go back inside." He caught me to him, suddenly, and buried his face in my hair. "At least I've had this much; no one can take it away from me. But I want you to forget it ever happened." "I don't want to forget," I murmured, though I knew he was right. I was young for such experiences.

"Then keep it as a token payment and someday—" his voice was muffled. He left me then and I followed slowly, into the house.

When I came inside Don only looked up from his conversation with another rancher and smiled, but there was nothing in his smile of a special nature. I felt a sharp disappointment and at the same time a relief that we were back on our old footing. I looked around for Duncan to wish him god-speed on his morning's journey, but someone said he had disappeared. It was just as well—I probably couldn't have talked coherently at that moment.

Duncan's voice, lazy, noncommittal, unrevealing, pulled us apart.

"My congratulations to you, Don, and my best wishes to the lovely bride." The formality of his words reminded me that I could never be sure whether Duncan really approved of us—or was laughing at us. "I am sure she will be a great credit to the other Henry wives of the past and to you."

THEN he smiled—and his smile was a direct, sunny apology for the offensiveness of his last words.

"Don't mind me, Joanne. I think my brother is a very lucky man," he said. Then his tone changed, "How is your mother? I'd like to see her, if I may—if she's well enough."

"I'll run upstairs and find out if she's awake. Dr. Stambaugh says she's strong enough to have visitors. And he's sure she'll be well enough for the wedding." I didn't need to add that if she weren't there would be no wedding.

Upstairs I opened Mother's bedroom door quietly and peeped inside.

"Come in, darling. I'm awake." Her soft voice carried in a whisper. "I heard voices—is Duncan there?"

Kneeling down on the hassock by the side of the bed, I had a moment of wonder as to why Mother should ask so promptly for Duncan? "Are you feeling better, dear? Is there anything I can get for you? Duncan is outside and he wants to—"

"Send him up here immediately, please, Joanne." I was shocked at the urgency in her voice. Secrets—between

my mother and Duncan Henry?

I was still puzzling over the strangeness of her actions when I had delivered the message and Duncan had hurried up the stairs. Mother and I had always been so close—closer than most families are—that I thought I knew every idea of hers. She hadn't seen Duncan for over a year. Why should it be so imperative that she see him now?

When I asked Don he offered a plausible explanation.

"Probably something about the wedding she doesn't want you to know."

He wasn't much interested. He had just purchased four new steers for the Bar-H and they filled his mind.

THE very finest money can buy, Joanne, and what's more important they're all prize winning Herefords. Blue ribbon in Albuquerque three years running and the papers I have on them are worth their weight in gold to me. Jud Parsons can say what he wants to about cross-breeding producing better range cattle—I say it's knowing the blood lines that counts." Jud was foreman on our ranch and had been long before Dad died. "Why, you can see it in people, I told Jud. Look at the Attlees. Their great-grandfather was the biggest man in this territory when he died, but since then the family has gone steadily down-hill. They are little better than homesteaders now. Clem Attlee married that Mexican-Irish girl no one ever heard of and now those kids of theirs run wild and never go to school if they can help it and the house is falling to pieces."

Helen was bored with all this talk of people and ranch affairs and presently she sauntered away.

As if he had only been waiting for her departure, Don turned to me in excitement.

"It came this morning, Joanne. I had it sent to the city for re-setting." He pulled a small package out of his pocket and dropped it into my lap. "Open it! A present from the groom to the bride-to-be."

With delight and anticipation I tore off the wrappings and opened the tiny jeweler's box within. "Don!—it's your mother's seed pearl locket! You know how much I've always admired it—how much I love it—"

"I've always meant for you to have it, too, Joanne. Mother would have wanted you to have it . . . it's been handed down from generation to generation. Henry wives always wore it."

I had the absurd feeling that until I had this locket I had been on probation.

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Now I was one with all the other Henry women who had received this gift with pleasure and worn it with pride. But it wasn't absurd to know that Henry wives were, by legend, a special lot— noted for their physical beauty and their hardy capabilities. This had been motivated by no foolish whim during the early pioneer days when only the strongest, the healthiest, the most able of women could have weathered the hardships the ambitious Henry clan had burdened them with. Now it was a matter of pride.

Really more than that, in Don's case. As important as love—or almost—to him was the fact that he knew my family; that the Demings were as good a stock as his own. He believed, and I understood and approved his belief, that marriage was a more serious matter than just the attraction of a pretty face or a broad pair of shoulders. There were the future children—our children—to be considered. It was the right that the name we bore and which our children would bear should not be menaced by unknown factors or by dark shadows of weakness or tainted blood.

I LOOKED at him, sitting beside me, his arm linked in mine and he was dearer, more wonderful to me than he had ever been before. I knew him so well— his generousities, his honesty, his goodness and his untroubled nature. I knew that Don might criticize the Attlees, but it was feed, grain and supplies from his ranch that had kept that family alive for two years. I knew the respect in which he was held by others. He had been my playmate, my partner, and now would be lover and husband.

There were quick footsteps from the living room and Duncan stood in the doorway. His face was grave.

"Your mother wants you," he said, simply, but there was an urgency in his voice that made me fly up the stairs and sent my newly-realized happiness scattering.

"Mother—!" I cried, breathlessly. "Come here, darling." Her face on the pillow showed an exhaustion I had not seen before. It was as if she had been holding her strength for this day and now, all at once, it was gone.

"Come here," she repeated. And when I was close, at her side, she spoke in a voice so low I had to bend to hear. "You've been happy, Joanne? You know how much we loved you, Dad and I? If we have done anything . . . not done something . . . would it make any difference to you? . . . if we have kept something from you . . . you will understand? We did what we thought best . . ."

"You've been the best mother in the world." I protested through my tears.

"No." Her head moved on the pillow. "I should have told you. I *must* tell you . . . must . . . you have a right . . ." Her head fell back.

Mother died that night. The shock was so great as to be numbing. For the moment life had stopped for me, too, and I was incapable of thinking.

The wedding was postponed, of course.

Only the memories of the past happiness in our home; of the love and affection which had been our shared and priceless gifts, sustained me now. Mother and I had been friends and comrades; even when Dad had died there had been the two of us to draw closer together. Helen had been included—always—even though she had never cared particularly for the same things we did. Now I had lost a be-



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loved mother and Helen an aunt, but the strength and the bulwark of her love were still with us.

The funeral was a simple affair. Afterward Don and Duncan drove me home.

"There will have to be a reading of the will, Joanne. Do you think Friday will be too soon?" Duncan said gently.

The will? I hadn't thought about it—and it seemed strange that Duncan should. Don must have wondered something of the same because he voiced it:

"How do you happen to know about Mrs. Deming's will, Duncan?"

Then Duncan said a surprising thing. "I'm co-executor, along with Mr. Timm, the lawyer. Your mother asked me to function as such two years ago. That was the reason she was so anxious to see me the other day. She wanted to be sure I would carry out all her wishes."

**T**HE surprise of it entered even my benumbed mind. I had not known that Mother placed such trust and confidence in Duncan—why hadn't she chosen Don instead? Don, who lived always on the ranch next to ours, instead of Duncan who might at any time be digging rocks in some far corner of the earth—Don, who was accepted by all the ranchers as capable and dependable, instead of Duncan whose heart and mind were fixed on unknowable secrets of the earth?

For the first time I looked at Duncan and saw him as a personality separate from his brother. And it was a shock to see that, studied carefully, the twins didn't even look alike. The bone structure was the same, except that Don's was larger, the color of their hair and eyes matched. But there was about Don's face—his mouth and forehead—the smooth, firm, unlined stability of a man whose course of mind and action had been determined by nature and circumstances; a man whose decisions came quickly and easily from simple convictions. Duncan's face was equally firm, but it was the firmness and it had the lines that came with a questioning nature and from laughter and suffering.

Even their eyes, now that I realized

it, were different. Don's met mine with a clear, unsullied, healthy sureness; in Duncan's there were unreadable depths; there were shades and intensities of feeling not in his brother's. With a flash of insight I knew that Duncan had looked for and found horizons that were beyond the little world we lived in, Don and I.

The next few days called on every ounce of courage I possessed. And I was grateful, with every hour that passed, for the demands made upon my time and energies. Although it was an effort to open Mother's old roll top desk in her "office", I plunged into the work of going over our accounts with Jud Parsons and the time passed; for a while I could forget. With Manuel, the cook, I took inventory of smoke-house and pantry and store-house. I ordered supplies. From morning to night I went through the routine that Mother had taught me; the routine that was so necessary to keep even our small ranch running smoothly.

How thankful I was that Mother and Dad had taken pains to make me competent and useful! Until such time as Don and I could be married and I would take up my new life with him, it was my job to run the Deming ranch, and I felt a new pride in myself.

I had only pity for Helen. She had loved Mother, too, but now she didn't seem to know what to do with herself or her grief. She cried for hours at a stretch, lying on the big redwood couch, intimating through her tears that I was hard-hearted and unfeeling. But I knew I was doing what Mother would have wanted me to do; in the way she would have approved.

For once in my life the responsibility was entirely my own. Even Jud Parsons, old and experienced in the way of ranch life, talked to me now as he had to Mother, listening silently when I expressed an opinion, nodding his grizzled head now and then, walking stump-legged beside me as we looked over the horses in the corrals, disagreeing with me sometimes but always, in the end, deferring to my judgment.

When Friday evening came and I heard the sound of the Henry car coming up the dirt road, I looked around

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the big livingroom and was proud of its serene order and tranquillity. Prouder yet, that although grief lay like a stone in my heart, there was order and tranquillity and discipline reflected in me, too. I hadn't forgotten anything—Mr. Timm's glass of port shimmered like a ruby drop in the old wine glass that had been grandma's—just as Mother always had it when the lawyer paid us a call. The big fireplace was clean and piled with logs against the evening chill that came here even in early fall; there was no dust on the spreading elks horns above.

It seemed to me I could almost hear Mother's approving voice: "That's my good daughter . . . my Joanne."

It took only a minute for the three of them, Don, Duncan, and Mr. Timm to exchange the usual greetings with us and to settle themselves in the deep rawhide-and-leather armchairs in front of the fireplace. Somehow there was an unspoken consent among all of us that this was not the time for conversation.

Mr. Timm coughed slightly—and then again—took a sip of port, and drew the legal envelope out of his pocket. Nervously, it seemed to me, he crossed his legs and uncrossed them several times while he unfolded the papers, taking much more time for the process than was necessary.

I LOOKED at him with a growing wonder and then glanced at Duncan. He was looking at me intently, something in his eyes that startled me. A demand? A question? Suddenly, there in that peaceful room, among the objects I knew so well and familiarly, among these people whom I had known all my life—one of whom I meant to marry—I felt a menace. A chill of fear. What was Duncan trying to tell me? Was it a warning! Why did Mr. Timm stammer as he started to speak; why was he taking so much time over such a simple thing as Mother's will?

Only Don seemed the same. His eyes met mine frankly, with no overtones or undertones of mystery. I knew, as surely as if I could read his mind, that he was thinking ahead to the day when the Deming acres would be combined with his own. There was nothing mercenary in his thinking; it was natural and right that he should be planning for us and thinking of his ambitions for our future life.

"I, Mary Elizabeth Deming. . . . being of sound mind. . . . I do bequeath. . . . to my faithful friend Judson Parsons, the sum of one hundred dollars, and. . . ." Mr. Timm had been speaking and I pulled my mind back from its conflict of unexplainable terror and the reassurance that Don had given me, to listen. The lawyer's dry, thin voice went on, stating Mother's behest that Jud stay on here at the ranch as long as he wished. And then to Manuel Rodriguez, our cook, a small sum of money that was all she could afford, and with it the larger, uncounted, sums of gratitude and affection, Mother's regard for him.

To Helen went the little money left in trust for her by her own parents, and Mother's further request that she make her home with me as long as she desired. Her choice of furniture from the house and a small dowry when she married. . . . as if this were a signal, Helen's sobs burst wildly out and Mr. Timm leaned forward to pat her arm in sympathy. Yet all of us, including Helen, felt that this was more than generous of Mother.

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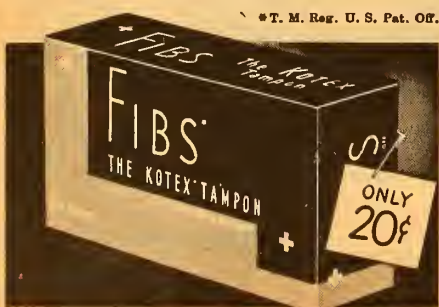


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that I was next. Momentarily, in hearing the bequests to the others, which were just what I had expected, I had lost my strange premonition.

Now, strangely, it returned in redoubled force. The tension seemed to heighten in that room. I watched Mr. Timm wipe his eye-glasses as intently as if they were a sign which might reveal, or erase, this bewilderment within me. I looked to Duncan. Was I imagining that message in his eyes? No . . . as surely as if he had reached out and touched me I could feel that he was lending me his strength for some unnamed, some fearful trial, that was surely coming to me. I moistened my dry lips with my tongue. I could feel my heart pounding and my hand shaking. Even Don seemed to have caught some of the strain. He leaned forward, slowly, in his chair and his face was troubled.

**T**HEN, suddenly, the words came tumbling out of his mouth as though he were in a hurry to have them said—". . . do devise and bequeath . . ." he was mumbling in his hurry and I can't now be sure of the exact legal terms; the words seemed to be swimming in my head ". . . to my legally adopted daughter, Joanne Deming, who . . ."

"Stop!" It was my voice but I wasn't conscious of speaking, or how I got to my feet. The words he had mumbled had come to me with all the force of a shout—my adopted daughter, Joanne Deming . . . my legally adopted . . . That was—those words were for me. I was not Joanne Deming. I was someone else, or no one else. I was adopted!

They were all looking at me and the distress in Mr. Timm's eyes, the sympathy in Duncan's, the shock in Don's, the excitement in Helen's—it was more than I could bear. I heard Don's voice as if it came through a thick fog:

"It's a mistake! It's not true—we've all known Joanne since we were children."

But just as I had sensed that there was a terrible discovery for me when Mr. Timm had started reading, so now I knew that the discovery was real and actual, even before Duncan answered.

"I'm sorry, Joanne," he said, gently, and Mr. Timm nodded his head in agreement. "But it's just as it says. Mrs. Deming adopted you when you were a baby. She loved you as much—more—than if you had been her own and she couldn't bear that you should know before you had to. I wanted her to tell you before; she had promised me she would, two years ago, but she didn't want to spoil your happiness in any way. That was why she wanted to see me so urgently that last day—she was afraid she hadn't done the right thing."

I was so stunned that the sense of what he was saying meant nothing. Only his words were like pile-drivers, each a separate blow, each one splintering to pieces the wall of security and completeness that had surrounded me.

"But—then, who are Joanne's real folks?" Don persisted, in a dazed way.

Duncan shrugged and Mr. Timm shook his head, disclaiming knowledge.

And now I was nobody. I was lost—without a name, without an individuality, without foundation. One minute I had been the rightful heir to all the love and the responsibility and the place for which I had been reared; the next minute that place and position were still mine—but I didn't belong. It wasn't natural and right. It was legal—but how could it be? There were two people mentioned in that

will: one they called "my legally adopted daughter" and the other "Joanne Deming." The two were not the same. They had no meaning for each other. I could not be one and the other, too.

I felt for Don's hand. It covered mine in instant response but his fingers were as cold as mine.

"I think—I think I'll go outside for a minute." My voice sounded faint in my ears. "Don—you'll come with me?"

We started out the door but Duncan blocked the way.

"I know this has been a shock, Joanne, but remember one thing. Never forget it—hang on to it. Your mother and your dad loved you as dearly as if you had been their own child. You were theirs . . . because they wanted you. Nothing is changed, Joanne. *Nothing.*" I looked up at him, at his lean, serious face and his dark eyes commanding mine, and for just a moment the whole world swung safely back into its orbit. *Nothing is changed*, he had said. Something so strong, so compelling, came from him and reached me that, for an instant, I was a person again, wholly and completely myself.

Then Don moved at my side. The papers in Mr. Timm's lap fluttered as he leaned forward, and I knew that it had really happened and the strength that Duncan offered me was a fiction and could not help me.

Outside Don caught me in his arms, burying my face in his shoulder. For a long time we stayed that way.

"Don—" I said, slowly, "—I'm lost. I'm not a person any more. I'm not Joanne Deming and I don't know who I really am. Everything seems different; even people seem strange to me. I don't know what I can believe in now, or if there's anything to believe. I'm lost—" and now I was crying, openly.

Strangely, out here with Don, I felt less a person than I had with the others around me. This was the man I was going to marry. This was the man who loved me—but what did I have to offer him now?

"Don't worry, darling. I know how you feel but you mustn't be hurt." His voice was deep and thoughtful. The shock was still there for Don, too. I could tell that by the measuring of his words. "You know how much I love you—you—whether you're Joanne Deming or someone else."

**T**HERE was a moment in which neither of us spoke. Then Don's words came again, this time with decision.

"We'll find out who you are. We'll discover who your real parents are, so that you can feel yourself whole and complete once more. There must be a clue somewhere—perhaps Duncan or Mr. Timm know something. It won't be hard, in a small place like Indian Wells, where everyone knows everyone else's business, to trace down something that happened only twenty years ago."

I felt my heart stop. *My real parents*—? Somehow, I shrank from the very thought.

"We have to find out, Joanne, or else you'll be wondering all your life. You can't be yourself when you have no roots and when part of your life is a secret. I'm not afraid. I know there can't be anything wrong. It isn't possible. I've known the Demings—I've known you all your life—"

But the very emphasis in his voice frightened me. Was he wondering—was he picturing an abandoned child—the kind of parents who did not want that child—as I was? I had forgotten for a while Don's firm principles of



family and breeding. But now, although I wouldn't have thought it possible to feel still another shock, I saw in quick horrified realization, that this discovery was as awful to Don as it was to me. That he had his own reasons for wanting to find out who I was and from what kind of family. He loved me, I knew. But what did I have to give him now, in exchange for the Henry pride? A healthy mind and a healthy body—but could I depend on them? What dubious taints might not yet come down to me from my unknown father and mother? What racial strains were mixed in me? What right did I have to be any man's wife, when my heritage was clouded?

"I must find out," I said desperately. "I can't marry you until I do, until I know who I am."

"I'll marry you tomorrow, darling," he protested fiercely. "This won't come between us. Even if we don't find out who you are, no one else need know. Mr. Timm will never say anything, not if we ask him. And Duncan and Helen are part of our family. They'll keep it a secret." He was thinking now as he spoke. "Perhaps that would be better, anyway. So—even if we do find out and—and there should be anything wrong—anything upsetting—even to me Don could not bring himself to say that word 'illegitimate'—"then no one will know but ourselves. It will be our secret. I won't have anyone talking about you, Joanne, behind your back."

I FELT sick at the thought. "I don't want to be married, Don. Not until I know. Then, if you still want me—"

He caught me to him in a tight, hard gesture. "Want you? I'll always want you. I love you so much—I'd do anything in the world for you. Why did this have to happen?—I never thought there would be anything in our lives that I couldn't solve for you!"

Now it was my turn to comfort him. "There is a real Joanne somewhere. I'll find her and bring her to you. She won't have anything to be ashamed of—" but there was a growing fear inside me that denied my words—"and we'll go on with the life we had planned."

He smiled at me then, a steady smile. "Of course we will, dear. As Duncan said, nothing is changed. I'll ask him to come over here tomorrow and you two can put your heads together—he might know something from talking to your mother and you might remember something that would be a clue. But no matter what happens, we'll be married soon and we'll have our life together and the ranch and we'll rebuild the house the way you planned it—and our children—"

He stopped so abruptly I was startled. What had he said—our children? I could tell he was trying to go on; to sound natural . . .

And then I knew. He was too kind, too generous, too decent to tell me then what he had suddenly realized. But I knew.

"There can't be any children. Not for us." And somehow I kept my voice steady. "We can't have children, Don, not as long as there is any doubt as to who my parents were. Or who I am!"

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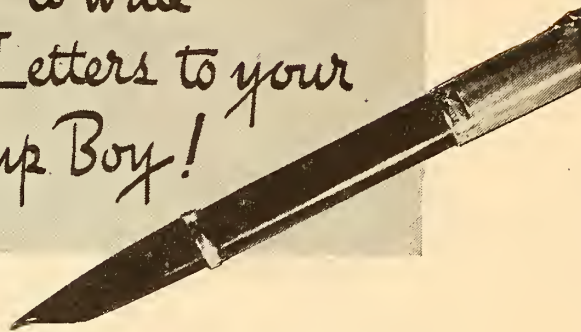
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## The Way Love Finds You

Continued from page 45

heart-turning dark blue glance. There was only the wind and the angry crash of the sea. And then, for the first time since the night Jigger Harris had kissed me, I doubted Ronnie's love for me, and my love for him. Suppose that my aunts were right, and that we were too young to know what real love was? Suppose that Ronnie had been only homesick, starved for more affection than Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily could give him? Had knowing me nurtured that hunger, blown it up until it had become so big and so urgent that we'd had to put a name to it... and had decided then that it meant we ought to be together forever? And was it possible that Ronnie hadn't said that he loved me simply because he was innately truthful, and, perhaps knowing in his inmost self that he wasn't sure of his feelings, he had instinctively hesitated to use a word that was beyond him in meaning?

I HAD to know. I had to know exactly how Ronnie felt about me. Everything else was suddenly unimportant beside it.

That was the reasoning that drove me that night. Perhaps I knew even then that I couldn't carry out a plan to see him any more than I could fulfill the dream of running away to the city and establishing a career for myself and a home for my child. But I was obsessed by the need to see him, by an equally strong need for action.

I scrambled down from the rocks, ran up the shore to the house. The keys to Aunt Fran's car hung where they always hung, on the hook beside the sink in the kitchen. I took the keys, took a heavy, waterproofed coat from the hall closet, wrapped it around a sweater and a skirt and my toothbrush, making a bundle of it. Then, running as if Aunt Fran were already on the threshold, demanding to know what I was doing, I raced out to the garage. I backed the car out, let it stand for precious seconds while I climbed out to close the garage doors. I drove slowly, cautiously—as if by caution alone I could make the passage of an automobile unobtrusive—until I was out of the village, on the open highway. Then I drew a deep breath of relief and stepped on the accelerator.

My plan—such as it was—was to drive as far south as the gasoline coupons in the dashboard compartment would take me. Then I would take a bus the rest of the way to the Southern port from which Ronnie had sailed, and I'd get some sort of job and some sort of room and wait until Ronnie came back. That was my plan, and I was driving as fast as I dared to accomplish it, when sight of the Coast Guard station around a bend in the highway made me slam on the brakes. It wouldn't hurt, I thought, to see Ronnie's friend, Mickey. Mickey might know more about Ronnie than I did, about when he'd been shipped out and when he would be back. I stopped the car near the gates, where Ronnie and I had sat the first night I'd met him. The putteed, white-belted sentry looked at me curiously as I got out. I went directly over to him. "I'd like to see Michael Morrison," I said. "It's important."



The sentry spoke to the attendant at the duty desk just inside the gate; the attendant put through a call, and a few minutes later Mickey came out. He grinned a little when he saw me, but his wise green eyes were curious and unsmiling. We walked a few steps down the yard, away from the guard.

"How've you been?" Mickey asked. "Heard anything from Ron?"

I nodded dumbly, suddenly tongue-tied by the casualness of his greeting. Then I blurted, "That's what I wanted to ask you. I mean—I know he's been shipped out, but I wanted to know if you knew anything about how soon he's likely to come back?"

"He's on escort duty, isn't he? He could be away as long as the war lasts."

It was too awful to believe. I wouldn't believe it. "You mean—and not come back once in all that time? I thought they took convoys over and then came back—"

"They do that, too. He might be back inside a month."

A month! My heart soared. "Will he come back to the same port, and do you really think it will be soon?"

"I don't know," said Mickey impatiently. "Sure, he'll probably come back to the same port, but as to when—your guess is as good as mine." His eyes narrowed. "Why do you want to know? You aren't in trouble, are you?"

I almost said yes. I was caught off guard, and I was so tired of keeping everything to myself, so tired of lies and evasions and concealment, that at this first direct question I nearly told the truth. But something in Mickey's attitude warned me, prevented me. Something suddenly suspicious and unfriendly, something threatening. "Oh, no," I said hastily. "—I'm going South to school this fall, and I thought that if Ronnie would be likely to be in port, I might leave early and stop to see him—" Mickey seemed not to hear it. "Because if you are in trouble," he said as if I hadn't spoken at all, "it can ruin Ron, if you or your relatives go to the Coast Guard."

I stopped talking about a mythical school in the South. "It can?" I said in a small, tight voice. "How? What could they do to him?"

"Court-martial him," said Mickey. "And give him a sentence and a dishonorable discharge."

I LAUGHED. It was a thin, ghastly little laugh, but I managed it out of sheer desperation. "Oh," I said, "I'm certainly glad it isn't anything like that, then. I—well, thanks a lot."

I don't know whether he believed me or not, don't know what he said. I ran away from him, from his wise, searching eyes, back to the car. And by the time I'd started the motor and had turned around, Mickey had gone.

The car jolted into the highway. I turned it South, away from Sandy Cove, without knowing where I was going. Without caring. Without thinking. There was nothing in my mind except this paralyzing new knowledge. I'd lived with fear from the moment I'd known about the child, but it had been a vague and formless fear because I hadn't known exactly what I was afraid of. I knew now, and the knowledge was more terrible than anything my imagination had conceived, more terrible than Aunt Fran's talk of the reformatory. I understood now that our marriage actually was a crime in the eyes of the law, both civil and military, and that Ronnie could be punished for it—punished in such a way that a reformatory sentence seemed nothing by



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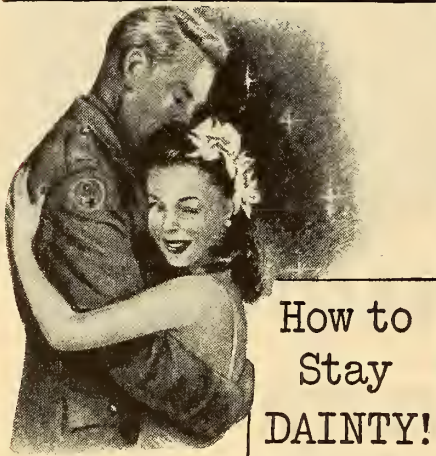


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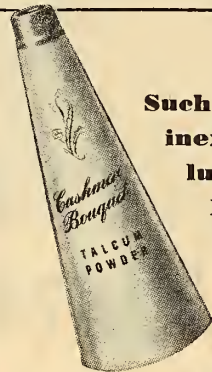


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comparison. *Dishonorable discharge*—why, a dishonorable discharge would mean that Ronnie could never be a citizen again, could never vote, that the flag he was fighting for now would never be his. Those words hadn't meant anything when Aunt Fran had said them, weeks ago. Like the reformatory, they had seemed to be one of those extravagant phrases that grown-ups sometimes use. But they had meaning now that I'd heard them from Mickey, from someone my own age. They meant exactly what they said. Ronnie's whole life would be ruined. He loved his country so much; he'd fought to fight for it, had argued his parents into letting him enlist. If he couldn't be part of his country after the war, he'd have nothing to live for, nothing at all.

I'm going to be sick, I thought. I must stop the car. There's a turn-around the next curve. But my hands seemed frozen on the wheel, my foot nailed to the gas pedal; they refused to obey the commands of my brain. Like the rest of my body, my face felt paralyzed; my eyes were set and staring. Out of the black fog ahead of me I saw the curve, saw the white posts that marked it, and then highway and posts and the hood of the car disappeared in a crash that exploded and re-echoed again and again like thunder, until it died away into utter blackness, utter oblivion.

**O**FTEN, in the long darkness that followed, I heard echoes of the crash. There would be silence, and then the noise would begin, sometimes faint and far away, sometimes loud and close by. Sometimes it was accompanied by a jolting sensation. Sometimes it went on and on until I tried to scream at it to stop; other times it died away quickly, and then there would be only the silence and the dark nothingness. Once, when the crashing came, the darkness lightened, and the noise resolved itself into the clink of glass and metal; I had a glimpse of a moving white figure, of a tray at my elbow, of a white screen. "I'm in a hospital," I thought, and I slid peacefully off into unconsciousness again.

Then one morning I was fully awake, in a pleasant room with pale green walls, and a nurse in starched white was setting a tray on the table beside my bed. "Good morning, Miss Landon," she said. "How do you feel today?"

"All right." My voice sounded strange and unused, but I did feel all right. A little heavy, and a little numb, as if I were wrapped in a thick cloud of cotton wool, but all right. I looked down at myself. One arm was in a cast, and my legs—could I move them? I could move my toes. "How long have I been here?" I asked.

The nurse smiled. "Ten days. You have a broken arm, but it's mending nicely. You had some bruises, and some internal injuries, but they're clearing up nicely, too."

Internal injuries—and then memory struck like a blow. The baby. This peaceful, protected feeling was an illusion after all, and I was as badly off as before. Worse, because now everyone must know. . . "Your aunts," said the nurse, "have been here every day. You can see them this afternoon."

My heart shot into my throat on a rush of panic. "Oh, no—"

She seemed not to hear me. "Now, Miss Landon, if you'll just let me prop you up, I think you can have a real breakfast for a change—"

Miss Landon. At least, they hadn't found out about the marriage. Ronnie

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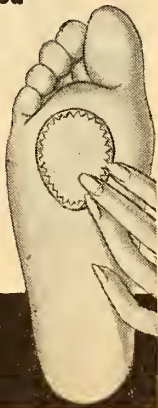
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was safe, for a little while, anyway.

Aunt Emily and Aunt Fran came to see me that afternoon. Aunt Emily's eyes were wet as she kissed me, and there was a tight, trembling look about even Aunt Fran's face. "Well, Grace—" she said. She didn't sound angry at all. She sounded tender.

"Your car," I said. "I'm sorry I wrecked your car, Aunt Fran. I'll try to pay you back."

Aunt Emily made a strangled sound and clasped her hand over her mouth. Aunt Fran reached for her handkerchief. "The car!" Her voice broke. "Thank heaven you didn't wreck your life! Oh, Grace, you foolish, reckless child—"

They knew everything. I knew it then. I waited, not daring to say anything. After a moment Aunt Fran wiped her eyes. "You lost your baby," she said almost briskly. "But you'll be perfectly all right, thanks to Dr. Harvey. And Emily and I have taken steps to have your marriage annulled. The papers are being drawn right now, and it may even be final by the time you go back to school."

I didn't ask how they'd found out I was married. It was simple enough, once they began to suspect, anyone in town could have told them about the notorious Justice of the Peace in Kingston. Or they had found the license, hidden in my purse with the money I earned at the bakery. All I thought of was Ronnie. What had happened to Ronnie? His name was rammed high in my throat, but try as I would I couldn't bring myself to speak it. I managed, finally, in a whisper. "Ronnie—is he all right?"

Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily exchanged glances. "Of course he's all right," said Aunt Emily. I thought she sounded evasive—and they were getting up to go.

I pulled myself up on my one good arm. "What happened to him?" I demanded excitedly. "Does the Coast Guard know?"

"Nothing's happened to him," said Aunt Fran crisply. "And of course the Coast Guard doesn't know. Neither do his parents. Outside of us, no one knows except Dr. Harvey and the law-

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yer who is handling the annulment. Neither you nor Ronnie will suffer any more than you already have."

The significance of the last remark escaped me. I could believe Aunt Fran to the letter, and if she said that Ronnie was all right, he was. I fell back on the pillows, weak tears sliding down my cheeks. Aunt Emily bent over me, whispering, "You musn't excite yourself, darling. Everything's all right, and all you have to do is get well. Jigger Harris may be in tomorrow. He's in town for a few days before he goes to camp, and he wants to see you before he goes."

I nodded mutely. I couldn't speak, and I didn't see them leave. I was crying silently, with my eyes closed—crying not for my lost marriage, not for my lost child, but because I was relieved. Ronnie wasn't going to be punished after all—and I didn't have to lie any more, didn't have to worry any more, didn't have to whip myself into attempting a job that was too big for me. I could be myself again, sixteen-year-old Grace Landon, who had nothing more to worry about than getting through my senior year in high school with good marks.

The next afternoon Jigger came to see me. He looked very tall and browner than ever in his white uniform, and the sight of him gave me a quick little thrill—the same kind of thrill I used to get when Ronnie came striding up the walk. And he was handsome. It was funny to think of Jigger's being handsome. And it was funny, too, to think that Jigger, who had known me all my life, didn't know any of the really important things that had happened to me this summer. I was a little uncomfortable for the first minute or two, and then Jigger pulled up a chair and sat down, grinning. "Can't even drive a car," he mocked. "You sure are going to pieces. If I'd told your aunts the way you've been sailing lately, they'd never have let you drive the car at all."

I GRINNED too. "You're just as bad," I reminded him. "I remember the time you ditched your dad's car—right in broad daylight, too. As for sailing, you'll see. You'll be seasick the first time you're on real water."

We had a lovely, laughing half-hour. We joked and teased as we always had, even in the sober moment when Jigger said goodby. "Seriously," he said as he got to his feet and picked up his cap, "I'm glad you're going to be okay. You are, aren't you? I mean—it'd be awful to have you fold up now, just when you can be of some use to me."

"Use to you?"  
"Sure. Letters. You promised to write to me, remember? I understand letters help a lot when a fellow's away from home."

I nodded, my throat tightening. Jigger took my hand, held it awkwardly, and then he bent and kissed me quickly on the cheek. "G'by, chum," he said. "I'll see you around."

He'd hardly got out the door before I was crying again—because he had gone, and because it had been so good to be with him, to laugh with him, to talk about the things we'd always talked about without feeling a barrier between us. Without thinking, "I'm married. I'm Ronnie's wife, and I'm not interested in the things you're interested in." The nurse came in, pulled down the shades, rolled down my bed. She pretended not to notice the tears. "Time for your nap," she said. "Your aunts won't be in today, you know.

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You can't have too many visitors so soon. Now you get some sleep before dinner."

But I didn't sleep. After the nurse had gone, I lay in the dim, cool quiet, thinking about Jigger. And then, as if a giant sleight-of-hand artist had changed the dark-skinned figure in the white uniform to a fair-skinned one, had changed dark brown hair for lighter, I began thinking about Ronnie. Thinking about him in a way that I hadn't thought of him for a long time, not in the weeks when I'd been so worried over the baby, not in these last few days when it had been enough to know that no terrible punishment was going to be meted out to him. I thought of him longingly now, wanting to hear his voice, wanting him to take my hand, palm up, as he'd used to take it, and lay it against his cheek. I closed my eyes and tried to picture where, on all the oceans of the world, in all the ports of the world, he was. I wanted to tell him, now that it was all over and we had nothing to fear, all that had happened; I wanted to know—really, from his own lips, not just by guessing—how he would have felt about our child.

Our child—and then, for the first time, I thought of the baby not as a circumstance, not as a terrifying threat to Ronnie's future, but as a small and helpless thing that would have been part of Ronnie, part of me. Regret twisted suddenly, sharply, within me; it was followed by an aching sense of loss. I would have liked the baby, I thought, if—If Ronnie and I had been older, and able to take care of it. If our marriage had not been secret. If so many things hadn't been all wrong. . . .

IN the next day or two I thought a lot about the baby. My aunts came to see me for a few minutes in the mornings, but they weren't permitted to stay very long. The doctor came, and seemed cheerful over my progress; the nurses were in and out all day, but they were busy and had no time to talk to me. I was left much to myself, and although my body was still weak, my mind moved steadily out of the cloudy fog of illness into activity and clarity. I began to pay attention to the things around me, to the footsteps and the voices in the hall. I heard a baby cry sometimes, and I saw the nurses going past my door bearing small blurry bundles in their arms. My eyes followed them with an interest I myself didn't fully understand.

One afternoon a nurse carrying one of the small bundles stopped outside my door to talk to a doctor. I had a glimpse then, for just a second, of a tiny forehead, a tiny curled fist, and I knew an instant of revelation. Why, I thought, babies are small people. . . They weren't just something little and dear and helpless, like a puppy, or a kind of precious, animated doll that must be cared for more carefully and more constantly than an ordinary doll; they were little persons; they would grow up, and know happiness and hurt and trouble. There was a difference; there was all the difference in the world.

I knew then what Aunt Fran had meant by the responsibility of marriage. I thought I'd known when the baby was coming, and I'd known that I would have to support it. I'd thought then that responsibility was being able to feed your baby and to buy it clothes and to keep it warm and sheltered. I knew now that it was more than that,

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much more. It meant preparing your child for life, teaching him to be the right sort of person, giving him the things that were not material, like balance and judgment and courage and wisdom, passing on to him the things you yourself learned only by experience . . . things that Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily knew, and that I was too young to know. Ronnie and I had taken a chance on more than our own happiness by marrying when we were too young to be sure of anything; we'd gambled with the happiness of a third person, too.

I wanted to tell Ronnie about it. We had talked over so many things, those nights we'd lain close in each other's arms, whispering . . . but now it seemed that we'd talked like children dreaming aloud, like children saying, "When I grow up, I'm going to do this and be that." I felt that I'd touched reality now, and I wanted to tell him about it, wanted to share with him all these strange, new, big thoughts.

The next day Ronnie came. I had no warning of it except that I felt especially well that morning; the doctor looked more pleased than ever when he made his visit; and Aunt Fran, when she stopped in at noon, actually beamed. "You're very much better, Grace," she said. "I think you can have special company this afternoon." And then she smiled secretively, as if she had a delightful surprise in store.

**I SAID** that I would love to have company, but I didn't ask who it would be. Some of the young crowd from Sandy Cove, I supposed, and if Aunt Fran wanted to make a little game of presenting them, I didn't intend to spoil it for her. I never dreamed that it would be Ronnie.

I didn't recognize him at first. When the nurse popped her head in the door to say I had a visitor, I saw the white uniform behind her, and thought that Jigger must have returned unexpectedly. Then I saw Ronnie's fair hair, Ronnie's pale-golden skin, and it was as if a giant hand had squeezed all the breath from my body.

He came over to me hesitantly, smiling a tight, strained little smile. "Hello, Grace."

I couldn't answer. I just looked at him. It was really Ronnie, but there was something different about him—a sharper, deeper stamp of feature. "What?" I whispered, "are you doing here?"

It sounded stupid and rude, but Ronnie seemed not to mind. He was having trouble finding words, too. He pulled a chair to the bedside, laid his cap on the foot of the bed, then reconsidered and placed it carefully on the table. "I've been in town a week," he said. "But they wouldn't let me see you until today."

"I thought you were at sea—"  
"I was, but we came right back. We sighted a sub the first day out. We got her, but she got us, too, and we had to put back in for repairs."

"You sank it—the submarine?"  
He nodded, his eyes alight. There was something in his face for an instant, something stern and something proud. I couldn't quite define it, but it made me think, "This is how he'll look when he's older,"—and at that moment it seemed that he had already grown a little away from me. Then he was saying, "When I got in there was a letter from Mickey. He said you'd looked him up and had asked a lot of questions, and he had a hunch some-

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thing might be wrong. So I got a leave and came up here, and—" His head came down, buried itself in his hands. "Oh, Grace, why didn't you tell me?"

I breathed a sigh that was half a sob. This was Ronnie—no stranger any longer, but my Ronnie, of the warm heart, the quick emotions. I put out my hand, worked it gently between his palm and his cheek. Ronnie turned his face, kissed my fingers. "I was scared," I whispered. "Mickey said you'd get a dishonorable discharge if Aunt Fran told the Coast Guard. And Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily had said so many awful things about young people who got married—Ronnie, they won't do anything to you, will they?"

He made a choked sound, and his head moved in negation. Something warm and wet slid over my imprisoned hand. "I've been staying at the house," he said. "They've been swell—better than I deserved. Grace, if I'd thought this would happen . . . I've been nearly crazy—"

Then his voice broke, and he couldn't say any more. He didn't have to. With the information that he'd been staying with my aunts, my last doubt as to his safety had vanished. They loved him; they would have wanted to forgive him, and when they saw how he was truly suffering on my account, they must have been as unhappy for him as they were for me. And surely, they knew that the blame was as much mine as his, and that the biggest fault of all was in our youth.

I DREW Ronnie nearer, until his head was close beside mine on the pillow. "The baby," I whispered. "I didn't want it, Ronnie. I wanted to want it, but I couldn't."

Ronnie shook his head. "I guess I wouldn't have wanted it, either," he said in a muffled voice. "I guess—we were just too young. It's pretty important, having a—being parents."

"I know." I told him then, all the thoughts that had come to me in the past days. Ronnie listened, just as I'd dreamed he would listen, understanding, knowing what I meant almost before I spoke. Still, I was miserable. A great weight seemed to have settled on my heart, and it grew heavier, more stifling, with every passing second. There was only one reason for it: it hurt to have Ronnie admit that we were too young for serious things like love and marriage. It was the truth, but it hurt. And it showed too clearly how wasted the summer was. The wonderful brief happiness, the longing and the fear and the worry and the pain had all resulted in nothing more than a hard lesson learned.

Then Ronnie's arms were around me; Ronnie's cheek pressed against mine. "I love you, Grace, so much—"

I lay perfectly still, feeling joy flood through me, feeling the weight on my heart lift with the magic words. This was all I wanted—to know that Ronnie cared about me, to know that one good thing had been salvaged from the wreck of the past weeks. It was what I wanted, but I must hold it lightly; we had snatched at love before, had come close to ruin because we had taken it before its time.

I looked at him sidewise, said teasingly, "Aunt Fran says you can't. She says we're too young to know what love is."

Ronnie raised his head, grinned down at me. "Aunt Fran may be right, he said. "But we're getting older, and we're learning—and even Aunt Fran can't stop that."

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## A Ring For Remembrance

Continued from page 23

said that. I knew he would love them as much as I did. Ted was our kind.

But all the way down on the bus he acted oddly. There was a suppressed excitement about him that I felt had nothing to do with our trip to Rockford. The twins met us and escorted us home like a couple of small steam engines. They had sized Ted up, in the way boys have, the minute we stepped off the bus. And then claimed him. They chugged along beside him, faces glowing, locks of bright red hair straggling down under their caps. Bidge said, "What's a 'trouble shooter?' Connie said she was bringing one home."

Ted didn't laugh. He answered man-to-man fashion, "I guess she meant me. You see, when anything goes wrong along the company's main line, it's my job to fix it."

"Oh," said Bidge. "Do you know anything about airplanes?"

"Not much. But I'll soon know more." Before I could ask Ted what he meant, we had turned in our gate and mother had opened the door to welcome us. She was little and red-cheeked and terribly young-looking to have a twenty-year-old daughter like me. She and Ted liked each other at sight. I could tell. In fact, Ted fitted into my family as if he had been born into it. At supper he and Dad discussed the war. And suddenly I heard Ted say, "I'm getting into it next week. The Air Corps . . ."

**THIS** was why he had been excited. And he had not told me. I was frightened and proud all at once. He looked across the table and smiled at me. A smile with so much tenderness in it that I felt my heart constrict. He had planned it this way. He wanted to tell me his important news in the midst of my family, knowing it would make everything easier. I looked at him with new vision, at the steady brown eyes, and the clean strong features. And I knew that I loved Ted Bromley.

We became engaged that night. After the family had gone to bed, we sat in the livingroom listening to some recordings, playing them softly. It seemed as if I had been waiting all my life to hear Ted say, "Darling, I love you." There was new magic in that phrase. We clung together, wordlessly. It's wonderful to belong to someone. To find a person who, out of the whole world, is one with you.

"How soon . . . does it happen?" I whispered.

"I leave on Tuesday," Ted said, his lips against my cheek. Tuesday! And this was almost Sunday. Only two days left to be together. In sudden panic, I pressed against him fiercely. "Nothing can happen to you, Ted! Nothing . . ."

"Just hold that thought, honey," he said huskily. "And keep this on your finger . . ." It was the most beautiful ring I had ever seen. A magnificent blue-white stone set on a flat cloisonne base, surrounded by small pearls. "It was my mother's," Ted explained gently. "She said I was to save it until I found the right girl. And I've found her, Connie."

"I'll wear it as long as I live. I'll never take it off." Tears fell on my cheek. Ted gathered me up close then, and the rest of the world ceased to exist for us.

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Tuesday. Boys waving from the windows of the train. Blurred faces that you see through a mist.

Mary, Dora, and I worked three nights a week at the Canteen and on Saturdays I drove a small truck for the Red Cross. Every day I wrote a letter to Ted. It was always the best time for me. "Tell me even the small things," he'd said in one of his letters. "Tell me about the movies you've seen, and the music you've listened to, and what you're thinking about—me, I hope!"

As the weeks went by I realized with surprise that my feeling for Ted had deepened. I was beginning to understand what a priceless kind of love we had. Not the sudden sort that burns itself out. This had grown out of our friendship, our fun together.

Early in summer Dora's Marine came back on a furlough and on the spur of the moment they decided to be married. "You'll just have to arrange everything, Connie. I can't. I'm too nervous to think!" Her blonde curls bobbed with excitement.

"That's no way for a bride to act! You should be dreamy . . ." Mary told her.

"Pish!" said Dora. "That's another of your romantic Southern notions. The way I look at marriage, you can always try it once for luck—and if it doesn't work out, see your lawyer!"

"Are you sure you love Emery?" I couldn't help asking. If that was the way Dora felt about it, they had two strikes against their happiness right at the start.

Somehow we got her packed and ready. She and Emery were married in the dusty little office of a Justice of the Peace. It did not seem like a real wedding. The words of the ceremony sounded like some mumbo-jumbo, and the ring was too big and fell off Dora's finger. It was hard to imagine her as "Mrs." anybody. I knew that in her own way she must love her Marine. But she didn't act married. Her dates with other men were innocent enough, but I could not understand her wanting to go out with anyone else. I felt dedicated to Ted. There was a delicious secret thrill in holding myself exclusively for him. His ring on my finger was like a seal that set me apart as belonging to Ted Bromley. I could not

## SEPTEMBER RADIO ROMANCES

Formerly Radio Mirror

ON SALE

Wednesday, August 15th

Necessities of war have made transportation difficult. We find that it helps lighten the burden if RADIO ROMANCES goes on the newsstands each month at a slightly later date. RADIO ROMANCES for September will go on sale Wednesday, August 15th. Subscription copies are mailed on time, but they may reach you a little late, too. It's unavoidable—please be patient!



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ask for, nor did I want anything more. It was late fall when his wire came. He had his wings. He would have two days in Chicago before going to camp for assignment. Two days . . .

We sat in a little restaurant that first evening, our hands locked under the table, not saying much. He had not changed except to grow a little older, straighter, more sure of himself. "Darling, isn't there some place we could go where we would be alone? Just the two of us?" he asked finally.

There was only one place. Both Mary and Dora were away for the week-end and our one-room apartment was not too bad. We had covered the day beds with chintz and hung yellow curtains at the windows so that it had an almost homey touch. Ted threw his cap on a chair and took me in his arms. "I've been waiting months to do this, sweetheart. Tonight there is no war on. There is just—us!"

We talked in snatches, planning the house we would build some day, complete with radio-phone. It was fun to talk like that. It made the future more certain. Then we talked about the time when we were kids. Little things that happened in the past, memories to share with each other. We talked of everything but the present . . . A cold finger touched my heart every time I thought of it. Less than twenty-four hours remained now for us to be together.

I MADE some coffee on the tiny gas stove and my hands were trembling so I spilled the water. "Ted, if only we really belonged to each other. If we had gotten married today . . ." I went to him and a flood of emotion swept over me. There was a look in his eyes I'll never forget. As if he were trying to memorize every detail of this moment against the grim pattern of things to come.

"Darling," I whispered. My hands crept to his shoulders, to his face. Recklessly I threw myself into that wild strong current and let it carry me along—Ted's face was infinitely tender as he lifted it from mine. "I'm a lucky guy, sweetheart. Lucky. We're going to have the grandest kind of marriage when this mess is over. But not now. When I take you in my arms as my wife, I want it to be for good. Not just a day—and then know the agony of separation. It's tough enough this way." His voice was raw-edged with feeling.

A new strength seemed to rise in me to match his need. "Ted," I said eagerly. "I'm going to learn everything I can about flying so I'll be able to talk your language. No matter how high you go, or where you go, I'll be right there with you!"

Later, I stood at the window for a long time watching the sky grow lighter until a pale yellow dawn broke through. And I made up my mind to two things. I would be even more loyal to Ted in every way; nothing would ever shake my faith in him. And I would try to grow along with him, instead of letting time and distance draw us apart.

At the Canteen I made a point of searching out the airmen to listen to their "wing talk." They were a race apart, these young fliers. Fliers like Ted, strong and quick and detached, as if they were really men of the air instead of the earth. Gradually I learned what "flush skin joints," and "low drag wind" meant. Ted was flying a Mustang in Italy. A "sweet ship" he called it. I bought a little model Mustang and put it beside his picture on my bureau. I knew all the men in his



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squadron from his letters. Ed and Tuffy and Cobbs and Dave. "Great guy, Dave," he wrote. "I wish you knew him. He's the squadron leader. Fighting is his meat." He enclosed snapshots.

"That Dave Richards is certainly handsome," Mary said wistfully.

"Not bad. Not bad at all!" was Dora's comment. She looked lovely and terribly young curled up on the bed in her blue negligee. "Well, I'd better be getting dressed. The Captain will be here any minute—we're dining at La Rue tonight!"

"But Dora, what does Emery think of all this dating?"

She shrugged. "Oh, he doesn't care. Why should he? Besides, he is probably doing the same thing in Australia!"

But Emery was not in Australia. Emery was right in Chicago.

Dora had not been gone an hour when he called up. I heard Mary sputtering breathlessly into the phone and then, before she thought, she told him where Dora was. "Oh glory, now I have done it!" she wailed when she had hung up. I was already putting on my hat.

Emery was just getting out of a taxi in front of La Rue when I got there. His left foot was in a cast and he was using a crutch. But he looked well—and blazing mad. His eyes were like chips of steel. He started to brush me aside but I blocked his path. "Emery, tell me one thing first before you go in there," I pleaded. "Are you still in love with Dora? Because if you are, there is no reason why your marriage should crack up now."

"WHAT do you mean?" he cried harshly. "A guy dreams of getting back to his wife. And then when he does and finds her . . ."

I could not stand the torture in his face. I said quickly, "Listen to me, Emery. You've got to understand. You must. I've lived with Dora long enough to know. She sounds sophisticated, but she hasn't grown up yet. Not really. She is acting like a girl instead of a married woman. You were married such a short time . . ."

"So that's the way it is," he said grimly. "Are you sure that's all of it?"

"Yes," I said. I followed him into the night club and over to the table where Dora sat with the Captain. If I had ever doubted her love for Emery, that doubt vanished now. Above the surprise in her face there was sudden glory. But Emery was bowing pleasantly to the Captain. "I know you will excuse us. My wife and I have a little business to attend to." The amazed Captain looked more than ready to do so.

The little foyer was empty at the moment and Emery sat down on a bench and carefully laid his crutch on the floor. Very matter-of-factly he drew Dora across his knees. The spanking he gave her was sound and efficient. "That," he assured her, "is just a sample. You're like the young mule I found on Saipan before the Jap sniper found me. You need a firm hand. And, honey, you're going to get it! Now kiss me."

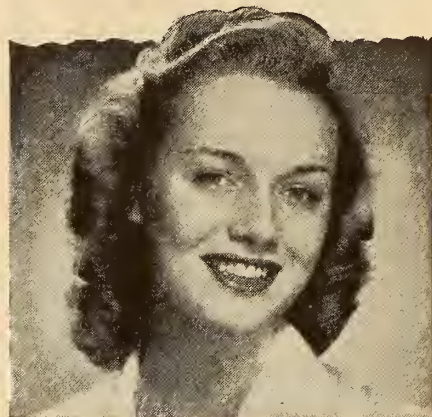
I left them clinging to each other in a taxi on their way to a hotel. Somehow, I felt everything was going to be all right for those two. Emery knew what he was about!

It was the next morning that the telegram came from the War Department. My name, my address. There could be no mistake. The words danced like black spectres in front of me. ". . . regrets to inform you that Lt. Ted Bromley is missing in action . . ."

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He's not dead, not dead, thank God, I said over and over again. "Missing in action" could mean anything. He had made a forced landing somewhere. He would be found in a few days. Through the first shock that's what I clung to.

But weeks passed and no word came. Not until the letter arrived from his squadron leader, Dave Richards. It was a beautiful letter. The things he said about Ted made me glow with pride. But there was an undercurrent to it. He wrote as a man does about a pal he has lost.

"... Knowing Ted, you won't be surprised at what he did on that run. I saw that his gasoline lines were hit and things were starting to burn. But he still would have had time to get back over our lines and bail out. He was carrying two 500 pound bombs at about 3000 feet and was almost on his target. Instead of turning, he dived and loosed his bombs on the target... I saw him zoom and turn over when he was only about 700 feet above the ground. Flak got my wing then so I don't know what happened after that..."

But still I kept on hoping. Only it was a bleak little hope now.

"You're getting dreadfully thin, Connie," Mary said one morning. "Why don't you go to Rockford for a while? It would do you good to be home."

"Maybe it would," I said dully. "I'll go this Saturday."

**I** HAD never realized how much my family meant to me until that weekend. They surrounded me with affection. Bud and Bidge gamboled about trying to amuse me. Mother outdid herself cooking my favorite dishes. Nobody mentioned war. Nobody mentioned flying—or Ted. But his presence was everywhere. I had discovered how much I loved him on his first visit here. And now I was discovering something else—you cannot lose what you really love. It belongs to you forever.

I spoke of Ted that night for the first time. Suddenly I could not talk enough about him. It made him seem close, to speak of the good times we had shared. Dad and mother listened quietly, smiling now and then. I read Dave's letter to them, and for once my hands did not tremble. I could almost hear Ted's voice saying, "That's it, Connie! All flags flying! Chin up!"

As I was dropping off to sleep that night I pressed his ring to my lips. The ring that had been his mother's. "I'm all right now, Ted," I whispered in the darkness. "Thank you, darling."

Back in Chicago, a late winter thaw had set in. It was wet and raw but I felt better than I had in weeks. Mary and I were coming home from work one night when I felt her nudge me sharply. "Look. That officer ahead. Isn't he the image of Jimmy Stewart?"

"Well, no," I said. "He's much shorter. But he does look familiar. And he's going into our building." He was scanning all the mail boxes when we entered, and he turned to us hopefully. "Do you know if a Miss Constance Rogers lives here?"

Mary gasped. "Th—that's us! I mean, that is Connie."

"In a better light I should have recognized you. I've seen your picture often enough," he said. "I'm Dave Richards."

"So that's why you looked familiar. There is a snapshot of you—and Ted—on the bureau this very minute." A week ago I could not have said it. A week ago meeting Dave like this would have been sheer agony. But now the three of us went up the stairs talking easily. He was the kind of person you



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like on sight, comfortable and sure. No wonder he and Ted were pals, I thought. It developed that he had come from Chicago originally and had been a draftsman. "Not a good one," he added hastily. "I always had a secret yen to be a cartoonist!" There were rows of ribbons on his chest, the D.F.C. And gold oak leaves on his shoulders. "They're very new," he said, pretending to brush them off. "The shine hasn't worn off yet. But I have twenty more days to get used to them. Then I go back."

His eyes drifted to Ted's picture, then back to me. There was an understanding in them that made my heart constrict for a moment. This man had been with Ted during all these last terrible months. They must have grown close, these two, the way that only men who face death together can. Underneath all the surface ease, there was tenseness in Dave, and a dreadful fatigue. I don't know how I sensed this, but I did. He insisted on taking us out to dinner and afterwards, when Mary left to go to the Canteen, Dave and I went to a movie. There were a million questions I wanted to ask him about Ted, but he was not ready for that tonight.

When he took me home he held out his hand and there was something in it. Something hard and metallic. I looked down. I held the Distinguished Flying Cross in my hand. "Ted's," he said briefly. "He got it for that last little maneuver."

**S**OMETHING hot stung my eyelids and I had to turn away for a minute. "You know, Connie, you're just the way I imagined Ted's girl would be—tops in every way," Dave was saying gently. "He used to tell us about you getting all the maps to follow him wherever he went, and learning 'wing talk.' He said your letters made him feel you were right there with him. And believe me, that's a great way for a guy to feel!" He put on his cap and gave me a little salute. "May I drop in again, Connie?"

"Of course." I was hungry for every last detail he could give me about Ted. And I knew that in his own time Dave would tell me the story.

But it did not come out all at once. I had to fit the pieces together from little snatches of conversation. Sometimes he called for me after work and we'd drive out along the lakeside in a car he had borrowed. He would be quiet for a long while, eyes intent on the road, a million miles from me. Remembering things that finally found expression in slow words and vast understatement. "Funny thing, about clouds," he'd say. "I used to think you walked on 'em when you were happy. But flying in them is something else again. We were tagging through one once, 18,000 feet above Leghorn, when another formation 'sat down' on us. They clipped my tail neat as a knife, and I went out over the side. But it seemed that my chute only opened on Mondays and Thursdays. This was Wednesday. The earth was coming toward me a little too fast, so I reached in and played out the silk by hand. It worked and the chute blossomed out like a May flower. And you know the first thing I saw? *Ted*—wheeling down after me in his ship like an anxious Wahoo bird. When my chute opened fully, he wiggled his fingers at me and slid away... They don't make 'em any finer than your Ted, little Connie."

I stored up stories like that, went

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sensible about  
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For relief from "periodic functional distress"

over them as I say in bed at night. They were treasure beyond words.

It was not until the evening Dave said he'd be leaving soon that I realized how much his company had come to mean to me. He had given me new strength, somehow. I was grateful for that. He had been reassigned—but not overseas. He was to be an instructor at a Base in the South. "More or less permanently, Connie," he said. We were sitting in a little lounge at an Officers Club, empty except for ourselves at the moment. Dave leaned forward with his elbows resting on his knees. Without looking at me, he continued, "It probably would not be much of a life . . . but if you could go along with me . . ." He turned quickly and there was pleading in his eyes. "I wouldn't ask for anything, Connie. I—know how you feel. But we'd be together. There would not be that loneliness. We could be married here . . ."

**WE** looked at each other a long moment. He was offering me escape. I knew that and I was sorely tempted. He had known Ted, loved him too. Perhaps we could build up a future together, Dave and I, that might be a bulwark against the world, against hurt. "It might work out," I said. And at the light that leaped into his face I felt almost guilty. If it meant that much happiness to him . . . "Let me think it over, Dave," I begged. His smile was suddenly boyish. "No matter what the answer is," he said, "it will be the right one. For both of us."

The next day when I met him I had made my decision. It had been a struggle and I felt tired and worn out. There was no spirit left in me. But now that it was over, I was more at ease. His glance was quick, questing. "I'll do it, Dave," I said quietly. "If you . . ." I didn't get any farther. He caught my hand and raced me to the car. "Let's drive out to the lake. *Fast!*" he said. "We have a lot to talk about!"

But it seemed that after all we didn't . . . He had brought a ring along. A ring with an emerald center. I looked down at Ted's ring, shining there on my finger, and suddenly I knew I could not take it off. It was a symbol of the perfect thing that had been our love. I could not be satisfied with less.

And it would not be fair to Dave. He deserved to have a girl as wholeheartedly in love with him as I had been with Ted Bromley. Not a substitution, not a girl who was looking for a prop!

I tried to put some of that into words. Dave nodded and put his hand over mine. "Don't worry, Connie. I understand. It was just an idea I had . . ." He lifted my chin. "Keep smiling, honey. That's the way I want to remember you."

That day was the last time I saw Dave Richards.

Spring came swiftly, the spring of '45. Events moved rapidly in the world pattern. Mussolini's death. The fall of Hitler. V-E Day . . . Breath-taking events we had been waiting for so long. I went into a church that day and sat quietly in the back. I don't think I prayed but there was prayer in my heart. For all those who had known loss, for those who had grown so intimately aware of suffering. There was new faith rising in me when I left, a hope that had been almost smothered.

It remained with me, grew by the hour. If I closed my eyes I could see Ted's face etched against the lids. Every dear line of it. The gay, firm mouth, the teasing eyes. "*Off we go, into the wild blue yonder*" . . . I could hear his voice, vibrant, strong. It was real, real and close. The door of my room burst open. And he was standing there . . . "Connie, oh my darling!" . . .

Long afterwards, when I could speak coherently, I lifted my face from his. "But how—how did you get here?"

He settled me more comfortably against him in the chair. "By plane, darling. I cabled as soon as I could—but I guess it didn't get through. After the crash some of the Czech underground found me. I spent six weeks in an attic before they shifted me to a mountain cave. It was not until the Nazis had surrendered that they brought me out of that . . ." His kiss was warm, infinitely tender. "Do you know what made me crawl out of that plane wreck and drag myself with a broken leg into the comparative safety of a field? You, darling. I kept hearing your voice calling me . . ."

If ye have faith . . . From the fullness of my heart I kissed him.

## IT'S NOT WORTH IT!

There are lots of temptations these days. Things on sale above ceiling prices—things you've wanted for so long! Meats on the Black Market—and your husband keeps grumbling when fish turns up on the menu three times a week! These temptations, and dozens of others.

You have the money to buy these things, you say—so why not? Lady, it's not worth it! Goods are scarce; wages are high. Too much money and too few things lead to inflation—and inflation can lead us right back to the depression days, the days of soup kitchens and apple peddlers. The only safe thing to do is save, and the safest, soundest investment of all is war bonds—bonds to buy and keep. Pledge yourself not to buy above ceiling prices, to give stamps for every bit of rationed goods you purchase, and to save for a safe future by buying and keeping all the war bonds you possibly can!



# WOMEN

# Make Money

# THIS EASY WAY!

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**I**NVESTIGATE this wonderful opportunity to use your spare hours to make money easily and quickly. And, through our liberal bonus plan, you can also get your own dresses without a penny of cost. Our extensive advertising has so increased the demand for famous Fashion Frocks that we need more women to show and take orders for these lovely dresses in the most charming styles and at surprisingly low prices. You will find it interesting and pleasant work and the possibility of making up to \$15, \$18, \$20 and \$25 in a week for just spare time. You need no experience and no money is required. Rush your name and address on coupon for further information.

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It's something out of the ordinary  
— that's what people say about Schlitz.

Its freedom from bitterness, its  
smoothness and delicacy  
of flavor, make a magic  
combination for perfect  
enjoyment.



JUST  
THE *kiss*  
OF THE HOPS  
*...no bitterness*



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**THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS**



# Radio Romances

FORMERLY

*Radio Mirror*

SEPTEMBER

15¢

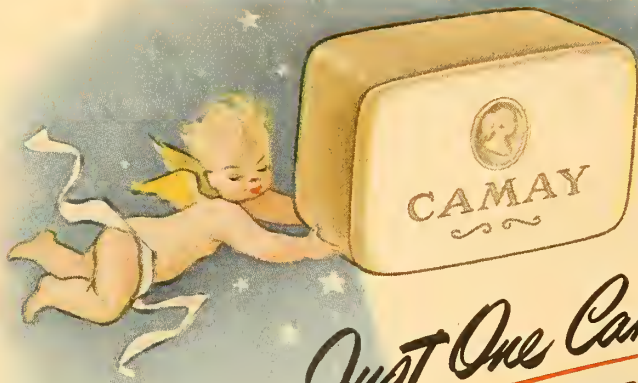


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*Just One Cake of Camay  
and you can have Softer, Smoother Skin!*

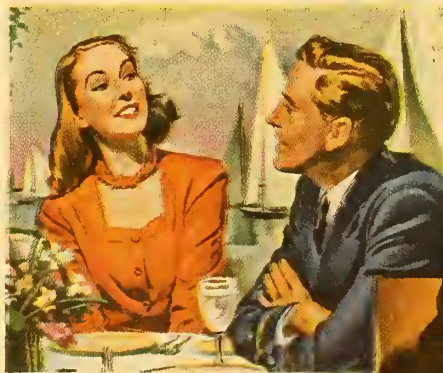
Oh, how exciting—to see your skin glow softer, fresher—with your very *first* cake of Camay!

It will—simply change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise under exact clinical conditions—on scores and scores of complexions.

And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had a softer, clearer, younger-looking complexion.

#### THE ROMANCE OF MRS. LINDER—

It's a table for two, at Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, after a day's happy sail in their sweetheart days. Stella is radiant, her skin glowing. "I'm devoted to Camay's gentle care," she says, "for my complexion has sparkled ever so much fresher and softer, since my very *first* cake of Camay."



Two's a Honeymoon... on their picturesque schooner, Glad Tidings. "Now that I'm a sailor's sweetheart—for life," smiles Stella, "I count on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet to help keep my skin nice, despite wind and air." To win *your* lovelier Camay complexion, follow instructions on the Camay wrapper.



—the former Stella Mikrut,  
Mrs. Robert F. Linder Jr.  
Little Neck, Long Island



Please—make each cake of Camay last!  
Precious war materials go into soap.



"All you care about  
is pretty girls!"



**GIRL:** And if a girl's like me, and isn't pretty, *she might as well stay home!*

**CUPID:** Or, my peevish pigeon, she might remember to stop glooming and start gleaming! Even a *plain* girl's pretty when she turns on a sparkling smile! And that means *you*, Sis!

**GIRL:** Wonderful! And maybe you'll tell me what happens if I haven't got a sparkling smile . . . What then?

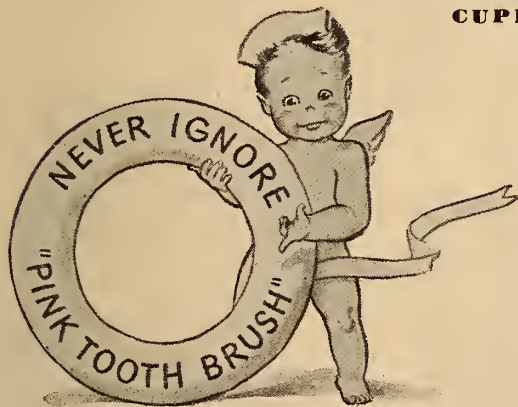
**CUPID:** You look at your tooth brush, Sugar. See any "pink" on it lately?

**GIRL:** And if I have?

**CUPID:** You see your dentist right away!

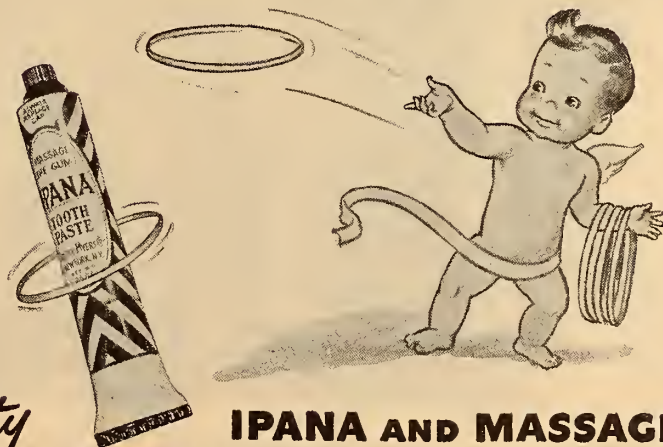
**GIRL:** Dentist? My teeth don't hurt!

**CUPID:** Angel . . . dentists aren't just for toothaches. And that tinge of "pink" is a warning to see yours soon! He may find your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



**GIRL:** Oh? And *right away* I get a brilliant, sparkling smile, huh?

**CUPID:** Not at all, Sugar. But massaging a little Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help you to healthier gums. And that means brighter, sounder teeth. A smile with more sparkle. A smile you can use to fill up your date book. Start with Ipana and massage today!



*For the Smile of Beauty*

**IPANA AND MASSAGE**

Product of Bristol-Myers



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ON THE COVER—Milena Miller, Singer, CBS Stuart Erwin Show  
Color Portrait by Salvatore Consentino, Smolin Studios

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



*"But you didn't have to deliver it yourself, Mr. Schmidlip!"*





By JACK LLOYD

Here's how to discover your own Radi-I-Q: Check your answers to the questions with those you will find on page 99. You get one point for each correct answer. If your score is between 11 and 14, you're a "Solid Sender." If it's between 7 and 12, you're a "Radio Rookie," and if it's less than 7, shame on you!

1. Name the famous "hat-sampler" of NBC's Breakfast in Hollywood.
2. Unscramble the names of the following daytime dramas: Bright Light, Road of Happiness, The Guiding Horizon, Right to Life.
3. Name Charlie McCarthy's "country cousin."
4. Identify these four radio crooners by their initials:  
a) P.C. b) D.B. c) D.O. d) D.S.
5. What's the name of Sheriff Mark Chase's faithful side-kick on ABC's Death Valley Sheriff?
6. One of the following is *not* one of the Quiz Kids:  
Harve Fischman, Ruthie Duskin, Joe Kelly, Joel Kupperman, Richard Williams.
7. What products can you identify by these sound-effects, used in commercials advertising them:  
a) A fog-horn; b) A train; c) A whistle.
8. Which radio personalities do you associate with these lines:  
a) Bye-bye . . . buy Bonds.  
b) If you don't write, you're wrong.  
c) Good-night to you, and I do mean you.
9. Who plays "Blondie" on the air?
10. Here are the first names of three heroines on day-time dramas. Can you give their last names?  
a) Amanda; b) Stella; c) Mary.
11. Do you know these radio stars:  
a) Der Bingle  
b) The Songbird of the South  
c) The Waukegan Wonder  
d) The Arkansas Traveler
12. What famous band appears on the Danny Kaye Show?
13. Who impersonates radio's beloved brat, Baby Snooks?
14. Which famous early-morning drama on ABC opens with this line: "Great is the power of truth"?

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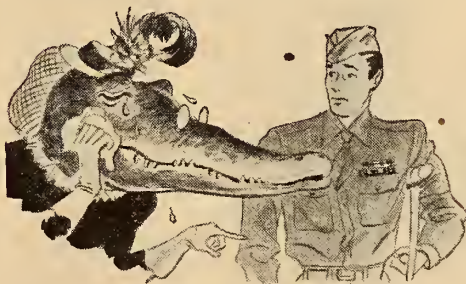
## How do you look to a Hero?



**Like a Rhinoceros?** . . . Thick-Skin doesn't need any little hints about meeting veterans. Not *him*, he Knows How To Handle Men. Forget about vets needing rest before they go back to work, he says. Just yell, "What's wrong with *you*, Soldier? Get up! Get to work! Be a man!" A few hours in a foxhole would be so good for the Rhinoceros.



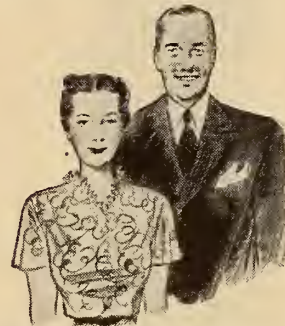
**... a Fox?** Veterans want to feel proud of the people they fought for. But it's hard to be proud of the Fox. He's done pretty well in this war and he doesn't mind telling you about it. "Know those lots I bought in 1937? Well . . ." Veterans who saw land traded for lives don't enjoy this kind of talk.



**... a Crocodile?** Her tears flow like wine when she sees a wounded service man. And her sympathy flows over him like carbolic acid. She turns a high-powered spotlight on a veteran's disability. No better morale-wrecker exists.



**... a Lion?** Most civilians are pretty modest about what they've done. But not the Lion. He practically won the war with his Victory Garden alone. And the bonds he bought . . . ! Veterans begin to wonder if maybe draft dodgers didn't have the right idea.



**Or Star-spangled Citizens!** They see the returned veteran as an able, capable citizen. They're proud of him, anxious to help. They weep no tears over him, ask no questions, listen when he talks—they make him think, "Boy! What a wonderful country!" Most of us are like them . . . *let's help the rest to be like them too!*

Prepared by the War Advertising Council, Inc., in Cooperation with the Office of War Information and the Retraining and Reemployment Administration.



**This stands for honorable service**—Remember . . . the man or woman who wears this button has been honorably discharged from our armed forces.

PUBLISHED IN COOPERATION WITH THE DRUG, COSMETIC AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES BY

### MUM

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R  
R



# A PLACE for EVERYTHING—



Whether it's dating night or working morning, Monica Lewis's beauty system will turn you out for it with minimum fuss and maximum glamor.

"**P**RETTY is as pretty does," grandmother used to say. And how right grandmother was! One of the most important things a girl can contribute to her own good looks is a system, a beauty system, says pretty Monica Lewis, heard on CBS Music That Satisfies.

As long as we're going to quote grandmother, we might as well bring in another of her wise, if trite, sayings—"A place for everything, and everything in its place." That's what Monica means by a "beauty system." You can't be at your very best, she reminds us, if getting ready to face the day and the world involves a mad scramble for clothes, a wild turning-upside-down of drawers and shelves.

To begin with, no matter where you keep your cosmetics—bathroom shelf, dressing table top, or in a drawer, try to manage to spread them out enough so that you don't have to dig to find anything. Or an ample tray, metal or wood, preferably with sides or a small rail to keep things from slipping, will do beautifully.

Shampoo—not used every day—and other things of the same category, like manicure and pedicure equipment, can go toward the back of the tray or drawer or shelf—in the less handy spots. Your cold cream, night cream, or whatever overnight cosmetic you use, should take an easily reached place—so you won't be tempted to skip it, "just this once." Your day make-up can be conveniently ranged in an order-of-use plan: astringent (if you use it), foundation, cream rouge, pancake, liquid powder or other base, powder, eye shadow (but save that for evening!), mascara and lipstick, and a box of facial tissues at one side.

You'll find it's easier and less wasteful to duplicate the cosmetics you carry in your purse kit, rather than to get them out each morning and put them back into your bag before you go out (or worse, to forget them). Such duplication needn't be expensive if your beauty budget is strict—remember the convenient dime-store sizes obtainable.

Good lighting should be a part of your beauty system, for it, too, makes for efficiency. Good, strong daylight is best for day make-up, of course. But we working girls don't always find that the sun has got up in time to be of help to us. In that case, see if you can't arrange a good light on each side of the mirror—and none of your fancy little lamps with beruffled shades. Investigate the possibilities of two of the new fluorescent bulbs—the long, thin kind—clipped, one on either side, to your mirror.

To bring grandmother into this just once more, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Bear that in mind, and also the fact that cleanliness is easier on the pocketbook than untidiness. So be sure to screw back carefully the tops of jars and bottles when you're through using them, so the contents won't get dirty or dry out; put the covers on your boxes of powder, your tube or carton of mascara, the case on your lipstick.

And the top o' the mornin' to you—you'll feel that way the first morning you've put yourself on your new beauty system!

**Radio Romances**  
**Home and Beauty**





Keen about her knitting . . .

*Dumb about her Dandruff!*

**An Itching Scalp with Ugly  
Flakes and Scales is a  
Warning You Should Heed**

Many an otherwise intelligent man or woman fails to look upon flakes, scales and itching as a warning that infectious dandruff may be present.

Before they know it, they may be in the grip of a condition that *can*, and *does*, play hob with your scalp . . . impairing your natural good looks.

**Listerine Antiseptic — Quick!**

At the first sign of such symptoms start with Listerine Antiseptic and fingertip massage . . . the easy, delightful home treatment that has helped so many.

Make it a part of your regular shampoo and, if you do not see rapid improvement, follow the treatment twice a day. Remember, in clinical tests the twice-a-day Listerine treatment brought improvement or complete relief to 76% of dandruff sufferers in thirty days.

**Kills "Bottle Bacillus"**

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair a cool, antiseptic bath which kills millions of germs, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus."

This tough, hard-to-kill customer is looked upon by many a noted dermatologist as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

**Flakes Disappear**

You'll be delighted to see how rapidly those embarrassing flakes and scales begin to disappear. Note how much better your hair looks and how much better your scalp feels.

You will actually look forward to the Listerine Antiseptic treatment. It's so cool . . . so refreshing. And literally thousands say it's so effective!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



**The TREATMENT**

**WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic.

**MEN:** Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.



(*Pityrosporum ovale*), the "Bottle Bacillus," regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** *The Tested Treatment for*  
**INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF**



# WHAT'S NEW

## from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS



Here's Jane Webb, who plays Billy Webster's girl, Belinda, in CBS' *Those Websters*. And with her is Peggy Hullias, otherwise known as Aunt Ludmilla of the same show. Right, James Meighan, of Mutual's *Adventures of the Falcon*, and two girls who adventure with him, Marion Shockley and Mitzi Gould.



CAN'T say whether it's because of the war, or just plain because they're proving themselves capable of anything they try to do, but women today are certainly giving the lie to the old saying, "It's a man's world." The girls are moving in on all territories—not the least of which is radio.

Look at the picture. The highest rated daytime program is Kate Smith Speaks. The highest rated songstress is Hildegarde, who gets double honors, since her program is also listed among the first 15 on the air.

Still in the field of singers—Dinah Shore stays up at the top for popularity; the Andrews Sisters are firmly entrenched on the air waves after a few months with their own program; Ginny Simms has just signed a new contract which will pay her \$12,000 a week; Mary Small is settled down for a good long run; Beatrice Kay has built herself a following that's faithful to the songs of another day—and to her; and 18-year-old Patrice Munsel is set for a brilliant career.

Then, of course, there's the comedy field. Joan Davis has been a consistent top-rater for almost three years. And there isn't much need to talk about Fanny Brice and her Baby Snooks routine, which has always been one of our favorites.

Nor have the ladies been content merely to tickle the nation's funny-bone or soothe with music. In the political field there's Dorothy Thompson—practically a female Walter Winchell. And Lisa Sergio is fast becoming known among the kibitzers as Lisa Gram Swing Sergio.

New York apartment houses have notoriously thin walls, but Dick Brown never realized quite how thin until one day a while back, when he found a note in his mailbox. It seems that Dick is in the habit of singing in the shower and one of his neighbors decided that as long as she had to listen anyway, she might as well hear her favorite songs. So she's been dropping notes into Dick's letter box ever since with request numbers for his bathroom serenade.

Talking about fans and their peculiarities—here's a cute one we picked up from Marion Loveridge. She insists it's a new high.

A couple of weeks ago, Marion answered the phone in her Brooklyn apartment and was asked whether she would accept a collect call from North Carolina. Marion, like so many of us, has a number of relatives in the service and, since the connection wasn't

too clear, answered that she'd take the call. It turned out that the call was from a sailor, who swore he was a devoted fan of hers, and just had to have her sing a song to him over the phone. And Marion, not knowing what else to do after having accepted the call, sang for him—to the tune of a \$30 phone bill—because the sailor also wanted a little conversation with his favorite.

The thing that still puzzles Marion is where he got her phone number.

Kathleen Norris, novelist and author of *Bright Horizon*, the daytime serial, never has trouble with telephone calls from friends with whom she corresponds. She has a special letterhead printed on her stationary which reads, "La Casa Abierta, Palo Alto, California. No telephone." Which probably accounts for all the work she manages to get done.

Caught a rehearsal of *Cimarron Tavern* recently and was amused by the cartoons of the cast drawn on the margins of a set of rehearsal scripts left around on the chairs. Seems Felix Holt, who writes the show, used to be a newspaper cartoonist before he turned to radio for a livelihood.

(Continued on page 8)





*This is what he dreams of...the heavenly nearness of you. The thrilling, unbelievable touch of your hands!*

*Smooth on creamy, fragrant Trushay before household tasks—before doing dishes. It guards hands even in hot, soapy water!*

*For the wonderful day of home-coming, guard your hands' soft beauty. Care for them this exquisite, utterly new way—with Trushay, the "Beforehand" lotion!*

*And use luxurious Trushay whenever... wherever skin needs its velvety touch.*

**TRUSHAY**

The  
"Beforehand"  
Lotion



PRODUCT OF  
BRISTOL-MYERS



"Of course you know  
about MIDOL—but  
**HAVE YOU  
TRIED IT?"**



**BEFORE** you break another date or lose another day because of menstrual suffering, try Midol!

These effective tablets contain no opiates, yet act quickly—and in *three different ways*—to relieve the functional pain and distress of your month's worst days. One ingredient of Midol relaxes muscles and nerves to relieve cramps. Another soothes menstrual headache. Still another stimulates mildly, brightening you when you're "blue".

Take Midol next time—at the first twinge of "regular" pain—and see how comfortably you go through your trying days. Get it now, at any drugstore.



**MIDOL**

Used more than  
all other products offered exclusively  
to relieve menstrual suffering

**CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES**

A Product of General Drug Company

(Continued from page 6)

Last June 1st, The Victory Parade of Spotlight Bands reached its millionth mile of travel in Independence, Missouri—President Truman's home town. 129 different name bands have appeared on the program to date.

To keep Spotlight Bands on the road requires three engineering production units working out of Hollywood, Chicago and New York, depending on the site of the broadcast. The show is put on exclusively before war workers or service men in war plants, camps and hospitals. Each crew takes along nearly half a ton of delicate broadcast equip-



*Up-to-the-minute girl from an olden-day program—CBS' Doris McWhirt of the daily Light of the World.*

ment. So far, the only state in which a Spotlight Bands show hasn't been produced is North Dakota—but maybe that will be fixed up soon.

Bing Crosby is full of ideas. One that hasn't had as much publicity as his famous race track and stables—maybe because it isn't open to as many gags—is his Research Foundation, a project which the groaner takes very seriously. He likes to help inventors put their ideas to commercial use and the Foundation is his way of doing it.

Bing has invested a good deal of money in the Foundation and he admits the chance that he may never get a full return on his investment, but that doesn't bother him very much. He feels that inventors are people who generally are trying to make life a little easier and, he says, if by helping them he can contribute even a small share to making the world a better place to live in—that's reward enough for him.

Maybe what we need is a great many more inventors and a few more Bing Crosby type characters.

Every once in a while, as you're standing around in the CBS building in New York, waiting for an elevator or talking to someone, a blond, compactly built man goes streaking by and stirring up the air behind him. One day, we tracked him down.

He's Dick Liebert, baton waver for the Two On A Clue show. The racing around is due to his sideline—a music publishing firm which he set up last year. He called it "Noteworthy Music." And he runs the business each day in the 45 minutes between the broadcast of Second Husband, for which he is also the musical director, and the re-

hearsal for Two On A Clue. His secretary prepares in advance all documents and letters that need his attention and waits, pencil and steno-pad in hand, for him to show up for his close-clipped business session.

Irene Hubbard of the A Woman of America cast has got used to relaxing now. She's had her son, Sgt. Samuel C. Monroe, home for long enough to believe that it isn't all a pleasant dream. Sam, who before the war was a member of the NBC sound effects department, was captured by the Germans during the now famous Battle of the Bulge last December. He was in five different German prison camps—sometimes worked 16 hours a day—and lost 60 pounds in the process.

Thanks to Merrill Mueller, NBC correspondent in the Pacific, GIs there have a new slang expression—"NBC leave." It means a three day pass to Manila and began when Mueller arranged for soldiers to come from jungle fighting lines to the capital city for broadcasts to the United States.

Valter Poole, conductor of Mutual's Symphony of the Americas, had a rather tough tussle to get his father to agree to let him play the violin.

The first fiddle he ever owned was given to him for his sixth birthday by



*Point-free laughs are on the menu for listeners to Parkyarkus, of Meet Me at Parky's.*

one of his father's cowhands, who carved it from a cigar box. Papa Poole was so outraged at the idea that his son wanted to be a fiddler that he smashed the toy violin. Valter's mother then took things into her own hands. She sold her best dress, bought a fiddle from a circus musician and got the local barber to give Valter secret lessons until he could play one piece all the way through.

Confronted with this accomplishment, Papa was so impressed that he ordered a "good fiddle for my son"—from Sears-Roebuck. It took Valter another six years to grow big enough to play the full size, mail order instrument.

Dinah Shore is cherishing a collector's item among recordings given to her by one of her fans. It's the first platter Dinah ever cut, when she was singing with Xavier Cugat's band. Dinah's

(Continued on page 54)



Right Now—you are needed to help relieve serious homefront shortage of nurses

# In which picture does your face fit?

## DID YOU KNOW . . .

Because of the magnificent response of our trained nurses, our wounded are receiving expert care—and future need for Army and Navy Nurse enlistments depends on future events. But this same, whole-hearted response has created a critical nurse shortage at home.

Here's how you can serve . . . help save lives. Read the following paragraphs carefully, and find *your* place in the nursing picture. With or without experience, every woman can do her part. Whether you are a registered nurse, or can train to assist in hospital work—you're wanted. So don't delay! And for further information see your local Red Cross Chapter today!



**Are you a graduate registered nurse?** You are desperately needed in one of our civilian hospitals! America's ill and injured . . . the very lives of young mothers, new babies whose fathers are fighting overseas—depend on your returning to active duty. Sickness and surgery can't wait! Let your Red Cross Chapter help find the hospital that needs you most.



**Qualified for duty in a Veterans Administration Hospital?** With your skill, experience, as a registered nurse, you can best help care for disabled men who have given so much. Even if you are over 40 years of age or have dependents, apply today to your local Veterans Administration. Or serve as a Red Cross Instructor for Nurses' Aides or Home Nursing Courses.



**Want to serve as you learn a lifetime profession?** If you're a high school graduate, or college trained—17 to 35 years old—join the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps and get a professional education *free!* You'll be releasing other nurses for essential duty, serving your country *now* and protecting your own future. Ask your local hospital about the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps.



**Will you volunteer as a Nurses' Aide?** Such an *important* nursing job—for it frees nurses for urgent service which only they can perform! Classes meet 3 days a week, for 7 weeks. See when the next class opens and sign up. If you *are* a trained Nurses' Aide, you owe it to your country and training to go back into service, especially for daytime duty!



**Can you give 2 hours a week?** Take a Red Cross Home Nursing Course—just 2 hours a week for 12 weeks. Or choose the accelerated course. You'll learn how to care for your own dear ones in case of illness. Keeping your family out of the hospital, except when absolutely necessary, will relieve overcrowded civilian hospitals . . . release their personnel for servicemen.



## You can stay in the picture every day—with KOTEX\*

Today, millions of women—in all walks of life—count on Kotex sanitary napkins to help them keep going on "trying days." That's because Kotex gives lasting comfort, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. Kotex gives more confidence, for only Kotex of all leading brands has patented, *flat tapered ends* that don't show revealing lines. The special *safety center* of Kotex provides extra hours of protection, prevents roping and twisting. And besides, a *deodorant* safely locked inside each Kotex napkin offers a new safeguard—for your daintiness, your confidence. Yes, today as always . . .



**More women choose Kotex than  
all other sanitary napkins put together**

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



*Don't Look Now*



... but you're coming undone. Your weak-kneed bob pins are slipping and he's pretending it doesn't matter... Why not side-step such Embarrassing Moments by using DeLong Bob Pins?



They have a *stronger grip* hold their shape indefinitely and never slide out of your hair unexpectedly. You can use one DeLong Bob Pin over and over and it won't ever let your hair down, endangering your social standing and your all-important poise.

**Stronger Grip**  
Won't Slip Out



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



*It must be true that the Simms personality is as sweet as the Simms voice, because even Ginny's competitors say it is.*



*Rise Stevens brings all this glamor and her magnificent voice to NBC Mondays, while Information Please vacations.*

**B**Y THE TIME you read this Dinah Shore should be back from her hospital and concert tour and settled down in her new ranch in beautiful San Fernando Valley. Dinah and her husband, Corporal George Montgomery, both love outdoor life and they found their Beverly Hills home too confining. George, an amateur carpenter, built most of the furniture for the ranch. The ranch has 100 citrus trees, occupies six and a half acres.

Joan Davis is desperately trying to interest singer Andy Russell in joining her show. Russell's click debut in the Paramount picture "Stork Club" has made him a very valuable property. Incidentally I was on the "Stork Club" set and it's an exact replica of the fam-

# FACING the MUSIC

By **KEN ALDEN**



*Harry James and his orchestra went into the CBS Friday night spot when comedian Danny Kaye came out for the summer.*

ous Sherman Billingsley bistro.

\* \* \*  
Look for Marilyn Maxwell, MGM starlet, to replace Norah Martin on Eddie Cantor's air show. A break like that for lovely Marilyn might put her in the very big time.

\* \* \*  
Papers are almost signed between Frank Sinatra and his new sponsor.

\* \* \*  
Carmen Cavallaro has taken Hollywood by storm. The night your reporter was at Ciro's, a carload of film celebrities were dancing to the Bronx Latin's rumbas and beguines.

\* \* \*  
Don't be too surprised if Kate Smith's show is cut down by a half hour.

\* \* \*  
The King Sisters will probably join the Ozzie and Harriet show next season.

\* \* \*  
Kay Kyser's beautiful wife and singer, Georgia Carroll, is still bothered by the malaria she picked up entertaining our boys in Louisiana.

\* \* \*  
**SIMMS TO BE UNANIMOUS**  
Hollywood, where a nasty rumor comes out more often than the relentless sun, has lost its battle with genial  
(Continued on page 12)



# Another Hollywood Star...with Woodbury-Wonderful Skin



Lana Turner

Dreaming of a new, irresistible you with fabulous "appeal"? Then don't pin your dream on a cream that does only one or two things for your skin. Use Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream...one cream that gives complete skin care, and you'll see your dream come true!

Irresistible Lana! Irresistible you, if you give your complexion beauty *extras* with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. It does more than old-fashioned cold and cleansing creams can.

One cream to *cleanse, soften, smooth!* To work in the *night* against dryness and old-looking dry-skin lines. It's a dreamy *powder base*, too! And *only* Woodbury has "Stericin", constantly purifying the cream in the jar.

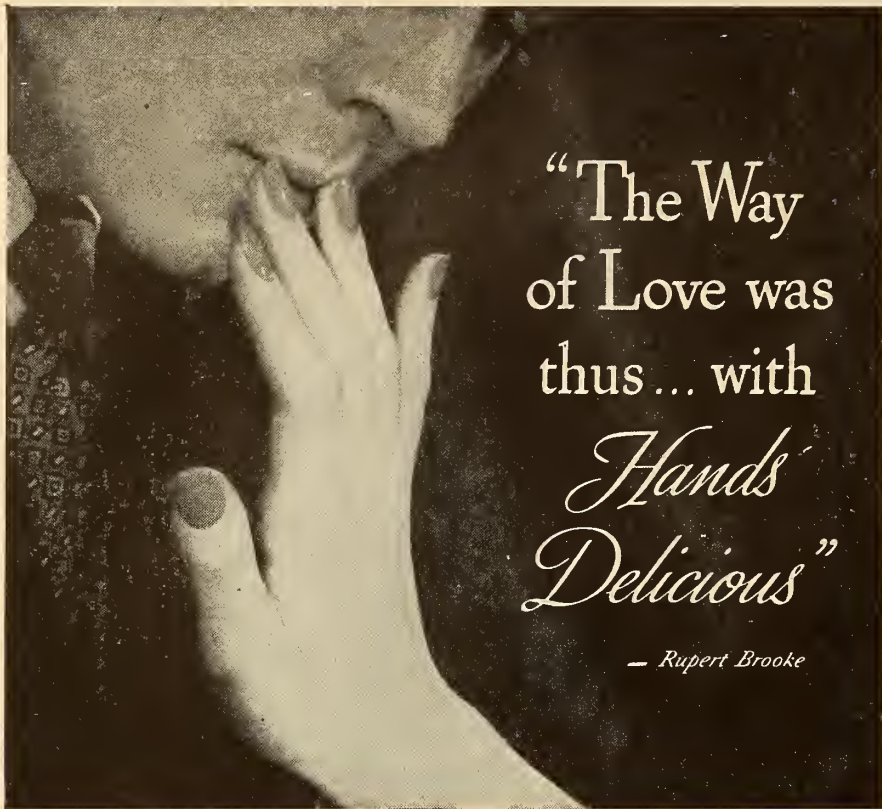
To hear him whisper, "irresistible you!", try Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream, now. 10¢ to \$1.25, plus tax.



## Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

*...it's all you need!*





“The Way  
of Love was  
thus... with  
*Hands  
Delicious*”

— Rupert Brooke

“Hands delicious”?—not  
from Doing the Dishes

Sure, you get E for Effort doing housework. You also get rough, red, unromantic hands! *No Man's Hands*...unless...unless!...you use that fragrant, snowy-white cream that helps keep your hands looking as smooth, white, and lovely as a gardenia!



Doctors and Nurses know about

... the damage scrubbing can do to skin. Their hands get 30 to 40 *scrubbings* a day! Pacquins Hand Cream was originally formulated to help keep their hands in good condition even though they take a worse beating than yours. Pacquins is *super-rich* in what doctors call “humectant”—an ingredient that helps keep skin feeling soft, smooth, supple!

*Pacquins*  
HAND CREAM

Creamy-smooth . . . not sticky, not greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world!

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT, STORE

(Continued from page 10)

Ginny Simms. The buzzflies and barflies that crowd the famed intersection of Hollywood and Vine and frequent Ciro's, the Mocambo, and the Brown Derby, have tried diligently but simply can't find a thing wrong with her.

A well-known gossip columnist I know summed it up: “Ginny is so darned sweet to everyone, even her competitors root for her. Although I have tried I have never been able to print one word of gossip about that girl.”

And when Milton Geiger, one of MGM's better scenarists, volunteered to write Ginny's official biography, he got so enamored of his subject that the studio rejected it.

“No one can be that sweet,” said the studio editor.

When I met Ginny in her busy, music-filled suite at the swank Beverly-Wilshire hotel, a sort of branch office removed from the solitude and rustic beauty of her San Fernando Valley ranch, I asked her about all this unsolicited adulation.

“Oh,” Ginny replied, blushing properly, “I guess it's because I have one simple philosophy for life . . . be kind.”

Blue-eyed, brown-haired Ginny was born in San Antonio, the daughter of an ex-minstrel man and small movie theater owner. When Ginny was still in pigtails the Simms moved to Fresno, California, because of the fading health of Ginny's grandmother. They purchased three tiny movie houses and the whole family pitched in as ushers, pianists, ticket takers, projectionists.

When Ginny was nine she was playing piano for the few remaining silent pictures.

Ginny wanted to be a schoolteacher, entered Fresno State Teachers College.

But a bit of extra-curricular harmony singing with some sorority sisters changed the plan. Ginny and her friends were good enough to get a job on the local radio station.

Soon after, Ginny came down to Los Angeles to audition for Kay Kyser.

“The night before I almost lost my nerve. I went to a big night club and saw Betty Grable perform with a band. She was so pretty and talented that I got discouraged.”

Kyser told Ginny she needed more  
(Continued on page 14)



It's Carol Stewart who sings each Monday night to Beulah, CBS's new comedy sensation.



M-G-M MAKES THE SCREEN'S BIGGEST TECHNICOLOR MUSICALS!



**ON WAVES OF LOVE,  
LAUGHTER, SONG!**

A gay and glorious musical love story that teams the singing artistry of Sinatra with honey-voiced Kathryn Grayson and the dancing magic that's Kelly . . . in 21 show-stopping numbers.

FRANK SINATRA ★ KATHRYN GRAYSON ★ GENE KELLY

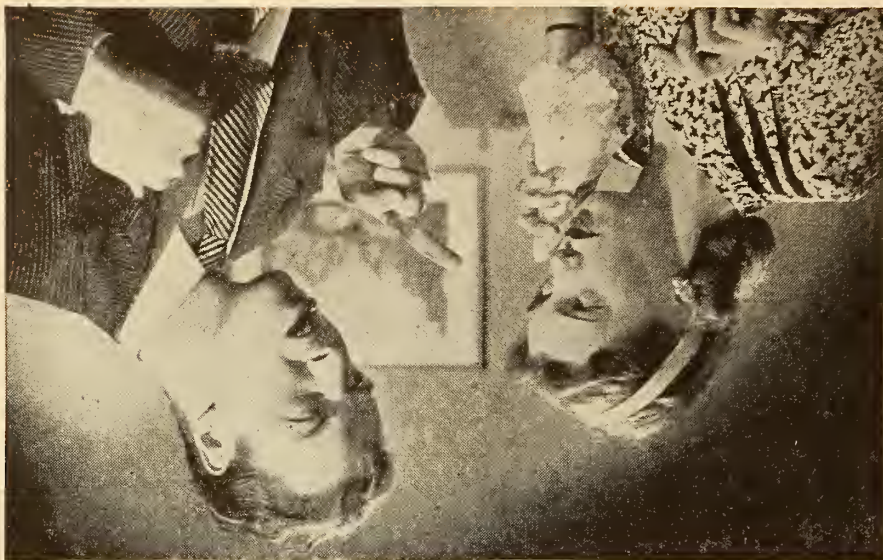
**A** **ANCHORS**  
**A** **AWEIGH**  
with JOSE ITURBI



DEAN STOCKWELL • PAMELA BRITTON • "RAGS" RAGLAND • BILLY GILBERT • HENRY O'NEILL  
Screen Play by Isobel Lennart • Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

SONGS! "WHAT MAKES THE SUNSET?" "I BEGGED HER" "I FALL IN LOVE TOO EASILY" "THE WORRY SONG" "MY HEART SINGS" "ANCHORS AWEIGH"





## OUR MARRIAGE WAS TOPSY-TURVY

Nothing but arguments between Bob and me! I didn't dream then that I was the guilty one. You see, I thought I knew something about feminine hygiene—but I didn't know that "once-in-a-while" care isn't enough!

My doctor came to the rescue when he told me how many marriages fail because the wife is *careless* about feminine hygiene. His recommendation was to use Lysol disinfectant for douching—*always*.



## IT'S HUNKY-DORY AGAIN!

What a difference in our marriage now! Bob and I are so happy! And I'm so grateful to my doctor. Of course, I use Lysol now—always in the douche. Exactly as the doctor

said: "Lysol is a proved *germ-killer* ... far more dependable than salt, soda or other homemade solutions." It's easy to use, economical. But best of all—*it really works!*

### Check these facts with your Doctor



Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of every woman. So, douche thoroughly with correct Lysol solution ... always! Powerful cleanser—Lysol's greater spreading power means it reaches more deeply, and effec-

tively, into folds and crevices to search out germs. Proved *germ-killer*—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control ... far more dependable than homemade solutions. Non-caustic—Lysol douching solution is non-irritating, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow

easy directions. Cleanly odor—disappears after use; *deodorizes*. More women use Lysol for feminine hygiene than any other method. (For

FREE feminine hygiene booklet, write Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.)



For Feminine Hygiene use

**Lysol**  
Disinfectant

always!



Anything for guest Diana Lynn on NBC's *Everything for the Boys* says host Dick Haymes.

(Continued from page 12)

experience, recommended her to another bandsman, Tom Gerun. Ginny joined Gerun in San Francisco, stayed with him until the band reached Chicago. More polished and experienced, Ginny auditioned again for Kyser and got the job—for four years.

Today Ginny is at the peak of her success. She is now on Columbia, and is starring in and producing her own show at a reported \$12,000 a week. She just finished a new Universal film, "Alibi in Ermine."

In addition to her business activities, Ginny is still putting a priority on helping other people. She is concerned over the post-war entertainment needs of servicemen still bedded in Army hospitals.

"I'm trying to organize local committees of housewives and civic officials in cities and towns near general hospitals to make sure the needs of these boys are taken care of. Long after the regular USO troupes and professional troupes stop visiting these places, these boys will still be lying on hospital beds. I like to call my organization Lest We Forget."

## ROMANCING THE RECORDS

(Each Month Ken Alden Picks The Best Popular Platters)

PERRY COMO (Victor 20-1676) HARRY JAMES (Columbia 36806) Both these artists turn out palatable platters of the most beautiful love song of the year, "If I Loved You." It's from the musical hit, "Carousel" and is a must. Como sings "Gonna Love That Girl" on the reverse while Music Master James grinds out "Oh, Brother" on his "B" side.

PAUL WESTON (Capitol Album) A four-record package labeled "Music for Dreaming." For those quiet, nostalgic nights when you can't tolerate another brassy re-cording.

KATE SMITH (Columbia 36807) DINAH SHORE (Victor 20-1681) CHARLIE SPIVAK (Victor 20-1675) All concentrate on a sprightly new Styne-Cahn Hit Parade winner, "Can't You Read Between the Lines?" Take your pick, with this corner giving the nod to Dinah.

Copyright, 1946, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

R  
R  
14



*"I love the delicate fragrance  
it leaves on my skin!"*

*Linda  
Darnell*

Poets have said it for centuries—you know it's true! There's thrill, there's appeal men can't resist, in skin that's fragrant, *sweet*. So protect daintiness as lovely Hollywood screen stars do. "A daily beauty bath with Lux Soap makes you *sure*—leaves your skin fresh, really *sweet*," says charming Linda Darnell. "You're ready for adventure, romance, and you *look* it!"

Make gentle Lux Toilet Soap—the delicately perfumed soap with creamy, *active* lather—*your* daily bath soap, too!

Lovely star of  
"FALLEN ANGEL"  
A 20th Century-Fox Production



*9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it...  
it's the soap that leaves skin SWEET!*





**H**ow  
times have  
changed

You need not go back very far to find how times have changed. Only a few years—and *what* clothes, *what* hair-dos, *what* ideas of grooming! And few changes have been more intelligently “different” than the Tampax method for monthly sanitary protection! Based on the principle of internal absorption, this method successfully eliminates all pins, belts and external pads, as well as the bulges and ridges caused thereby.

Tampax is made of compressed surgical absorbent cotton enclosed in individual applicators so neat and ingenious your hands needn't touch the Tampax at all! Being worn internally, Tampax can cause no odor to form. And there are no disposal difficulties. Tampax is handy to carry and speedy to change, and is so comfortable the user cannot feel it when in place!

Sold at drug stores and notion counters in three different absorbencies to meet varying individual needs: Regular, Super, Junior. Whole month's average supply will go into your purse; for 4 months' supply get the Economy Box. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

**3 absorbencies** { **REGULAR**  
**SUPER**  
**JUNIOR**



Accepted for Advertising  
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

# COVER GIRL

By ELEANOR HARRIS



*Milena Miller looks, dresses, and sings like only one person—Milena Miller—because she believes so firmly that imitation is failure.*

**I**F YOU walk down the quiet streets of Mansfield, Ohio, any Monday evening between 10:30 and 11:00 o'clock, you'll hear the same voice floating out of every house you pass . . . filling the night air throughout the city. It's Milena Miller singing from New York City on the CBS Stuart Erwin Show, and her home town wouldn't miss hearing her ever. For they can't forget that their native daughter left Mansfield Senior High School only five years ago to head for Manhattan—where she made much, much better than good.

She's been chosen “the best dressed girl in radio.” She's won first prize at the Atlantic City Beauty Contest of 1943 as the best popular singer. She's been picked by the leading illustrators in America as “the most beautiful girl in radio.” And how did all this happen to a youngster right out of her small home town? Because of Milena and her theory that “imitation is suicide.”

She was still going to Mansfield Senior High School when she met Mansfield's great man—novelist Louis Bromfield, who wrote such well-known books as “The Rains Came” and “The Green Bay Tree.” They became fast friends, the ingenuous schoolgirl and the sophisticated writer freshly back from fifteen years of living in France. She spent hours listening to his gay and casual stories of the Paris designers he had known—and made up her mind she'd go to New York and learn designing the minute she was free of school.

She did. She studied at the Traphagen School of Fashion, and right in the middle of her first year there, before Career Number One had really been born, she got sidetracked into Career Number Two. While she sat in class drawing sketches one day, Harry Conover—owner of the renowned Conover Model Agency—strolled in to see about some designs for his models to wear. He forgot all about them at sight of the blonde fresh from Ohio.

That was that. To her own astonishment, Milena Miller was a famous model from that day on. Her delicate beauty combined with her portrait-

sense of clothes made everything she wore seem like a poem. She was mobbed by advertisers and photographers for the next two years—at the end of which time she was entered by Conover in the Atlantic City Beauty Contest of 1943. She placed first in the talent division as a singer—which snowballed her into signing up with the Music Corporation of America, appearing as a singer at the Casablanca nightclub in New York City, and then becoming star singer on the Stuart Erwin radio show.

She spends her evenings in her thickly carpeted hotel suite trying to find time for all the things she likes to do: reading, hearing all the radio programs, studying her songs for camp shows, playing all of George Gershwin's records, writing letters home to Mansfield, and sketching clothes.

She designs everything she wears herself . . . and, as in childhood, she first hunts for the most perfect materials available. Next to simplicity, Milena believes in individuality in dress . . . she thinks every woman has an individual style slightly different from every other woman's, just as we all have our own private fingerprints. “Remember always,” she says about clothes, “Emerson's remark that imitation is suicide.”

Instead of imitating the popular singers and vocal tricks of the moment, she stuck to her own simple, unadorned, individual style of singing. She figured it all out herself: “Right now, the trend is toward better music, lovely, honest lyrics and splendid orchestral accompaniment. That leaves only one task for the singer: to express the song sincerely and simply.”

Eventually, however—in the far future—she's going to ease out of the spotlight. After Broadway plays and Hollywood movies, some day this girl is going back to where the life is as simple and real as she believes it should be . . . she's going back to Mansfield, Ohio. There, in her dreams, she'll live in a great Colonial house with six white pillars. In it with her will live a husband—and six little daughters all dressed in Milena Miller creations!





*Straight from Paris*

these exciting young hair-dos!

On this page Drene brings you, through its Paris correspondent, news of how smart young Parisians are wearing their hair!

LOVELY MADELON MASON . . . one of New York's top-flight fashion models, a Cover Girl and a "Drene Girl" . . . posed for all three photographs.

For this perky up-swept arrangement her hair was parted down middle from forehead to nape of neck, pulled up toward each side and tied firmly with narrow ribbon. The lustrous smoothness of Madelon's hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, which Madelon always uses. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage.

(Left)—HUGE RIBBON BOWS, one at each side, are the fashion feature of this lovely centerpart hair-do! Back hair set as for a page boy, combed to each side, from center, and held firmly with rubber bands. Ends arranged in big, smooth curls. Bows attached with bobby pins. Madelon's hair illustrates the wonderful combination of sheen and smoothness found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

(Below)—NEW PARISIAN PAGE-BOY! Notice the covered ear . . . and how the hair slants sharply down from above the ear to a long, long back! Notice, too, the smooth sleek look, the shining beauty, due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action.



*No other Shampoo...*

only Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Make a Date with Glamour! Now . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. ✓ *Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✓ *Such manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing. ✓ *Complete removal of unsightly dandruff*, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

*Drene Shampoo*

WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION

Product of Procter & Gamble





# Gloomy Miss...

( her complexion needed help ! )



# Smart Me...

( I told her my beauty secret ! )



# Happy Mrs...

( she won him with  
that Ivory Look )



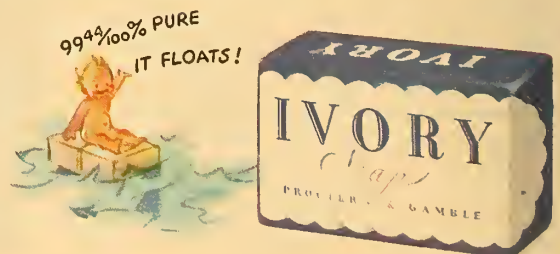
**Lucky YOU...** You can have a softer, smoother complexion, too!

It's so easy to get that Ivory Look—the softer, smoother, more radiant skin that puts confidence in your smile—a song in his heart.

Just take this tip—stop careless skin care today and change to regular, gentle cleansings with a cake of pure, mild Ivory Soap.

Ivory is baby's beauty secret—on Doctor's advice! More doctors advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than all other brands put together!

Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. Try Ivory. See how soon you can get that Ivory Look!



**More Doctors advise IVORY**  
than all other brands put together

Make your Ivory last—it contains important war materials!



# Whirlpool

*A vortex, waiting beneath the surface of happiness, suddenly claimed Nancy. And if she took the hand that offered help, her husband must go down forever*

*Woodie said softly,  
"Nothing's changed."*

"PROBABLY by next week," the doctor had said. "I think your husband will be well enough to come home by next week."

I tried to think only of that. I held those words in my mind almost by force during the hour-long bus ride home from the hospital. Woodie would be well enough to come home! That was the thing to fasten on and believe in. After eight long months he would be back with me again. I told myself sternly I must fight down the sense of apprehension I had felt when Dr. Blythe had gone on to say:

"Much of his adjustment is going to depend on you, Mrs. Frazier. In order to give him what he needs, you must forget the past. You must blot it out as if it had never happened. You understand?"

I told him I did. Of course I understood. Woodie needed love and security right now





more than he had ever needed them in his life. I wanted to give them to him. I had prayed for the day when I could. Yet now when the day was coming, I felt afraid. Afraid of myself. "Blot out the past," the doctor said. Could I do it? Strangely, the very fact that Woodie would soon be back again seemed to bring the past nearer, with all its shock and horror, and a feeling of deep depression wrapped me like a cloak.

Of course, visiting him at the hospital always depressed me. No matter how much I steeled myself against it, I always left there unhappy. It was a pleasant place, the hospital. With its brick buildings set attractively among trees and shrubs and graveled paths, it had the air of a resort and you were almost unaware of the high wall enclosing it, and the heavy iron gates. Almost, but not quite. The patients wandered freely about the grounds—all, that is, except the ones the doctors called the "most disturbed." They were in their rooms—comfortable rooms like those in a nice hotel—and they were not seen by anyone except the staff. At the beginning, Woodie had been one of those.

But that, I reminded myself, had been eight months ago. Today we had walked together along the paths without even a nurse in attendance. We had sat on one of the secluded benches and talked of the day he would come home and the plans for our future.

"I'll get my old job back, and everything will be fine," Woodie said. "I'm well now, Nancy. You believe that, don't you? You believe I'm well?"

"Of course I do, darling!" I told him and took his hand. "You're better than you've ever been and we're going to be happier than ever before." And it was true that to look at him, to talk with him now, you would never know he had been ill. His eyes were clear and untroubled. He had put on weight. And he laughed in the old way—the way he had before. Before—

I shook that thought away. I mustn't think of the "before." I must think only of the "now," and never, never for one moment know doubt or anything but faith. That was the only way to help him.

I was glad I hadn't gone to live with Woodie's mother and two sisters, as

they had asked me, when he first went to the hospital. It had been hard to keep on paying rent on our apartment with the expenses so high, but with my job I'd managed. I'd wanted to keep everything exactly as it was so that when he was well again he'd come back to find his home and me unchanged. I, and all the things we'd bought together, would be there to welcome him. I had been so positive, all during that long, lonely time, that he *would* be well. So now why, when my faith was being justified, did these fears have to come? Why couldn't what had happened stay buried where it should, and not come back to haunt me like an unforgettable, unforgotten nightmare?

I GOT off the bus and hurried the two blocks to the apartment. The late Sunday afternoon had suddenly turned cold and gloomy. Somehow, as I let myself in, the gloom outside seemed to enter with me. It spread over the tiny living-room, usually so cheery and homey; it blurred the bright colors of the chintz, faded the flowers on the table, and lurked in all the shadowy corners. Those big iron gates of the hospital, with all that they signified, had reminded me as I'd walked out of all the other times I'd walked through them leaving Woodie behind their closing.

I sank down on the sofa and looked at the cold rain beginning to slant against the window. In a little while I would turn on the lights and fix my supper and go to bed. But right now, images from the past—those forbidden and dangerous images—were flocking back too fast for me to struggle against them. I kept seeing Woodie as he had been when I first met him . . . That night at the party given by the Young Peoples' Society of the church I attended, when he had looked so handsome and been so exuberant and hadn't wanted to dance with anyone but me . . . The night, soon after, when he had said so passionately that he loved and needed me . . . Our wedding night, here in this very apartment . . . The hopes we'd had, the dreams we'd dreamed . . . And then, slowly, my growing worry and bewilderment that climaxed in that horrible day when I'd come home and found him—the day I'd known terror and grief and indescribable shock as I'd been told the truth I should have been told before. All of it, everything I'd known and felt then, swept over me again as I sat there alone and watched the rain against the window pane.

The telephone rang. It was probably Mrs. Frazier, Woodie's mother, and I would have to be cheerful for her. At least, I had good news. Woodie was coming home. I thought I knew how she would react to that and I resolved not to get angry, no matter what she said.

But it was a male voice that answered. "This is Don Colman," it said. "If you're not doing anything for dinner, won't you take pity on me and have it with me?"

Don Colman was a new salesman at the automobile agency where I worked

as bookkeeper. I liked him, even though we'd never done more than exchange a few words in the office. Everybody liked Don. But this was the first time he had ever invited me anywhere and I hesitated.

"I wish you would," he urged. "It's such a gloomy day and I need cheering up."

I needed cheering up, too. I needed to get away from those memories. "I'd love to," I said with sudden decision. "In about half an hour?"

I hurried into the bedroom to comb my hair and put on fresh lipstick. Why shouldn't I go out with him? He was a stranger in Wilton, and I knew—who better?—what loneliness could be. He knew that I was married and he probably knew about Woodie—the other salesmen surely had told him, I thought a little bitterly. So where was the harm in accepting this invitation? Of course Mrs. Frazier wouldn't approve of my going out with anyone at all. But then she seldom approved of anything I did. There had always been antagonism between us, no matter how much I'd tried to make her like me.

When Don came, I thought—as I had the first time I'd ever seen him—that nobody could ever call him good-looking, but that he was one of the nicest looking people I'd ever met. His features, taken separately, weren't the least handsome, but somehow they all fitted together in a way that made you glad to look at him. You watched for the slow smile that lit his face with warmth, and the way his eyes looked at you so directly as if he were really seeing you as a person—those brown eyes that were so surprisingly the precise color of his brows and his hair. Don Colman was one of those people who is all of a piece, and you felt relaxed with him right away.

He took me to a quiet restaurant where there was no music and the crowd wasn't large. It wasn't the sort of place Woodie would have liked. When Woodie went out, he liked music and a lot of people around. Tonight I was glad it wasn't like that.

"You're awfully sweet to come out like this," Don said when we had ordered. "To tell the truth, I was getting pretty tired of Don Colman. I needed company to get away from him."

I laughed. "I know. When you're alone a lot, you can get awfully bored with yourself. But I'm not being sweet. I wanted company, too." And then, surprised at myself for saying it, I added involuntarily, "I've just come back from visiting my husband at the hospital."

Don didn't fumble around like a lot of people did. He didn't look embarrassed or too sympathetic or as if he were anxious to change the subject. He just said, "How is he?" as if he really wanted to know.

"Much better, thank you. Dr. Blythe says he'll probably be able to come home next week."

"That's wonderful! It must make you very happy."

"Yes, of course." Of course it did. Of course it must. And yet—"It's strange," I said slowly, trying to put





"Look," Don said, "why don't you tell me all about it? It would do you good to talk to me."



into words what I had been feeling all afternoon. "I've waited for the day he would be well. I've prayed for it. And now it's almost here I—" my voice trailed off.

"You what?" Don Colman said very gently.

"I'm afraid," I burst out. "Not of Woodie. Never in the world of Woodie. But for him. And mostly I'm afraid of myself, that I might fail him in some way when he needs me so much. I—I can't understand it—when I ought to be so happy—" Hatefully and em-

barrassingly, the tears I had suppressed so long were rising. It was awful to be out like this with someone I hardly knew and begin to cry right here in public over my own private, deeply personal troubles! What would he think?

He didn't say anything for a moment. Then he leaned across the table. "It's natural to be scared," he said. "But I think you are because you've held all this bottled up in yourself for so long. Look, why don't you tell me about it? Get it out of your system—it would do

you good to talk to me right now."

I sat there fumbling with my handkerchief. And then suddenly, looking across at those understanding eyes, I knew he was right. I had to talk, even if it were to a man who was almost a stranger. I had to release all those eight months of lonely anguish. And so I began to tell him.

I'd met Woodie Frazier, I told him, when I'd first come to Wilton two years ago after my parents' death in the small town where I'd been born. Woodie was (Continued on page 79)



# A love of my own



**T**HE night Paul Simmons came home, after more than two years away, fighting, was a turning point in my life. It was the eagerly, joyously awaited night of nights for Patty, his wife, and for Eddie and Gil, his two little sons. Yet, as Paul's rich, deep voice boomed happily in the little house, as the children clambered over him, their voices insistent with laughter, my heart sank dismally.

This had nothing to do with me! It was a celebration, it was dreams come true—for Paul, who had been a sergeant, and whose bright ribbons glittered with stars, over his breast-pocket; dreams come true for Patty, for the boys . . . but why was I here?

I had never seen Paul Simmons until tonight. All I knew of him was his picture on the mantel, and the lines from his letters Patty had read to me.

He was so tall he dwarfed the little archway from the hall. Sitting on one of the chairs, he made all the furniture seem doll-size. He looked tired, but somehow exalted. "I'm really home," he kept saying. "Really home."

If only Patty wouldn't try to drag me into this family reunion! I wanted to slip out through the gap in the hedge to my own house. I had never felt so out of place, so alone, somehow. Yet there was something in Paul's brown eyes, as he looked at me, as Patty kept proudly detailing all the things I'd done for her.

"And when Eddie had flu, Paul! It was awful. But Monda stayed up three nights."

"You wrote me," he said. His face stilled as he examined me.

I squirmed, pretending there was something I had to do in the kitchen. Patty cried, "She hates to be thanked,

Paul. But honestly, if she hadn't been such a good friend, I—Monda, tell Paul about the time Gilly ate the Mexican beans!"

I tried to laugh. "Well, I brought them to the boys, so when he swallowed them, it was up to me to hustle him to the doctor's."

The sweetness of this homecoming, the light in Paul's eyes, weren't for me. For me, this was the end . . . not the beginning. How could I, the outsider, be part of this? To Patty, it was living again. But for me, with their father home, it was losing the children. I loved them so! They were part of me, now. What would I do without them?

I got away at last, fussing in the kitchen over cereal for the boys' supper. If they'd eat it, on top of all the cake and soda they'd gotten down in the last hour! Once, looking into the livingroom, I glimpsed Eddie, his heart in his blue eyes, staring adoringly at his father. Oh, Eddie needed a man in his life! He was a brave, sturdy little seven year old—but having only his mother, and his four-year-old brother, and me—Aunt Monda, the school teacher from next door—wasn't enough.

I remembered the trusting softness of Gilly's arms around my neck as he lisped his prayers, all the hundreds of nights I'd put him to bed for Patty, and I wanted to run out the back door—I wanted, desperately, to be alone in my own house. My cold house. To begin tasting, getting used to the emptiness and the order and the still quiet that would be mine, from now on.

But as I brought the tray into the livingroom, Patty Simmons cried, "Isn't she wonderful, Paul? Honestly, I couldn't have *lived* without Monda!"

We were exactly the same age, Patty





*Next door, separated from her  
by more than walls and hedges,  
was the life Monda wanted, the  
life that could never be hers.  
Or was it, perhaps, something  
she only thought she wanted. . . ?*

and I. But her blonde hair, shining now with brushing, the new unfamiliar blue ribbon over her dancing eyes, her vivid, glowing delight, had turned her into a vision of beauty. Patty looked eighteen, not twenty-six. Paul's eyes drank her in.

"I must go now," I mumbled.

"Oh, no, Monda! You can't leave us in the lurch!"

"But your husband wants to be alone with you," I said miserably.

He wasn't saying anything, just sitting on the sofa, looking at his wife, one son on each side. Now he gently nudged Eddie. "Supper, the lady said. Then bed."

"I made a salad and coffee for you, Patty," I said, retreating to the kitchen.

Paul stood up. He crossed the room swiftly. "Hey, stop acting as though you're the hired help, Miss Woods!" His laughter boomed. "You just don't know how important you got to be, in Patty's letters. Monda says this—Monda does that. I want to thank you, because I worried about her. She's sort of helpless."

"I'd have died without Monda, that's all!"

His arms went around her, and it was as though I weren't there. "Two years!" he whispered.

My face hot, I backed into the kitchen. I wished Patty would stop trying to include me. In the mirror over the sink, I glimpsed my neat brown hair mussed, my eyes lost and defeated. I mustn't feel sorry for myself! I'd only borrowed the warmth of Patty Simmons' children, the joy of playing with them, shopping for them, watching them laugh, cry, grow . . .



When the boys finished eating, I put them to bed, for the last time. After this, Patty would be doing it herself. With her husband beside her. Everything would change. I'd be in the house next door, at eight-thirty every night. I'd have the long stretch of evening ahead, the echoing silence from the upstairs rooms . . .

I THOUGHT of the dentist, this afternoon. Eddie had a sudden toothache, and we couldn't let it go untended the day his father was coming home! So while Patty got the house ready and primped, I had rushed Eddie downtown. Afterward, unclipping the bib, the dentist said, "Son, you're a man! Wait till I tell some of my screamers about you!" Admiringly, he turned to me, "You've got a boy to be proud of. Reflects the job you've done on him! No tantrums, no baby stuff. The lad was scared—but he trusted you, and he took it manfully." There was a rueful twist to his mouth. "In my profession I see darned little of well brought up kids, Mrs. Simmons!"

As though he had pulled an actual physical cord inside me, I felt a pang. "I—I'm not Eddie's mother. He—he lives next door to me."

It wasn't the first time a stranger had thought Eddie was mine. In the department stores, in the little restaurants where we sometimes had snacks, on buses . . . everywhere, people thought I was Eddie's mother. Because I was so wrapped up in him, I suppose. Because he chattered to me so happily and trustingly.

I fought down tumult and anguish. I faced the truth—suddenly it was like a glaring spotlight on places in my heart I'd never dared to inspect, before—that Eddie and little Gilly belonged to me—that always, always, I could care for them as I'd cared for them since Patty and her children moved into the empty house next door!

Without the love and the attention I had lavished on them, they wouldn't have been happy children. It wasn't wrong to admit that . . . Patty herself would be the first to admit it.

"The children make me nervous," she always said. "I'm so blue. This isn't living, with Paul away. It's too much for me . . ."

Patty was always on edge, her voice shrilling when the children got noisy, or when the work of running the household piled up. She had violent headaches. Sometimes she wept for no reason.

I had tried to understand. With her husband in danger, all the props of her life were shot out from under her. "I'm waiting, but for what?" she burst out. "It's so useless, doing dishes, arguing with the kids—oh, I don't know. I feel as though I'm in a vacuum!"

Now that Paul was safely back beside her, Patty had snapped alive.

As I tested the water for the bath, while the kids undressed, I told myself love and marriage were things I knew nothing about. How could I? School rooms and blackboards were all I knew. The faces of children who went home, after school, to their own mothers. . . .

"Washrag, darling," I said automatically, as Gilly came in, his bathrobe dragging. "Slippers, Eddie."

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importantly. "He's gonna build us monkey-bars in the back yard!"

As I had taught them, they washed themselves conscientiously, scrubbing gravely at grimy knees and asking me, "Is my neck clean enough?"

While they soaped, I tried to shut out of my mind the unwilling pictures of Patty Simmons, these two years she'd lived here. She had let misery rule her. But she'd be different, now!

It had tormented me, that she had been so careless with her burdens . . . not seeing that the dull, heavy stone whose weight she bore, the stone of responsibility, was like an uncut diamond. She might have been gloriously wealthy, cutting facets with courage, with gaiety, with qualities of mind and heart, that would have enriched her every day. Companionship with her children, laughter, interest in Eddie's alert, growing mind, in Gilly's craving for love, might have rewarded Patty with a gleaming gem of happiness.

But she had not seen, she had not understood. Or was it because I had never loved a man, that I could not understand the depth of Patty's panic, carrying on alone?

I'd pitied her, the first day I'd seen her, surrounded by wailing little Eddie, the baby in her arms, as the moving men brought in her furniture. I had always known responsibility. I reveled in being strong! It was pleasant to pitch right in, help her bring order and livability into the old house. I marketed for her, on my way home from the school where I'd been teaching since I was twenty.

Patty was pathetically grateful—and she leaned on me. "Paul doesn't know how it is for me."

"Oh, never write him about this!" I cried.

I soon discovered that Patty had no system, less self-discipline. On days when she felt she couldn't bear making beds, she didn't make them. Her meals were slapped together without forethought. She was always running out of salt or flour or milk. Often, Eddie had no clean underwear, because Patty hadn't gotten around to the washing. Washed clothes to be ironed stayed in the willow basket in the kitchen for days. Evenings, I plugged in the iron myself and did a few pieces while Patty talked.

"I ought to be ashamed, letting you do it!" she admitted. "But I hate housework. And lately, I don't have any energy. Oh, it's like—well, like being in prison, and feeling all the *juice*, the strength, just oozing out of me."

Discontent could do that. But I couldn't bear to tell her that. "What you need is a movie!" I laughed. "Run along, I'll stay with the kids."

I encouraged her to make friends with the young women on our street, but Patty complained, "The ones who have their husbands safe at home don't understand—and the ones whose husbands are away all live home with their parents. I don't belong anywhere!" She burst into tears.

I comforted her. "Why don't you read more, Patty? Look, let's take the children on a picnic, Sunday."

But she had no patience with their racing around. "Eddie, don't bother me!" she said, when he brought her a bedraggled bunch of dandelions to admire. She dragged Gilly out of the clump of bushes behind us. "Look at you! All dirty! Oh, I don't know







*"Ask me to supper," Eben said. "Best way in the world to get on the right side of the strict new principal!"*

how I'll ever wash it out! It's disgusting!"

After that, I took the children on picnics alone. I gave Patty a rest, and it was fun for me. But that was all in the past! With Paul home, there would be family picnics.

"We're dry!" the boys called. I tucked Gilly into bed first. "G'dnight, Aunt Monda." His arms were sweet around my neck.

Eddie, in the other bed, whispered, "My tooth feels so good I a'most forgot about it! Aunt Monda, do you think Daddy will come up and say goodnight?"

"Of course, darling! I'll call him."

I leaned over the bannister. "Patty! Mr. Simmons."

"Listen to her, Paul!" Patty's giggle came. "Calling you Mr. Simmons!"

As the tall, khaki clad figure came up the stairs, I said steadily, "I've simply got to leave, now."

His big brown hand stretched out. "I know just what Patty means when she says she couldn't have managed, without you." His eyes were so warm! "It's a fine thing, to know how swell folks at home were to a guy's family. I did worry." He grinned, and his tired face became boyish, appealing, so much like Eddie's it startled me. "See you tomorrow, Miss Woods."

From the step below, Patty put in, "You're as bad as she is, Paul! Miss Woods! Call her Monda!"

"Well, Monda, then."

"You call him Paul!" she said imperiously.

"Goodnight, P-Paul."

Her hand was on his arm, possessively, as they watched me go down the stairs. Outside, the September night seemed cold. All the fullness I had joyed in—the happiness, I knew sickly now, I had only borrowed—was gone. Feeling more alone than I'd felt since the night my mother died, I could not bear my own empty house. I walked down the quiet street, the lighted windows of the houses on each side somehow mocking. Families behind each window! Men, and women . . .

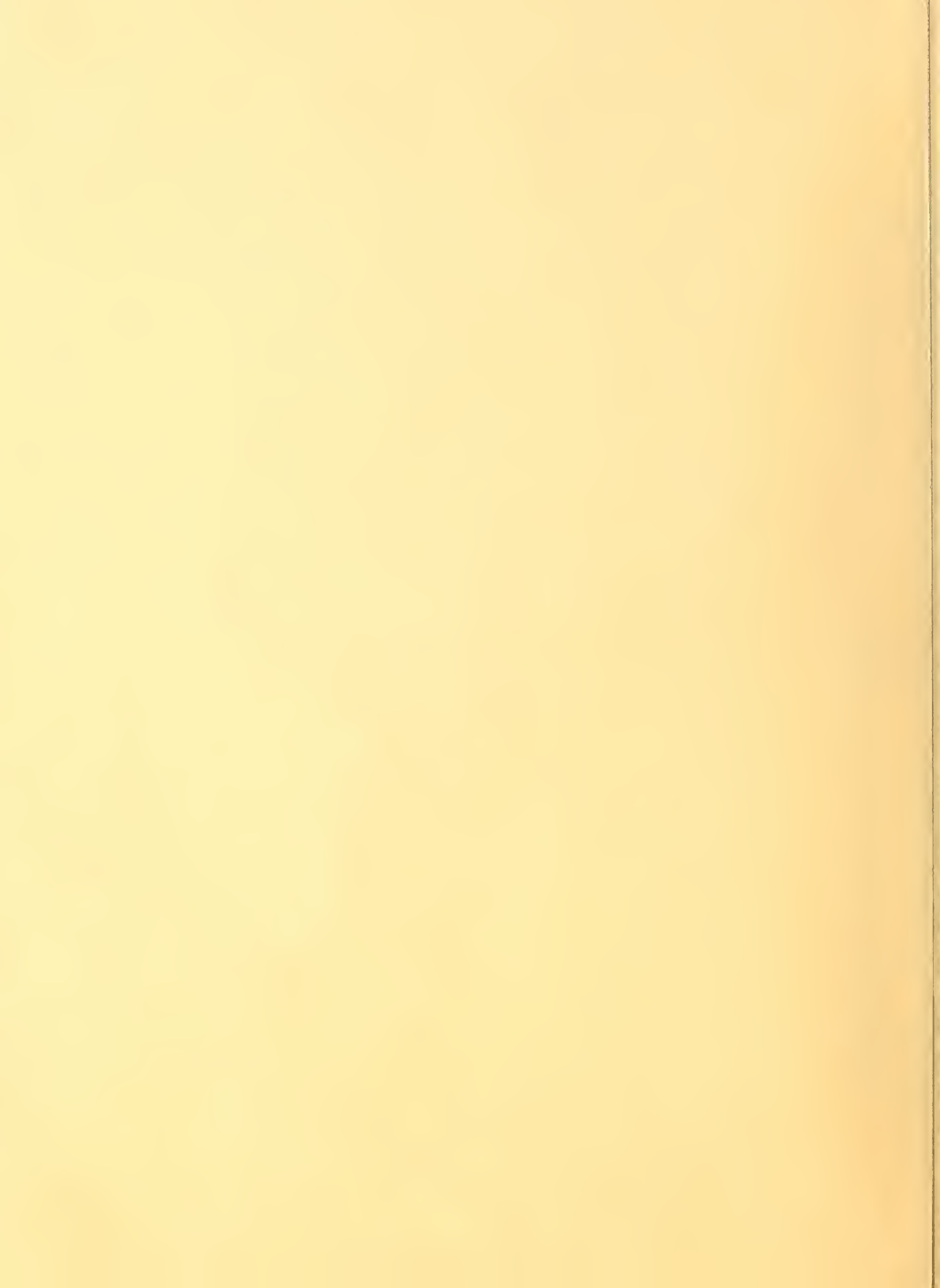
Girls who were not married, girls who taught school, like me, at least had their parents. I had no one. Nakedly, fiercely, as I tramped, I thought, "I have nothing. Nothing at all! I'm an old maid school teacher, that's what I am!"

I had never even had a sweetheart. Mother had been bedridden for years. Taking care of her left me no time for friends. She died the winter before Patty moved across town to the house next door. In my absorption with Patty's children, I hadn't made other friends. Besides, even the principal of our school, Eben Waters, and the few younger men on this street, had all gone into service long ago. Dully, I thought, "I've never been pretty. So maybe if there hadn't been the war, I wouldn't have had a sweetheart . . ." It was a frightening thought. Why did it come now, when I'd never thought such things before? Now that Paul Simmons was home, what had happened to me? Oh, I must start over, I must make a new life for myself.

In the morning, Eddie didn't race through the gap in the hedge to walk to school with me. Usually, he thrust out his shoes. "Polished just like the Army!" he'd say proudly. "Clean blouse. Clean nails!"

I waited ten minues, reluctantly going out at last. The shades were still down, in the Simmons house. (Continued on page 87)







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As I had taught them, they washed themselves conscientiously, scrubbing gravely at grimy knees and asking me, "Is my neck clean enough?"

While they soaped, I tried to shut out of my mind the unwilling pictures of Patty Simmons, these two years she'd lived here. She had let misery rule her. But she'd be different, now!

It had tormented me, that she had been so careless with her burdens . . . not seeing that the dull, heavy stone whose weight she bore, the stone of responsibility, was like an uncut diamond. She might have been gloriously wealthy, cutting facets with courage, with gaiety, with qualities of mind and heart, that would have enriched her every day. Companionship with her children, laughter, interest in Eddie's alert, growing mind, in Gilly's craving for love, might have rewarded Patty with a gleaming gem of happiness.

But she had not seen, she had not understood. Or was it because I had never loved a man, that I could not understand the depth of Patty's panic, carrying on alone?

I'd pitied her, the first day I'd seen her, surrounded by wailing little Eddie, the baby in her arms, as the moving men brought in her furniture. I had always known responsibility. I reveled in being strong! It was pleasant to pitch right in, help her bring order and livability into the old house. I marketed for her, on my way home from the school where I'd been teaching since I was twenty.

Patty was pathetically grateful—and she leaned on me. "Paul doesn't know how it is for me."

"Oh, never write him about this!" I cried. I soon discovered that Patty had no system, less self-discipline. On days when she felt she couldn't bear making beds, she didn't make them. Her meals were slapped together without forethought. She was always running out of salt or flour or milk. Often, Eddie had no clean underwear, because Patty hadn't gotten around to the washing. Washed clothes to be ironed stayed in the willow basket in the kitchen for days. Evenings, I plugged in the iron myself and did a few pieces while Patty talked.

"I ought to be ashamed, letting you do it!" she admitted. "But I hate housework. And lately, I don't have any energy. Oh, it's like—well, like being in prison, and feeling all the juice, the strength, just oozing out of me."

Discontent could do that. But I couldn't bear to tell her that. "What you need is a movie!" I laughed. "Run along, I'll stay with the kids."

I encouraged her to make friends with the young women on our street, but Patty complained, "The ones who have their husbands safe at home don't understand—and the ones whose husbands are away all live home with their parents. I don't belong anywhere!" She burst into tears.

I comforted her. "Why don't you read more, Patty? Look, let's take the children on a picnic, Sunday."

But she had no patience with their racing around. "Eddie, don't bother me!" she said, when he brought her a bedraggled bunch of dandelions to admire. She dragged Gilly out of the clump of bushes behind us. "Look at you! All dirty! Oh, I don't know



*Ask me to supper," Eben said. "Best way in the world to get on the right side of the strict new principal!"*

how I'll ever wash it out! It's disgusting!"

After that, I took the children on picnics alone. I gave Patty a rest, and it was fun for me. But that was all in the past! With Paul home, there would be family picnics.

"We're dry!" the boys called. I tucked Gilly into bed first. "G'dnight, Aunt Monda." His arms were sweet around my neck.

Eddie, in the other bed, whispered, "My tooth feels so good I a'most forgot about it! Aunt Monda, do you think Daddy will come up and say goodnight?"

"Of course, darling! I'll call him."

I leaned over the bannister. "Patty! Mr. Simmons."

"Listen to her, Paul!" Patty's giggle came. "Calling you Mr. Simmons!"

As the tall, khaki clad figure came up the stairs, I said steadily, "I've simply got to leave, now."

His big brown hand stretched out. "I know just what Patty means when she says she couldn't have managed, without you." His eyes were so warm! "It's a fine thing, to know how swell folks at home were to a guy's family. I did worry." He grinned, and his tired face became boyish, appealing, so much like Eddie's it startled me. "See you tomorrow, Miss Woods."

From the step below, Patty put in, "You're as bad as she is, Paul! Miss Woods! Call her Monda!"

"Well, Monda, then."

"You call him Paul!" she said imperiously.

"Goodnight, P-Paul."

Her hand was on his arm, possessively, as they watched me go down the stairs. Outside, the September night seemed cold. All the fullness I had joyed in—the happiness, I knew sickly now, I had only borrowed—was gone. Feeling more alone than I'd felt since the night my mother died, I could not bear my own empty house. I walked down the quiet street, the lighted windows of the houses on each side somehow mocking. Families behind each window! Men, and women . . .

Girls who were not married, girls who taught school, like me, at least had their parents. I had no one. Nakedly, fiercely, as I tramped, I thought, "I have nothing. Nothing at all! I'm an old maid school teacher, that's what I am!"

I had never even had a sweetheart. Mother had been bedridden for years. Taking care of her left me no time for friends. She died the winter before Patty moved across town to the house next door. In my absorption with Patty's children, I hadn't made other friends. Besides, even the principal of our school, Eben Waters, and the few younger men on this street, had all gone into service long ago. Dully, I thought, "I've never been pretty. So maybe if there hadn't been the war, I wouldn't have had a sweetheart . . ." It was a frightening thought. Why did it come now, when I'd never thought such things before? Now that Paul Simmons was home, what had happened to me? Oh, I must start over, I must make a new life for myself.

In the morning, Eddie didn't race through the gap in the hedge to walk to school with me. Usually, he thrust out his shoes. "Polished just like the Army!" he'd say proudly. "Clean blouse. Clean nails!"

I waited ten minutes, reluctantly going out at last. The shades were still down, in the Simmons house. (Continued on page 87)



# Part of my

**T**O a woman marriage means more than just living with her husband. It goes beyond loving him, too. And it includes more than admiration and fondness and understanding. If you are a woman, you discover that marriage is a merger with the man you love—a partnership to which you dedicate the precious inside *dreamer* part of you and into which your husband takes the innermost secrets of his personality.

It took so much to make me know that there is an intangible permanence about marriage which separation cannot destroy. I had a feeling that I could end my marriage as easily as I could quit an unsatisfactory job. But I found out that wasn't possible. I couldn't any more erase those years—the good ones and the bad—that I spent with Tommy than I could deny my love for our little four-year-old Diane.

I can see plainly why our marriage changed from a bright and shining, hopeful thing to something quite different, something that became tarnished with distrust and dissatisfaction. But when I decided to separate from Tommy, I couldn't see what was wrong. I know now that it takes two to make a quarrel just as it takes two to have a love affair. But then I knew only that I was unhappy, that I was no longer satisfied with my marriage to Tommy.

Maybe all happiness is relative. I mean, maybe you're not really unhappy some of the time. Perhaps you're just not as happy as you were at some time in the past, and so you seem unhappy. I think that's the way it was with me. I compared my five-year-old marriage with the bright and glowing days we had in the beginning. And, naturally, our everyday married life paled in comparison to that early ecstasy.

I suppose everyone thinks that her love affair is different from anything that ever happened before. I know I thought Tommy's and mine was blessed with a special kind of magic. And looking back on it, I still think it was. You see, I never had known anyone like Tommy in my life. My father and mother and older sisters believed that life was a serious business and that success in anything was achieved only through hard work. And Tommy didn't abide by their rules at all. "Laugh and the world laughs with you" was his code, and he lived by it.

I remember the first day I ever saw him. I was filing grace no-

tices in the big insurance office where I worked, when I first heard Tommy's voice, that gay, happy voice that was to echo always in my heart.

"Hello, there," Tommy said, "where do you pay premiums around here?"

"You came in the wrong door," I told him. "The main office is in 519."

I waited for him to leave, but he didn't turn around.

"This isn't the right place," I explained again.

"For me it is," he said, looking intently into my eyes. "You're here."

Perhaps there isn't such a thing as love at first sight. I guess love has to be cared for like a precious flower, being nurtured always by respect and courtesy. So what Tommy and I felt that first day probably wasn't honest love. But there was an electric something between us right from the very beginning. We just looked at each other and liked what we saw, and in the weeks that followed we looked at each other often and liked what we saw more all the time. Tommy pierced the serious *outside* shell of me and unloosed the fun and gaiety that had been bottled up so long inside. I learned to laugh and to dance half the night and to sing just from the song that was always in my heart. I found out what it was to wear crazy hats and spend money foolishly and walk in the rain in my best new suit. Tommy was teaching me the luxury of joy, and I liked what I was learning. And yet all the time I kept thinking in the back of my mind, "This is fun, fun, FUN—something to remember always. But still this isn't right for everyday living. This is the frosting—not the cake, itself."

We were married six months after that day we first became conscious of each other in the insurance office. Tommy borrowed a car from a friend of his and we toured the Southland on our honeymoon. That two-week trip was a magic carpet to romance. We speeded over smooth highways in that glorious, pre-war world, laughing and singing as we discovered more and more reasons to love each other. It was as heady as champagne—that little drop of time—a golden, glorious, bubbling

## A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

Inspired by Leonard St. Clair's radio play, "The Modern Woman", on CBS' Stars Over Hollywood, Saturdays, 12:30 P.M. E.W.T.

*Some marriages can be undone by words, some by separation. But Mary's marriage was not like these; the part of her heart that she had given to Tommy was his forever*

experience which I will never forget. But it was too exciting for everyday living—I knew that even while I was enjoying every moment of it.

I was the one who wanted to cut our honeymoon short. I began to worry about the money we were spending. And on the tenth day of our trip, I suggested that we leave for home.

"Tommy," I said at breakfast in the hotel dining-room in a sleepy little town in Mississippi, "let's don't go farther south. Let's go home."

"Home?" Tommy asked in amazement. "Why, I can be away for another week. Aren't you having fun?"

"Of course, darling," I told him, "but fun isn't everything."

"What's more important than fun?" he asked, smiling.

"Getting things for our home—planning for the future. Tommy, please," I insisted, "I want to go home."

"We'll have years to be at home," he argued.

Years to be at home! The words excited me. Years to be at home with Tommy. I wanted to go back to begin making our little apartment a home. I wanted to cease spending money on this trip and save it for things for our home and our life together.

"Please, Tommy," I begged, "I have so many things I want to do at the apartment. Slip covers and curtains and things like that."

I won, and we went home—home to the little apartment which I concentrated on right from the



*heart*





beginning with dutiful intensity. I brightened our living-room with chintz curtains—I painted the second-hand diningroom suite we got at an auction—I braided a soft rug for our bedroom. I studied cook books and borrowed recipes from my friends. I was determined that I should be a good wife in every way. That I was confusing house-keeping with homemaking right from the beginning I didn't realize until a long time afterward . . .

Tommy was working as a salesman for a wholesale grocery company when we first were married. He didn't tell me much about his job, although I often asked about it.

"Don't you worry your head about that," he answered me. "You're doing enough here at home."

After we had been married about five months, Tommy lost his job, but he didn't tell me about it. It was like him to leave each morning at the same old time and stay





away until it was late enough to come home for dinner.

"I didn't see why you should be worried, too," he told me after I found out about it at the butcher shop.

I'll never forget that day. I was watching the butcher wrap up a slice of ham for a casserole Tommy especially liked, when the man in white asked, "Did your husband find anything yet?"

I didn't know what he was talking about.

*Life was a serious business to my family; I had never before known gaiety like Tommy's.*



"Did my husband find what?" I asked him, wondering.

"A job," the butcher answered. "He said you'd be in to pay your bill as soon as he found that new job. I'm not worried about it, I told him. That husband of yours has a lot on the ball, lady."

I'll never forget walking the two blocks back to the apartment that day. For the first time in my life I knew what it was to be really afraid. I had to make an effort to pick up my feet and put them down again. Tommy didn't have a job. I didn't know how many bills we owed or how far in debt we'd gone. And I was angry at him for not telling me—for letting me go on spending money and buying things just the same as ever.

Tommy came in that night and he was whistling. I waited until after he had kissed me before I mentioned the news I had heard.

"Tommy," I said, "they told me at the butcher shop that you didn't have a job."

"They lied to you," he answered gaily. "I do have a job. I got one today." He was excited and happy and I found that I was losing my fear and that my heart was pounding with sudden joy and quick relief.

"It's a better job than the last one," he said, "so everything worked out."

"Weren't you ever going to tell me?"

"Sure—I was going to tell you tonight," Tommy answered, "now that I've got another one."

"But why didn't you tell me before?" I wondered aloud.

"It was bad enough to go through it alone—it would have been twice as bad if you'd been worried, too."

"But Tommy, that's what your wife is for—to share your troubles," I insisted.

Then he told me something that I should have recognized as wisdom right then, but which didn't mean anything to me until years afterward.

He said, "That isn't what my wife is for. I want you to share my joys. I can take trouble alone."

"Oh, Tommy," I said, "that's silly. Whenever you're worried again, you tell me about it."

**T**HE next year we had Diane, and I became bound more closely to home than ever. Tommy began to complain that we were chained to the new little bungalow we were buying. And he didn't seem to try to understand my attitude about the baby. Diane was very precious to me and I was afraid to trust her with anyone else. She was so tiny and so dainty that I was afraid she would break. And I was so thankful for such a perfect little baby that I wanted to care for her by myself.

My mother-instinct was exaggerated, I suppose, but still I wasn't so very different from all mothers of first babies. I wanted my baby to be perfect—so perfect that I was way too conscientious. I was afraid of spoiling her or getting her off-schedule, so I wouldn't let Tommy rock her or play with her except for a few minutes a day—and always at a certain time. Instead of relaxing with her and enjoying her, I made a chore of my baby. But I wouldn't listen, when Tommy tried to talk to me about it.

"A baby shouldn't be this much trouble" he used to say. "Look at the Allens—they've got three, and she still goes to dances with Jack—and they get out to the movies. Why, their kids don't stop them from having fun."

"We'll have time for fun when Diane is older," I insisted.

"You can't just turn off fun the way you do a faucet and then turn it back on in five or ten years," Tommy said.

His insistence on fun began to annoy me and I found myself believing more and more that my parents had been right—that life was something to be taken seriously. And I was sure I was doing the right thing in my job as a wife and mother. Wasn't it a mother's duty to care for her child? Wasn't it a wife's duty to care for her home? What I *didn't* see was that a husband shouldn't be something that comes along *with* the home.

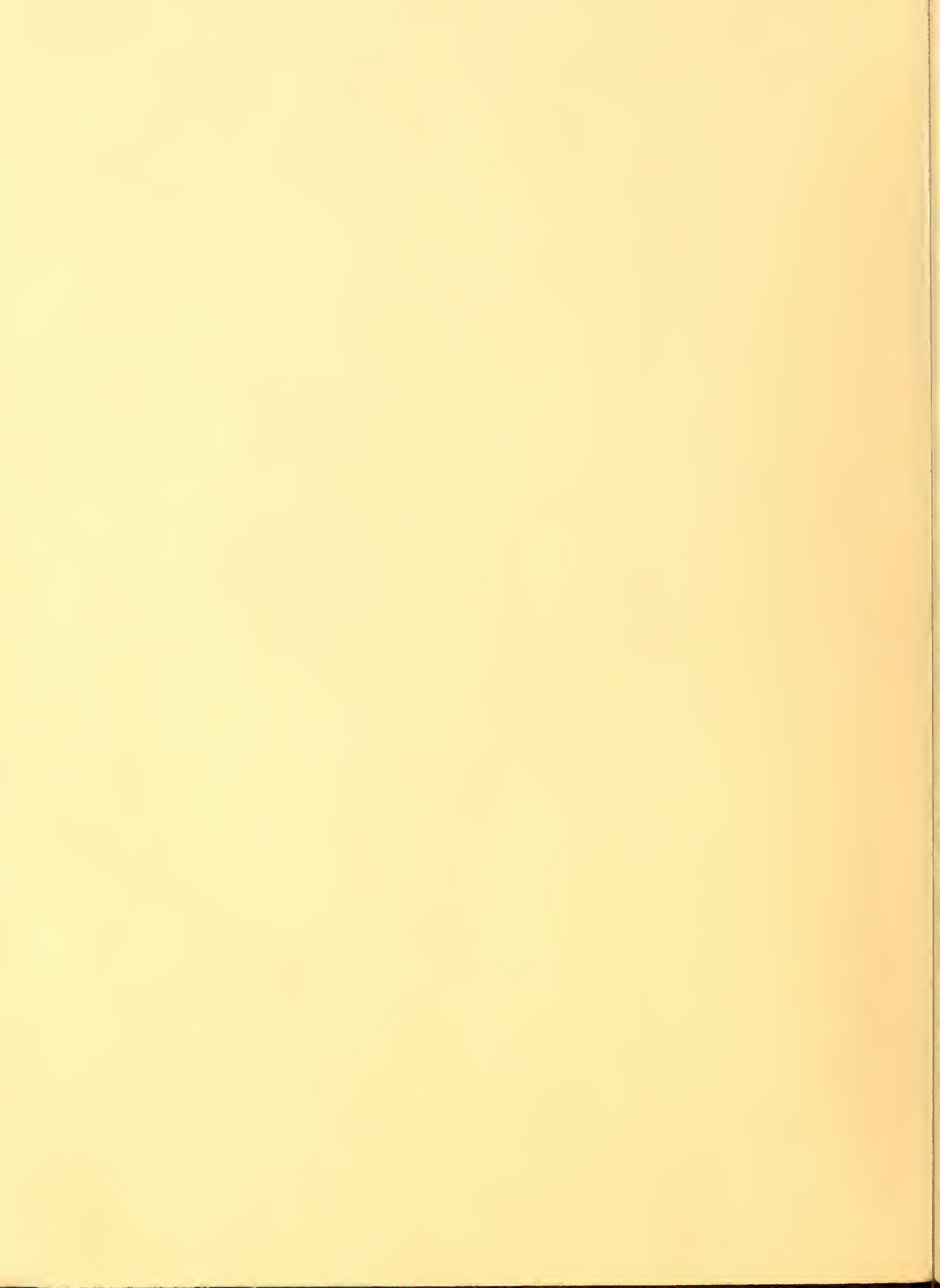
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But I wouldn't listen to him. I said for the first time then what I was to say many times again, and what I was to regret forever.

*(Continued on page 69)*







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(Continued on page 69)





# Young Doctor Malone

*The story of a wife who knew that marriage does not simply grow, but must be built into strong, deep happiness by intelligence and loyalty*



ANN MALONE's nursing experience is being put to good use during an emergency in her husband's office, but her truly important work lies in being the kind of wife Jerry Malone needs. Her calm ability to face facts, her devotion and clear-sightedness, have many times cleared difficulties from her husband's path.

(Ann Malone played by Barbara Weeks)

JERRY MALONE is a fine, conscientious doctor and a devoted husband and father. But his emotional life is not always as well-balanced as his professional, because he tends to dramatize personal problems too much. He relies on Ann's courage and good sense, and on the deep love between them, for stability and help.

(Jerry Malone played by Carl Frank)





*Young Dr. Malone on CBS, Monday through Friday at 1:45 P.M. EWT*





*JILL is the Malones' year-and-a-half-old daughter. Bright and energetic because she is Jerry's child, pretty and full of personality because she is Ann's, Jill has transformed the young married pair into a real family whose lives center around her and each other.*

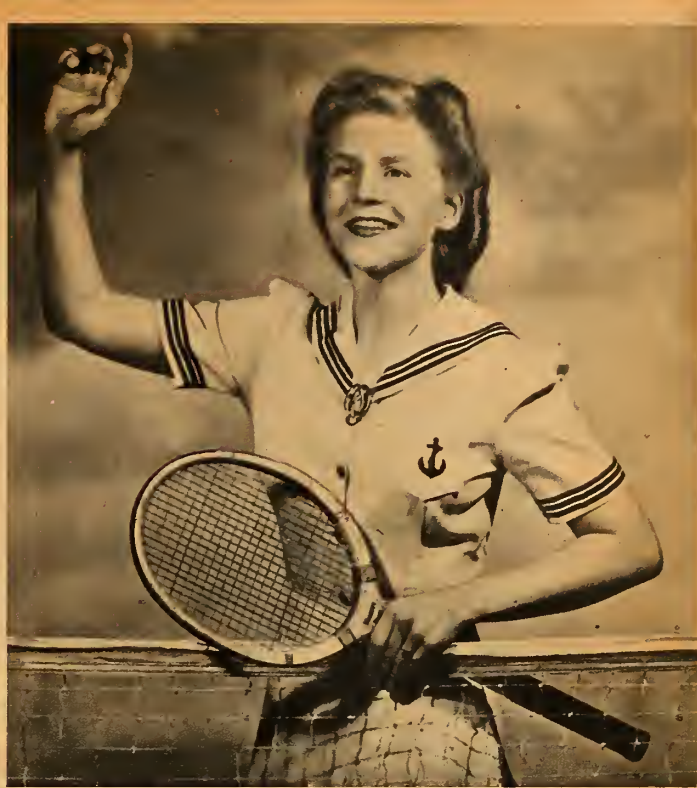


*LUCILLE CRAWFORD, Dr. Crawford's second wife, could have a happy, serene life if she would give up her pathetic attempt to remain girlish, and become instead the mature woman that, in years, she is.*  
(Janet McGrew)



*DR. SEWELL CRAWFORD is Jerry's loyal friend. Because he conceals kindly understanding under caustic words, one must look to his actions for the key to his truly gentle, perceptive, kind character.*  
(Paul McGrath)





**DAVID CRAWFORD**, the spoiled twenty-five-year-old son of Dr. Crawford's first marriage, is using his honorable discharge from the Army as an excuse for sponging on his father, annoying his stepmother, and making as much trouble for as many other people in Norwall as possible.

(Jack Manning)




**CHRISTINE TAYLOR**, a young English girl visiting the Malones, fell in love with David Crawford. Healthy-minded, well-brought-up, revelations of the wrong-doing in David's past brought Christine closer to heartbreak than she had ever been before in her unsophisticated nineteen years.

(Betty Pratt)

**MARIE DUNCAN**, feeling unwanted in her brother's home, has developed a sense of inferiority that keeps her unhappy and badly adjusted.

(Marie Duncan played by Pattee Chapman)





*I looked up, and he was smiling. Like a black curtain, the fear had dropped away from me. I could stand alone now.*

## THE STORY:

**T**HAT June, when I was nineteen, it seemed as if the whole rest of my life were neatly laid out before me, ready for the living. I was about to marry Don, one of the Henry twins who lived on the ranch nearest ours; we would live the sort of life we loved—ranch life—raise a family, and leave behind us a richer heritage for our children and our children's children, just as all the Henrys had done since pioneer days.

But from the day that Duncan, Don's brother, and a geologist, came home from the East, things began to happen to upset that wonderful life-plan of mine. On that day, my Mother died. That left me without family, except for my cousin Helene, for Dad had died years ago. Of course, the marriage was postponed. Don and Duncan were a

double tower of strength to me during that time. But an even greater blow was in store. Mr. Timm, Mother's lawyer, came to the ranch to read Mother's will—a Mr. Timm who seemed unusually nervous and upset. After listing a few simple bequests to Helene and to the ranch hands, Mr. Timms paused, and then began again. "And to my legally adopted daughter, Joanne Deming, I—"

I was stunned, I was not Joanne Deming at all, but an adopted child! Who was I—how would this affect my relationship with Don, who believed of people, as he believed of the cattle he bred, that fine bloodlines, a known, untainted heritage, were the most important things in life!

I awoke next morning out of an exhausted, stupor-like dream to a world

that had turned itself upside-down. Just at first, in that brief, drugged moment between sleeping and waking, there was only the usual anticipation that a new day had always brought to me. This was my room; there was the same sloping ceiling under the log eaves, the same apple-green painted walls, the chintz curtains I had made myself three years ago. It was all familiar . . . all the same. The very bed I slept in was the old fashioned sleigh bed that Great-grandfather Deming had brought with him by covered wagon from Illinois.

And then memory thrust itself into my consciousness with arresting sharpness. He was not my Great-grandfather Deming. I was not Joanne Deming, except by grace of a legal paper. There were no ties of blood between me and





*Overshadowing every other feeling was this knowledge of Joanne's that her name and identity were borrowed—that she had no more roots than the tumbleweed that drifted along, unwanted, with every turn of the wind*

# *I believe in you*

the others who had slept in this same bed. I didn't belong here. With feverish haste I dressed and hurried downstairs.

But it was no better there. Everything seemed strange and out of place. The pain in my heart came between me and hunger. I pushed away the breakfast Manuel so solicitously placed before me . . . perhaps I could think better outside, away from the house.

And for the moment, looking across the valley plains to the high, eternal hills, I felt a certain peace. Out here things remained the same and Copper whinnied his invitation for a gallop just as he did every morning through the bars of his corral. They had nothing to do with the frailties of human beings—the hills and the Palomino and the dusty roads and the sweep of plain and valley. Only I was changed.

I knew that I was being morbid. But the terrible sense of loss, of being deprived of everything that had made me a complete, sustained and well-adjusted individual, clouded my thinking. For the first time I realized what it meant to stand alone . . . to be an outsider. Overshadowing every other feeling was this knowing that my name and my identity were borrowed and that I had no more roots than the tumbleweed that drifted along before me now, in the road, catching hold of a fence post—rolling loose—unwanted—blown along with every gust of wind.

It would have been easier if I could have blamed someone; hated someone for this thing that had happened to me. But I could only remember, humbly, the love and the devotion Mother had showered on me. She had given me twenty years of happiness and I was

deeply grateful—more so, since now I knew I had been a waif she had taken in. But there was a shadow between me and her memory; I was not as close to her as I had been.

"Is breakfast ready?" I turned to find Helen beside me, her blue-satin housecoat incongruous against the rough bark of the log-walled veranda. She yawned again. "Golly, it's cold 'out here so early in the morning. Let's go inside. What are you going to do today, Joanne? I think I'll wash my hair."

I looked at her in amazement. From her words and tone this might have been any morning when the two of us planned our day over the breakfast table. Had she forgotten? Only now did I admit to myself that I had been prepared to have Helen gloat over my misfortune. Although we had grown up together, still I had been the favorite daughter, and Helen the cared-for niece. Now the tables were turned. It would have been only natural for her to want to impress upon me that she was the only real Deming and I was an impostor.

**M**Y FACE must have gone blank because she halted and looked at me with puzzled eyes. Then their expression changed—to sympathy. "Oh, Joanne . . . I'm sorry. I forgot. But you mustn't feel too badly. It isn't that important."

Just as when Duncan had said "Nothing is changed," so now, with Helen's indifference, I felt the sinister fear easing. But only for a second. Then I realized that she was no test; Helen was too indifferent to anything that didn't concern her own comfort; she was too lazy for malice.

With old Jud I did feel a difference. Perhaps it was my own sense of insecurity that made me hesitate and stammer when I talked to him, but it seemed to me, in my new humiliation, that his attitude was different and that he didn't trust my judgment as he had before. I was glad when our short morning's discussion was over and I could escape.

It was only ten o'clock when Duncan rode over. I saw him come with relief—at least we could make plans and get some action started.

But Duncan was angry.

"That brother of mine has some crazy notion in his head that you and I should play detective! Go digging around in the past and get some respectable family names for you! As if it would matter to you—now. Even if we did discover who your real parents were, do you think you could suddenly transfer your affections to them, instead of the Dad and Mother you've known all these years?"

I couldn't answer. What he said was true, but it was harsh and brutal and it made my desire to know the truth seem cheap and inquisitive. His keen eyes searched my face.

"So that's it," he said, with contempt. "Don is afraid of what other people might think of you, and you are afraid of what Don, himself, thinks." Angriily he pounded one bronzed hand into the palm of another. We were sitting, the two of us, perched on the top rail of the corral watching Sandy Hill break in a new colt. "No—that's not entirely fair. I'm fond of my twin brother and I know he isn't a coward. It's just those obsessions of his with the purity of bloodlines and with eugenics. But I







I looked up, and he was smiling. Like a black curtain, the fear had dropped away from me. I could stand alone now.



#### THE STORY:

THAT June, when I was nineteen, it seemed as if the whole rest of my life were neatly laid out before me, ready for the living. I was about to marry Don, one of the Henry twins who lived on the ranch nearest ours; we would live the sort of life we loved—ranch life—raise a family, and leave behind us a richer heritage for our children and our children's children, just as all the Henrys had done since pioneer days.

But from the day that Duncan, Don's brother, and a geologist, came home from the East, things began to happen to upset that wonderful life-plan of mine. On that day, my Mother died. That left me without family, except for my cousin Helene, for Dad had died years ago. Of course, the marriage was postponed. Don and Duncan were a

double tower of strength to me during that time. But an even greater blow was in store. Mr. Timm, Mother's lawyer, came to the ranch to read Mother's will—a Mr. Timm who seemed unusually nervous and upset. After listing a few simple bequests to Helene and to the ranch hands, Mr. Timms paused, and then began again. "And to my legally adopted daughter, Joanne Deming, I—"

I was stunned. I was not Joanne Deming at all, but an adopted child! Who was I—how would this affect my relationship with Don, who believed of people, as he believed of the cattle he bred, that fine bloodlines, a known, untainted heritage, were the most important things in life!

I awoke next morning out of an exhausted, stupor-like dream to a world

that had turned itself upside-down. Just at first, in that brief, drugged moment between sleeping and waking, there was only the usual anticipation that a new day had always brought to me. This was my room; there was the same sloping ceiling under the log eaves, the same apple-green painted walls, the chintz curtains I had made myself three years ago. It was all familiar . . . all the same. The very bed I slept in was the old fashioned sleigh bed that Great-grandfather Deming had brought with him by covered wagon from Illinois.

And then memory thrust itself into my consciousness with arresting sharpness. He was not my Great-grandfather Deming. I was not Joanne Deming, except by grace of a legal paper. There were no ties of blood between me and

the others who had slept in this same bed. I didn't belong here. With feverish haste I dressed and hurried downstairs.

But it was no better there. Everything seemed strange and out of place. The pain in my heart came between me and hunger. I pushed away the breakfast Manuel so solicitously placed before me . . . perhaps I could think better outside, away from the house.

And for the moment, looking across the valley plains to the high, eternal hills, I felt a certain peace. Out here things remained the same and Copper whinnied his invitation for a gallop just as he did every morning through the bars of his corral. They had nothing to do with the frailties of human beings—the hills and the Palomino and the dusty roads and the sweep of plain and valley. Only I was changed.

I knew that I was being morbid. But the terrible sense of loss, of being deprived of everything that had made me a complete, sustained and well-adjusted individual, clouded my thinking. For the first time I realized what it meant to stand alone . . . to be an outsider. Overshadowing every other feeling was this knowing that my name and my identity were borrowed and that I had no more roots than the tumbleweed that drifted along before me now, in the road, catching hold of a fence post—rolling loose—unwanted—blown along with every gust of wind.

It would have been easier if I could have blamed someone; hated someone for this thing that had happened to me. But I could only remember, humbly, the love and the devotion Mother had showered on me. She had given me twenty years of happiness and I was

deeply grateful—more so, since now I knew I had been a waif she had taken in. But there was a shadow between me and her memory; I was not as close to her as I had been.

"Is breakfast ready?" I turned to find Helen beside me, her blue-satin housecoat incongruous against the rough bark of the log-walled veranda. She yawned again. "Golly, it's cold 'out here so early in the morning. Let's go inside. What are you going to do today, Joanne? I think I'll wash my hair."

I looked at her in amazement. From her words and tone this might have been any morning when the two of us planned our day over the breakfast table. Had she forgotten? Only now did I admit to myself that I had been prepared to have Helen gloat over my misfortune! Although we had grown up together, still I had been the favorite daughter, and Helen the cared-for niece. Now the tables were turned. It would have been only natural for her to want to impress upon me that she was the only real Deming and I was an impostor.

MY FACE must have gone blank because she halted and looked at me with puzzled eyes. Then their expression changed—to sympathy. "Oh, Joanne . . . I'm sorry. I forgot. But you mustn't feel too badly. It isn't that important."

Just as when Duncan had said "Nothing is changed," so now, with Helen's indifference, I felt the sinister fear easing. But only for a second. Then I realized that she was no test; Helen was too indifferent to anything that didn't concern her own comfort; she was too lazy for malice.

Overshadowing every other feeling was this knowledge of Joanne's that her name and identity were borrowed—that she had no more roots than the tumbleweed that drifted along, unwanted, with every turn of the wind

# I believe in you

With old Jud I did feel a difference. Perhaps it was my own sense of insecurity that made me hesitate and stammer when I talked to him, but it seemed to me, in my new humiliation, that his attitude was different and that he didn't trust my judgment as he had before. I was glad when our short morning's discussion was over and I could escape.

It was only ten o'clock when Duncan rode over. I saw him come with relief—at least we could make plans and get some action started.

But Duncan was angry.

"That brother of mine has some crazy notion in his head that you and I should play detective! Go digging around in the past and get some respectable family names for you! As if it would matter to you—now. Even if we did discover who your real parents were, do you think you could suddenly transfer your affections to them, instead of the Dad and Mother you've known all these years?"

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can't understand why you care so much."

I took a long time answering. How can you explain these shaking, lonely fears inside of you? Slowly, I chose my words.

"Yesterday I was something—somebody. I had a continuity from my grandmother and my mother, from my father, to me and to my children. My children and Don's. I can't marry Don without. . . ." I was nearly crying.

His face softened and Duncan pushed a strand of hair out of my eyes in an odd, fumbling, comforting gesture.

"How do we start, Joanne?" And his voice had a quality, almost of intimacy, that made my heart lift.

"I found a baby locket upstairs in the attic and it has some initials engraved on it," I told him, eagerly. "The only thing—I can't be sure whether they're JTS or JST. It might not even be mine, but it will be a start for us." Too, I was thinking of the long afternoons a year ago when Don and I would come back from a ride and find Duncan sitting in close conversation with Mother. Surely he would know something—!

And there was a guarded look about his eyes as I talked, that made my heart leap, that made me sure he *did* know something. Otherwise, certainly, he would have denied it flatly.

It was a little while before he spoke. Finally—"All I have are fragments. I never asked your mother, even after she told me you were adopted. But she did say things . . . oh, like being surprised your hair had become so dark brown when so many in your father's family had red hair. Things like that. But it will take time to remember and for us to put these things together. If you want to come with me tomorrow, we can talk. I start work in the morning over at the Red Rock."

He slid his lean length off the rail. "But—remember. I'm against all this. To me, it's unhealthy and dangerous . . . digging around in the buried past. You might get hurt. You aren't looking for a family to love, to fill a place in your heart. You're looking for a family name to give you a standing in the world."

His words turned me to ice. And when he had left I stretched out on the sofa in the living room, unable to control the sick shaking inside of me. *I might be hurt!* Duncan's words had brought the fear I had been restraining

close to the surface. What if there had been shame and dishonor in my birth?

Don was afraid, too. I knew that, in spite of—or perhaps because of—the vehemence with which he had denied the possibility. Now, when I needed him most, he was as frightened as I. The strong, reliant Don Henry I had always known, who could handle a loco steer or break the wildest horse, was helpless before this danger that threatened his most cherished and stubborn theories.

**A**LL that day while I went about my work like an automaton, the certain horror deepened until I thought I couldn't stand it. Queer visions floated before me—of faceless people and strange, desperate words and weeping, of whispers that had floated above my cradle twenty years ago and that had remained to haunt me now. With Helen in the room, or with Jud or Sandy outside, I could control my thoughts momentarily, but when night came and Jud went to his own rooms in the bunkhouse and Helen and Sandy went into Indian Wells for a movie, I was alone and at the mercy of my fears.

The silent house seemed bigger, emptier than I had ever known it. I was unable to sit still; I wandered, with dragging feet, from room to room—seeking some place where there was comfort and peace. But I didn't find it. Instead, the agony inside me grew and grew until every object I touched seemed to repulse me.

There were the old gold-framed oval paintings of Thomas Henry Deming and his good wife, Sarah, in the old-fashioned clothes of the pioneer days. I could not help but feel that their painted eyes had seen my coming here; that they knew the truth about my birth and its unspoken secret; that their eyes were stern and disapproving.

In the sewing room—the "glory hole" as Mother used to call it, laughing—there was a mirror and I saw my face reflected there, white and drawn. Perhaps my fevered imagination read things there that weren't real—but I could not look away. Did my chin, rounded and soft, show signs of weakness? And my mouth—was it thinner, laxer—now that it had no color, now that it trembled when I looked at it? And my eyes—there were queer flecks in them, but whether they came from the tears I had shed or from an unsteady mind behind them, I didn't know. I turned from myself in desperate fear.

But it did no good. I was haunted by this new picture of myself—the picture of a girl whose mind and body came from unknown antecedents and in whom might lurk weaknesses and dark taints and I-knew-not-what treacherous inheritances.

My father . . . *what were you? Were you a gay, laughing, strong-shouldered man who had loved that unknown woman who had been my mother? Or was there cruelty in your eyes when you courted her—and left her? Were you glad when you knew I was coming? Or did you hate my*

*mother—and me? Who—what—were you?*

I could not even imagine my mother. The name meant only the remembrance of Mother Deming, quick-moving, gently-smiling, tenderly-sweet. That other woman had no meaning for me.

I undressed in the dark, with shaking hands that fumbled with button-holes and tore at my dress. And when I was in bed I lay staring into the darkness—the unfriendly, whispering darkness.

I must find my way back to comfort and sanity again. Marriage to Don meant that—it represented everything that would prove to me that the world was normal again. It would prove that the shadow had passed me by. The boy and girl we had been together, Don and I, the calm, sensible, happy relationship between us that we had planned for our future—I clutched at these, trying to find my way back there again.

But, strangely, it was the memory of Duncan's unsympathetic brusqueness that finally banished the ghosts from my mind and let me sleep.

Early as Duncan arrived the next morning, I had been up hours before and had Copper saddled, the water canteens filled and a lunch packed. I knew that Duncan's geological field work might keep us away all day.

We rode out in silence. I couldn't tell from his non-committal face whether Duncan minded my coming along, or not. His eyes seldom strayed from the road in front of us, only lifting now and then to look appreciatively around him at the countryside. It was an enchanted morning and the hills seemed to stand out like sentinels, each rock and bush outlined, against the sparkling sapphire of the sky. It was too early for dust, yet late enough for the morning's chill to be rapidly evaporating. The horses under us seemed to feel the thin, wipe-like challenge of the bracing air and they pranced along like colts.

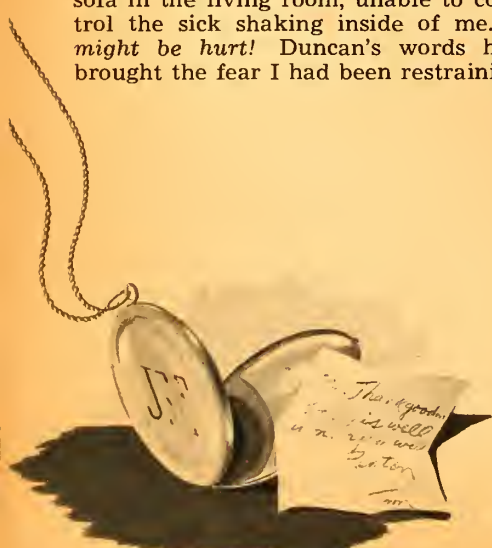
I wished, passionately, that there were no other reason for the ride than just the sheer pleasure of the day and the wind and the gallop. I felt an awkward embarrassment about broaching the subject, but I had brooded over it too long to talk of anything else. So, finally, I asked Duncan if he had thought over his conversations with Mother Deming and if he remembered anything.

"It's so important to me, Duncan," I pleaded. "I must know who and what I am."

He was smiling when he answered, but his eyes were intent and sober. "That's what I want to find out, too, Joanne—who you are and what you are. I *think* I know. I think you are strong and sure and honest and sweet and quick to feel. I think you are a woman any man would be proud to marry, just as you are, without caring who made up your family."

He had, somehow, taken my question away from me and twisted it so that I was confused again.

"But no one (Continued on page 56)





# No one but you

**O**VERLAND is not a very big city. It has a small business section surrounded by a spreading collar of residential district; it has three or four nice hotels, a couple of pretty parks, and one really good shopping street, Varick Avenue. The shops along Varick Avenue are every bit as handsome as the New York stores you see pictured in big, slippery magazines—sleek, dignified shops, their wide, arched windows settings for the display of beautiful dresses and furs and jewels. There's a tea shop or two, and these are settings also—for the women who can afford to shop on Varick Avenue, who can order a seventy-five-dollar dress at Hudson's, and casually say "Charge it."

I loved Varick Avenue. Walking along it, window shopping, I would forget that I was Diana Gleason, who lived in a plain little house in a plain little neighborhood, who earned twenty-two dollars a week in an insurance office and who, if she lived to be a hundred, would never earn much more. I became instead a glamorous creature of my own imagination, a Diana Gleason who owned a mink coat and a blue fox jacket, who wore simple little black dresses like the one in Hudson's window, and who met her husband for dinner at the Regent Hotel on maid's night out. It was there that my imagination stopped, tripped by one unalterable fact. The imaginary husband I met always had dark hair, and gray eyes with a smile in their depth and an underlip that pouted forward when he was thoughtful. My imaginary husband always looked exactly like Tommy Lewis—and even in my dreams I was aware that I couldn't marry Tommy and also be one of the women who shopped on Varick Avenue. Tommy would never be rich. He had a job at the Hillside Nursery, Tree Surgeons and Landscape Contractors, and



*Varick Avenue—its expensive restaurants, its exclusive shops—was the essence of living to Diana. Even after she married Tommy, Varick Avenue beckoned to another world—and disaster*



he worked less for his salary than because he loved his job. He didn't want to find a better job, because to Tommy restoring a rotted tree or plotting a lawn was the best work anyone could possibly have; he didn't even want to own his own nursery. "Too many headaches," he would say, grinning lazily at me. "Too much bookkeeping and figuring. A fellow gets enough of that as it is. Don't you worry, honey, I'll always have enough to get along on, and enough to put aside for a rainy day, and enough to have fun with. What more could I want?"

That was Tommy's idea. Tommy's wife would always be comfortable and cared for—both Tommy's wife would be a little shabby, too, after the children came and money was needed for their clothes and their schools. It was significant that Tommy didn't say, "What more could you want?" He knew what I wanted. I'd grown up with him, and he knew my every thought, my every dream. He knew how I felt when we walked, at my request, along Varick Avenue on our way to the movies. He knew, and he laughed at me for it. "You don't really want those things, honey," he told me one night. "You just think you want them."

**HIS** calm assurance made me furious. "How do you know so much about me?" I demanded. "How can you say I don't want—well, that suede bag, for instance?"

Tommy just laughed. "Because if you really wanted it," he said, "you'd do something about getting it. You wouldn't go along just wishing, like a kid at Christmas time. You'd carve out a career for yourself, like Jennie Stors, or you'd marry someone with money, like Vee Nelson."

I sniffed. I knew Jennie and Vee, and I didn't envy them. Jennie was twenty-four, two years older than I, but she looked closer to thirty. There was a sharp vertical line between her eyes, and she wore glasses from studying so much, and she was always too busy to go out with the crowd. And Vee—Vee's husband was nearly three times her age, and he had a paunch and pale, watery eyes. I shuddered, and when Tommy took my arm, I moved a little closer to him. "How about it, honey?" he whispered. "Why don't you forget about being Mrs. Moneybags and marry me? We'd be so happy—"

I knew it. With Tommy holding me close to his side, with his head bent so that his cheek nearly brushed mine, I knew that I could be happy with him. But then I reminded myself that that kind of happiness, the Tommy-and-I kind of happiness, didn't last. It didn't last after you had to pinch pennies, when you had to wear the same old coat four years running. "No," I said sharply. "No, Tommy, no—"

He said no more about it for the rest of the evening. But when he left me at my door, he kissed me hard and long, as he'd never kissed me before, kissed me until there was no breath left in my body, until I had no will of my own. Then he released me and walked away, leaving me shaken to

the core of my being, and afraid.

I was afraid of the way I felt about Tommy, afraid of the way my senses leaped at a look from him, afraid of his touch, afraid of his kisses.

That was one reason why, a few days later, I quit my job at the insurance company and went to work at Ravel's Restaurant. The other reason came of thinking over what Tommy had said about doing something to get what I wanted, and realizing that he was right. I had been childish in my dreaming; I'd expected a fairy godmother to give me the things I longed for. I didn't consciously say to myself when I took the job at Ravel's cigarette counter that I was taking it to meet the men who came into Ravel's for lunch and for dinner, the well-to-do businessmen of Overland and the smart young men who had the cream of the jobs in town. I told myself just what I told Tommy. "Ravel's pays five dollars a week more," I said, "and the work is more interesting. I'm tired of being stuck in a filing room with a lot of dusty statistics."

Tommy was silent; then he gave me a little lop-sided smile. "You took me seriously, didn't you honey? I hope you remember that you're not Vee Nelson."

I flushed. It was unkind of him to remind me that it was at Ravel's that Vee had met the wealthy man she married. "I don't know what you're talking about—"

He laughed; then he rose and bent over to kiss me lightly. "Oh, yes, you do. Try your wings, sweetheart, and I'll see you when you quit that job."

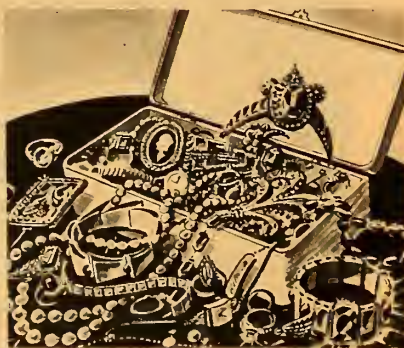
My heart felt as if it had been dipped in ice water; my voice came out tight and thin. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that you're not taking a job; you're making an experiment. My being around might confuse the issue."

"That's not true!" I flared. "You just don't like my going to work there—"

Tommy shrugged. "Maybe." He was already turning away. "But there's nothing I can do about it except to say that I'll be here when it's over."

Numbly I watched him go. There was nothing else to do. Easy-going, good-natured as Tommy was, he had a stiff core of pride. He would not argue; he could not be drawn out and made



*No One But You* was inspired by a problem presented originally on John J. Anthony's program, heard daily at 1:45 P.M. EWT, on Mutual

to defend himself or his point of view.

Tommy kept his word, and I didn't see him at all after I started work at Ravel's. I missed him, but I would have missed him a great deal more if it hadn't been for the excitement of my new job. It was fun, after having been shut up in the rear office of the insurance company, to stand behind the shining glass counter at Ravel's, to be greeted by the customers as they came in, to joke with them and to be paid extravagant compliments. I enjoyed the attention, and with one exception I didn't mind that they meant no more than that they were pleased to be served by a pretty, smiling girl. The exception was Justin Clark.

Justin was different from the others. He wasn't married, and he was young—in his early thirties—and something in his laugh, in the way his hair grew back from his forehead, reminded me of Tommy. He didn't joke all the time as the other men did; he talked pleasantly, asked how I was as if he were really interested. I found myself thinking of him as the nice Mr. Clark, and then as Justin, found my eyes wandering toward his table in the diningroom—and the old dream of being a woman who shopped on Varick Avenue changed a little, and it was Justin I met for dinner at the Regent Hotel on maid's night out. In the long, warm summer evenings, when I was through work early at Ravel's and there was nothing to do but go to the movies with my young brother, I longed for Tommy, but the mornings brought a sense of anticipation, and thoughts of Justin. Perhaps today Justin would ask me to go out with him, and the dream could begin to come true. Perhaps tonight he would take me to dinner. . . .

But Justin didn't ask me out. He continued to be pleasant, to stop to chat with me, but not once did he suggest that I see him outside Ravel's. And then one night there was a bachelor's dinner at the restaurant, and I was asked to work late. Justin was one of the men who filed past my counter into the private diningroom, and while I served the few late-staying regular customers, I watched the closed double doors of the private diningroom, and listened to the sounds of talk and laughter, and dreamed. I dreamed that one of these days the same crowd would be giving a bachelor's dinner for Justin, and I would be the bride-to-be. I would have a two-carat diamond engagement ring, and of course I would buy my trousseau on Varick Avenue. I'd have that blue suit at Crane's for a going-away dress (it would be just right with my mink coat, and my wedding gown would come from Hudson's. . . . I was trying to decide between a cap and a circlet for the veil, when the doors of the private diningroom opened to admit a gust of laughter—and Justin. He came toward me, walking carefully, carrying a slim-stemmed goblet. "Hi, Diana!" he called. "I brought you some champagne. I told the fellows that Diana had to celebrate, too—"

My heart leaped and then dropped sickeningly as (Continued on page 95)



*I could bear the silence no longer. I crept into his arms. "Tommy, please—"*





Henry and Homer, late as usual, start off one of those frantic Aldrich Family days. (Henry played by Raymond Ives, Homer, Jackie Kelk.)



*Will our  
Children  
be ready?*

**I**T seems that there are still emergencies. I've just come from an emergency meeting at Henry's High School. And I'm upset, upset enough to sit down like this and try to do something about it. If I wait too long, I might stop being so upset and think of many reasons for not trying to do my share. I could say to myself that I'm not an educator, not an expert, not a professional propagandist and, perhaps, it would be better to leave this sort of thing to these better equipped people.

But, right now, I'm an upset mother. And I want to stay upset long enough to say a few things and maybe have those things reach a lot of other mothers.

Our heads and hearts have been full of the war for a long time, now. That's as it should be. That was the big job facing us. The war, with all the needs and sacrifices it brought, had to be fought and won. Certainly, all of us, as a nation and as individuals, have done everything in our power to bring about the victory over our enemies





*We've been fighting, working, praying for peace.*

*But have we let our children make a mistake  
that will make peacetime harder for them than war?*

By MRS. SAM ALDRICH

to live decently, in good houses, with more labor-saving devices, with much more time for the fun of living. I want science to develop so that all people can be helped to live healthy, happy lives.

I'm not being an idealist about this. The possibilities for this kind of a world exist. The groundwork has been laid for it. But, if we have learned nothing else out of the events of the last few war-torn years, we should have learned this—that nothing, not peace, not prosperity, not security, not progress, nothing depends on a few wise men. Everything depends on the people. The people—the old and the young.

As I see it, the future, the kind of world for which so many of our finest young men have given their lives, will belong to the young. It will be their world, to make of it what they will, to build it, to shape it to suit their needs and desires. And that's what I'm so upset about. Will our youth be prepared to take its place in the world of tomorrow?

Tonight, at the school, some appalling, frightening facts were read to us. I'm going to be blunt about those facts. That's the best way to make them hit home, I think.

Since 1941, the enrollments in our high schools have fallen off by over one million students. As a nation, we're back where we were in 1934 as far as the number of children attending high schools is concerned. Think what that means! We're going backward, instead of ahead. We're losing all the progress that was made through hard years of fighting to raise the general educational level of our country, progress that was a justification for democratic methods.

*Radio mother to the maddening Henry since 1939, attractive Katharine Raht knows all about adolescents. She was a teacher before switching her talents to the theater and radio. The Aldrich Family is heard Fridays, 8:00 P. M. EWT, CBS.*

For generations, forward-looking people struggled to spread education in this country, to develop a more and more intelligent population which can cope with the modern world and all its problems. By 1940, we had reached the all-time high of 7,244,000 enrollments in high schools. And a fairly large percentage of these more than seven million students could be counted on to go further to higher schools.

And then came 1941. Since that year, fewer and fewer children have been returning to their high schools each fall. The loss, as I said before, has been over a million so far.

Long ago, the people who were interested in youth and in the preservation and extension of democracy, recognized that as the world moves forward, life gets more complicated. Jobs get more involved and demand more skills and more knowledge to acquire those skills. The plain business of living in a town, or a city, or as a citizen of a nation demands more and more understanding. The simple matter of getting along in every day life today is a much more complex matter than it was twenty years ago, thirty years ago. Think of the mechanical devices people have to be able to use today—radios, cars, refrigerators, airplanes, electric stoves, electric irons, electric mixers, harvesters, combines, machines of all descriptions. Even though it may never occur to us, just learning how to use these things demands a higher degree of education than was needed in the old "horse and buggy, icebox, and gaslight" days.

And, if this is true of today, how much more true will it be of the future? How much more will be required of all people, if they are to be ready to take their part in the plans that are already being made for tomorrow's living?

There are enough young people running in and out of my house for me to have some ideas about what has happened. It's too easy to say that it's all because of the war. That is only a part of it, I think.

I know that in many places, boys and girls of high school age were encouraged to take jobs to help in the war emergency. (Continued on page 63)

which is so hearteningly close now.

After the meeting tonight, though, I'm beginning to wonder whether we haven't tended to lose sight of the real issues for which we were working and fighting. Haven't we, perhaps, lost sight of the forest for the trees? Is it possible that all the thousands of immediate and pressing tasks and responsibilities that the war posed have blinded us to the realities for which we were fighting the war?

Peace. Of course, that's what we want. But that's only a word. It's what peace stands for, what it means in terms of living tomorrow, that we have to keep in mind. I have ideas about peace. I know what I want it to be and what kind of a world I want it to produce and keep.

I have a son. He has not had to fight in this war. I want the peace to be such that he will never have to fight in a war. I want the world to be such that he will never even have to think about the chances of having to go to war. I want the world to be a good place in which to live. I want all people









and Homer, late as usual, start off one of those frantic Aldrich Family days. (Henry played by Raymond Ives, Homer, Jackie Kelk.)



*We've been fighting, working, praying for peace.  
But have we let our children make a mistake  
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be ready?*

IT seems that there are still emergencies. I've just come from an emergency meeting at Henry's High School. And I'm upset, upset enough to sit down like this and try to do something about it. If I wait too long, I might stop being so upset and think of many reasons for not trying to do my share. I could say to myself that I'm not an educator, not an expert, not a professional propagandist and, perhaps, it would be better to leave this sort of thing to these better equipped people.

But, right now, I'm an upset mother. And I want to stay upset long enough to say a few things and maybe have those things reach a lot of other mothers.

Our heads and hearts have been full of the war for a long time, now. That's as it should be. That was the big job facing us. The war, with all the needs and sacrifices it brought, had to be fought and won. Certainly, all of us, as a nation and as individuals, have done everything in our power to bring about the victory over our enemies

which is so hearteningly close now.

After the meeting tonight, though, I'm beginning to wonder whether we haven't tended to lose sight of the real issues for which we were working and fighting. Haven't we, perhaps, lost sight of the forest for the trees? Is it possible that all the thousands of immediate and pressing tasks and responsibilities that the war posed have blinded us to the realities for which we were fighting the war?

Peace. Of course, that's what we want. But that's only a word. It's what peace stands for, what it means in terms of living tomorrow, that we have to keep in mind. I have ideas about peace. I know what I want it to be and what kind of a world I want it to produce and keep.

I have a son. He has not had to fight in this war. I want the peace to be such that he will never have to fight in a war. I want the world to be such that he will never even have to think about the chances of having to go to war. I want the world to be a good place in which to live. I want all people

to live decently, in good houses, with more labor-saving devices, with much more time for the fun of living. I want science to develop so that all people can be helped to live healthy, happy lives.

I'm not being an idealist about this. The possibilities for this kind of a world exist. The groundwork has been laid for it. But, if we have learned nothing else out of the events of the last few war-torn years, we should have learned this—that nothing, not peace, not prosperity, not security, not progress, nothing depends on a few wise men. Everything depends on the people. The people—the old and the young.

As I see it, the future, the kind of world for which so many of our finest young men have given their lives, will belong to the young. It will be their world, to make of it what they will, to build it, to shape it to suit their needs and desires. And that's what I'm so upset about. Will our youth be prepared to take its place in the world of tomorrow?

Tonight, at the school, some appalling, frightening facts were read to us. I'm going to be blunt about those facts. That's the best way to make them hit home, I think.

Since 1941, the enrollments in our high schools have fallen off by over one million students. As a nation, we're back where we were in 1934 as far as the number of children attending high schools is concerned. Think what that means! We're going backward, instead of ahead. We're losing all the progress that was made through hard years of fighting to raise the general educational level of our country, progress that was a justification for democratic methods.

*Radio mother to the maddening Henry since 1939, attractive Katharine Ruht knows all about adolescents. She was a teacher before switching her talents to the theater and radio. The Aldrich Family is heard Fridays, 8:00 P. M. EWT. CBS.*

For generations, forward-looking people struggled to spread education in this country, to develop a more and more intelligent population which can cope with the modern world and all its problems. By 1940, we had reached the all-time high of 7,244,000 enrollments in high schools. And a fairly large percentage of these more than seven million students could be counted on to go further to higher schools.

And then came 1941. Since that year, fewer and fewer children have been returning to their high schools each fall. The loss, as I said before, has been over a million so far.

Long ago, the people who were interested in youth and in the preservation and extension of democracy, recognized that as the world moves forward, life gets more complicated. Jobs get more involved and demand more skills and more knowledge to acquire those skills. The plain business of living in a town, or a city, or as a citizen of a nation demands more and more understanding. The simple matter of getting along in every day life today is a much more complex matter than it was twenty years ago, thirty years ago. Think of the mechanical devices people have to be able to use today—radios, cars, refrigerators, airplanes, electric stoves, electric irons, electric mixers, harvesters, combines, machines of all descriptions. Even though it may never occur to us, just learning how to use these things demands a higher degree of education than was needed in the old "horse and buggy, icebox, and gaslight" days.

And, if this is true of today, how much more true will it be of the future? How much more will be required of all people, if they are to be ready to take their part in the plans that are already being made for tomorrow's living?

There are enough young people running in and out of my house for me to have some ideas about what has happened. It's too easy to say that it's all because of the war. That is only a part of it, I think.

I know that in many places, boys and girls of high school age were encouraged to take jobs to help in the war emergency. (Continued on page 63)



# A dream to share

*The quiet dream in Jim's heart almost died there, because he thought he was the only*



stopping at the next house on my route without further instruction.

"Time for the feed bag, Doady," I can say, and that wonderful horse will head for the stables. Once he hears that signal he won't stop for anything and I can just imagine him conjuring thoughts of breakfast, getting more anxious and hungrier as he speeds through the quiet streets with a triumphant air.

I talk to Doady all the time when I'm on the route, and it doesn't matter much whether he understands me or not. Some things I don't quite understand myself, and that's why I talk it over, out loud, with myself and Doady. He's a perfect audience, never answers back.

"Look, Doady," I'll say, "another beautiful morning. Another dot in the continuous line of life. You just can't tell, Doady, where the line started, and where it will end. It reminds me of my geometry in high school, Doady. Life is like a straight line; nothing more than a series of points. Do you follow me, Doady?"

The best I'd ever get in reply from my favorite horse was a turning of his head until those big, chocolate eyes of his gazed at me, and I'd imagine he was saying; "... let's go, Jim Brown, you dreamer. There's work to be done. Twenty-one more streets to deliver milk to. Time's a wastin', Jim Brown."

Sure, I knew I was a dreamer; knew it since I was a kid. That was one reason why I took the job with the milk company. I loved to get up early in the morning, or the middle of the night, and watch the meeting of the light and the dark. There was something dramatic about the new day's arrival that never failed to leave me with the feeling that I had witnessed something more beautiful than the

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Doady might talk too much, and that would be bad. He might, for example, have the wrong slant on Vera. He might think I made a big mistake in acting the way I did when Vera and I went different ways, and it wouldn't be Doady's fault for taking things for granted. You see, Doady doesn't know

all the facts, either. I'll tell them to you, and you'll see what I mean.

To begin, I'm a milkman. My route runs over the eastern corner of Tillary, a city of fifty thousand middle-class people who work mostly in the factories that turned out aluminum kitchenware during peace time and airplane parts for the war. Doady pulls my milk wagon and I guess he's one of the more intelligent animals in the stables of the Tillary Dairy Company.

"Make with the clop-clop, Doady," I can say, and he will trot down the street,





*dreamer in the world*

most skillful of stage presentations. If the day was to be sunny my mood was mellow; if the skies were clouded I'd pretend it was the opening scene of some melodrama; and the props and scenes were appropriate to my imaginations.

"Wind from the northeast, Doady. Rain. Clouds. Thunder. No lightning. This is a light drama. No death in this one, Doady; just a story of unhappiness with a good solution in the end. Maybe sunshine later in the day."

Or it would be: "Snowflakes, Doady. Sharp winds and sound effects. A story of rugged courage among the pioneers of America. New England stuff, Doady."

There was another reason why I took the job with the milk company. It had to do with my leg. The Navy doctor who took the chunk of shrapnel from it had the right idea, and when I got back to the States and stayed at the Marine Hospital for four months, waiting for the muscle to knit, the medico there said the same thing.

"In a few years you'll have no trouble, Brown," he said. "But you've got to give that leg plenty of exercise. No desk job, Brown. Get out of doors; walk and walk and walk. Don't give it a chance to stiffen up."

It seemed like a long time ago, but it was only six months. It seemed like a long time, but I could remember that little island in the Pacific just as plainly as anything; and the day I got the shrapnel was one I'll never forget. Six of us going over a hill to find some little yellow men, knowing we had to find them first; if they found us it would be too bad. We knew that.

A beautiful morning. First rays of the sun shooting like fire through the ocean sky. Roar of the surf in the distance, and the booming guns to remind us the battlewagons were behind us. A sudden growl of mortars and the earth around us vibrates as it begins to rain steel on every side. Falling flat on our faces. Digging into the sandy soil with our toes and our fingernails.

*That day was different. I closed my eyes and saw Vera's face; a cricket chirped nearby, but Vera's voice was there too.*







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The clatter of machine guns, not ours; and the sudden yell of Tommy Miller on my left.

I didn't like to think about the rest of the day. It hurt my body and my brain to think about it. But the thought did occur to me when my leg collapsed under me, ". . . the little yellow men found us first. They saw us before we saw them!"

**E**ACH of the six of us was hit, and Tommy Miller was down for keeps. They dragged us away to safety after a while, but the whole world had changed for us during the first five minutes of battle. We were out of it, and Tommy was out for keeps.

I often thought of Tommy and the funny things he used to say. He had a girl somewhere who must have been wonderful. Tommy called her "Rolly Eyes," and he had a funny way of talking about her; he could get you laughing about that girl in no time. And because I had no steady girl back home, it was particularly enjoyable for me to hear him talk about "Rolly Eyes."

You couldn't say I was a happy guy when they handed me my discharge papers; yet I knew I was lucky to come off with just a leg injury. And the milkman's job was, you might say, just what the doctor ordered. I loved it right from the start, and my leg showed remarkable improvement after only six months. Why, you could hardly notice the limp; and the only time it really bothered me was during nasty weather.

So you see there were compensations in my job besides the good pay. The atmosphere was grand for a war veteran and the Tillary Dairy Company was just about the nicest outfit any fellow could work for; so it was no wonder I was happy.

But happiness, they say, is never really complete. It's as though you are always trying to add that extra sugar-coating or frill to it; and I guess in my case I wanted to meet the right girl. And the sooner the better. The right girl, I told myself, would fix me up for life. Not that I had entertained the thought of being a milkman all my days; there were supervisor jobs and managerial positions I might hold some day. But for the time being, while my leg was not completely healed, I knew darn well I'd be all right covering a milkman's route.

"What do you think the girl will look like, Doady?" I said aloud one morning as we came down St. John's Hill. Doady didn't even turn around to look at me; he was enjoying the slight slope that gave him a chance to run a little faster. He seemed to want to break into a genuine gallop whenever he came over the crest of the hill, and I had to hold him back.

"The right girl, Doady," I continued, reining my chestnut-colored friend as we neared the corner of Maple Street, "will be something special. She will have special hair and special complexion and she will be special from head to toes. Don't ask me any more about it, Doady, for that's all I know about her; except that she might come special delivery."

As the milkwagon swung around the corner on its rubber wheels I saw a lone figure coming down the street. It was natural for me to observe any person, man or woman, on the streets in the early morning because there were not many people up and about at that time. And as I thought about it later I remembered there was an unusual setting for the picture. The warm June sun was spread like a comfortable carpet on the sidewalk and the girl I saw was walking right into the sun. Her face was bright with sunshine and her stride was as graceful as anything I'd ever seen. She wore slacks and carried a lunch box, and I knew right away she must work in one of the big war plants.

I didn't have to rein Doady over to the curb; he stopped automatically in front of the right house, Number Twenty-Three Maple. I took the bottle container and climbed down, and the girl came right up to the house and turned in.

"Morning," I said, without giving myself chance to hesitate, "aren't you Mary Miller?"

She stopped for just a second, smiled at me and said, "No, I'm Vera Wagner." Then she went inside.

It was a triumphant moment for me, Jim Brown. I delivered my milk and climbed aboard the wagon.

"Doady," I exulted, "that was strategy, if you don't mind my saying so. We have met Vera Wagner, and is she something!" I wondered how I had ever got up nerve to strike up a conversation like that, but I wasn't the least bit mad at myself.

And the next morning I made my schedule fit so that I was right in front of Twenty-Three Maple when that special kind of girl came home.

"Morning, Vera," I called out when she was half-way down the street and I could see the smile break out on her face. She was laughing when she came up to me, and I saw her looking at the veteran's pin in my lapel.

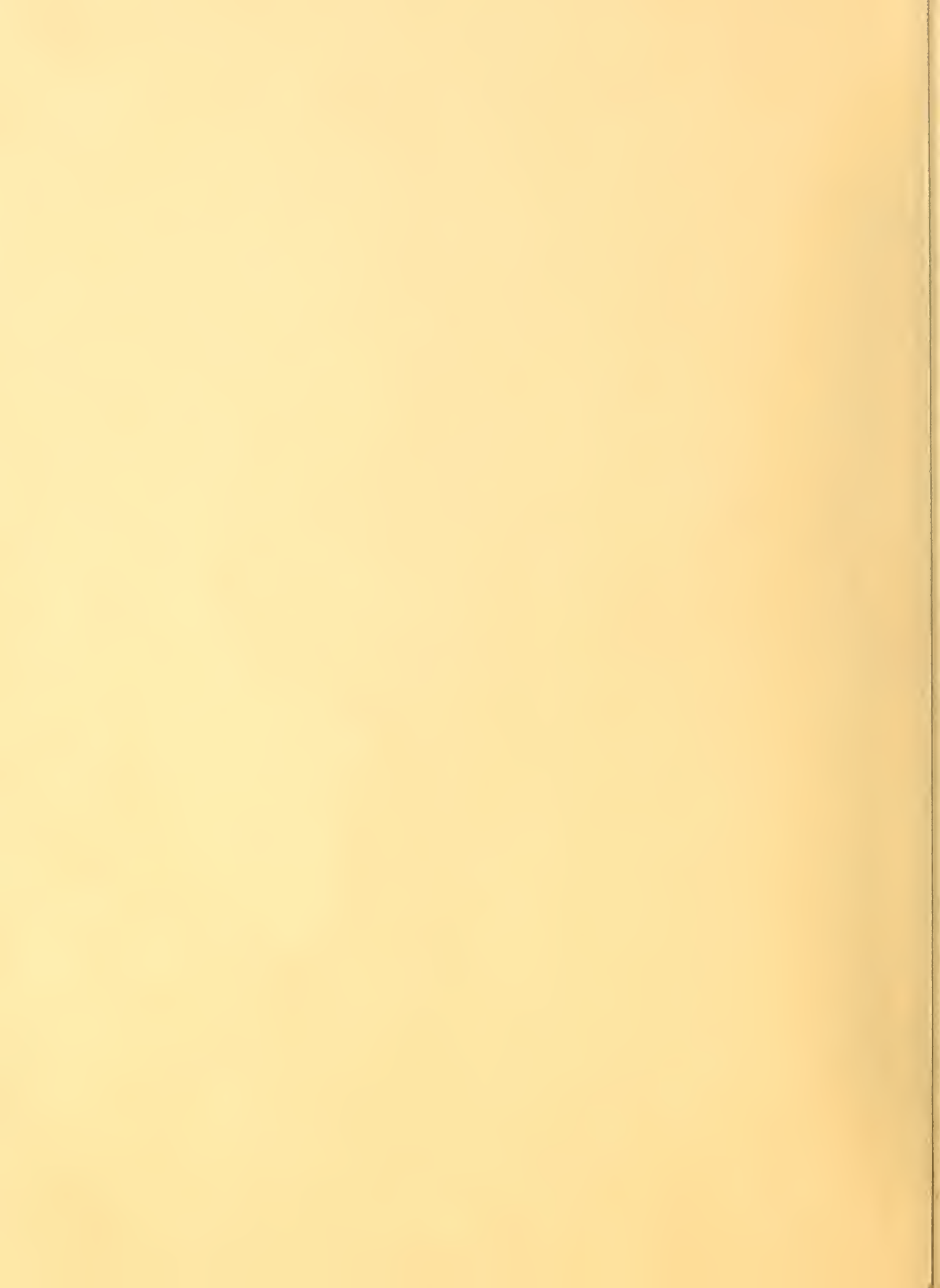
"That was pretty bright," she said, "making out I was somebody else so you'd learn my name. How long have you been delivering on this street?"

I told her it was a matter of months and her eyebrows arched, telling me she was surprised she hadn't seen me before. She sat down on the steps of the house for an instant and admired Doady; and do you know that horse-pal of mine actually looked pleased! You have to know horses to detect any emotion in their make-up, but I know Doady. Yet his pleasure could never have come up to mine.

So when Vera Wagner went into her house and I rode down the street in my wagon I found myself actually singing. A warm, happy sensation coursed through my veins and broke out on my lips. "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning" was the the unmusical result—I was definitely no singer. But no song ever sounded sweeter, nor did any song ever have more meaning than that tune on that day.

It was the same next morning, only this time Vera had a piece of sugar in her hand for Doady; and that old ham of a horse (Continued on page 73)









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*Jimmy and Rita had to get married, They were in love, first of all. The future looked wonderful. And then there was that house, the white house on the hill that was determined to get the Carrolls to come to live in it*

**J**IMMY and I always agreed that if our love story were ever told, our house would have to get a leading part, so now that I'm setting out to tell it, the house is the first thing that comes to my mind. It's a white house on a hill and is approached by a long, winding driveway. None of these things, however, is what makes it so special—the secret of its importance is all mixed up with a boy's dream, a struggle for success, and a stubborn fate that insisted on having its own way.

It all started eight years ago. I was only 17, but belonged to a crowd of young people who gave marvelous parties. Our week-end get-togethers were famous for music and games and good

### By Mrs. JIMMY CARROLL

food. Someone brought Jimmy along one week-end, and soon he was an accepted member of the gang. Sometimes he'd show up with a girl, but mostly he came stag. Always he'd be kept busy at the piano, singing as many of our requests as he could. A lot of the girls thought he was terribly shy, but he was very friendly with me right from the beginning. I guess he thought that it was easier to talk to me because I was so young.

Anyway we went along for two years like that—a friendly, gay acquaintance. Then one rainy Sunday afternoon our

pleasant, impersonal relationship vanished, and it was as though we were meeting for the first time.

I can remember that afternoon clearly—every small detail. The rain was beating dismally at the window, but inside we had a blazing fire, lots of gaiety, and Jimmy leaning against the piano singing all our favorite songs. I was curled up on a sofa near the fire, a little apart from the others. Jimmy had just about sung his throat dry, but good-humoredly agreed to sing one more song. He began to sing "Love Walked In," and our eyes met and held. I don't know whether it was the atmosphere, my mood, or just the way love strikes you, but I was aware of a definite experience.

When the song was finished, he made his way over to me, and I found my heart beating surprisingly fast. It was very strange—after all, I was 19 now. I'd been modeling for a year, and considered myself very sophisticated. Yet here I was getting all excited because Jimmy Carroll sang a song to me.

He sat down and when he began to talk, I realized that he, too, felt stimulated and aware of something new and exciting between us.

"I want to tell you first," he said, "I've quit my job."

"Oh? Have you got something else lined up?" He was a buyer for a chain store and though it was understood that he was going to try and make a career of his singing eventually, I'd had no idea he was going to make the break then.

"No," he shook his head. "But I know I'll never get any place as far as my singing is concerned if I stay at the store. You have to be on call, for one thing, if you want to get a job in the singing field."

"But can you afford it?" I asked, getting practical. "I mean doesn't it cost a lot of money to study, and support yourself while making contacts?"

"Sure, sure it does," he agreed, "but, Rita, anything that's worth while is a gamble. I've saved some money, and if I don't go after the breaks now, I'll just stay right in the same rut. You have to go out and work for what you want. You have to be able to sacrifice—otherwise, I guess it wouldn't be worth it when you got it. Nothing is easy in life, but I want to sing—I know I can and I know I will."

There was something about the quiet, intense way he said that, that was com-



*Whatever it is that makes dreams come true, Jimmy Carroll has the knack of it. Otherwise, how could he and Rita and Jimmy Jr. be living in the house he's dreamed about since he was fifteen?*





*Jimmy Carroll, who gambled with his chain store career because he knew he could sing, found so many people who agreed with him that now he has his own three-times-a-week program on Columbia.*

# Haunting house—!

pletely convincing. He believed he'd make the grade, and from that moment on I believed it too. We kept talking about the things in life that were worth while—carefully, but inevitably, we approached the subject of love.

"I've never been in love," he said, studying the toe of his shoe. Looking at Jimmy's serious face, I knew that when he told a girl he loved her, he would mean it—it would be the real thing—the works.

"What kind of girl do you expect to say it to, Jimmy?" I asked. "Have you got any ideas?"

"I have no blueprint of her," he put his head back and gazed at the ceiling. "She'll be pretty, I hope. She'll love

me and I'll love her, naturally. She'll be interested in my work and encourage me. Some day we'll live in the country and have some very superior children." He smiled a little at himself. "Oh, I guess you can't decide what a person is like—you only know that the right one will be pretty super, and I think you know when it happens."

That last remark made me wonder. I'd thought myself in love several times, and I recognized the symptoms coming on right now. But somehow this was different—there was an enchantment about this. Perhaps that's too fanciful a word—anyway I felt a wonderful excitement, which was strangely enough accompanied by a

sense of peace and kind of contentment.

"If you're considering getting married," his voice cut across my thoughts, "I'm available."

I must have gasped audibly. I know I stared in utter amazement, unable to say a word.

"You're the first person I've ever discussed marriage with," he rushed ahead. "I love you, Rita, and I'm serious about marriage. I don't have anything to offer right now, but love." He leaned toward me earnestly. "It won't always be that way. I believe in myself—I want you to believe in me."

Somehow I recovered sufficiently to breathe, "When did you discover that you were in (Continued on page 65)





PORTIA BLAKE MANNING (played by Lucille Wall) is genuinely a woman of today. Though she believes her husband died in Germany, Portia, instead of surrendering to despair, has thrown her energies into her law practice and into raising her young son. In her life and in her personality Portia expresses the courageous, forward-looking spirit that will build for the future.

## PORTIA

*Here is the haunting theme that, each afternoon at 5:15 EWT, over NBC, raises the curtain on the latest events in the life of Portia Blake*

Lyric by PETER THOMAS

Music by LEW WHITE

POR - TIA's the strang-est kind of name

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POR-TIA's the name of some-one I love. But

The first system of music features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and chords. A triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) is marked with a '3' above it. The system concludes with a half note G4.

what's in a name when her kiss lights a flame so the stars hide in shame up a-

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line consists of a series of quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. The piano accompaniment features a consistent eighth-note bass line and chords. The system ends with a half note C4.

bove. POR-TIA's a dif-f'rent sort of a name,

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a quarter rest, followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. A triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) is marked with a '3' above it. The piano accompaniment continues with its eighth-note bass line and chords. The system ends with a half note C4.

but it sounds sweet and beau-ti-ful, too! So I'll spend my time in pray-ing

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. A triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) is marked with a '3' above it. The piano accompaniment continues with its eighth-note bass line and chords. The system ends with a half note C4.

I'll go thru life just say-ing, POR-TIA, POR-TIA, I love you.

The fifth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a quarter rest, followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. The piano accompaniment continues with its eighth-note bass line and chords. The system ends with a half note C4.





# Out of the FRYING PAN

If your family belongs to the fish-when-you-can't-get-meat group, experiment with new fish dishes that will be welcomed not merely as a substitute for the fast-vanishing steak, but for their own delicious, appetizing sake.



**I**T HAS been a long time since we have talked about seafood in this department—a serious omission since many of us are depending on it more than ever before. Fish has come out of the frying pan—there are numerous interesting variations. And with oysters in season, this is a good month to try a few new tricks.

## Oysters En Brochette

1 pint oysters, drained  
12 slices bacon, cut in quarters  
Arrange each oyster between 2 pieces bacon on toothpick. Place in pan. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Broil each side 3 minutes. Remove toothpicks. Serve on hot buttered toast. Sprinkle with lemon juice. Garnish with chopped parsley.

## Creamed Oysters

1 pint Bluepoint oysters  
3 tbs. butter or margarine  
2 tbs. flour 1 cup rich milk  
¼ cup drained cooked oyster liquor  
1 tsp. lemon juice  
½ tsp. salt Dash of pepper  
⅞ tsp. celery salt

Place oysters in saucepan. Melt butter in another saucepan. Add flour and stir to a smooth paste. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly. As sauce begins to thicken, place oysters over medium heat, cover, and cook gently 2 to 3 minutes. Continue cooking sauce, stirring constantly, 2 to 3 minutes. Drain oysters; measure ¼ cup oyster liquor. Add oysters, oyster liquor, lemon juice, and seasonings to white sauce, mixing well. Reheat. **Creamed Oysters and Mushrooms.** Saute ½ pound sliced mushrooms in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add to creamed oysters.

**Creamed Oysters with Curry.** Add ¼ teaspoon curry powder to Creamed Oysters with seasonings. **Oyster Fricassee.** 1 egg, slightly beaten, with 2 tablespoons light cream to Creamed Oysters.

## Fried Oysters

1 pint oysters, drained  
Flour Sifted bread crumbs  
1 egg, beaten with 1 tablespoon milk and dash of salt and pepper  
Roll oysters in flour, shake off excess, dip in egg mixture, then roll in crumbs.

Fry in deep fat (390° F.) until golden brown (about 1 minute). Drain. Serve with lemon sections or tartar sauce, or one of the tomato or chili sauces.

**Fried Fish Fillet.** Use fillets of flounder, haddock, cod, sole, etc. Roll fillets in seasoned flour. Fry in small amount of cooking oil in iron skillet 8 to 10 minutes, turning to brown both sides. **Broiled Fish Fillet.** Use fillet of flounder. Separate fillets, spread with softened butter or margarine, and season. Broil 12 to 18 minutes.

## Cod Baked with Vegetables

1½ to 2 pounds fillet of cod  
2 tbs. softened butter or margarine  
1¾ cups canned or fresh tomatoes  
¼ cup finely diced onion  
½ cup sliced celery  
½ tsp. salt 1 tsp. sugar  
Dash of pepper  
2 cups cooked vegetables, green beans, peas, carrots, etc.

Sprinkle fish with salt and pepper and place in buttered shallow baking dish. Spread with softened butter or margarine and sprinkle with paprika. Combine tomatoes, onion, celery, and seasonings and cook, covered, 6 minutes. Add remaining vegetables and pour around fish. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 35 minutes, or until done. Stir vegetables occasionally. If quick-frozen fillets are used, without thawing, bake 35 minutes or till done. Makes 5 servings.



**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.



# 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 ABC: News
		8:00 NBC: News and Organ Recital
		8:30 CBS: Four Clubmen
		8:30 ABC: Sylvia Marlowe, Harpsichordist
		8:45 CBS: Bennett Sisters
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 ABC: Blue Correspondents at Home and Abroad
	8:15	9:15 CBS: E. Power Biggs
5:00	8:15	9:15 ABC: 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 ABC: 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 ABC: Southernaires
7:30	10:30	10:30 NBC: Words and Music
	10:30	10:30 MBS: Radio Chapel
	11:00	11:00 MBS: Pauline Alpert
8:05	10:05	11:05 CBS: Blue Jacket Chohr
8:30	9:30	10:30 MBS: Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Invitation to Learning
	11:30	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 ABC: News from Europe
	11:00	12:00 NBC: The Eternal Light
9:30	11:30	12:30 ABC: Friendship Ranch
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 ABC: John B. Kennedy
	12:00	1:00 NBC: Voice of the Dairy Farmer
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC: George Hicks from Europe
10:45	12:30	1:30 CBS: Edward R. Murrow (from London)
	1:15	1:15 NBC: America United
10:30	12:30	1:30 ABC: Sammy Kay's Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: Chicago Round Table
	1:30	1:30 MBS: Sweatheart Time
10:15	12:45	1:45 CBS: Problems of the Peace
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Ford Show
11:00	1:00	2:00 MBS: Chapin Jim, U. S. A.
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Stradivari Orchestra
	2:00	2:00 ABC: Washington Story
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: John Charles Thomas
	2:30	2:30 ABC: National Vespers
11:55	2:55	3:55 CBS: Olin Downs
12:00	2:05	3:05 CBS: New York Philharmonic
	3:00	3:00 ABC: Kay's Canteen
	3:00	3:00 NBC: WEA World Parade
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: One Man's Family
	3:30	3:30 MBS: You Were Meant to Be a Star
	4:00	4:00 NBC: NBC Army Hour
	4:00	4:00 ABC: Darts for Dough
	4:00	4:00 MBS: You America
	4:30	4:30 ABC: Andrews Sisters Show
	4:30	4:30 CBS: The Electric Hour
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Tommy Dorsey—RCA Show
1:30	3:30	4:30 MBS: What's the Name of That Song
	5:00	5:00 NBC: NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Family Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Mary Small Revue
	5:00	5:00 MBS: Let's Face the Issue
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Nick Carter
	5:30	5:30 ABC: Charlotte Greenwood Show
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Six O'Clock
3:00	5:00	6:00 ABC: Radio Hall of Fame
3:00	5:00	6:00 MBS: Quick as a Flash
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: Catholic Hour
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: Men at Sea
3:00	5:00	6:00 MBS: Upton Close
3:00	5:00	6:00 ABC: Box Lollies
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: Report to the Nation
3:00	5:00	6:00 MBS: Dick Brown
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Opinion Requested
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Wayne King Orchestra
4:00	6:00	7:00 ABC: Don Gardiner, News
4:15	5:15	7:15 ABC: Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Rogue's Gallery
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Frances Langford, Spike Jones
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Blondie
4:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: Meditation Board
4:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: Raymond Moley
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Joe E. Brown
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Crime Doctor
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Tommy Dorsey and Co.
4:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Ned Calmer
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Radio Readers Digest
4:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: Steel Horizon
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Walter Winchell
4:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Hollywood Mystery Time
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Texaco Star Theatre, James Melton
4:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: Cedric Foster
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: American Album of Familiar Music
4:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: Jimmie Fidler
4:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: Dorothy Thompson
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Theatre Guild Series
4:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: Hour of Charm
4:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: Earl Wilson Show
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Meet Me at Parkey's
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: We the People
4:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: Who's the Good Word
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Bill Costello
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Cesar Searchinger
4:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: This is Helen Hayes
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Pacific Story



### PLATTER PROMOTION

Usually, radio performers go through a dozen auditions before they land a contract. Not so Marshall Young, the baritone on the Arthur Godfrey network program, heard Monday through Friday at 9:15 A.M. (EWT) over CBS. Young didn't even have to appear for his audition.

Godfrey was casting his show by recordings only. Larry Puck, a talent scout for CBS, had heard Marshall sing at the Palmer House in Chicago and phoned the singer to send him a recording—if he had one.

That was simple for Marshall. He had lots of recordings. He's a self-trained singer. He learned by listening to records made by headliners, and then made dozens of recordings of his own voice. The learning came over a number of years of playing back his own records and criticizing them and perfecting his style to suit his own liking.

Marshall is twenty-eight years old, and when you ask him about his pre-career life he shrugs his shoulders and says, "It was ordinary." He was educated in New York at the Abraham Lincoln High School and as a draftsman for the Brewster Aeronautical Corporation for a time before going into the Army Air Force, from which he has been honorably discharged.

Young broke into radio by singing on local stations at first. Then he got a job as featured singer with Bill McCune's orchestra. Later, he worked with the Lee Castle and Bob Grant dance bands. It was all good experience, but a lot different from the job he's got now.

"Now," he says, "I get up just about the time I used to get to bed—6:30 in the morning—and hum on the subway all the way from Brooklyn to Manhattan. Humming loosens up the throat muscles." Of course, by the time he goes on the air for the repeat broadcast at 3:30 in the afternoon, he's thoroughly warmed up.

When he first got the job with Godfrey, Marshall used to get thrown off stride by the emcee's ad-libbing. It only took a few weeks, though, for him to gain poise and talk naturally at the microphone, regardless of what was going on around him.

Right in the beginning, Godfrey decided that Marshall would probably appeal to his feminine listeners and announced on the air that the ladies could have a picture of the singer simply by writing for it. The response was terrific. And, since photographic material is so hard to get these days, Godfrey has kept remarkably quiet—his being quiet is kind of remarkable in any case—about making any more picture offers.

## MONDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
		8:00 CBS: News
		8:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
		8:00 NBC: Ed East & Polly
6:15	8:15	9:15 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
	9:45	9:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Robert St. John
	10:15	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	10:30 ABC: Hymns of All Churches
	10:30	10:30 NBC: Road of Life
12:45	9:45	10:45 ABC: Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45 ABC: Lisa Sergio
	10:45	10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
	10:10	11:00 CBS: Amanda
8:00	10:10	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
3:00	10:45	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
	10:45	11:15 NBC: Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Sing Along Club
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
	11:30	11:30 NBC: The Soldier Who Came Home
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
	12:00	12:00 ABC: 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
9:30	11:30	12:30 ABC: U. S. Navy Band
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Woman and Home Makers
	11:30	11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 ABC: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Baukage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett
	12:45	1:45 ABC: Little Jack Little
	12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
	1:45	1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Guiding Light
11:15	1:15	2:15 ABC: Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: 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 ABC: The Fitzgeralds
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 ABC: Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:00	2:15	3:15 CBS: Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30 ABC: Ladies Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 ABC: Westbrook Van Voorhis
12:30	2:45	3:45 CBS: Sing Along
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
	4:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
	4:15	4:15 ABC: Jack Berch
	4:15	4:15 MBS: Johnson Family
1:30	3:30	4:30 ABC: Report from Abroad
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Feature Story, Bob Trout
	4:45	4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
	4:45	4:45 CBS: Johnson Family Singers
2:15	4:00	5:00 CBS: Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
	5:00	5:00 MBS: Chick Carter
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15 MBS: Superman
5:30	5:30	6:30 MBS: House of Mystery
	5:30	6:30 NBC: Jack Armstrong
	5:30	6:30 CBS: Just Plain Bill
	5:30	6:30 MBS: Cimarron Tavern
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45 ABC: Singing Lady
	4:45	5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:45	5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
	6:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe
	6:00	6:00 NBC: Hoagy Carmichael
	6:10	6:10 CBS: Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Jimmy Carroll, Songs
	5:30	6:30 NBC: Sally Moore, Contralto
	6:45	6:45 ABC: Charlie Chan
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	6:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas
3:55	5:55	6:55 CBS: Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Ted Husin
	7:00	8:00 ABC: Headline Editor
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Super Club
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper's Hollywood
	7:15	8:15 ABC: Raymond Gram Swing
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks
4:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: The Lone Ranger
	7:30	8:30 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 ABC: Lum & Abner
8:15	7:15	8:15 ABC: News of Tomorrow
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Adventures of Mary
	8:30	8:30 ABC: Christmas
	8:30	8:30 NBC: Blind Date
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: 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: Eulah
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 ABC: Rex Maupin's Orch.
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Rise Stevens's Show
6:55	8:55	9:55 ABC: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Calling Tokyo
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Contented Program
	10:00	10:00 MBS: Leave It To Mike
	10:30	10:30 CBS: Stuart Erwin Show
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Dr. I. Q.



TUESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	ABC: Your Life Today
	8:00	CBS: News
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
	9:00	NBC: Ed East and Polly
6:15	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 ABC: 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 Winters
	10:30	ABC: Hymns of All Churches
	10:30	NBC: Road of Life
	9:45	10:45 Blue: The Listening Post
	10:45	NBC: Joyce Jordan
	11:00	CBS: Amanda
8:00	11:00	ABC: Tom Broneman's Breakfast
8:00	11:00	NBC: Fred Waring Show
	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
12:30	11:30	ABC: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
	11:30	NBC: The Soldier Who Came Home
	11:30	MBS: Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:15	11:15 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
	12:00	ABC: 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 ABC: Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30 ABC: Army Air Forces Band
	9:45	11:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 ABC: 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 CBS: Constance Bennett
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 ABC: John F. Kennedy, News
11:45	1:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
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 ABC: The Fitzgeralds
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 ABC: Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Michael Scott
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
	2:45	3:45 CBS: Sing Along
	3:45	ABC: "Yours Alone"
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
	3:30	ABC: Ladies Be Seated
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00 ABC: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
	4:15	ABC: Jack Berch
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Jack Armstrong
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Feature Story, Bob Trout
	3:40	4:45 CBS: Johnson Family Singers
	4:45	ABC: 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 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:00	5:00 CBS: Service Time
2:15	4:00	5:00 MBS: Chick Carter
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: 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	6:45 ABC: Singing Lady
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
	4:45	5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:45	MBS: Tom Mix
3:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
3:15	5:30	6:30 CBS: Clem McCarthy, Sports
	6:30	NBC: Eileen Farrell & Sally Moran
	6:45	ABC: Charlie Chan
3:35	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	NBC: Lowell Thomas
3:55	6:55	7:55 CBS: Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
4:00	6:00	7:00 ABC: Headline Editor
8:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Ted Husing
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Danny O'Neil
	7:15	ABC: Raymond Gram Swing
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: News of the World
	7:30	ABC: County Fair
4:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: American Melody Hour
9:00	6:30	7:30 NBC: Everything for the Boys
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Big Town
8:30	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum & Abner
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15 ABC: News of Tomorrow
	8:30	ABC: Alan Young Show
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: A Date with Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Theatre of Romance
	8:30	MBS: Roy Rogers Show
5:55	7:30	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	7:00	8:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Guy Lombardo
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Inner Sanctum
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: The Doctor Fights
6:30	8:30	9:30 ABC: Saludos Amigos
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Victor Borge
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: American Forum of the Air
6:55	8:55	9:55 ABC: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John S. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 ABC: Sumner Welles
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Man Called X
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Service to the Front
10:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: Janet Flanner from Paris
	10:30	CBS: Coronet Sports
	10:30	MBS: Wings for Tomorrow
	10:30	NBC: Sigmund Romberg Orchestra
7:30	11:15	CBS: Joan Brooks



WHAT YOU'D CALL A TROUPER

In these days of avid curiosity about the little-known countries of the Eastern war fronts, there's an actress in the NBC studios who can give you all the answers. She's Muriel Starr, the "Mrs. Garvin" of the Young Widder Brown serial—Monday through Friday at 4:45 p.m. (EWT) over the NBC network. From first-hand experience, Miss Starr knows the cities and obscure places of every continent, island and peninsula on the globe.

She was born in a lumber camp near Montreal, Canada—which is a far cry from the glitter of Broadway, where she was to be a star just seventeen years later. Her first appearance on the glamor street came when, at the age of five, she was brought to New York to act in a play written by a friend of the family. She was seen in that performance by Harry Miner, one of the most successful producers of that day, and immediately engaged to appear with James A. Hearn in "Shore Acres."

After that beginning, Miss Starr hardly missed a season in the theatre. She appeared with De Wolfe Hopper and many of the matinee idols of the period. At thirteen she even conformed with theatrical tradition by being stranded with a company in a small town in Connecticut. Luckily, another traveling company appeared there very soon and Miss Starr was able to replace the leading lady in that company. She played the part of a mother with a child of five—and did it well. Off stage, she continued to wear her long brown hair in a braid hanging down her back.

By the time she was fifteen Miss Starr was doing a dramatic sketch in vaudeville with William Hawtreys, a distinguished British actor. The name of the sketch was "The Child Wife," which was appropriate enough. Miss Starr's seventeenth birthday found her a full-fledged star on Broadway. She signed a long term contract with Oliver Morosco for his production of "The Truth Wagon." After that play's Broadway run, Miss Starr went with the show to the West Coast. Then came an offer to go to Australia for six months. Miss Starr took that offer and with it the first step on a series of theatrical journeys that was to take her to practically every part of the world.

After leaving Australia, she acted in the East Indies, New Zealand, India, the Orient, Africa, London and the European continent. She returned to Broadway only once in 20 years to appear in "John Hawthorne" with Warren William. Then, seven years ago, she came back for good, played in Maxwell Anderson's "The Star Wagon" and decided to retire.

But before long idleness palled and radio beckoned. In a very short time, Miss Starr had a score of dramatic parts to her credit in this field, too, among them roles in Just Plain Bill, Amanda of Honeymoon Hill, Kitty Foyle and Young Widder Brown.

WEDNESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	ABC: Your Life Today
	8:30	ABC: News
	9:00	CBS: News
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
	9:00	NBC: Ed East & Polly
6:15	2:30	9:10 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
	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 ABC: 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	ABC: Hymns of All Churches
	10:30	NBC: Road of Life
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	10:45	ABC: The Listening Post
	10:45	NBC: Joyce Jordan
8:00	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Broneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
	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 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
	11:30	NBC: The Soldier Who Came Home
	11:30	MBS: Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
	12:00	ABC: 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 NBC: U. S. Air Force Band
	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30 ABC: Farm and Home Makers
	9:45	11:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 ABC: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Constance Bennett
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 ABC: John F. Kennedy, News
11:45	1:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
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 CBS: Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30 ABC: The Fitzgeralds
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	3:00	ABC: Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Michael Scott
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
	2:45	3:45 CBS: Sing Along
	3:45	ABC: "Yours Alone"
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
	3:30	ABC: Ladies Be Seated
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00 ABC: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
	4:15	ABC: Jack Berch
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Jack Armstrong
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Feature Story, Bob Trout
	3:40	4:45 CBS: Johnson Family Singers
	4:45	ABC: 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 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:00	5:00 CBS: Service Time
2:15	4:00	5:00 MBS: Chick Carter
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: 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	6:45 ABC: Singing Lady
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
	4:45	5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:45	MBS: Tom Mix
3:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
3:15	5:30	6:30 CBS: Clem McCarthy, Sports
	6:30	NBC: Eileen Farrell & Sally Moran
	6:45	ABC: Charlie Chan
3:35	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	NBC: Lowell Thomas
3:55	6:55	7:55 CBS: Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
4:00	6:00	7:00 ABC: Headline Editor
8:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Ted Husing
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Danny O'Neil
	7:15	ABC: Raymond Gram Swing
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: News of the World
	7:30	ABC: County Fair
4:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: American Melody Hour
9:00	6:30	7:30 NBC: Everything for the Boys
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Big Town
8:30	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum & Abner
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15 ABC: News of Tomorrow
	8:30	ABC: Alan Young Show
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: A Date with Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Theatre of Romance
	8:30	MBS: Roy Rogers Show
5:55	7:30	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	7:00	8:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Guy Lombardo
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Inner Sanctum
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: The Doctor Fights
6:30	8:30	9:30 ABC: Saludos Amigos
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Victor Borge
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: American Forum of the Air
6:55	8:55	9:55 ABC: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John S. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 ABC: Sumner Welles
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Man Called X
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Service to the Front
10:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: Janet Flanner from Paris
	10:30	CBS: Coronet Sports
	10:30	MBS: Wings for Tomorrow
	10:30	NBC: Sigmund Romberg Orchestra
7:30	11:15	CBS: Joan Brooks



THURSDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
		8:15 ABC: Your Life Today
		8:00 ABC: Breakfast Club:
		8:00 NBC: Ed East and Polly
6:00	8:00	
6:15	2:30	9:15 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
	8:45	9:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine
		9:45 NBC: Nation's Rations
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: 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: Evelyn Winters
		10:30 ABC: Hymns of All Churches
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
		10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
	10:00	11:00 CBS: Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: 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 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
	12:00	12:00 ABC: 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 ABC: Farm and Home Makers
		11:30 12:30 NBC: Sky High
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
		12:00 12:00 NBC: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 ABC: Baukhan Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
		1:30 MBS: Paula Stone & Phil Britt
10:40	12:45	1:45 ABC: Little Jack Little
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue
		2:15 ABC: Ethel and Albert
		2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: The Fitzgeralds
11:30	1:30	2:30 ABC: Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Fitzgalds
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45 ABC: Betty Crocker
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Best Sellers
	2:00	3:00 ABC: A Woman of America
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Appointment with Life
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30 ABC: Peppert Young's Family
		3:30 ABC: Ladies, Be Seated
		3:45 ABC: Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
		3:45 CBS: Sing Along
12:45	2:45	3:45 ABC: 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 ABC: Jack Berch
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Feature Song, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Nelson Mason
1:30	3:30	4:30 ABC: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: Johnson Family Songs
		4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
		4:45 ABC: Johnnson Family, Songs
		4:45 CBS: Service Time
2:10	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Cimarron Tavern
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Singing Lady
2:45	4:45	5:45 ABC: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: The World and the Hawk
		5:45 CBS: World News
		6:00 CBS: Calling Pan America
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
		5:30 6:30 CBS: On Your Mark—Ted Husing
		6:40 NBC: Clem McCarthy
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
		6:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas
		6:45 ABC: Charlie Chan
		6:55 CBS: Meaning of the News
3:55	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Headline Edition
		7:00 NBC: Ted Husing
8:00	7:15	8:15 ABC: Raymond Gram Swing
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Danny O'Neil, Songs
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: News of the World
		7:45 ABC: Chester Bowles
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: The News
6:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Bob Burns
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Suspense
8:15	7:15	8:15 ABC: News of Tomorrow
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: G. I. Laffs
5:30	7:30	8:30 ABC: America's Town Meeting
9:00	8:30	9:30 NBC: Adventures of Topper
		8:30 MBS: Agatha Christie's Poirot
		8:30 CBS: Bill Henry
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Morton Gould
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 ABC: Variations by Van Cleave
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Corliss Archer
		9:30 MBS: Treasure Hour of Song
		9:30 NBC: Jack Haley
6:55	8:55	9:55 ABC: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: The Line
7:00	9:00	10:00 ABC: Trans-Atlantic Quiz
		10:00 MBS: Arch Oboler's Plays
7:30	9:45	10:30 CBS: Romance, Rhythm & Ripley
7:30	9:30	10:30 ABC: March of Time
7:30	10:30	11:00 NBC: Rudy Vallee
		10:00 11:00 CBS: John Daly, News



LITTLE MISS CONTRARY

When Gus Edwards left New York for Hollywood, his last words to his niece, Joan Edwards, were, "Stay out of show business."

How dutifully Joan followed her uncle's advice is shown by the fact that now she's one of the featured singers on Your Hit Parade, heard Saturday evenings over CBS, and is recognized as one of the top popular singers of the country.

Joan is a bona fide New Yorker, having been born in the Big City in 1919. She attended George Washington High School and managed to squeeze in a college education at Hunter College. She was already busy with her career, but, by persuading the Dean to reshuffle her classes at Hunter, she found time between studies to become a pianist and singer on a local New York radio station.

Joan studied music at Hunter, specializing in singing and piano. When she was graduated, she went on the radio as a full time singer. Rudy Vallee heard one of her programs and invited her to do a guest shot on his show. That guest appearance stretched into an eight-month tour of the country with Vallee and his orchestra.

Setting off on another track, Joan organized her own orchestra for a network sustaining program. That was the show that sold her to Paul Whiteman, who signed her as a vocalist for his own program. Joan stayed with Whiteman for two years.

Then, Joan again felt the need for a change. After the termination of her contract with the Whiteman orchestra, Joan kept busy as a guest star on many of the top programs. She sang with George Jessel and on Duffy's Tavern as well as many variety programs. Simultaneously, she tackled night spots and had long engagements at the Cafe Pierre, George White's "Gay White Way," the Hotel New Yorker and in Boston at the Copley Plaza. All of which was lucrative and interesting, but radio remained the first love of her heart.

So, in 1941, Joan signed a contract as one of the featured vocalists on Your Hit Parade and has been there ever since.

Joan's life is a very well-rounded one. She's not just a career girl. She's married to Jules Schachter, a CBS staff violinist, and they have a small daughter, Judith. One of Joan's hobbies is a very practical one—cooking. The hobby part comes in because she likes to make what she cooks attractive to the eye as well as the palate. Her lamb stew is something quite different from the pedestrian kind.

Eventually, Joan says, she wants to write music and make her own arrangements. She already has one song to her credit—did you know she wrote "And So It Ended?"—sooner or later—as her busy schedule allows—she insists there will be many more.

Stay out of show business, the way her uncle advised? Joan is a smart enough girl not to need advice. At any rate, she couldn't pay much attention to this particular bit.

FRIDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
		8:15 ABC: Your Life Today
		8:15 NBC: Do You Remember
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
		8:00 NBC: Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:15	9:15 NBC: Arthur Godfrey
	8:45	9:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine
		9:45 NBC: Nation's Rations
8:15	9:10	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
9:00	10:00	10:00 ABC: 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 ABC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	10:30 NBC: Road of Life
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
		10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
12:30	10:00	11:00 CBS: Sing Along
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: 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 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
	12:00	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
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 ABC: 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 ABC: Baukhan Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
		1:30 MBS: Paula Stone & Phil Britt
10:40	12:45	1:45 ABC: Little Jack Little
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue
		2:15 ABC: Ethel and Albert
		2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: The Fitzgeralds
11:30	1:30	2:30 ABC: Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Fitzgalds
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45 ABC: Betty Crocker
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Best Sellers
	2:00	3:00 ABC: A Woman of America
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Appointment with Life
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30 ABC: Peppert Young's Family
		3:30 ABC: Ladies, Be Seated
		3:45 ABC: Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
		3:45 CBS: Sing Along
12:45	2:45	3:45 ABC: 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 ABC: Jack Berch
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Feature Song, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Nelson Mason
1:30	3:30	4:30 ABC: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: Johnson Family, Songs
		4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
		4:45 ABC: Johnnson Family, Songs
		4:45 CBS: Service Time
2:15	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
2:30	4:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:45	4:45	5:45 ABC: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: The World and the Hawk
		5:45 CBS: World News
		6:00 CBS: Calling Pan America
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
		5:30 6:30 CBS: On Your Mark—Ted Husing
		6:40 NBC: Clem McCarthy
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
		6:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas
		6:45 ABC: Charlie Chan
		6:55 CBS: Meaning of the News
3:55	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Headline Edition
		7:00 NBC: Ted Husing
8:00	7:15	8:15 ABC: Raymond Gram Swing
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Danny O'Neil, Songs
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: News of the World
		7:45 ABC: Chester Bowles
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: The News
6:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Bob Burns
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Suspense
8:15	7:15	8:15 ABC: News of Tomorrow
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: G. I. Laffs
5:30	7:30	8:30 ABC: America's Town Meeting
9:00	8:30	9:30 NBC: Adventures of Topper
		8:30 MBS: Agatha Christie's Poirot
		8:30 CBS: Bill Henry
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Morton Gould
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 ABC: Variations by Van Cleave
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Corliss Archer
		9:30 MBS: Treasure Hour of Song
		9:30 NBC: Jack Haley
6:55	8:55	9:55 ABC: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: The Line
7:00	9:00	10:00 ABC: Trans-Atlantic Quiz
		10:00 MBS: Arch Oboler's Plays
7:30	9:45	10:30 CBS: Romance, Rhythm & Ripley
7:30	9:30	10:30 ABC: March of Time
7:30	10:30	11:00 NBC: Rudy Vallee
		10:00 11:00 CBS: John Daly, News
		8:15 ABC: Your Life Today
		8:15 NBC: Do You Remember
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
		8:00 NBC: Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:15	9:15 NBC: Arthur Godfrey
	8:45	9:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine
		9:45 NBC: Nation's Rations
8:15	9:10	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
9:00	10:00	10:00 ABC: 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 ABC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	10:30 NBC: Road of Life
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
		10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
12:30	10:00	11:00 CBS: Sing Along
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: 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 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
	12:00	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
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 ABC: 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 ABC: Baukhan Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
		1:30 MBS: Paula Stone & Phil Britt
10:40	12:45	1:45 ABC: Little Jack Little
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue
		2:15 ABC: Ethel and Albert
		2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: The Fitzgeralds
11:30	1:30	2:30 ABC: Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Fitzgalds
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45 ABC: Betty Crocker
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Best Sellers
	2:00	3:00 ABC: A Woman of America
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Appointment with Life
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30 ABC: Peppert Young's Family



**SATURDAY**

**Eastern War Time**

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Time	Station	Program	
		8:00	CBS	News of the World	
		8:00	ABC	News	
		8:00	NBC	News	
		8:15	CBS	Music of Today	
		8:15	NBC	Richard Leibert, Organist	
		8:30	CBS	Missus Goes A-Shopping	
		8:30	ABC	United Nations News, Review	
		8:45	CBS	Margaret Brien	
		8:45	NBC	News	
		9:00	CBS	Press News	
		9:00	ABC	Breakfast Club	
		9:00	NBC	Home Is What You Make It	
6:00		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	
		9:00	10:00	NBC: Archie Andrews	
11:00		9:30	10:30	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor	
		9:30	10:30	ABC: What's Cooking—Variety	
		10:30	NBC	Bern Klussen, Tenor	
		9:00	9:40	10:45	NBC: Alex Drier
		8:00	10:00	11:00	ABC: Johnny Thompson
		11:00	NBC	First Piano Quartet	
		1:30	11:05	CBS: Let's Pretend	
		8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC: The Land of the Lost
		8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC: Smilin' Ed McConnell
		11:30	MBS	Hokey Hai	
		11:45	ABC	Chatham Shopper	
		9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Theater of Today
		9:00	11:00	12:00	ABC: Piano Playhouse
		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	ABC: 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	ABC: Fun Canteen
		1:15	NBC	Music As You Like It	
		10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Elliot Lawrence, Orchestra
		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	ABC	News	
		2:00	CBS	Of Men and Books	
		2:00	NBC	Musicians	
		2:15	CBS	Adventures in Science	
		2:15	ABC	Hidden Valley Gang	
		11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC: Sky High
		2:30	CBS	Carolina Hayride	
		2:30	ABC	It's a Hit	
		3:00	NBC	Symphony	
		3:00	CBS	The Land Is Bright	
		3:00	ABC	Saturday Senior Swing	
		2:30	3:30	CBS: Syncopation Piece	
		4:00	CBS	Report from Washington	
		4:00	ABC	Saturday Symphony	
		4:15	CBS	Report from Overseas	
		4:30	NBC	Music on Display	
		4:30	MBS	Music for Half an Hour	
		4:45	CBS	Report from London	
		5:00	ABC	Duke Ellington	
		5:00	CBS	We Deliver the Goods	
		5:00	NBC	Grand Hotel	
		5:00	MBS	Sports Parade	
		2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC: John W. Vandercook
		3:30	4:45	5:45	NBC: Tin Pan Alley of the Air
		6:00	MBS	Hall of Montezuma	
		6:00	NBC	I Sustain the Wings	
		6:00	CBS	Quincy Howe	
		3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: People's Platform
		3:15	5:15	6:15	ABC: Storyland Theater
		3:30	5:30	6:30	ABC: Edward Tomlinson
		6:30	MBS	Hawaii Calls	
		3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: The World Today
		5:45	NBC	Religion in the News	
		3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS: Bob Trout
		4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: The American Story
		7:00	MBS	American Eagle in Britain	
		7:15	ABC	Leland Stowe	
		4:30	6:30	7:30	ABC: Meet Your Navy
		7:30	MBS	Arthur Hale	
		7:15	7:00	8:00	CBS: Mayor of the Town
		8:00	MBS	Frank Singler	
		5:30	7:30	8:30	ABC: Boston Symphony Orchestra
		8:30	ABC	Viva America	
		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
		6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC: Can You Top This
		9:30	MBS	Jean Goldkette's Orchestra	
		9:30	MBS	Calling All Detectives	
		6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
		9:55	ABC	Coronet Quiz	
		10:00	MBS	Theater of the Air	
		10:00	ABC	Hoosier Hop	
		10:15	CBS	Assignment Home	
		7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC: Grand Ole Opry
		10:30	ABC	Hayloft Hoedown	
		10:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: Talks
		10:00	11:00	CBS: Ned Calmer, News	
		11:15	11:30	ABC: Hoosier Hop	

(Continued from page 8)

name was unknown to the record company and her southern accent didn't help matters too much. At any rate, the labeler was fooled to the extent that the record carries the credit, "Singer, Dinah Shaw."

Get set, everybody. Fred Allen couldn't stand it any longer. He's coming back on the air, starting any day now—and will be heard on Sunday evenings at 8:30 P.M. (EWT) over the NBC network.

Well, we've missed him and his wry humor maybe a lot more than he's missed handing it out. It should work out well all around.

Did you know that Norman Corwin's terrific V-E Day script, "On A Note Of Triumph" has been recorded? The Columbia Recording Corporation has put it out in an album—twelve sides, and costing \$6.50 for the set. It's also been published in book form by Simon and Shuster.

The way we see it—there can't be too many ways to keep this script around and available to everyone. It should be made required reading throughout the country for the duration of the war—and for as long afterwards as it might seem necessary to make sure that every last citizen of these United States has learned the bitter lessons of this war—learned them so well that they will never be forgotten.

Another did you know—the Quiz Kids and their Quizmaster, Joe Kelly, are starred in a new 18-minute film, titled "Kids Must Eat." Schools, civic groups and other organizations can obtain the 16 mm. film from the U. S. Department of Agriculture without charge except for the mailing cost.

News analyst, Quizmaster and Special Events Director all wrapped up in a six-foot-two package is the Yankee Network's Lester Smith. A Dartmouth man who began his career in 1936 as special correspondent and sportswriter for the Boston American, Smith carries on for Cedric Foster, coast-to-coast Mutual news analyst, in the two o'clock spot, while Foster is on vacation, and at present while he is a Navy Corre-

spondent in the South Pacific, broadcasting whenever battle conditions permit.

He also presents the story behind international news headlines to a nationwide audience for Bill Cunningham, while Bill is in Germany covering the trial of war criminals.

In addition to newscasting, Les is an expert quizmaster, performing Monday through Friday on Quizzing the Wives, and every Friday night on the Quiz of Two Cities.

All special events broadcasts of the Yankee Network are handled by Les. New Englanders are still talking about the job he did ad-libbing for fifty-five minutes before General George S. Patton Jr. arrived at the Hatch Memorial Shell to start his first radio talk since arriving from Europe. And he could have duplicated the performance in German, French or Spanish. Versatility is his middle name.

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER . . . Paul Lavalle, director of Highways in Melody, is composing a symphony for victory. It will be presented on V-J Day. It's called "Liberty Symphony" and is dedicated to the memory of Franklin D. Roosevelt. . . . Fifty former members of the Fred Waring troupe are now in the service. . . . Tommy Dorsey and his equally famous brother Jimmy are going to make a screen biography of their careers. . . . Truth and Consequences is going to be broadcast from Hollywood permanently. The climate seems to have got Ralph Edwards. . . . Mutual's show Queen For A Day is being made into a million dollar movie. . . . Van Johnson is playing a leading role in the film being made by MGM, based on the life and career of Guy Lombardo. . . . Maggie O'Brien has been signed to do a series of guest appearances on the Radio Theatre and with Edgar Bergen. . . . You'll probably be hearing Mickey Rooney starred in a network variety show—depending only on the whims of the Army. . . . Harry Von Zell is going to announce the new Joan Davis show. . . . Burl Ives is in Hollywood on a \$25,000 per picture deal with 20th Century Fox. . . . Modest little Polly East of Fun and Folly with Ed East and Polly recently made her 16th blood donation to the American Red Cross. Where do you stand in that kind of activity?

Triple-threat man of the Yankee Network—Les Smith, who finds his time pretty well filled by his jobs as quizmaster, Director of Special Events, and news analyst.





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



ANOTHER POND'S BRIDE-TO-BE—Shirleyan Gibbs' engagement was announced in May



SHIRLEYAN GIBBS HELPS A SOLDIER make a record to send home. She has been taking a special course in Occupational Therapy to fit her for work with convalescents in the hospital—bringing the patients cheery diversions like the record machine in the picture, teaching arts and crafts planned to re-educate stiff muscles. Many more girls and women are needed to help in this important work. Can't you volunteer in your community?



SHIRLEYAN'S COMPLEXION is one of her greatest charms—and the cream she uses to help guard its fresh "soft-smooth" look is Pond's!

## Shirleyan Gibbs of Detroit

to wed James E. Scripps, Merchant Marine Officer

SOFTLY curling dark hair, wide-spaced, velvety-brown eyes, patrician clear-cut features—that is Shirleyan.

And her fine, smooth complexion has that clear, fresh satiny "Pond's look" you'll notice about so many engaged girls these days.

"I really love Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's so soft and silky, and it does a perfectly grand cleansing job."

This is her quick Pond's Beauty Care . . .

She smooths on Pond's fluffy-soft Cold Cream generously. Pats it lightly all over her face and throat to help loosen dirt and make-up. Tissues off carefully.

She "rinses" with more Pond's, sliding cream-covered fingers all over her face with little spiral strokes. "It's this extra cleansing and softening that's so special," she

says. "Twice-over cleansing is just twice as good, I think."

Copy Shirleyan's beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream, every night and morning—for in-between clean-ups, too. It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Get a big Pond's jar today—the big wide-topped jars are a joy to use!



SHIRLEYAN'S RING is unusually lovely—a marquise diamond surrounded by small diamonds.

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney · Miss Nancy Leeds · Lady Doverdale



# LOOK!

## I'm curling my hair one-handed!



It's the new GAYLA "easy-lock" curler which snaps in place almost automatically, without fumbling and without snagging or cutting the hair.

If you "do" your own hair, you know how tiring it can be! But not with *this* curler! It's marvelous!... Not only easy on your hair and patience, but actually safer to use. And it gives you lovely curls!

### No other curler like it!

**EASIER...** Unique patented feature: Snaps closed easily, with one hand, from any position.

When opened, loop is firm, convenient handle for winding. **SAFER...** No projecting rivets to catch hair.

The distinctive open end means no cutting or mashing of hair.



"Gayla EASY-LOCK CURLERS"  
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS  
**HOLD-BOB** bobby pins • hair pins

## I Believe in You

(Continued from page 36)

can be whole just of themselves." I argued. "People are the product of what they inherit."

There was something very thoughtful in the way Duncan's brows drew together. "Let's look at the facts." He was wholly the scientist now. "Mr. and Mrs. Deming trained you, but they must have had good material to work with. As for my brother, does he expect to have a pedigree with his wife, as he does with some prize animal he buys?" He smiled a little, but it was a taut smile. "Don't pay any attention to his ideas—he'll get over them."

They were my ideas, too—at least, I had always agreed with Don. But Duncan had a way of making fears seem ridiculous and barriers vanish. Suddenly the day seemed even brighter and, impulsively, I spurred Copper on. "Come on—I'll race you!" I dared him over my shoulder.

We galloped side by side over the last half-mile, my blood tingling with the hard, fast rhythm of the race, my hair flying behind me, and Duncan's face lit up with a rare, reckless gayety. We both had to pull in hard to stop in time at Red Rock and we were both laughing when Duncan came over to help me down from my saddle.

I slid down between his arms, my hands coming to rest on his shoulders.

I was startled. Startled, suddenly, to find in the breadth of his shoulders, in the hard circle of his arms, a strength such as I had never experienced before. Not even with Don had I ever known this quick certainty of protection and security—and a tense power behind that strength. We were motionless, both of us, and for a moment I seemed to be recapturing something that had happened to me before. Something that had to do with the darkness—and a man walking toward me—and his arms around me.

While he got out his tools and instruments, and later, while he moved from one spot to another, chipping away at the rock, squatting on his heels sometimes to examine more closely the rock strata, I followed him and we talked. Sometimes he asked the questions and sometimes I did, but between us we covered as much of my childhood as I could remember and as much as Duncan could recall of his conversations with Mother. It was fruitless.

I was discouraged, and while we ate

lunch I tried to tell Duncan why.

"If only it weren't so important. I feel as though we were groping in the dark with nothing to guide us . . . the locket isn't much good or the initials . . ." I balanced the little gold oval in my hand and studied it, for the fiftieth time.

"Are you sure it is important to you, Joanne? Suppose you never do find out, is it going to make much difference?"

I had a hard time speaking. My throat was choked. "I want a normal, natural life. I want children. It wouldn't be fair this way."

"Fair?" His hand came over and closed on mine. "A child would be fortunate to have you for a mother. And any man proud to call you his wife." He kept his eyes carefully on the glowing tip of his cigarette. "You are the best proof we could ever find of what kind of people your family were."

"Joanne, who were the early settlers? All kinds of people—from cities and farms and factories. All kinds of nationalities and races. And they intermarried. That's why Don's theory is wrong. Some animals can in-breed, but not humans. That's what made the Germans' idea of racial superiority such a joke. Germany was overrun in every century by other peoples and races—by the Tartars from the West and the Romans from the South and the Vikings from the North. And all the invaders inter-married. No one country can claim an unmixed blood line."

Duncan went on. His voice had deepened and again I felt this personal disquiet within him.

"When a man loves you and asks you to marry him, he does so because he wants you—you—not your family or your background. The physical is important, Jo. Nature doesn't give a darn for family—or even for how talented you are or how intelligent you are. And that deep, physical longing between two people doesn't often make a mistake. It doesn't often draw two people together whose fundamental, inherited beings are so different they wouldn't be compatible."

He wasn't looking at me, but there was something not quite big-brotherly about the tone of his voice. It was almost as though this were something necessary and intimate that he and I must come to understand together. I

## ARE THERE JAPANESE AGENTS IN AMERICA?

# YES!

That means that we *must not talk* about movements of men, ships or material to or from the Pacific fighting area. *We must not talk* about new weapons, even though they have already been used against the enemy. *We must not talk* about military information gained in confidence.

## OUR JOB IS TO KEEP THE JAPS IN THE DARK!



felt my cheeks grow warm and the little pulse in my neck pound insistently. I was glad when Duncan said he had to get back to work.

I wanted a little time by myself, anyway, to think about the things Duncan had said. I was oddly unsure in my own mind—and not often in my twenty years had I been unsure. Somehow the importance of finding my parents was being replaced by the importance he had stressed, of myself as a person, without the necessity of a family tree or even a family name. The Demings had given me theirs—shouldn't I be proud of that and satisfied?

I had wandered a little farther away and taken a round-about route back, my arms full of stones, when I suddenly found myself on a ledge directly above where Duncan had moved and was working.

"Come on—I'll grab you if you fall!" he called, laughing.

I STARTED down and at first it was easy. I dug my heels in the dirt, breaking my descent. But towards the bottom the cliff was steeper and I found I had started a small avalanche of loose rocks and dirt. It was harder and harder to keep my balance, and at the last I ran, letting myself almost fall into Duncan's waiting arms. The rocks flew in all directions and the momentum of my fall flung me headlong against him, forcing him backward. But his arms kept me safe.

Safe—and close and tightly pressed against him. I looked up at him, breathless, trying to regain my composure—and suddenly I knew that I had felt this way before. This stillness that fell between us—this hushed waiting—this dream-like spell as his eyes held mine—this tense, mounting wonder—! It was five years ago in the cottonwoods of the Henry ranch—the night Don had kissed me. *But this was not Don—it was—!*

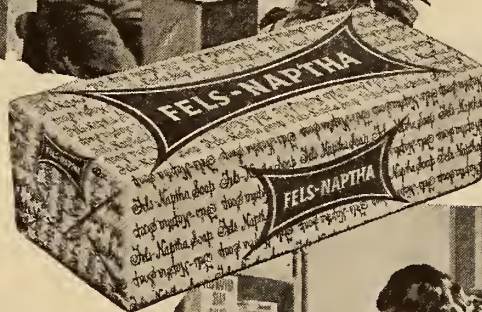
Duncan bent his head and, as though they obeyed a will and a force outside ourselves, our lips met in desperate surrender. With the hard, staying pressure of his mouth on mine, with the stirring of my blood at his nearness, I could not think—I could only feel. This was a rapture I had known only once before in my life—and now I knew for sure that it had been Duncan who had kissed me five years ago and awakened me to the breathless meaning of kisses.

"It was you—that night at the party—" I murmured incoherently.

"You remembered?" His eyes held mine. "Yes, I loved you then, Joanne, and I love you now. Everybody knows it—Don included—except you." He smiled a little wryly. "And now I suppose you're feeling guilty." His smile changed to an infectious grin. "Well, I'm not. Don doesn't deserve you. And if you ever change your mind—"

Duncan—? The tall, remote man, the studious scientist, the big brother who had laughed at me and mocked me, always unreadable with that half-smile—in love with me? I couldn't think what this meant to me. I was still dazed by the emotional storm of my senses. Absurdly, I wanted to reach down and stroke his dark, thick hair as he bent over the ground. But I was in love with Don—I was going to marry him!

Duncan straightened suddenly. In his hand was the locket, the baby locket that must have been torn from around my neck by my fall. And Duncan's face was puzzled. In a second I saw why. The locket had fallen open



## IF YOU HAD TO DECIDE

Suppose it was up to you . . . to say who should have first call on this nation's soap supply.

Wouldn't you say exactly what the government has said? . . . that Fels & Company, along with other leading soap manufacturers, must help keep men and women in the service supplied with this indispensable item of war equipment. *Of course you would!*

If you thought about it twice, you would realize that one of the reasons our fighting men are winning battles is because they have plenty of good soap. A clean soldier is a healthy soldier. He is in better condition for combat. He gets well quicker if he is hurt.

So—when you find, as you often will, that you can't get Fels-Naptha—just remember that by going short on your favorite soap for a little while now, you are making a long-term investment in a peaceful future.

# Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



# I followed you to Miami...



And we had 2 months in Heaven. You marveled that my hands were still so smooth and soft. Didn't you see my Jergens Lotion, darling? Dishes and laundry take nature's softeners from hand skin, but Jergens helps make good.

★

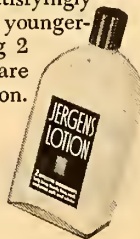
Sunsets on Promenade Walk — "And for me, sweet," you said, "the unforgettable softness of your hands." How can a girl risk disenchantment, when Jergens hand care is so easy?



Young Army and Navy Wives use Jergens Lotion, nearly 3 to 1.

Eagerly help protect their hands, with Jergens, against disillusioning roughness. Like professional care for your hands. Yet simple! No stickiness!

Doctors often help even neglected, old-looking skin become satisfyingly soft, deliciously smooth and younger-looking. How? By applying 2 special ingredients—which are both in your Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax).



For the softest, adorable Hands, USE

## JERGENS LOTION

and in his other hand was a folded, yellowed scrap of paper!

We opened it quickly. The words on the torn scrap were barely legible "... thank good ... baby is well ... ho ... you will like Penton ... home ... Tom."

My heart was pounding so that it shook my body and I stared at Duncan in terrified hope. Everything that had passed between us a moment ago was forgotten. Could this "Tom" be my father? Could the baby be a child named Joanne?

"Penton—that's only seventy-five miles from here, Duncan!" I whispered.

"YES, and it's a small town and they would probably have records or someone might remember a man named Tom if he were there twenty years ago and if he were preparing a home for his wife and baby," he answered in a hard voice. "But take it easy, Joanne. This might have nothing to do with you. That locket might not be yours. And, think carefully. Remember that if Mother Deming had thought it best for you to know she would have told you herself. Can't you be satisfied with the life you have had and the person you are?"

"What do you expect me to do—tear this note up and forget about it?" I flared at him. Without knowing fully just why, I knew that Duncan had put me in the wrong again. "I'm not strong and self-sufficient like you. Don and I are people with roots and without those roots I'm not complete. I'm going to Penton and I'm going to find out!"

Actually we were quarreling, even though my anger died immediately and even though Duncan never raised his voice and though he changed the subject quickly. But everything—the day we had spent together, the turmoil we had been plunged into by that sudden, unbidden, bewildering kiss—and my feeling of guilt as a result—the finding of the paper in the locket and the struggle between us which went deeper than words—these made a tension between us and gave to the most ordinary things we said hidden meanings. We rode home in a strange undercurrent of condemnation on Duncan's part and stubborn defensive moodiness on mine. His goodbye was curt ... the more so when he found Don waiting on the porch for me.

My quarrel with Duncan had robbed me of all pleasure, and the events of the day now seemed to be a haze of confusion and sharp words that had cut away all the window-dressing from my set standards and my pet prejudices. And there were memories of other words, too—kind and gentle and strong and passionate that had a way of steadying the world, of forcing open my eyes. And always, always, in a hidden, secret place in my heart, the memory of a moment of rapture.

So when Don suggested we drive to Penton that next Sunday I agreed ... but listlessly.

And when Sunday came I found an excuse for not going. And in the week—two weeks—that followed there were always excuses for not going to Penton.

Why? I wasn't sure. But as each day went on I only knew that I dreaded the prying and the poking into records, the questioning of strangers, the visiting and the dry, statistical facts I might get out of Land Offices and Courthouse clerks, and the sly gossiping of old-timers. The whole idea seemed distasteful, as though these shadowy figures of my unknown parents were going to be dragged unwillingly into the



light and exposed to the sight and sound of strangers.

The other reasons I hardly dared examine. For no reason that I would let myself name, Duncan's opinion of me had become suddenly, overwhelmingly, important. He wanted me to stand on my own two feet. He wanted me to be brave enough to face the world without caring for the opinion of others. As long as I could put off going to Penton I could fool myself that I was living up to what he expected of me. But I was only temporizing. I was afraid. Was I the person Duncan thought—or was I a coward?

Don was pressing me to go.

"Why put it off, Joanne?" His voice was sharper than I had ever heard it, one evening while we sat listening to some new records Helen had brought out from town. "It's been nearly three weeks now since you found the paper in the locket and—"

"Oh, stop pestering her!" Helen said impatiently from where she and Sandy were leaning over the victrola. "I don't see that it matters, anyway. Joanne's been my cousin for twenty years and I couldn't ever think of her as anything else, no matter what her name really is."

I was surprised and grateful to her. In all the time that we had lived in the same house I had never before seen any evidence that her affections went any deeper than a placid acceptance.

But I couldn't put Don off any longer.

SO I told him, "I'll go with you Sunday, for sure. There's a dance this Saturday night at the Hohmeirs. I'll stay overnight with Nancy Hohmeir. It's on our way to Penton and you can pick me up there the next morning."

I felt a certain relief now the decision had been made. But underneath it was a growing, dragging unhappiness that came from the knowledge that I was finally committed to a course from which there was no turning back. Duncan had said "... if you ever change your mind. ..." I shut my ears. It was Don and I. It had *always* been.

Jud drove us over to the Hohmeirs, but I had no heart for the party. Abstractedly I listened to the flirtations going on in the back seat as Helen divided her attentions equally between Sandy and Bill Gentry.

The first person I saw was Duncan, standing talking to our hostess. My heart leaped senselessly, and then, when he broke off his conversation to come to my side and take my arm, it trembled with a queer, bewildering panic. If I hadn't before realized how seriously and deeply he had meant his "I love you, Joanne" that day at Red Rock, I knew it now when he looked at me. And I couldn't control the foolish leap of my pulse.

"Don will be a little late," he told me. "May I have this first dance?"

But before we could start we were interrupted. Miss Ward, the fussy, prim little seamstress, bustled up to me.

"Joanne, my dear—I just heard! Why, it's the most exciting thing I have ever heard... just like one of the novels in Peony Green's lending library!" Her voice had taken on the agitated, almost gleeful, tone of one whose drab life must be lived in the tragedies or happiness of others. "To think you are adopted! Jenny Deming never said a word to me in all these years." She patted my arm, her little bird eyes bright with sympathy. But I felt sick. If Miss Ward knew it, then it was no longer a secret.

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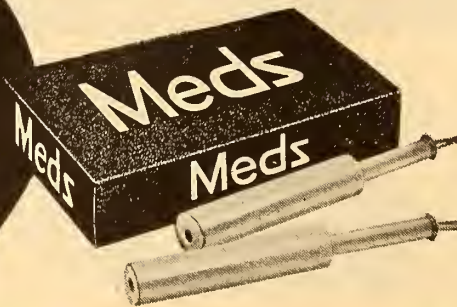
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How could I dance in front of all those questioning eyes? Duncan gave me no chance to think. He swung me behind the last couple as they promenade around the room.

These were my friends and my neighbors. I had known them all my life, yet now I felt as if they were all strangers to me. Or rather, that I was the stranger, the freak on display. What were they saying about me? *Poor Joanne . . . well, maybe she won't be so high and mighty after this . . . I always thought there was something queer . . . I hear the wedding is put off . . .*

I saw Don come in the door. I saw Miss Ward buttonhole him, saw him bend his head and listen. And when he straightened, the stiff, proud control of his face told me better than words the anger and humiliation he felt. When he saw me looking he waved. It was there for all to see—that he was standing by me.

AND then Duncan caught me to him hard as we whirled in step. I looked up and he was smiling. Smiling at me—with perfect confidence in himself and in me and in our steps that matched so well, and in the deeper, stronger courage that flowed from his heart to mine.

From his heart to mine—and back again. Because I was smiling, too. Like a black curtain the fear had dropped away from me. I knew, with a flash of insight, that it had not dropped all at once, but that it had fallen from me long ago that day at Red Rock and I had only been clinging to it ever since because I had not been ready to give it up. I had not wanted to give up those tattered remnants of fear and misery because I had thought they had been all I had to bind me to Don.

I could stand alone now. I could go to Don and show him that I was a whole person, complete in myself. The wedding would not have to be put off while we went through our pitiful search for names and persons to sanction our marriage. I was Joanne Deming. My Mother and Dad were the people who had loved me and reared me, and I was closer to them now than I had ever been before.

Let my friends whisper and turn their backs on me. *I was the same person I had been before.* Nothing real had been changed.

The dance ended and we walked slowly over to where Don was waiting. Almost immediately the fiddle was tuning up for a waltz and Don hardly stopped for a greeting before he pulled me onto the barn dance floor.

We circled in silence. There was so much for me to say that I found I could not put it into words. And, besides, there was something in the stiffness of Don's back and in the set hardness of his face that checked the words on my lips. It annoyed me. I wanted him to be as glad as I was. Surely he could feel this release from fear in me!

"Don—" I finally managed to say—"I want to get married right away. There's nothing to stop us—nothing real—"

He interrupted. "Right away, Joanne. The sooner the better."

I *knew* then. There was no answering gladness in him. This was a duty, an honor-bound duty he must perform. He loved me, yes. But the cost to his pride far overbalanced any happiness he might have felt in marrying me. He wanted to go through with it as he would have gone through any ordeal to which he was committed. This was his way of showing the world that



the Henrys were above public opinion. He had made a bargain and he would stick to it.

It hurt me—but in an odd way of feeling. It hurt because Don had failed me. He was standing by me in the face of all his beliefs and pride, but he was failing me in the deeper, truer sense of understanding. He was fulfilling the letter of our love, but not the spirit.

The next dance was a square dance and as the figures filled up with eager couples, as I stood beside Don on the sidelines—I knew what he was thinking and suffering. I wanted to tell him it didn't matter. I didn't care if I wasn't asked to dance.

"How about it, Joanne? Are you sitting this out with Don or will you take a chance with me?" I turned in amazement at the voice. It was tall, red-headed Simon Foley who stood there and for a moment, while I winked away quick, unbidden tears, I thought to myself that at last I knew what an angel looked like. Tall—and red-headed.

**WE** were the last couple on the floor and we didn't have long to wait before Gram Shrank called out the first command. As if in a dream I found myself advancing with Simon to bow to our facing couple. The toe-tapping, beating rhythms of the folk dance caught us up and swept us through the *all hands left—all hands right—swing that pretty girl—dolce do—allemande right—all promenade!*

There was a pause and we all stood, laughing, gasping for breath, our faces flushed from the vigorous movement of the dance. For just a little while I had forgotten, and it seemed as if there was the same acceptance of me as there always had been.

Then Binna Marks spoke, softly, at my elbow. "Jo—I haven't had a chance to see you. I've been away for two months. And I wanted to tell you how sorry I was to hear about your mother. We were all so fond of her."

*Your mother!* Binna knew that I was adopted. Miss Ward would not have missed a single individual in this room when she told the news. Yet—to her I was still the daughter of the Demings.

Nor had it made any difference to Helen. Or to Jud, I realized. Perhaps a few people might gossip, even maliciously. A few might even wonder and talk about whether my birth was legitimate or not. But to these who were my real friends it didn't matter. It didn't matter at all.

I went through the rest of the dance in a thoughtful mood. I was measuring up that hurt that Don had given me, and wondering at the littleness of it. Why hadn't it struck deeper, pained me more intensely? For so many years my future and my life had been in his hands; for so many years I had believed what he believed.

Perhaps that tenderness I had felt for him the other day should have warned me. Because it had been pity. The love I had felt for Don had come to a fork in the road: on one side there was true and passionate understanding, the other lane had led to this dwindling away into pity and sympathy, this feeling that was no longer love.

When the dance ended I found myself moving, magnet-drawn, to Duncan.

It was intermission and we wandered outside. The stars were out, too—not cold and distant, but whitely-gleaming, softly-luminous in the black arch of the night.

"Do you mind so much—everybody's knowing, I mean?" he asked after a



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while, as we stopped beside a fence. "I don't mind at all," I answered truthfully. A kind of peace was on me, but it was a peace that was preparing my heart for a new thing to come, for an inevitable moving forward into something between us that would be said this night, that would mean a strange and wonderful and waiting ecstasy. I was testing my heart, trying it for its readiness. The old loyalties had left an emptiness and for a moment I wanted it that way, before it would be filled with the new.

He chuckled. "Miss Ward is downright indignant. She says if it were Helen she could understand."

I hadn't thought of that, but I did now. Helen didn't seem like the hard-working, dependable Deming people. Yet she was one of the family and I, who had responded better to their care and training, was really not.

"Are you going to Penton tomorrow morning? Don tells me that's the plan."

"No. I've changed my mind." My heart was beating faster. Would he read my words the way I meant them? Would he remember that he had said... "if you ever change your mind...?" I looked up at him. "Duncan—"

I had thought that he moved slowly, but the arms that pulled me to my feet and tight against him were quick and eager, with a hardly-repressed violence. My hands were around his head and the wildness, the rapture that had filled me before when Duncan kissed me was there again in the intense demand of his mouth on mine and of his body pressed against mine. But this time the wildness was not a thing snatched at and fleeting—it was a lasting fire that would grow with the certainty that here in Duncan's arms I was in my rightful place. This would be ours again and again. This was the reality of love.

Just two people who asked nothing more than this need of each other. To whom family and friends and background were unnecessary because our only identity was in being together.

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## Will Our Children Be Ready?

(Continued from page 41)

But I think most of the appeals were made for them to work during the summer months.

It was a good thing, making use of the energy of our young people during summer vacations. It was good for the war effort. And it was good for the youngsters. It gave them a fine, meaningful sense of taking a patriotic part in the war. Earning money was also a good feeling for them. It made them feel more grown up, more like accepted citizens, with responsibilities and deserving of respect. Besides, in lots of cases, cases where an older brother, or even a father, had been drafted and the family budget had suffered, boys and girls were proud to be able to help support themselves and to ease the burdens on their mothers.

**T**HEY have what they consider good reasons, many of them, for not wanting to go on with their education. I think we have to examine these reasons.

I think the one which bothers me most is a very sad commentary on our failures in the past. I understand that lots of today's adolescents have a certain bitterness and cynicism. They remember the depression too well. It has left its mark on their thinking. The realities of unemployment, of Home Relief, of poverty and aimlessness, are more clear to them than all the plans which are being made for the future.

This is a challenge to all of us. We cannot afford to raise a generation of cynics. The kind of world we want to build can't be built by hopeless, embittered, untrusting people. This attitude is in itself a very strong indication of how much these very children need further education. They need to be helped to understand all that is happening today, they need to be shown that there is a real and good future for all of them—if they are able and competent enough to work for it.

There are some boys and girls who, for their age, are making very good money and holding down what they consider very good jobs. Some of them may even get a great pleasure and sense of satisfaction out of having their wages compared with the money their parents earned when they were young. But the world today is very different from the world in which their parents started out in life. Everything is higher—wages included. And tomorrow's world, again, will be very different from the one we know now.

These boys and girls should be made to think of it this way—will this same job seem as wonderful to them five years from now? Will this same salary seem as good, later, when they have families of their own to support? And where do they expect to find the knowledge and skill that will help them to advance to better jobs? How can they expect to get ahead in a more highly technical and mechanical life than any we have ever known before?

Look at all the men in the service. They can't learn enough. Their demands for opportunities to study were so great that the Army had to set up a special organization to provide them with the courses they wanted. And they do study—even in the foxholes. Ask any young soldier or sailor what he wants to do when the war is over. Nine

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out of ten will answer they want to finish their education. They've seen something of the world. They've got some idea of what it will take to get along in the future.

I realize that many mothers will probably say that it's easy for me to feel this way. I don't need the money that my son might be earning.

Maybe I do have an easier life than many other women. I wish the world were such that all people could live more easily, without worry about family needs and desires which are hard to meet. But more important than wishing, I believe very strongly that we can build such a world—together.

Until this kind of world has been won, I suppose there will be children of high school age who must work. But, even if they do, some means must be found for them to continue their education. It can be done. There are Federal and State child labor laws to protect the health and opportunities of children. Parents must find out what these laws are and make sure that they are being carried out to the letter. And parents and children alike must understand that when a boy or girl is urged to sacrifice a few hours a day of working time in order to spend that time in getting part-time schooling, the sacrifice will be paid back a hundredfold.

**A**ND, I think, the important thing about the future is that it will be what we make it—or fail to make it. We can help, we people who have grown up. But the main tasks of the peace, of rebuilding and developing the whole world, these tasks will fall to the young people who are growing up now.

Someone once said that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. I don't think that was intended to mean vigilance only in the sense of armed sentinels always standing on watch for an enemy. It means that, too. But I think it means much more. To me it means a constant awareness of the real things that go into making and preserving liberty and peace. It means an honest knowledge of the needs of all peoples, readiness to pitch in and contribute the greatest amount that is in us for the widest good and protection of the rights and well-being of all. It means an understanding that this is the only way to safeguard liberty.

I want my children to go to school. I want them to become alert, useful citizens of the future. I'm not being a dreamer about it. I believe firmly that this will be the way for them to live full, satisfying, happy lives. I want them to learn all they can, so that they, in turn, can add to the store of the world's knowledge. Not just for the sake of having more knowledge, but because such knowledge will enrich their lives as well as the lives of others; cement the peace of the world—the peace on which our own safety and prosperity depends—and will expand and spread all that is good and decent throughout our own country and throughout the world, until there will no longer be any necessity for wars.

I want my children to go to school. And they will go on with their education. But I'm not so blind that I believe it will be enough for *my* children to be educated. I'm not so blind that I can't see that *all* children must be given as equal opportunities as possible, if the future is to be kept secure for my children as well as all others.

If only other mothers and fathers will see this, too! If only all parents can make their children understand it!



# Haunting House

(Continued from page 47)

love with me, Jimmy, I—I mean, are you sure?"

Before he had a chance to answer we were joined by several of the others, but I knew by the look in his eyes that he was very sure indeed. Before the party broke up, we did manage to make a luncheon date for the next day.

I went home on air that night—when I told my family, my father read me the riot act. Jimmy had no job, I was only 19, it was too sudden, and what kind of a future was there in singing anyway?

I might have been convinced except for the growing faith I had in Jimmy. I realized that I always must have vaguely believed that he'd accomplish anything he started out to do. Now I knew I wanted to marry Jimmy—that in some peculiar way, sudden as it was, it was completely right for us. However, the violent opposition by my family made me unsure of myself. It's important for a girl to have the good wishes of her family at a time like that.

**T**HE next day at luncheon, however, the spell was woven about us again, and I forgot my doubts, my fears, and my family. We found ourselves planning our future together. There are few things so painfully sweet as the first plans of two people in love. We even got to the subject of what kind of house we'd have some day.

"I know just the kind of house I want," Jimmy leaned across the table towards me. "There's a house in Closter, New Jersey, that was built when I lived there as a kid. I guess I was about 15. It sits on a hill, surrounded by about seven acres of land, way back from the road, and there's a long, winding driveway leading up to it."

"It sounds wonderful," I said happily. "It is!" He caught my hand under the table. "It's owned by someone else, of course, but it's just the type of place I visualize you and me living in some day." He gestured with his free hand. "It's Colonial style—white, with blue shutters."

After that first luncheon date, Jimmy faced the first tough grind of trying to break into the singing business. When six months had passed, and he had nothing but promises, he was almost ready to go back to the store; but before discouragement got him, he was offered a job with the Ben Yost Singers. It meant going on tour—trains, bad food, strange towns—but it was a beginning, a start, and that's all he asked.

The first time he got back into town, I went out to New Jersey with him to visit with his family. They were opposed to our getting married too, so it seemed as though it was the pair of us against the world. We'd planned taking our license out that day—October 14, 1939, and in the afternoon we went down to the City Hall.

"Do you think our families will soften up by the time we get married?" Jimmy asked as we made our way along the corridors.

"No," I sighed, "I don't think I'll ever get to have a nice, sentimental wedding where all the relatives gather and cry and everything."

"You gals set a lot of store by that sort of thing too, don't you?" He glanced sideways at me.

I shrugged. "All that really isn't important."

"Look, darling," Jimmy stopped and



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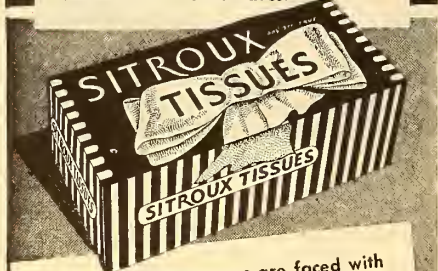
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SAY SIT-TRUE

faced me, "Why don't we get married today—right now?"

We looked at each other for a long moment, and then we were in each other's arms, and the decision was made. We had the Judge marry us as soon as we took out the license. Jimmy had only four days before he had to go back on tour, so we decided to go into New York and have some sort of honeymoon. We were feeling giddy and wonderful and adventurous. We registered at the Waldorf-Astoria, which fling left us completely broke, but we had four days touched with magic, and our hopes were bright, our hearts were high, when I kissed him goodbye and he resumed his touring.

I went back home and kept working. My family relented a little, but they couldn't get enthusiastic about the match. Jimmy blew in every few weeks and we'd have a day or two together and he'd be off again. This went on for eight months, and then he was offered a job at the "American Jubilee" at the World's Fair. He jumped at the chance, because it meant staying in town and also we could finally get an apartment of our own. I was also offered a job at the "Jubilee" but I had to refuse, because I'd just discovered that our baby was on the way.

When the Fair closed, Jimmy got a job in the chorus of a new program. One night he was called in to substitute for Morton Downey on Morton's program. We were thrilled at the write-ups he got from that appearance. They were so good, in fact, that when James Melton was taken ill soon after, Jimmy was rushed in to fill his place on Melton's show. He did a wonderful job that time too, and subsequently pinch-hit for Kenny Baker, Frank Parker and Dick Brown. These substitutions created a great deal of excitement in the trade, and before we knew it, the sponsor took him out of the chorus and made him the star of the show. He's now heard three times a week on CBS, at 6:15 EWT—the program's called Jimmy Carroll Sings.

When he was set with his own show, we began thinking about our house in the country. After endless searching,

we had almost decided to just stay in the city in our apartment, even though Jimmy, Jr. was three then and the country would have been grand for him.

Then one night Jimmy had Elizabeth Rinker on his show. She confided that she and her husband were going to California to live and wanted to sell their house. Jimmy came home fairly popping with excitement. That house was the white one with the blue shutters in Closter, New Jersey! We weren't in a position to buy the house, we wanted to rent—but we exclaimed over the coincidence for a long time.

One Sunday afternoon, five or six months later, we were over in New Jersey on another house-hunting expedition. After being shown endless places for rent, and not liking any of them, we were ready to admit defeat, when the real estate woman finally said that she didn't think anything would meet our requirements except one house which was for sale. We reminded her rather wearily that we wanted to rent.

"I think you ought to see this place," she said, herding us back into her car. "It seems to me to be what you're looking for."

We drove along some beautiful countryside, and soon we came into sight of a white house on a little hill. This was Closter—that was the house! It was too incredible. Here was fate stepping in again. If ever a family was meant to live in one particular house, we were that family.

We worked out a deal with the owners through the mail. We were skeptical about whether or not they'd accept our terms, but it seems that they, too, were helpless in the hands of that stubborn fate I told you about.

So here we are, right in the middle of a dream come true. Sometimes when I think of Jimmy and me at that first luncheon date, holding hands under the table, daring to hope and plan—I want to say to all young couples who are dreaming their wonderful dreams—decide what you want, want it badly enough, work for it hard enough, believe in miracles—and, above all, believe in one another.

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## Part of My Heart

(Continued from page 29)

I said, "But we can't afford it."  
"Is that it? Is that what's the matter?" Tommy asked quickly.  
"Running this house costs a lot of money," I answered. "We can't afford another child and new things for our home and all of the spending you want to do outside, too."

I thought that by talking to Tommy that way I would discourage his spending money on what I considered foolishness—money on shows and entertainment and flippant things away from home. But Tommy didn't see it that way. After that he began to think his salary was inadequate for our needs. Money became too important to him. In the year that followed he changed jobs three times, each time looking for a better paying position whether he liked it or not. And he began to try to win money through gambling, too.

Because so many of our quarrels began over money, I thought after a while that money, alone, would save our marriage. "Nothing else could be wrong," I told myself, "not with a marriage that started out so well."

What I couldn't see was that marriage must be cared for like a garden. If weeds of neglect and misunderstanding are allowed to grow in it, the beautiful, good part will be choked out and destroyed forever. And I wasn't taking care of my marital garden—I was closing my eyes to the insidious growth of mistrust which was destroying the fruit of our love.

It was Diane who showed me so plainly that our marriage was beyond saving. One night when she was four years old, we were eating together alone, as we often did. She raised her dark blue eyes to mine and asked thoughtfully, "Why doesn't Daddy live with us the way other daddies do?"

"Why, Diane," I answered quickly, "he does live here."

"Not like the other ones," she said, and her sharp little face was troubled.

"How do they live?" I asked softly.  
"They go places—all of them—and they do things and have fun," she said.

And have fun! The truth of that old "out of the mouths of babes" quotation came to me. Little Diane had shown with such amazing accuracy the change that had taken place in my relationship with Tommy. I felt guilty when I

looked at her little face. Children were entitled to happiness. They had no right to live in an environment fraught with strain and dissension. They were entitled to beauty and love and laughter. That's when I knew that I must separate from Tommy.

It was very late when I heard Tommy tiptoe past my bedroom door.

"You can turn the light on, Tommy—I'm not asleep," I told him. "Anyway, I want to talk to you."

Tommy flashed on the light and stood in the doorway.

"Can't it wait until morning, Mary?" he asked. "I'm very tired."

I was tempted to retort with sarcasm—to ask him whose fault it was that he stayed out so late, but I knew that this was no time for an argument. This was something that had to be settled seriously, for all time.

"Tommy," I asked, "what do you think of our marriage?"

He stood silently looking down at me, and I realized suddenly how much older he looked than he had even a year ago.

"You know what I think, Mary," he answered. "I think just what you think."

"What happened to us, Tommy?" I asked and there were tears edging my voice.

"I failed you—that's all," Tommy repeated. "I'm just not right for someone like you. I can't make enough money."

"You make enough, but you don't save it," I began.

"Please, Mary, let's don't argue that tonight," Tommy said wearily as he backed out of the room.

"We can't go on not facing things," I insisted. Then I plunged into what I'd been thinking about all evening. "Tommy, do you think we should go on living together?"

"Maybe not," he answered.  
"We don't match," I said. "And we never will. I've been wondering if we should get a—divorce."

"A divorce is pretty final—but if that's what you want," he began. "But not a divorce, Mary—not until we're sure. Let's just separate for awhile—until we really know."

"How will we know?" I asked him.  
"If we can get along without each other—if we don't need each other any-

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more—we'll know it. If we do—" his voice trailed off.

"If we do, then what?"

"Then nothing will stop us from getting back together," Tommy said.

"But loving you—wanting to hold you—well, that isn't enough. We have to find each other in all ways—again. You have to need me, too."

Before Tommy went away that night, he wrote a telephone number on a slip of paper and sealed it in an envelope. When he handed it to me, he said, "if you need me, open this envelope. The people at this number will know where to find me."

Then he bent down and kissed my forehead, and his gentle lips awakened old, exciting memories within me. "Goodbye, darling," he whispered.

The first week that he was away, I felt lonely and lost. I missed Tommy's whistle at shaving time in the bathroom each morning—his quick step on the front porch at night. But most of all I missed him when I looked into Diane's wide-set questioning eyes, eyes so reminiscent of other eyes which had looked at me with love. Two or three times I was tempted to look inside the envelope Tommy had left for me and to call him to come back. But I couldn't. I was sure that I missed only the *habit* of having him around—not Tommy himself. And I knew that this week's separation had solved nothing—that if we returned to each other the old personality differences would prevent us from weaving the old threads into a new pattern of happiness.

In the days that trailed endlessly one after another, in the months that followed, the pattern of my life didn't change very much. I continued to concentrate on my home and on Diane the way I had when Tommy had lived with

us. Each month I received a check from the national sales organization for which Tommy was working. It was impossible to tell from the impersonal typewritten envelope where Tommy was or how he was doing. But I told myself as time slipped by and I continued to get along without Tommy that it didn't matter where he was—really—that I could get along without him forever.

After six months when I thought of my former life with Tommy, I thought of it almost as a dream. The joy and the sadness, the heartache and the excitement—all faded into the background. I still wondered about him, of course, and I knew I always would—but the collapse of our marriage didn't hurt so much any more. Sometimes, I wondered if I were numb, if my heart had died within me. And I wondered if I ever again would feel anything—either pain or pleasure.

Gradually, I ceased to think of Tommy very much unless I heard laughter. Then I was reminded of the man I had given my heart to so trustfully—a man who had loved joy as much as he loved life, I would be listening to a radio program and as laughter rose after a comedian's joke, I would see Tommy's face as it had been in those first days when the light was still on behind his eyes. Or, walking past a noisy, laughter-filled restaurant, I would think of the days when life for Tommy and me had been a song to be sung with gay little trills of joy.

Only Diane's eyes could make me feel guilty. Sometimes, when I looked into those reproachful eyes, I wondered whether or not I'd made a mistake. A child is entitled to a home in which two persons love her—and love each other. I began to realize that a love

affair is bigger than just two persons—it affects other innocent persons—little lost children like Diane. The only way I could switch off this feeling of shame was to tell myself that she would be happier in a peaceful, quiet home than she would be in one where her parents always argued and differed.

I wonder now if that dead part inside of me ever would have come alive again if Diane hadn't been hurt. Somehow, I don't believe it would. I had felt numb for days. I just walked along through each day—not living at all—really—just existing. And it took stark, terrible tragedy to unlock my heart.

The day that my little Diane was hit by the grocery truck is a garish slash in the dull grey ribbon of my life. She had gone out to play in the front yard while I dressed to take her downtown. Several times I looked out and smiled at her as she played with the bright new ball I had bought her the week before. And then it happened. One minute she was bobbing up and down, vital and smiling and happy. And the next minute she was lying on the pavement, white and strangely still, while the fascinating ball dribbled slowly along the opposite curb.

The next few minutes were a wild, exciting, fantastic confusion. I don't know who picked Diane up. I just remember a white-faced truck driver who kept mumbling, "I didn't see her—not until she was right in front of me. God help me—I didn't see her."

The trip to the hospital is vague now, too. I don't know who drove us or how long it took us to get there. Everything seemed unreal and peculiar as if it weren't happening to me at all, but was occurring in a play. I couldn't believe that the still, tiny body with its twisted leg belonged to my little girl.



I couldn't make myself think that the pale, empty vacant face in my lap was Diane's. This couldn't be happening!

Someone had called the hospital and the attendants were waiting to wheel Diane away when we got there. There's something awe-inspiring about a hospital, isn't there? Maybe it's the closeness of death, or perhaps it's the hope and prayer and fight of the living—I don't know. Whatever it is, it always has impressed me and frightened me, too. I was scared now, and lonely, as I followed the attendants down the echoing corridor to the room where they were taking Diane.

The truck driver was waiting outside of the room. His face was an anguished grey; tears washed down his cheeks.

"It's all my fault, lady," he said. "I killed her, I killed your little girl."

"It isn't your fault," I told him softly. "Diane's always been a quick little thing—she followed the ball into the street—and you were coming—that's the way it happened."

A very strange strength began to creep through me as I comforted him. It was as if this sudden tragedy had brought with it a new and strange power to help me to bear it. I cannot explain it now, but if you have ever had to bear sudden and terrible grief, you know what I mean. While the tragedy was tearing my heart, strength to bear this hurt was making it pound with strong determination. I felt completely self-sufficient. And I was glad. This was proof of a dramatic kind that I didn't need anyone outside of myself to bear anything that might come to me. I thought of the many stories I had read where concern for a sick child had reunited the parents. I was proving today that that was wrong. Grief was

here—and I could bear it alone, without Tommy. I was strong, strong, STRONG. And I told myself as this new inner strength poured through me that I would never need Tommy again.

Dr. Smith came clicking efficiently down the hall while the truck driver and I still stood outside the door. When the young doctor went inside the room the truck driver paced up and down, smoking incessantly.

In about five minutes, the doctor came out and the attendants came to wheel Diane away again.

"It's a broken leg," Dr. Smith told me. "And we'll have to go to the X-ray room to find out whether her skull is fractured or not."

"Is she—going to get well?" I asked.

"If her skull isn't fractured, she's going to be all right," he answered.

But still I didn't feel the need of anyone's hand in mine. I didn't need anyone else to help me bear the tragedy of this moment. My new-found reservoir of strength was pouring energy and hardness into my body. Although I prayed with all of my heart for Diane to be spared, I knew that I could face even her death alone.

It seemed like hours that we stood in that eerie hall—the truck driver and I—waiting for Dr. Smith to come to tell us whether my little girl would run again and laugh again and love me again. But when he finally came he was smiling and he said, "She has suffered from shock and the broken leg all right—and a fairly simple concussion. But she's going to be all right."

At first I was conscious only of relief. It washed over me in great waves of thankfulness. And then the strangest thing happened to me. An exultant joy spread through my whole body and

pounded inside of me until it threatened to burst through my skin. It was glorious and a little frightening and the biggest thing that ever had happened to me. I wanted to scream—to run up and down this quiet hall calling out at the top of my voice, "She's going to get well—she's going to be all right—my little Diane's going to live." And all at once, it wasn't enough to know this—all at once there was something else I must have. Tommy, I must share this with Tommy.

Once in a lifetime a great truth is revealed to us with blinding clarity. This was the moment of my revelation—I learned something I should have known a long time before. I knew that no grief is so great that you cannot find the strength to bear it alone all by yourself. No grief in the world! But I discovered that overpowering, world-filling joy is another emotion entirely—a much greater emotion—one that has to be shared because the tension of it is too great to be relieved without the help of someone else. In that moment, I wanted Tommy more than I ever had wanted anything before in my life.

My hand shook when I took the envelope Tommy had left me out of my purse. And I cried a little as I read the scribbled message written in that dear, familiar handwriting. Scrawled on the paper above the telephone number was just one line—which I shall remember as long as I live.

"If you really need me, darling, you know now how I feel about you."

He came to me within an hour. I heard his familiar, quick step in the hall outside Diane's room. And then he came in and saw Diane, sleeping peacefully now, and looked at me beside her, and I didn't have to explain

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anything. I didn't even have to talk. That's the way it is with someone you've been married to—someone you've loved and lived with and watched from day to day. There's a wonderful sensitivity that comes to people who know each other that well. I could feel this awareness between us as I walked into the glad comfort of Tommy's arms and knew that they would be my sanctuary forever.

"I'm sorry, darling," he whispered, "that you had to go through this alone."

"It wasn't hard—not that part," I told him. "But I had to have you here for this—for the glad part."

He smiled and I knew that he understood. Of course he knew what I meant—dear Tommy. This had been what he had tried to tell me before he went away. He had tried in so many ways to explain that he needed a wife to share his joys, not his troubles. But I hadn't listened—I hadn't known.

Diane awakened as we stood there looking with new understanding into each other's eyes. And as I listened to the thrill of joy which pushed through her young voice when she turned to me and said, "Oh, mother, he's back," I realized that even a little girl can know the exultant glory in the sharing of pleasure. All of the months when she must have missed her daddy, she didn't cry or speak to me of him, but bore her loss within herself. But now that he was back, she lay looking at me with a glorious happiness burning in the bottom of her eyes.

At that moment I knew that Tommy was more right for me than anyone else in the world. I realized, too, that a successful marriage takes lots of work on both sides—but I was sure with an exciting certainty that Tommy and I could achieve lasting happiness. I recognized that no marriage is perfect in all ways—that no two persons with different backgrounds and inherited traits can melt together without leaving a few tiny flaws in the finished product. But I believe now with new sincerity that our marriage will be more successful than many. Because Tommy will bring me laughter and sunshine. And now—at long last—I will be able to do more than just help him face his serious problems. . . . I shall reach out for the joy he brings me with my eyes shining and my heart wide open.

## YOUR WASTE PAPER ISN'T WASTE PAPER UNLESS YOU WASTE IT!





# A Dream to Share

(Continued from page 45)

nodded his head in a way that almost made me jealous. On the following mornings, with my schedule working like clockwork so that I was always on Maple Street when Vera came home from the night shift, we got to know each other in a wonderful, wonderful way. At least I got to know Vera, for she told me more about herself and her job than I told her about myself.

I say I got to know more about Vera every day. Well, that was true in a sense; but you'll have to remember that I was a discharged veteran with a leg injury, that I was working on a job that was new to me, that I had the faculty (or was it a bad habit?) of dreaming; and that I really knew very little about girls. Looking back now, I can say those things; but when I first met Vera I didn't realize how important they were.

**F**OR example you can take the conversation I had with Vera one morning about music.

"It's really amazing, Jim," she said, "the way the big companies have gone out of their way to make it comfortable and enjoyable for war workers. Tonight, for instance, they had Tommy Turk and his orchestra play for us for an hour. The dance was arranged so the changing shifts could get on the dance floor together. It was keen, Jim."

"Who's Tommy Turk?" I asked, innocently; and Vera's eyes opened widely, incredulously.

"You don't know Tommy's Trio?" she asked. "You've never heard his recordings?"

I had to admit it was true, and the moment of silence that followed seemed to be dedicated to my ignorance of such matters. I felt, suddenly, as though I had been cheated out of part of my education; as though I were standing outside, looking in.

And just at that moment Doady champed, turned his head and looked at me. It was a hint that I'd better get going for the work to be done. Vera smiled at Doady and went into her house; and I drove Doady down the street wondering to myself how I could ever get a musical education of the kind that would make me aware of the importance of the Tommy Turks and the others who made hot music hotter.

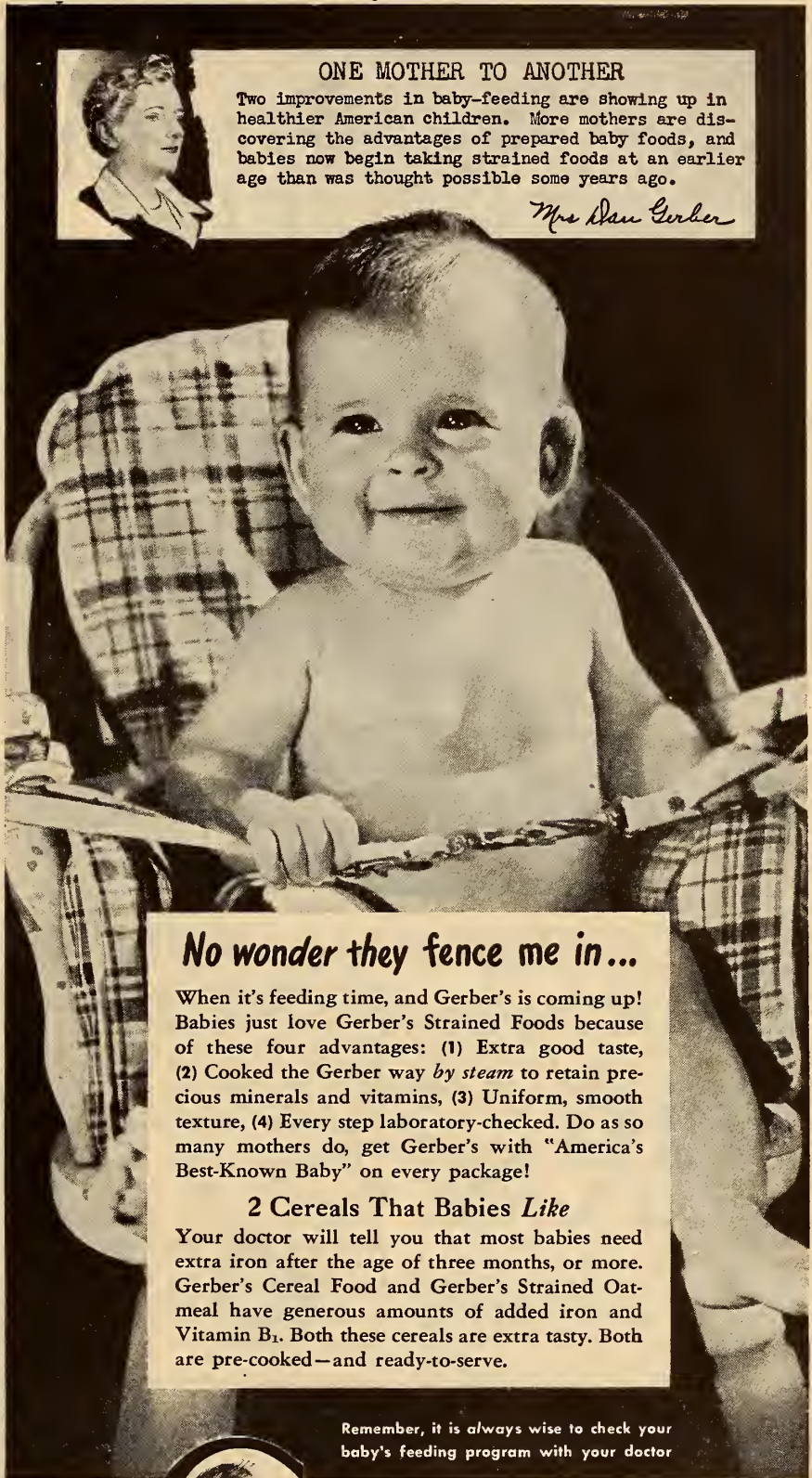
"Now that is something for us to think about, Doady," I said half aloud. "The girl likes music, a special kind of music that we know very little, if anything, about. Gosh, Doady, it sure makes you feel kind of dumb."

When I got back to the stables that morning I asked Bill Williams, the feed man, about Tommy Turk.

"Tommy Turk and his Tacoma Trio!" he said with a smile. "Sure, his clarinet is something special. At least that's what my kid brother says. He collects Tommy's records, got a load of them in the cabinet."

"Tell you what," continued Bill. "You buy some Harry James albums, then swap them with my kid brother for the Tommy Turk discs. You'll get hep to both leaders that way and save dough in the bargain."

I told him I'd think it over, sensing I was being trapped into something I wasn't at all sure about. He said it was okay for me to let him know when I was ready for the deal. But I let the matter drop because something else



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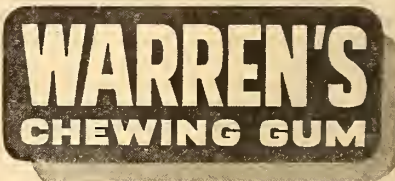
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## PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE—WITH WAR BONDS

came up to occupy my thinking. It happened in another conversation I had with Vera.

She asked me what I did in my spare time, and I was half afraid to tell her. It was my secret and one I felt sure would not appeal to her. I said I didn't do anything in particular in my hours off from work, and she told me she was crazy about bowling.

"There's some alleys right near the plant," she explained enthusiastically. "Air conditioned, Jim. It's the last word. Not one of these smoky places, your eyes don't get red; and they have industrial leagues that give you a chance to win prizes at the end of the season. Do you know I made the five-ten split twice the other afternoon? And I've developed a hook that our team captain says will add twenty pins to my score. That won't be so bad!"

So once again I tried to find out something about Vera's interests, this time bowling; but the men I questioned told me I just had to bowl before I could ever understand it. And it seemed impossible for me to start learning the game. Furthermore, I wasn't sure it would be good for my leg; and I decided to forget about it, to avoid the subject again.

I thought about Vera all the time; remembered the green tint in her eyes and the reddish glint in her hair when the sun struck it a certain way. I remembered the soft line of her face, and the trace of a dimple in one cheek. That dimple was most tantalizing to recall because it never quite developed into a real dimple. She'd smile and the little trace would appear as though it were ready to bloom like a flower, and I was sure it must have been there when she was a little girl.

And being the kind of guy I am, it was the thinking of those things when I was away from Vera that made me almost tongue-tied and reticent when I met her each morning. She always seemed glad to see me, and yet I wondered if she was just being nice; and I wondered if I had any sense in my heart hoping that liking might be something bigger and more wonderful in the future.

I knew she was studying me from all angles when we talked, and that bothered me to the extent that I was careful in what I said. I did want to make the right impression on her so badly that maybe I was not my natural self. Believe me, that worried me.

"Tell me," she said one day, "about those sounds you hear in the morning. You mentioned them when we first got to know each other."

Some foolish instinct made me back away. "Oh, I guess I have a vivid imagination, Vera. It's silly, isn't it?"

"No," she replied. "What's silly about the trolley song you hear on St. John's hill? I'll bet nobody ever thought of that before. I'll bet nobody ever heard it that way, the way you heard it. And what you told me about the alarm clocks sounding like roosters with bells was wonderful."

Vera was smiling, and the dimple was threatening. I felt embarrassed and I made a move to get into the milk-wagon. She lost the smile immediately as a curious wrinkling of her brow transformed her face. "What's the hurry this morning, Jim?" she asked.

I got into the wagon and Vera stood on the sidewalk petting Doady's nose.

"Your master says the world smells different in the morning, Doady. He says it's fresh and clean, as if it had

had a bath. He says a milkman lives in a different world, Doady; and, you know, I think he's right."

I felt the color run up my face and I took the reins in my hands.

"Make with the clop-clop, Doady," I said. "Have to get going, Vera. Today's collection day, and I have to work on my accounts." Doady started slowly as though his soul were full of regret; and I know horses don't have souls. It was mine that was regretful.

"The girl is laughing at us, Doady," I said quietly when we were three blocks away. "She's laughing, and it hurts. She doesn't understand, and we don't understand. The world is full of misunderstanding. She understands bowling and jive; and all we understand are sounds and colors and the feel of the earth when you sit on the river bank and fish."

That last remark about the fishing was, perhaps, the thing that annoyed me most. It was the little secret of mine I referred to. I could just imagine Vera with her modern ways laughing like mad if I ever told her about THAT. She'd think I was a terribly corny guy if she knew what I did on my day off.

She'd laugh to herself, of course; but I'd sense her feelings and it would hurt like the devil. I knew that. The truth was I didn't even really fish. I had a very special place for this special day of the week, and I always went alone; I brought along a line and dug a few worms; but the biggest fun of it was to just sit on the bank of the little yellow stream and think. It was so quiet there, so peaceful and satisfying to my soul that it was like some warm and wonderful tonic.

You had to be sort of queer, I conceded, to do a thing like that. You had



to half-close your eyes, let the warm sun cover you, and then you'd hear the things the ordinary people missed. You'd hear the water lapping gently, and you'd hear the wings of a dragon-fly sing, and you'd hear the burp of a frog and the rustle of reed grass. And the most wonderful overtone was the water wheel's groaning, like strange organ music, solemn, but very beautiful.

Some time during the day you'd open your lunch and eat it; and when it came time to go home you'd feel a little lonely and know that the summer would be over eventually and that part of your life would be eliminated for six months by snow and ice.

But how could you explain all that to a girl like Vera, even if she had been the world's most understanding girl?

So when she asked me again what I did on my day off I told another fib.

"I fish for trout," I said with a definite tone. "Been doing it for years."

I figured that by emphasizing trout she'd envision all kinds of fancy equipment with special hooks and gear, flies instead of worms, expensive rods and baskets for holding the fishy prizes. I figured that she knew nothing about the sport because very few girls do; and when she asked me where I fished I said, "Out near Van Ness."

It was a Saturday morning when I told her that, and I said, importantly, that I had to get started as soon as I got back to the stables. Was I wrong in detecting a kind of disappointment in her blue-green eyes as I left her? Did my consciousness of her presence fool me in the suggestion of loneliness in her voice as she said good-by? At the time I was confused, but beyond that was the conscience that bothered me about my little white lie.

Trout fishing! That was good. If Vera saw me with my miserable fish line and my lunch in a brown paper bag she'd have the answer. As I rode out to Van Ness on the trolley car I wrestled with my unhappiness, realizing all the time that my attempts at being sophisticated with Vera had brought me no pleasure. And I was certain that the day would be an unhappy one.

I GOT off the trolley at the last stop. A taxicab driver was taking a load of men who carried fancy fishing equipment, but I walked down the road to the river, just a few hundred feet. I stood on the bank, watching a small boat rocking gently in the current. The place was as peaceful as ever and I dropped to the grass, stretched out in the comfortable sunshine.

Ordinarily I would have dozed off, for that was the first reaction I always had after arriving there. But that day was different. I closed my eyes and saw Vera's face; I opened them and saw the outline of her profile on the water. I recognized the smell of the sod by my cheek, but there lingered in my nostrils the faint scent of the perfume she had about her. A cricket chirped nearby, but Vera's voice was there, too.

I began thinking of my job as a milkman, wondering if I would ever be quite as happy working at it again.

"It's funny," I said half aloud, "the way things are always changing. First I'm crazy about my job, then I'm crazy about a girl I meet while working on the job. Then when I find I don't quite make the grade with the girl I lose all interest in my job!"

Yes, I was positive I didn't have a chance with Vera; and the more I

thought about it, the more distressed I became. I looked across the river and wondered how everything could be so different; the softness of the water was gone, the sounds I loved to hear were not there. The sky was blue and clear, but as I looked aloft there was a pensiveness in the air, or at least, I imagined it was that way.

I began thinking about my pals in the South Pacific, wondering how they were. I thought about Tommy Miller who was dead, and about his girl "Rolly Eyes"; she must be somewhere, poor girl, unhappy girl.

I heard the trolley car in the distance, climbing the hill that brought it to the end of the line; then I saw it come into view around a turn, and I compared its appearance to that of a yellow caterpillar. The trolley groaned to a stop, and from where I lay on the grass I could see the people getting out.

"Funny," I thought, "how people look alike. Now that fat fellow looks just like Bill Williams. And that girl looks just like Vera, only she's wearing a dress instead of slacks."

Then I jumped to my feet, my heart pounding. It was Vera! She was standing near the trolley, looking around her as though she were trying to make up her mind about something. When she started for a taxicab I called out to her, and I noticed the happy tone of my voice.

"Hi, Vera!"

She turned around, sort of half-waved her hand, and started toward me as I began walking toward her. She was about a hundred yards away and I couldn't take my eyes from her as we neared each other; my eyes took in everything: the way she had her hair down to her shoulders, the pretty white

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pinafore, the wedged shoes, the redness of her lips—and the slightly worried expression in her eyes.

I guess I had a wide grin on my face when she came up to me, for I felt the whole world warming up; the birds were singing and the full beauty of the summer day burst forth from the valley land around me.

She held out her right hand to me, holding a little lunch basket in the other.

"You're not mad at me, Jim?"

Mad? Why I was the happiest fellow in the world at that moment.

"You don't mind me being out here, Jim?"

Mind? It was just too wonderful to be true, and I wondered if I were dreaming.

Vera walked over to the tree I had been sitting under, looked at the brown paper bag that contained my lunch, and turned toward me again with a happiness in her eyes I had never seen before. She sat down on the grass and I did the same. We just looked at each other for a few minutes.

"I'm so glad you didn't bring your fishing tackle, Jim," she said. "I would never have found you down the river, although I was going to look for you and watch you fish."

"But, Vera," I countered. "You worked last night. You didn't sleep today. How did you...?"

"I don't work tomorrow, Jim. Sunday, remember? I guess I was pretty bold coming down here uninvited. But I wanted to so badly."

"Well, why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you say something?"

She looked at me reproachfully for a moment, then turned her eyes away to gaze out across the river.

"I waited," she said. "I thought if I waited long enough, you'd ask me to come. But I just got tired of waiting; I thought I'd take a chance."

"I was afraid to ask you, Vera," I said. "I thought you were a different kind of a girl, maybe. I got my impressions from the things you said; things about bowling and music and your friends. They were all strange to me, Vera..."

The dimple was threatening. Vera's eyes were smiling, too. Her hand managed to find mine and we were silent.

"It's just the way I pictured it, Jim," Vera said softly after a while. "I knew it would be this way."

"You mean the river and the trees and the quietness, Vera? You mean you actually enjoy this kind of a day?" I couldn't get the inflection of amazement from my voice. "But how about the other things, the bowling and that music? Those things don't go with this. They're so different..."

Vera's face was close to mine. I could feel her eyelash brushing my cheek.

"Oh, I like Tommy Turk all right," she said, as though he were a vague competitor of mine, "but, really, I'm a pretty awful bowler. I told you about it because I thought maybe you'd be interested. A girl has to make conversation..."

"You mean it was something like my trout fishing? Imaginary?"

She laughed and the color came into her cheek.

"Let that be a lesson to you, Jim Brown..." she began to say, but my embrace dissolved her words into nothingness. Our first kiss was a punctuation mark on her sentence, and our first day settled around us in fragrant peacefulness, a dream that was no longer far in the future, but real and here and now, for both of us.



# INTRODUCING TONI DARNAY



SIX MONTHS ago Toni Darnay was just another stagestruck girl who lived at New York's Rehearsal Club. Today, at twenty-three, this virtually unknown ingenue has copped one of radio row's biggest prizes in the leading role in the serial *The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters* (CBS, daily at 10:30 A.M. EWT).

Intent on a footlights career, Toni payed little attention to a microphone career but did take time out to make one or two auditions. She was in the arduous throes of rehearsing for the Philadelphia tryout of "*Sadie Thompson*" when a call came through from her agent telling her to come to New York to try out for the lead in a new serial. She made the trip and three hours later had the part of Evelyn Winters.

Born in Chicago some twenty-three years ago, Toni is descended from her grandfather Landon Gates who owned a string of theaters at which her mother acted. "The Barrymores had nothing on the Darnays" recalls Toni. "There were eight children and when we went to dramatic school, onlookers really saw some emoting."

At thirteen, Toni embarked on her stage career—not without much protest put up by her doctor dad—and went on a vaudeville tour with mama in tow. After some years at College Prep High in Chicago, she started dancing professionally at such Windy City night spots as the Chez Paree and the Palmer House, but she never stayed long in any one place—"My father always yanked me out."

At the age of eighteen she was doing stock at Oconomowac Walk, Wisconsin, where the Marjorie Montgomery Ward Baker award was presented to the new play in which she had a part. At that point Toni picked up her baggage and came to New York, where she weathered a saga of buying clothes at sales, having every pair of stockings a major investment, and not knowing where her next meal was coming from. She did stock at Bridgehampton, Long Island, Dennis Playhouse at the Cape (where she appeared in "*The Duenna*" with Gregory Peck), and Cambridge. Then came a part in "*Sadie Thompson*" and radio row knows the rest.



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## INTRODUCING KATHRYN CRAVENS



**K**ATHRYN CRAVENS has been enabling millions of radio listeners to obtain News Through a Woman's Eyes for several years through her program of that name, so it was inevitable that as soon after V-E day as the Army would accredit a woman radio correspondent for broadcasts from Europe she would be the first woman to receive such accreditation. Her programs are broadcast twice a week over the Mutual network.

It was because, as an actress, she always wanted to rewrite and improve the scripts she was assigned to act, that Kathryn Cravens became radio's most outstanding woman commentator. She began her career as a movie actress, for Fox Films, under the name of Kitty O'Dare when she was 15. After eight years of that activity she turned to acting dramas broadcast by KWK in St. Louis and later over KMOX.

Her flair for interpreting current events, for doing interviews with the great and near-great, in a way that had a special significance for feminine listeners, soon put her on a coast-to-coast CBS network.

Kathryn Cravens was born in Burkett, Texas, where her father was a country doctor and her mother the postmistress. Texas, incidentally, is still one of her major enthusiasms—is that news when one thinks of the attitude of all people born in Texas? Her other strong interests are flying, Victorian furniture, good clothes and people with strong personalities.

Before she flew to Europe this spring she had already scheduled interviews with a number of important personages, including Gen. de Gaulle, Bernard Shaw and the Pope. But her main purpose was to get a picture for American women of how the common people of the liberated—and the conquered—countries of Europe are managing in the wake of Nazi devastation such vital but humdrum problems as feeding their families, caring for their children's health, recreation and cleanliness, keeping themselves dressed and alive. Her job is to report a "woman's angle" on living conditions amid the chaos of a catastrophic war—a chaos that American women have been protected from.



## Whirlpool

(Continued from page 21)

one of the most appealing people I'd ever known—there was something boyish about him, something that made you want always to be there when he needed you. I had realized, of course, from the first that he was moody—sometimes very gay and sometimes in the depths of depression. But I didn't think that was very serious. Part of it, I thought, was because he had never really found himself, never found what he wanted to do with his life. He'd had a succession of jobs from the time he'd finished high school, never settling down to any one of them but always quitting to go on to something he thought would be better. Sometimes it was because his boss didn't like him, sometimes the money wasn't enough. All his reasons seemed good ones, and he didn't have much trouble getting a new job because everybody liked him. I felt all he needed was the responsibility of a home of his own and all his moods and changeability would go.

**P**ART of it, too, I felt was his mother's fault. She babied him, and hovered over him, even when he was twenty-five years old. She was a widow and although she had two daughters younger than Woodie, he was her baby. "He was always a sensitive child," she told me once. "People never understood how easily he could be hurt. But I did. No one ever understands Woodie as I do." She resented me from the first. Not so much me myself, as the fact that Woodie wanted to marry me. She would have resented any girl who "tried to take him away from her."

In spite of that, we were married. And at first I thought I was right that all he needed was our love and marriage to be happy. He got a job as salesman at the Acme Automobile Agency, and he was good at it. You couldn't resist Woodie when he really wanted to sell you something in that eager, confiding way he had. I gave up my job, and for the first few months we were wildly happy.

The first small hint of the terrible thing that was to come was when he unexpectedly sold two cars in quick succession to customers the other salesmen had given up as too hard to sell. Woodie was naturally elated—but it was a strange, unnatural kind of elation. The night he came home after the second sale, he caught me up in his arms and swung me around until I was breathless.

"Put on your new dress," he said. "We're going out and celebrate."

"But, darling," I protested laughingly, "we celebrated last night and the night before. We're going to spend all that money you made in celebrating making the money!"

"What of it? There'll be plenty more. I've gotten started now and nothing can stop me. Nothing! I'll be the best darn salesman Acme ever had—that anybody ever had! Hurry up, get ready."

It wasn't only spending the money that bothered me. It was the almost feverish look in his eyes and the way he couldn't keep still for a single minute. We went out to one of the most expensive places in town, and Woodie had too much to drink. He didn't get drunk, only excited, and the feverish look in his eyes heightened. He wanted to buy everybody in the place as many drinks as they could order. When we got home, he grabbed me fiercely in his



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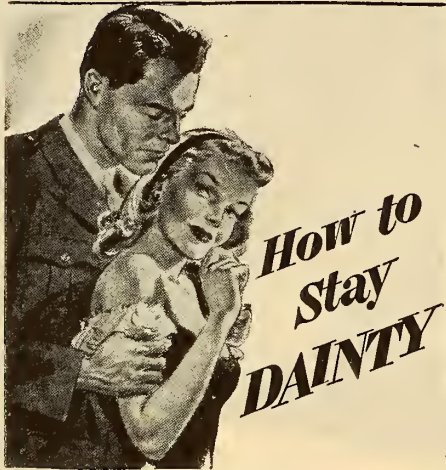


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arms and kissed me tensely, eagerly. "We're going to be rich and we're going to have fun!" he cried exultingly. "I'd never have done it without you, Nancy. With you, I can do anything!" For the first time that night I didn't respond to him with my own equal measure of joy. I felt uneasy in the face of that wild exultation. Uneasy and deeply unhappy.

His mood of recklessness persisted, even became more wild. I began to worry—not so much about all the money we were spending on the expensive gifts he brought home to me or our "celebrating" in which I no longer had any heart, but because of what was happening to him inside. The only way I can explain it is that everything he did he did too intensely. He drove too fast. He drank too much. And his love for me seemed to break all bounds and become too abandoned.

I told myself that it couldn't last. Nobody in the world could live like that for long at a time, as if he were consumed by some strange and driving urgency.

I WAS right, but not in the way I'd hoped to be. Suddenly his mood of elation was broken, for no reason I could see, and it was followed by the deepest depression. It was true he wasn't making as many sales as he had been, but that was only natural in his business. It was bound to have its ups and downs. But he would come home now sunk in the deepest gloom. Some mornings he even refused to go to work at all. "What's the use?" he would say. "Nobody wants to buy a car from me. And the boss is blaming me for it, too. He's got something against me."

"That's silly!" I would tell him. "He doesn't blame you at all. You have a fine record and this is just a slump." I would try to cheer him up but it wouldn't work. He refused to go out at all, even to see any of our friends or anything like that.

In my desperate anxiety, I tried to talk to Mrs. Frazier about it. But she either couldn't or wouldn't understand. She seemed almost to blame me.

And then came that day when, for the first time in my life, I knew real terror.

I had been downtown shopping, and I remember I hurried home earlier than I'd planned because, suddenly and for no special reason, I had an unbearable feeling of anxiety about Woodie. He had been so depressed when he left for work that morning.

I found him stretched across the bed, unconscious. And beside him, on the table, was an empty bottle that had contained sleeping pills, and a scrawled and incoherent note to me. Much later, when I was able to read it I deciphered it to say: "Darling, there's no use in going on. This is the only way out for me."

The doctor got there barely in time to save his life. And then afterwards, when we knew he wouldn't die but when he lay there in that strange coma where he recognized no one, Dr. Blythe told me the truth. The truth I should have known before.

Woodie was mentally sick. He was what is known as a manic-depressive. Once, six years before I met him, he had been in a mental hospital for a few months. He had responded so well to treatment they had had every right to think he was well. Now he would have to go back.

"Do you mean to say you weren't told of his illness before you married him?" Dr. Blythe demanded of me.



I shook my head numbly. "I never knew," I whispered. "But even if I had—I'd still have loved him. I can't—not love him just because he's sick." I caught the doctor's hand. "Can you cure him? Can you make him well again and like he used to be?"

"We'll do our best."

Dr. Blythe talked to Mrs. Frazier. She said Woodie had wanted to tell me, but she wouldn't let him. She told him it was all over and to be forgotten. She seemed to feel it was a disgrace; she couldn't understand that to be sick in your mind is no more disgraceful than to be sick in your body. She wanted to hide it, like a shameful thing, and she always made excuses for Woodie's erratic behaviour by saying that people didn't understand him, instead of accepting it as an illness that could be cured. Even now, she didn't want him taken back to the hospital. "Mrs. Frazier," Dr. Blythe said at last in exasperation, "if your son had an acute appendicitis attack, would you think you could operate on him yourself or cure him with kindness? Well, this is the same thing. He is acutely sick in his mind and must go where there are expert doctors to take care of him. This can't be cured by kindness any more than a ruptured appendix!"

SO Woodie went to the sanatorium, and I resolved to wait as bravely as I could for his recovery. I went to the head of the Acme Company, told him the truth, and he offered me a job as bookkeeper. I felt terribly alone. Mrs. Frazier resented the fact I wouldn't come to live with her, and implied that if Woodie had been happier with me all this would never have happened. She said I didn't really "understand" him. I had few friends in Wilton, and there was no one I could turn to for sympathy. It was as if I were living in a vacuum of waiting and loneliness, with all life suspended until Woodie should recover. Now that that waiting was nearly at an end, I was afraid.

Or rather, I realized now, I had been afraid until the moment I finished telling the story to Don Colman.

Impulsively I reached across the table and put my hand over his. "Thank you for this!" I said. "You were right—it helped to talk about it. Somehow now I feel calmer and more hopeful."

"I'm glad it helped," he said quietly. "Sometimes talking about something you're afraid of is like turning on a light in a dark room—all the things that looked so scary in the dark turn out to be familiar, well-loved things and you're not afraid any longer. There's only one question I'd like to ask." His eyes were very direct. "Would you have married Woodie if you'd known the truth about him?"

"I don't know," I said in a low voice. "I don't know. We loved each other very much. All I do know is that now I want to—sort of take care of him and keep him well."

"He's lucky to have you. But then—" he smiled—"any man would be!"

"Did you know any of this before—about Woodie, I mean?"

"I heard some of it around the office, of course," he admitted. "I knew for instance, you always went out to see him on Sundays—"

"And you knew I might be unhappy and depressed after it," I interrupted suddenly. "And that's why you asked me to dinner. It was all a fib about your being lonely!"

Don looked embarrassed. "Well—no, it isn't quite like that. I was lonely."

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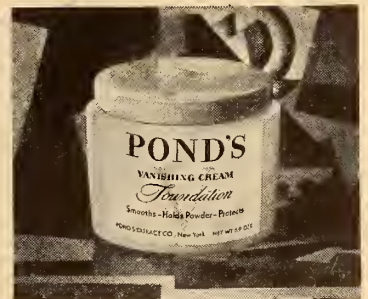
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Mrs. Peninger, only 5 feet 1½ inches tall, had worn a size 9 when she was married. After her baby was born she went to 138 pounds! Heavy hips and thick waist above slim legs made her look all out of proportion. One day her husband reminded her how slim she used to be. That decided her. She enrolled for the DuBarry Success Course, lost 7 pounds the first week, kept on until she lost 26. Now with 6 inches gone from her waist, 8 from her abdomen, 7 from her hips, she wears size 9 again. Her skin and hair are lovelier than ever before. "I cannot praise the DuBarry Success Course enough," says Mrs. Peninger. "It has shown me how to be healthier and happier than I had thought it possible to be."



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And now you've made me feel I've found a friend."

Don took me home then, and when he left me at the door I felt I, too, had found a friend. The knowledge comforted and sustained me. Somehow it made me face Woodie's coming home in the way I should—with happiness and with firm faith in our future. That was what he needed from me—the feeling of security I could give him. His whole adjustment in these crucial days ahead might depend on that. Now I felt strong enough for that dependence and that giving. Don Colman had helped me find it.

The day of Woodie's arrival I stayed home from work. I scrubbed and cleaned the apartment until it glistened. I prepared his favorite dinner. I made myself as pretty as I could.

WHEN he came, he came alone, just as if he were returning from an ordinary absence like a business trip. He opened the door and set down his bag, and then he looked around him.

"It hasn't changed," he said softly. "It's just as I pictured it. It hasn't changed at all."

"Of course not, darling," I said. "It will always be the same."

"And you haven't changed either," he said with that same soft wonderment. "Your hair's still gold with the light on it, your mouth is still soft and red, and—you still love me."

He held out his arms then and I ran to him. We clung together. "What would I ever do without you?" he murmured against my hair. "What would I ever do?"

I tried to laugh, but it was an unsteady little sound. "You're not going to have to try, darling. You'll never get rid of me!"

All during his getting settled and unpacked, and during dinner, we never mentioned his illness. As at the hospital, you would never have known he had been sick. It was when we were doing the dishes together that he said, "You know, Nancy, I've decided not to go back to the Acme. I'd rather start fresh, get a really good job somewhere."

"Have you thought about where?" I asked carefully. I didn't want him to start going from job to job as he had done before we were married.

"I'm a good salesman," he said with confidence. "There are several places I could go. And I'd like you to stop working now, and just let me take care of you. You will, won't you?" he asked anxiously.

"Of course, darling. That's what I want, too." But it wasn't true. We owed a lot of money still, the hospital had been expensive, and I'd rather have kept on working for a while. But I thought maybe the responsibility would aid him in his re-adjustment and that I could give him more security that way than if I let him see I was worried.

The next day I gave notice at the office. And afterwards, I went out in the salesroom to say goodbye to Don Colman. He held my hand a moment in his firm, warm grasp. "I know everything is going to be all right," he said, "but if you ever need me for anything, Nancy—to talk over something—if there's anything I can ever do—"

"Thank you," I said feelingly. "If there ever is, I know I can count on you."

And that was true. I thought how strange it was to know someone so little and yet so well. I might never see Don again, except just on the street, because it might upset Woodie to know



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I had been out with a man while he was sick. But just the fact that Don was there, that he could be confided in and trusted, made me feel good. And he knew I felt that.

Woodie went to work for another automobile agency and he seemed happier than he had ever been. At first, I watched anxiously but unobtrusively for signs of any unnatural behavior in him. But there were none. He was completely normal, and our life was just as it had been when we were first married, before the shadow fell across it. There was only one thing that worried me. He depended on me so utterly. He always wanted me home when he came from work. He always wanted me near him so he could reach out and touch me, as if for reassurance. It was as if he were afraid that some day I might not be there. And over and over, he repeated the refrain: "What would I ever do without you, Nancy? What would I ever do?"

And always I would say, "You'll never have to try, darling."

Slowly I began to relax. I didn't watch him so anxiously. I began to believe that we had both done what Dr. Blythe had said must be done: we had blotted out the past. We didn't see his mother much—the doctor had told me frankly she was bad for Woodie. So, although she resented me more bitterly than ever for taking her son away from her, we visited her only occasionally. I wanted to make new friends, to have people in sometimes for bridge or for supper. But Woodie didn't want to. "I'd rather be just with you," he said. "You're all I ever want."

I began, too, to long for a child. Woodie's disease was not inheritable, he was cured now anyway, and our lives would be richer if we had babies to love. But Woodie said "Not yet, Nancy. Now I just want you all to myself." And when I tried to point out that we would be closer than ever if we had a child to share as a living part of ourselves, he got upset. It was almost as if he were jealous. So I stifled my hope until a better time when he would be sounder.

I TOLD myself I should be completely happy, that I *was* completely happy, now that Woodie's health was restored. But I found that just as I stifled the desire for new friends and activities, my hope for children, I was stifling part of myself. His complete dependence on me did that. His whole life revolved around me and only me, seeking the reassurance and encouragement he needed. Unconsciously, the strain of it began to tell on me. I felt restless sometimes, as if I were no longer free to be myself. But then, I thought, that was a small price to pay for his happiness; I wanted always to take care of him, to keep him well. That was the only thing that counted.

And then one day Woodie was arrested for reckless driving.

He had been driving an agency car sixty miles an hour on one of the main arteries through Wilton, and he had just missed crashing into a truck parked near the sidewalk. He was fined, and his driving license was suspended for several months.

"But what made you do it?" I cried when he came home, half defiant, half ashamed, and told me about it.

"How do I know? I just felt like driving fast. I felt good and wanted to do something about it. For Lord's sake, Nancy, you act as though I'd killed someone."

"You might have! Oh—Woodie—" I





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began to cry. It was not so much what he said as the way he looked that filled me with that sudden desperation. His eyes were too bright, his movements too quick, he was over-excited. And every one was a sign of the horrible dread that had lurked in my heart, had been lulled, and now was springing to life again. Every one was a sign of the shadow that lay over him.

"It might have happened to anybody," he insisted. "Everybody drives fast once in a while. I tell you, I don't know what made me do it!"

I tried to control my tears and my terror. "I think, darling," I said as quietly as I could, "that you ought to see Dr. Blythe again. Tell him about it—see what he says."

For a moment he looked so angry I was frightened. Then he lit a cigarette with unsteady fingers. "That's silly. There's no need for that. I—I won't do it!" But I could tell he, too, was shaken.

"Please, darling. For my sake. Just to see what he says."

AT last, I persuaded him. He was still defiant, but he agreed to go if I would go with him. We went out to the hospital together that afternoon.

I sat in the waiting room, fighting against despair, while Woodie talked to the doctor. I had had to do it, I had had to bring him here. And yet—

Finally Dr. Blythe came out. He looked grave. "I think he'd better be re-committed, Mrs. Frazier. He has agreed to it voluntarily, and that in itself is a very hopeful sign. I've pointed out that this may be a recurrence of his illness and his commitment would be a preventive before it gets too far advanced. . . . I'm sorry, my dear. But I'm still hopeful. You were very wise and very brave to make him come."

"Can I—see him?" The words would hardly come.

"Of course."

He ushered me into the office and left us alone. Woodie clung to my hand. "I'm not really sick again, Nancy," he said, imploring me—and himself—to believe it. "You know that. I've just been working too hard, and I'll get a good rest out here. That's all. It'll only be for a little while . . ." The words tumbled out incoherently in his effort to assure us both. His grip tightened on my hands until the pain was almost more than I could stand without crying out. "You'll be there when I come home, won't you, darling? You'll always be there, won't you?"

"You know I will, Woodie," I promised. "Always."

And so my life of anguished waiting began again. The existence that was only half existing, not wife and yet not widow. The old loneliness and the old despair—but this not quite the same, for now there was a desperation in it. Now I had to face the inevitable question: was this to be the pattern of my life forever? Was Woodie never to be completely well? Were the fear and the terror always to be there? I had done everything I could for him. I had loved him, given him what he needed and wanted, sometimes at great cost to myself—and still it was not enough. The iron gates had claimed him again.

I must give up forever my dream of children. I could not bring a child into the world with a father who was not able to be a real father. I must give up my dream for anything but living always alternately between the hope that Woodie would be cured and the fear that he could not.

I went back to the job at the Acme.



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This time, even when Woodie was home again, I would keep it. I would have to, for security. And this time I could not bear to see his mother. I felt sorrow for the tragedy that was hers as well as mine, but her blame of me, both spoken and unspoken, was so unfair and so hurting that our sorrow only separated us further. People were hard to face. Those who knew about my husband tried to be kind but sometimes it was awkwardly done. Those who didn't were always shocked and embarrassed when I explained that he was at Blythe Sanatorium.

There was only Don Colman.

He remained unchanged. He welcomed me back to the Acme warmly but not too sympathetically, as if my coming were the most natural thing in the world. His real sympathy was always there, underneath, for me to feel and to call upon if I needed it. I saw him every day at the agency, and once or twice he invited me to lunch. At first, that was enough. Just seeing him, knowing he knew the whole story and understood, was like tapping a hidden source of strength for me. But as my terrible, lonely waiting went on, I seemed to need him more and more. He asked me out to Sunday dinner once, after my visit to Woodie, as he had done before. And after that again, until it became a regular thing that I have dinner with him every week. We didn't talk much of Woodie—I didn't want to burden him with my troubles. And, besides, we found so much else to talk of—places he had been, books we had both read, people . . . it didn't matter. There was always his slow smile, all the relaxed happiness of being with a friend you trust and know.

ONE night we were caught in a sudden downpour on the way home, and I invited him in to wait until it was over. We sat there quietly, listening to the rain beating on the roof, not speaking.

"I wish," I said suddenly, "that Woodie could know you as I do. He has so few real friends, and he would like you so much. I always wanted him to meet you but I thought—well, that it was better not. You understood that, didn't you?"

"Yes," he said slowly, "I understood that. A hundred times, after he came home, I started to telephone you—and then kept myself from it. Because I thought it was better not—for everybody's sake."

There was something so curious in his voice that I looked up at him. His eyes were on me and, for the first time, there was a look of pain and urgency in them. "You see," Don said simply, "I've loved you from the beginning. Not as a friend, Nancy—but as the woman I wanted."

The blood drained from my face as my heart, for that one second, seemed to stop beating. I stared at him and, slowly at first, then overwhelmingly, realization came. I made a little gesture toward him—and then I was in his arms. His lips came down on mine, seeking, finding. There was exultation in that kiss, there was fulfillment, there was almost unbearable sweetness and unbearable desire.

He let me go, almost roughly. "And you love me, too," he said.

"I never knew it," I whispered. "I never knew until this minute—Oh, Don—"

Compelled beyond my strength, I went into his arms again. All the friendship, the instinctive companionship, the sense of peace with him, came



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back in overflowing measure—and there was more, much more, besides, rising irresistibly within me.

"We can't!" I cried. "We can't love each other like this!"

"But we do. Oh—darling—"

"No, wait. You asked me once if I would have married Woodie if I'd known the truth. I don't know—I still don't know. What I do know, is that, sick or well, I never should have married him. I loved him because he was boyish and fun, because somehow he needed—always, even before he was ill—someone to lean on and look after him. It's as if he were always the child and I the mother. It was never like this, Don—like this between you and me. I know that now. It isn't just the loneliness I've had, or the despair—this is real, darling. Real and for forever—"

"That's the way it's always been with me," he whispered. "Real and for forever. If it weren't, if I didn't trust it, I'd never have told you—no matter how much I wanted you. But now—I've got to take care of you, darling. I've got to get you free of this dreadful life of yours. We've got to share together this glory that we've found."

"But how?" I cried. "He—he needs me so. I can't let him down, Don."

He got up and walked to the window. His face was set. "I know. He's sick and helpless—don't think I haven't tortured myself with that, over and over. But your whole life is being wrecked. Sticking by him as you have didn't cure him."

"But it helped. He—he would kill himself if I left him," I cried imploringly. "I can't do that to him."

He turned and faced me. "If he were well, would you tell him about us?"

"I'd have to! It would be the only fair thing to do. I'd never make him happy, loving you as I do. And there would be your happiness, too, my darling—and mine. But this way—"

"This way—" and the face that I loved so well was closed tight as if to shut out pain—"this way, what are we to do?"

I sat there, unable to speak, while it echoed and re-echoed in my heart. What are we to do?

*The love between Don and Nancy brings no hope of happiness, promises more devastating tragedy for Woodie. But there is one way out—they find it in the conclusion of Whirlpool, in the October RADIO ROMANCES, on sale Friday, September 14.*

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## A Love of My Own

(Continued from page 25)

Perhaps Paul didn't want the child to go to school, on his daddy's first day.

I dreaded going home, after school. I turned toward Main Street. I had a sandwich in Nick's and slipped into the movies. It was late when I reached home. But almost as soon as I switched on the hall light, Patty was knocking on the door.

"Gosh, for a while I thought you'd never get home!" she laughed. "I hate to impose so soon—but Paul and I simply must celebrate."

But as I settled down in their house, Paul was uneasy. "Sure it's okay?" he mumbled. "We won't be late."

Patty giggled, "Won't we, though? Do you realize, my big handsome husband, it's been two years since I've danced with you?"

They were very late. I'd fallen asleep, and Patty's laughter startled me. "Gosh, you look cute!" she cried, "Your hair all fluffy, like that. Doesn't she, Paul?"

HE was humbly apologetic. "We never should have kept you so late. I'm sorry." He looked tired. Patsy should have remembered, he'd been through a lot. Maybe he wasn't up to dancing the night away, yet.

He smiled, and something happened, oddly, inside me. "I felt guilty, not being home to pussyfoot around tucking the kids in if they get uncovered," he said. "That was one thing I thought of doing a lot, when I was—too far." He made for the stairs.

In the weeks after that, Patty couldn't get enough of dancing and going to parties. She kept asking me to sit in their home, evenings. While one part of me yearned to be near Eddie and Gilly, some other part of me was sick with jealousy and a strange, cold knowledge that I must stop, I must cut myself off from the children—and Paul.

Because somehow, Paul and I were swiftly close. I seemed able to read his lean-muscled face. Without wanting to, I knew when his smile grew puzzled, listening to his wife. Without wanting to, I sensed his growing bewilderment, as Patty failed to settle down into the calm responsibility he must have looked forward to.

Several times, I ran into Paul in the supermarket. He laughed about lugging groceries home, but I wanted to cry. At least, Patty should be with him! At least, doing it together, it might have been warm and sweet . . .

Then Patty went on a trip to Chicago, to visit her family. She hadn't seen her mother for the two years Paul was gone. "She's dying to see me!" Patty explained. "She's not so young, and besides, I've stuck close to home so long!"

On fire with delight, she disclosed, "She sent me the money for the trip. Now that Paul's home, I won't have a thing to worry about."

Oh, it was none of my business! Why must I clasp my hands, glancing across this untidy room to Paul? He sat so still! But when she said, "You want me to go, don't you darling?" he murmured, "Of course, Patty."

I'll never forget driving Patty to the station. Never forget the matter-of-fact way Eddy called, "Have a good time, Mama," and turned to me, "Now do we get ice cream, Aunt Monda?"

Gilly, absorbed in a black-and-white panda Paul had bought him, waved once and forgot the whole thing. "It is a boy panda, isn't it, Daddy?"

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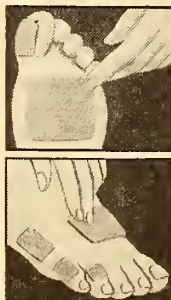
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Gilly was ecstatic these days, in the warm, fat content of a little boy who has no words when things bother him, who only knows when he's wanted. Now he was wanted. Paul whittled for him, and sailed boats, and taught him to part his hair man-like. Paul let him watch him shave, and did not scream, "Oh, let me alone!" when he tagged after him.

All that went through my mind as we drove back to the house next door to mine. I had not planned on going right in, starting dinner for them, as though I had slid into the place Patty should have... But Paul said, as the car stopped, "I'd like to talk to you, Monda."

I went into the house with him. The boys ran straight to the backyard. Paul and I were alone in the kitchen.

"Maybe I should have told Patty—but I hated to spoil her vacation," he began awkwardly. His big hand touched the toaster—there were crumbs on it. "The thing is—I signed up to start a job tomorrow. If I'd told her, she'd have felt I was holding her back."

Paul had been offered several jobs. He had told me about them, while Patty listened impatiently. "Long as we won't starve, darling, I know whatever you choose is best," she'd said, and gone blithely on to something else.

But I couldn't help putting in, "Managing a hardware store, and being your own boss, seems so much better for the future than working a lathe, Paul."

Now he was saying, "It's the hardware store. Mr. Durand wants to get back to his other store by next week, so I must start tomorrow."

"Oh, yes, you must!" I could take Gilly to school with me every morning, I planned swiftly. He'd be good as gold, in the kindergarten. After school, I'd bring them both home. "It—it won't be hard for me to make their supper, and have yours ready, when you get home," I said steadily.

PAUL touched my shoulders. In a rich, strange tone he said, "You're the best friend a family could ever have, Monda."

A family! That mocked me, in the hard days ahead. For they were hard—getting up early, rushing next door to rouse sleepy Eddie and help him dress while Paul did Gilly. Marching into the kitchen, making the cereal and the coffee. Sitting there, the children on each side, facing Paul.

It was hard—because it was stirring, and too wonderful, and not really mine, not really happiness—to walk through the sunny, early-morning street at Paul's side, Eddie's hand trustingly in mine, Gilly's in his dad's.

"Eddie's growing out of his sweater. Paul."

"Yes, I'd better get them both new ones. Heck, what do I know about such stuff?" His grin, stabbing me. "Would you, Monda?"

"I'd love to. And though it's not delicate, how about underpants?"

"Okay. Ten bucks see you through? Just got paid yesterday."

Paid, I thought. His first paycheck since the Army. Oh, why was Patty so blind, why must Paul come to me with his pride and his pleasure, spending for his children the first fruit of his work in a peaceful world?

The evenings were even worse. That last week before Patty came home, I thought I could not bear it. To sit there, in the chair where she belonged. To hear Paul say, "I told Mr. Durand if we'd mark all the items by a code system, and have cleanly laid out count-



ers down the front—Say, he was tickled!" He stretched his long legs and sighed. Fear such as I had never known choked me. Insidiously, trying to fight it off, yet surrendering somewhere deep inside to the sheer joy of this heart-deep contentment. I was thinking of myself and Paul like this—forever!

My face flamed. Blindly, I reached for a stocking in the basket of mending. I could not thread the needle.

The next night, as I washed the dishes and Paul dried, I said quietly, "I'm glad Patty's getting home tomorrow. The children miss her."

His back was toward me. Always, Paul's height, the width of his shoulders were fresh and new and thrilling to me, and always I withdrew my eyes hastily. Fighting off the spell I mustn't let grow, between us.

**N**O, I must not fool myself, lie to myself because I was lonely, because I was an old maid, not even pretty. If there was a spell, it was one-sided. It did not exist for Paul! He loved Patty.

How can I tell of the vivid, the glowing Patty who came dancing off the train, that Saturday? She was all in green—even green, high-heeled, open toed sandals. "Look at me!" her smile seemed to say. "Look how happy I am!"

Paul held her off, looking down at her. "You're more beautiful than ever," he said softly. "Patty, you look like a bride."

"Oh, darling, I feel so young and free." She smiled at me, over his shoulder. Then she drew away from his arms, straightening her fragile hat. "Not a dish, not a pot did I wash!"

The children were almost shy with her, gaping up at this new, fashionably dressed Mama. "Don't touch my skirt, darlings, your hands might be dirty," she warned.

"You've been an angel, Monda!" Patty said, as Paul drove us home. "Were they too bad?"

"They were the angels," I said quietly. "But they need their mother."

And, when they all piled out, I said, trying to laugh a little, "Now I'll get acquainted with my own livingroom. It's a dusty jungle!"

Paul's tall head jerked up. But I walked steadily, my head high, to my own gate.

But though I stayed sternly away in the days after, I lived too close not to hear their voices, quarreling. "If you won't ask Monda to stay, then we've got to leave the kids alone. They're sleeping anyway!" That was Patty, shrill and angry.

"I won't do it," he said, positively.

"You're their mother, Patty."

"I'm alive! I have a right to good times!"

In my own house, I trembled. It killed me to know Paul's weary unhappiness.

Paul never sought me out. Only the children, puzzled and hurt, looked at me as though they were going to cry when I hurried past, without stopping to talk, without inviting as I used to "Come in, I've got something for you."

Two weeks later, it began to storm just as school let out. Eddie, I thought automatically. I must take him home!

I left my own room, as mothers who had hastily brought rubbers and raincoats surged in, to find him before he could leave. Outside Eddie's room, it was dark. Someone touched my elbow. "Monda!"

I looked up. Like a sliver of glass through my heart, Paul's eyes struck mine. I whispered thinly, "I was just

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going for Eddie."

"I left the store in charge of the clerk," he said rapidly, "I phoned Patty, but she—" His voice died.

We faced each other, we two, there in the bleak school hall with the bustle of mothers, the voices of children, around us. We looked at each other, and somehow in that moment all pretense was swept aside. It had rained—and I thought of Eddie, blocks from home.

It had rained—and Paul's thoughts had flown, like mine, to the little boy. He had come—because Eddie's mother wouldn't.

Our two hearts, hand in hand, I thought, as Eddie came out of the room. "Dad!" Joy sang in his voice. "Aunt Monda!" Widely, he grinned. Over Eddie's head, his eyes spoke to me. Paul's eyes spoke of love. They spoke of pain—and of helplessness.

WE were not alone. Yet we were more truly alone than two people have ever been. It was only a split-second. Yet in that moment, without words, Paul had said, "I love you," and I had answered, "I love you, too."

I slipped to one knee, to help Eddie with his rubbers. My head bent, I heard Paul whisper, "If things were different—"

I did not look up. "I know," I said steadily. "It's all right, Paul."

It was next day that our school was electrified with the news that Eben Waters, our principal, was back. I was teaching fractions when he looked in, and for a moment, I didn't recognize the burly soldier who grinned at me, then said, "Hello, children!"

The children goggled. Amy Waters, his niece, squealed, "Uncle Eben!"

Then I was shaking his hand, smiling, "How wonderful, Mr. Waters!"

"You won't think so when I put this knowledge factory on a fast, Army-education basis!" he laughed. "Gosh, the smell of chalk is nice—after slaving over a hot machine gun!" I saw the star and wings of the Air Force then on his shoulders.

"Just a sergeant," he said, "Disappointed the School Board. They expected at least a Major!" There were ribbons on his breast, stars.

"Yep," he was saying, as the children crowded around us, asking questions, "they made a waist gunner out of me."

Scholarly Mr. Waters, a waist gunner. It didn't fit in with the slightly solemn young man who had presided over the teacher's meetings, and looked in our rollbooks, and coughed almost embarrassedly about teacher-lateness. "Miss me, Miss Woods?" he grinned, sitting down in the first seat.

He seemed younger, less stiff than when he went away. "The school missed you," I said.

"I was talking from me to you," he said astoundingly.

He stayed there the short half-hour before the bell rang, and to my astonishment walked home with me. He told me about reading educational bulletins in a barracks in England, and being kidded about working on a new fourth-grade curriculum while the Fortress bored through the skies over Germany.

"The boys thought I'd jinx 'em," he said. "A crew on their last run gets superstitious."

He was back for good, now. "Flight surgeons told me education in this town must be suffering," he said. Appreciatively, he glanced around my living-room. "Ask me to supper, Miss Woods. Best way in the world to get on the

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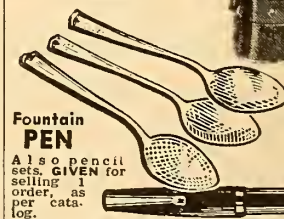
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right side of the strict new principal."

It was flattering—and in an odd way thrilling—to have this kind of light chatter with Eben Waters. I really enjoyed that supper. Afterward, we went to a movie, and he said solemnly; "Tomorrow I should honor the sixth grade teacher, but I think I'd rather dine with you again. Inviting me?"

That surprised me. It was even more surprising, in the days that followed, that Eben should continue to walk home with me, ask me to movies, tell me more and more about his experiences.

I enjoyed it—but mostly, it was good to have a refuge from loneliness, from thinking about Paul.

Several times, Paul saw Eben calling for me. His lips tightened, and he turned away. Once Eddie was on the porch when Eben came, and he ran through the gap in the hedge. "Are you Aunt Monda's boyfriend?" he demanded.

"Hey—am I cutting you out?" Eben roared, tousling the fair hair. "You're a little young, aren't you? Not——" he leaned forward confidentially, "that I blame you. Your taste is excellent."

PAUL called Eddie, then, and as he ran home Eben asked softly, "What's silly about having designs on you, Monda?"

We were due at a dinner in the home of one of the school board members, but Eben seemed to forget about that, drawing me into the house. "I thought I was making it rather plain," he said quietly.

My heart rocked. Paul! Paul!

"I—I don't know what you're talking about." I didn't want to hurt him. He was too fine. I honored his integrity, his straight-forwardness. I liked his candid laughter, his companionship, so undemanding and yet so comfortable. But I wasn't now the lonely girl who had thought she would never have a sweetheart.

"Monda!" His voice startled me out of the far country of thought. Eben's warm hand closed over mine. "You're timid, that's what's the matter with you. Up in the morning, out to school—back to the dishes. I broke that up!" There was almost satisfaction in his voice. "Didn't I? Oh, darling, if you'd only let me show you the right, the rich way to live!"

"I'm satisfied, Eben," I insisted, drawing away. "We'll be late."

"You can't put me off like that! Look, I accused you of being cut and dried, and you didn't even get mad!" His eyes had changed, there was a speculative gleam in them now.

I sparked, "Well, what would you like me to do?"

"Marry me!" he cried, astoundingly. Before I knew what he was going to do, Eben had swept me into his arms.

For an instant, my bones were honey. For a wild moment, as his firm mouth pressed down on mine, there was a magic flash, transforming me. But then I was trembling, pushing at him, remembering in suffocated, unshed tears that Paul, my Paul, had never kissed me. Never dared . . .

Very gently, I heard my own voice saying, "I don't love you, Eben."

All the joy, the expectancy, died in Eben's eyes. His thick brows came together. He stood very stiffly, as though he had offered me a gift and I had not even unwrapped it. "You don't?" he said tonelessly. "But—" Puzzled, he stared at me. "But you liked me."

As though he were putting the parts of a puzzle together, he said, "It was always fun, our being together. Fun for you, too. You weren't just entertaining the troops, Monda. Not you."

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"Oh, don't—don't let's talk about it!" I begged. "I—yes, I like you. But love! That's different."

What was there in my voice, my eyes, that betrayed me? Startled, Eben glanced down at me swiftly. "Now you're alive . . ." he said, slowly. "You're shielding something. That's love. There's someone else."

"Oh, no!" I gasped.

Eben was very wise. Very kind. For he grinned ruefully, and glanced at his watch. "You were right, honey," he said quietly, "We'll be late."

AT that dinner, he seemed the same as always. Light, full of fun, friendly. But once I caught him staring at me oddly. And when he took me home, his mouth looked grim. "I'll get to the bottom of it, Monda," he said, almost harshly. "Because I love you. I want to marry you. Quick!" One square finger touched my nose, and he rubbed it a little as I'd seen him rub the nose of a baby in our kindergarten. Tenderly, protectively. "I'll tell you a secret, Monda. I kept thinking about you from the day I hired you for the school—remember? But you had your sick mother . . . and I was unsure of how good a principal I'd make. I know they all thought me too young. I had hard work ahead, and there seemed lots of time."

He ruffled my hair, then. "Don't freeze up on me, Monda. You're the one I've had in my heart too long to change, now. This is fair warning—I'll get to the bottom of this."

He did not ask me to tell him who it was I loved. He gave me a wry, half-smiling, "Goodnight, honey."

Why did it have to be that night that Paul and Patty had their worst quarrel? I was halfway up the stairs to my room when I heard her cry out shrilly. I didn't hear Paul for a long time. Patty was raging—I could hear only snatches. "Slavery, that's all this is! You used to help me, but now you're at the store all the time. I won't stand for it! I never go anywhere—"

Then I heard him. "Please, Patty. If we both try, if you'd only—"

"I won't listen! I had fun in Chicago, with Mama! I'm going back."

I didn't dream she actually meant it. I suppose Paul didn't, either. But after the long hours when the sound of her hysterical sobs was punctuated by little silences, by Paul's patient voice, I heard Eddie wailing. "Mama, Mama! Where's Mama? Isn't she coming back, Daddy?"

It was almost dawn. My heart twisted with pain for Eddie, for innocent Gilly. I flung on a robe. On his back porch, Paul was standing like a man in a trance. He wore no overcoat. The dawn was icy.

"She left," he said, as I came running over. "She actually left, Monda."

What was there to say? Our eyes spoke—and yet, so withdrawn in grief was Paul, that somehow even the love for me that had leaped from his eyes, that day in school, was stilled.

"You must go after her, Paul," I said. "She can't—this isn't the way—"

If she were gone forever, if they were really to be divorced, it mustn't be like this—hastily, unplanned. . . . My mind darted in and out through the future. But the rest of me was busy with the children.

I forgot about school, about my class. It didn't even matter that the neighbors watched avidly from their windows as Paul went to his store, that morning, while I stayed in his house.

Doggedly, I ran Paul's home that day. I played with Eddie and Gilly.



taking their minds off the ugly scene last night with games and laughter. Mercifully, they loved me—and it wasn't too hard, by nightfall, to have a clean orderly house and two reassured little boys and a good supper to greet Paul.

We talked a little, that night, after they were in bed. "All day I thought she'd be back, Paul. She will be."

"I don't think so," he said heavily. He brushed the hair off his forehead, staring at the floor. "Patty's stubborn, and she—" He added, "Maybe it wasn't fair to her, she's so young—all this work. She had two awful years."

The skin on my wrists crawled. "You mustn't blame yourself, Paul." I got up. "It's too soon, to talk. Maybe—maybe she'll be back tomorrow."

The second day she didn't come back, either. Paul phoned from the store. "Is everything all right? I can't go after her. Mr. Durand is in New York. And you ought—" he stopped.

"I'll manage." I was still sitting by the phone, numbly, when the front door opened. Eben Waters walked in!

He looked angry and determined. "Don't tell me this isn't any of my business," he began brusquely. "Remember, I love you, Monda. I'm not here as the principal." He stood over me sternly, accusing. "I came to tell you a few home truths, because you need them. You're stealing Patty's husband!"

My lips opened, but Eben's voice stormed on, "You think you're right and noble, Monda! Being an angel in extremity to an abandoned man, being a good housekeeper, as the flighty girl never was! You're cooking for him, keeping his children clean and fed. Giving them the things she didn't!"

I BEGAN to sob. "I won't listen to you!" Eben was somehow terrible—his bulky body strong and straight here in this house that was Patty's, where for so long I'd usurped her place. "Look at yourself—see the truth of what you're doing!" he stormed. "For two years, you've been living Patty's life. Now—now that I'm back, now that you have a chance to live your own life, open your eyes!"

Angered and shocked, I denied it all. "It's not true! I'm not living her life! I only did what I could. And when Paul came home—when I knew how I felt, I stayed away!"

The condemnation, the harshness ebbed from Eben's voice. "I know you fought, Monda. But you clung, too. Clung to a vision of love that was fake. Patty owned something you always hungered for, Monda." His eyes compelled me. I could not look away from the blazing, devastating truth in Eben's eyes. "You always wanted a husband and children. Oh, Monda—darling! You don't need Patty's life! You're too good, too fine for that. You deserve your own."

"It's not true!" His eyes held mine. He took my hands. "I understand, Monda. You're generous, and you need love. You suffered because the children suffered. But believe me. It was never Paul. When you believe that, I'll be waiting."

My mind spun, as the door closed behind him. Oh, it wasn't true! No, it wasn't . . . I wasn't stealing Patty's husband. Hours later, when Paul came home, I stared at him over the children's heads. Patty's husband.

Wordlessly, as the children ate, I drew Paul into the kitchen. There was worry creasing his brows, I realized



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heavily. Misery in his eyes. But love—the dedication and the exultation I'd hungered for, where was that?

Paul was sick about Patty! There was no room in his heart for me. And suddenly knowing, realizing that Eben's words had been true, was like being washed clean. I could face Paul squarely.

"Paul, I'm going to Chicago to bring Patty back. I—I've been thinking, and well—maybe my being next door, close, had something to do with her restlessness. In a way," I swallowed hard, "I encouraged Patty. I took over her responsibilities, I trained her almost, to slough them over. Letting you know right away that I did so much. She was generous, Paul. She never suspected how my being so wonderful would make her seem too sloppy." Suddenly, the details of washing and ironing didn't matter so much. "Patty thinks you're smart, and perfect, and much more intelligent than any other man on earth, Paul!" I breathed. "I never thought you were the best. I—I'm too sensible. Oh, Paul, forgive me! I—I've been so wrong, and so mixed up, and I dragged you into it."

Paul listened quietly, his head half-averted. "You can't take all the blame," he said at last. "I came home tired. Patty didn't try to understand." His fingers balled up into fists. "It was my job to make her see, to help her understand. They're our children."

Softly, I breathed. "You still love her, Paul. She's so pretty . . . and she'll settle down."

Then I was running to the telephone, seeing Eben's eyes again, hearing him say, "When you believe that, I'll be waiting."

Thunder began, in my heart, when his voice came over the wire. "Listen, Eben," I begged breathlessly. "I've been a fool—you were right. Oh, forgive me! I—I told Paul. And Eben, could you come with me to Chicago, darling? Please? Oh, Eben—let's bring Patty home to Paul, together!"

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# No One But You

(Continued from page 39)

I realized that he was drunk. I stepped back, and then Justin set the glass down on the counter and pulled me to him and kissed me.

I slapped him, hard. I'd thought sometimes, tentatively, shyly, of Justin's kissing me—but not like this. Not casually, because he'd been drinking and felt like kissing a girl. Disappointment and disillusionment lent force to the blow.

Justin stepped back, his cheek reddening, his face angry—ugly. Then he laughed, made a little mocking bow. "I'm sorry I offended you, Miss Gleason," he said. "But it's all right. Quite all right. And I'm going to give you a tip. Don't ever do that again. When you work in a place like this you've got to know how to laugh things off—"

I DIDN'T hear what else he said, didn't see him go back to the dining room. I turned away, shaking, took my hat and coat from the rack, and walked out of Ravel's, walked through a litter of broken dreams about a wedding dress, about being Mrs. Justin Clark. I'd been a fool to think that the smiles, the chats had meant anything. Justin showed as much attention to everyone; I realized that now. To Milly, the headwaitress, and to Ben, the shoe-shine boy, and to Mr. Ravel's fat, bearded wife. And I was through with Ravel's forever. When you work in a place like this—I shivered, feeling that I'd made myself cheap, feeling exposed and vulnerable and shamed and angry, all at once. I didn't have to work there. I didn't have to have the kind of job in which it was necessary to laugh off unwelcome attentions.

I called Tommy from the corner drug store. I was still trembling, and now I knew a new panic. Suppose Tommy wasn't at home? Or suppose—suppose he'd changed his mind about me? But he was at home, and as soon as I heard his voice, I knew that he hadn't changed his mind. "Tommy," I said, "I've quit Ravel's."

There was a kind of soundless exclamation, as if, although he'd been expecting the news, he could not quite believe it. Then he asked, "Where are you now?"

"At the cut-rate drug."

"Wait. I'll be right down."

A few minutes later his rattling old car stopped before the store. I got in, and he held me for a long moment, wordlessly. Then he started the car, and we drove out of town. I rode with my hand in his, looking at him, realizing I'd been starved for the sight of him, realizing how much I'd missed him and longed for him. After we'd stopped in the shadows of a country lane, Tommy gathered me into his arms, sat with his face pressed against mine. "Are you going to marry me now, Diana?"

Even then I hesitated. Briefly, the old picture of myself far in the future, married to Tommy, wearing a five-year-old coat, never having enough money for good clothes, for really beautiful things, rose before me. Then it disappeared in a rush of love for him. And Tommy was safety. With Tommy I would always be as secure as I was now, in his arms. I would never feel as I'd felt tonight when I'd run away from Ravel's—exposed and afraid and alone in the world.

"Yes, Tommy," I said. "I'm ready

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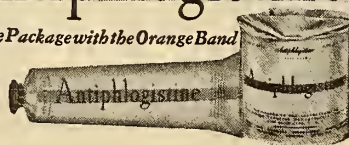
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to marry you now, darling—if—” He kissed me—a long, deep, intimate kiss, and time and the world fell away. Then Tommy was laughing softly, saying, “I’ve got a surprise for you, too, sweetheart. I’m rich, comparatively. I got a raise last week—fifteen dollars a week.”

Happy as I was, I realized the practical significance of that. “Fifteen dollars!” I exclaimed. “How in the world—”

“I had an offer of ten more from another firm. So the boss upped their price five. He didn’t know that I’d have been willing to stay on with no raise at all.”

I laughed and pulled his head down, roughed his hair. That was exactly like Tommy—to pay no attention to his salary so long as he liked his work and the men he worked with. At other times I’d despaired over his impracticality, but now it only seemed to make him more endearing.

“Hold on!” He grinned and pulled away from me. “Don’t get so excited. A fifteen dollar raise isn’t wealth, considering the extra taxes—and so long as the Army didn’t think me fit to fight the war, I’ve got to help pay for it. Besides, that isn’t all the news. I’ll have you know that you’re trifling with a public figure, young woman—the new treasurer of the Camper’s Club.”

There was justifiable pride in his voice. The Camper’s Club had been formed by Tommy and his friends when they were in high school, and instead of dying out, it had grown until most of the young men in town—those who weren’t away fighting—belonged to it. Lately, with the war, the Campers had done less camping and fishing and had given their support to so many public causes that they had become a really important part of the civic life of Overland. “You see, honey,” Tommy crowed, “Lots of good things are happening. I told you we’d be happy, and we will be.”

WE were happy, wonderfully, unbelievably happy. Blindly happy. Now, looking back, I can see where things were wrong from the start—yes, even before our marriage, when Tommy insisted upon giving me the white wedding that my parents couldn’t afford, insisted upon a honeymoon at the big hotel at Green Springs, insisted upon helping to buy my trousseau. For the first time in my life I had clothes from Varick Avenue—not the most expensive clothes on the Avenue, to be sure, but far better ones than I’d ever owned. Even I caught my breath at the total cost. Tommy reassured me. “I’ve been looking forward to this for a long time,” he said, “and I’ve been saving for it, too. This is the only wedding we’ll ever have, and we want it right. Besides, once we get settled and start living like ordinary people, we’ll have any left-over bills paid in no time.”

But we didn’t start living like ordinary people—that is, like other young couples who depend upon a modest salary for their income. We lived like—well, we lived like Tommy, who loved a good time, and Diana, who liked expensive things, and who were too much in love and too absorbed in each other to be much concerned with prosaic things like budgets. We took an apartment in Fairview Terrace—although Tommy wanted a house, with a lawn he could landscape, but there weren’t any houses for sale in Overland. Secretly, I was pleased that there weren’t. Our apartment was smarter than the kind of house we could have afforded, and al-



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though it was expensive, we told each other that it was only for a year, when there would surely be houses for sale. Besides, it was really economical, considering that there weren't any other unfurnished apartment buildings in Overland, and our other alternative would have been a furnished room—and it would have been foolish, wouldn't it, to pay rent on someone else's furniture when we could buy our own on the installment plan and have something to show for our money? It was economical, too, to buy a car—a second-hand car, of course, but one that was better-looking and newer than the coupe Tommy had been driving for years. That was two months after the wedding, and most of the bills had come in, and Tommy at first had no thought of buying the car when it was offered to him. "I wish we could, honey," he said, "but we just can't. We've got to be a little thrifty until we're out of the red."

"MAYBE buying the car would be thrifty," I suggested. "Didn't you say that your old one needs overhauling, and that repairs will cost a fortune? And suppose it can't be fixed? What will you do then, needing it for work as you do?"

We decided, finally, to look at the car, to take a trial run in it. After that, I knew we had to have it. It was so beautiful—a sleek, dark green convertible that looked—well, it looked like the blue fox jacket that had been part of my trousseau, like our handsome new apartment. Tommy shook his head when he signed the papers. "I'm not saying this isn't wise," he said, "considering that we don't know how long it will be before automobiles are on the market again. But it's the last expense. The very last."

It wasn't, of course. In another month it was Christmas, and there were presents for Tommy's family, presents for mine. Tommy gave me a tiny watch with diamond chips that I'd set my heart on months ago, and which he hadn't been able to afford at the time of our wedding. He could afford it even less at Christmas time, but he knew that I'd have been disappointed with anything else. I gave him a pair of hand-turned gold cuff-links that, once I'd seen them in the window of a Varick Avenue jeweler, seemed to be the only gift worthy of my husband. He was delighted with the cuff links. He told me over and over again that they were just what he wanted. But somehow, he forgot to wear them except when I reminded him, and once I caught him looking at them and shaking his head, as he'd shaken his head over the new car.

But more than everything else, one single factor contributed to the slough of debt in which we found ourselves by spring: the fact that I wasn't working. Tommy didn't want me to work. No matter how much he worried about the bills, no matter how often he warned me to economize—and the warnings came oftener as the months went—he refused to agree to my working. "We're not that badly off," he said. "We ought to be able to live on my salary, and we're going to. Besides, I've seen too many instances where the wife starts out to work for a year or two—and the one year becomes ten or twenty."

When you don't work, and when you are used to working, it's astonishing how much time you have. I went to the Red Cross, and helped out at the Blood Donor Bureau, and called on my friends,



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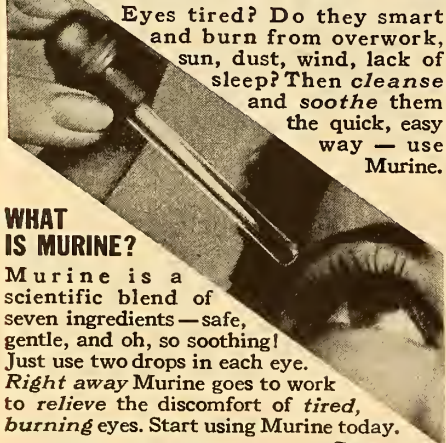
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and there was still time left over. There was still time for me to put on my smart suit and go strolling down Varick Avenue, intending only to look. Nearly always I came home with something—a dress, a hat, a piece of costume jewelry that had been marked down until it was really a bargain. I charged everything on the accounts we'd opened when we'd bought the clothes for my wedding.

I could lunch on a charge account, too, in Hudson's tearoom, with soft carpets under my feet and a deferential waitress at my elbow and soft, stringed music in my ears. Usually I took one of my friends with me, and I never let them pay for their own meals, or treat me in return. "Next time," I'd say, and I'd sign the check with a little flourish. That was a life-long dream come true — to sign the check at Hudson's. I enjoyed it even when I had qualms about what Tommy would say.

Tommy said exactly what he said when I called him at work and asked him to meet me at the Regent Hotel for dinner. "Honey—we can't afford to eat out so often. Don't you realize that we can eat at home for a week on what we'll spend downtown in one night?" "But I've promised," I'd protest. "I've got Betty Lind with me, and I said you'd take us to dinner at the Regent." And Tommy would groan and give in. Once he refused, flatly, and I burst out, "For heaven's sake, stop talking about money! I can always go to work, can't I, if we're really broke?"

I WAS ashamed the moment I spoke the words; I'd have given anything to be able to take them back. Tommy met me at the Regent for dinner that night, but he was a stranger to me. He talked politely, but his eyes didn't meet mine, and when he wasn't talking he sat in heavy silence. We drove home in silence—and then, when we were in our own apartment, I could bear it no longer. I crept into his arms, clasped them around me when he made no move to hold me. "I'm sorry," I whispered. "Oh, Tommy, it was awful of me! Please, Tommy—"

He relented then. He kissed the top of my head, my eyes, my lips. "It's all right, sweetheart. Only—we've got to take it easy. We just have to. I don't want to close your charge accounts, but you've got to understand—"

His expression, more than his words, reached me. I'd heard the words before, often. But now for the first time I saw how harried he looked, saw lines in his face that hadn't been there before, saw that the smile in the depths of his eyes seemed to have gone.

I was careful after that. For the next several days I stayed at home, and when I shopped for food I counted the cost of the supplies I bought as carefully as I counted our ration points. And then I had my accident. I was hanging up shower curtains one morning—curtains I'd washed and pressed myself, instead of sending them to the laundry—and I'd stepped up on the edge of the tub when my foot slipped and I fell, struck my face against the faucets. The blow stunned me, and for a few moments I knew nothing at all. Then I pulled myself up, made my way to the telephone, my mouth dripping blood and my whole body one big throb of pain.

I don't remember very clearly Tommy's coming home, his examining my smashed mouth, his rushing me to the dentist. What I do remember is being in the dentist's chair, hearing him explain to Tommy what would have to

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be done to restore my jaw. I heard, too, the estimate of what it would cost. When the dentist turned away for a moment, I plucked Tommy's sleeve.

"We can't," I whispered with difficulty. "It's just a few teeth, Tommy. We can't afford it, right now."

Tommy straightened. His glance flicked the diamond-studded watch on my wrist, my dress, the expensive purse on my lap. "Oh, yes, we can," he said.

If Tommy was unusually silent that week and the next, if the strained look became so much a part of him that his face was a tight mask, I hardly noticed it. When I did notice, I put it down to sympathy for me. My mouth still hurt intolerably; I spent most of the time lying down, drowsy from the tablets I'd been given to dull the pain. And then, whenever my mouth healed at all, I had another trip to the dentist for reconstruction work—and then there was more pain, more tablets, more hours spent resting in the cool dimness of my room.

I was lying down the night the phone call came. It was just after dinner, after Tommy had fixed his own meal and had brought me a soothing, luke-warm soup. I heard him leave the kitchen for the telephone, heard his voice, briefly, heard the click as he replaced the receiver. Then silence. Utter silence. Minutes of silence—until it occurred to even my pain-clouded mind that there should be some sound, some movement. I called, "Tommy!" There was no answer. I called again, and then, stung by sudden fear, I got to my feet and went into the living room.

Tommy was standing by the telephone. His back was toward me; his hands hung limply at his sides. I crossed over to him, touched his arm. "Tommy, what is it?"

Then he smiled, a ghastly imitation of his old grin. "Nothing. The Camper's Club just called a meeting, that's all. For tomorrow night."

"But tomorrow's Friday—"  
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vote on buying a thousand-dollar bond." I understood then. I didn't know the details, but I knew, somehow, the terrible essential truth. From a dry pinched throat I said, "And—there's no money to buy the bond."

Tommy's head moved in negation; then he dug his palms against his forehead, lifted his face. When he spoke, his voice was level, impersonal, as if he were talking about something he'd read in the newspapers. "There's about twenty dollars in the treasury. I took the rest. One of our customers, a stock-broker, gave me a tip, and it looked like a sure thing. It looked like a chance to get out of the hole—and I couldn't see any other way out."

"When was that?"  
He didn't look at me.

"WHEN was it?" I repeated. "It was last week, wasn't it?"  
He said nothing, but his silence was an admission. He had taken the money after my accident.

He went on, "I knew a couple of days ago that I'd lost the money. But I still thought I had a chance. I mean—I could fake reports, and since the club started we haven't drawn anything but small sums for entertainment. When we've made big contributions, we've taken up a collection. I thought I could borrow some of the amount, pay the rest back before anyone ever found out. Now—this happened."

"What—" I moistened my lips—"what are you going to do?"  
"Tell them. There's nothing else to do."

Tell them. Until then I'd thought only of how Tommy was feeling; I'd been sharing his burden of shame and hopelessness; I hadn't realized fully what it all meant. But now I saw that Tommy would be disgraced, not only in his own eyes, but in the eyes of everyone. Disgraced—he could be brought to trial, imprisonment! The thought was too monstrous to be credible. "There must be something we could do," I insisted desperately. "We could sell things—"

He flung himself out of his chair, suddenly savage. "There's nothing!" he flung at me. "Don't you think I haven't racked my brains, trying to figure some way . . . Sell things! We can't sell anything because we don't own anything. Nothing we have is paid for. Please, Diana, go back to bed. You can't help—"

A blow would have been kinder. But I didn't deserve kindness; I knew that even as his words shriveled my very soul. I was at fault. It was I who had piled the load of debt on his shoulders, who had taken advantage of his generosity and his love for me, who had paid no attention when he'd tried to stop my spending, who had threatened him with getting a job of my own when he'd tried to take a firm stand. It was I who had brought us so close to disaster that my accident had been enough to ruin us.

Neither of us slept that night. After a long time Tommy came into the bedroom and lay down for a while, but he got up again, and I heard him pacing the living room. Toward morning I dropped off into a sleep that seemed not sleep at all, but scenes endlessly enacted before my eyes—Tommy at the Camper's Club, telling his friends, the men who had known him all their lives, who had liked and respected him, that he was a thief. Telling them, and then sitting white-faced and silent, refusing to defend himself. Then there was Tommy in a courtroom, and a

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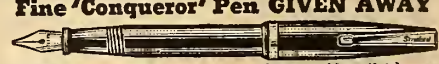
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provement in the morning. In a few days surface blem-  
ishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward  
origin should be gone. A clearer, fairer, smoother looking  
skin. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug toiletry  
counters. 30 million jars already used. Ask for Imperial  
size, or write for a generous Free Sample to Golden  
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Look at

the Symbol of Devotion

**GLOWING**  
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Jewelry. A gift that will add to her loveliness, only \$1.00—  
SPECIAL 2 PAIRS for \$1.75 (tax included). You may now  
order direct. Just send name and address with this coupon.  
SEND  C.O.D. I enclose  Send Prepaid   
**BURT RAY JEWELERS** Dept. MAC, 333 S. MARKET ST., CHICAGO 6, ILL.

stern-faced judge was sentencing him,  
and I was screaming, "No—no!"—I  
awoke sitting up in bed, drenched with  
perspiration.

Slowly I looked around me, realized  
that it had been a nightmare. But the  
rest of it—about the Camper's Club and  
the money—that was all true, and it  
was worse than any nightmare. Tommy  
was gone—gone to work. I knew, be-  
cause some tools he'd brought home the  
night before were gone, too.

I had to think of something. I told  
myself that while I dressed, while I  
made myself coffee. Sell the car . . .  
but Tommy needed that in his work.  
Sell the furniture, sell my watch. . .  
Even my watch wouldn't bring any-  
thing. The diamonds were only chips,  
expensive though it had been. I dragged  
a chair up to the bureau, frantically  
pulled out drawers, opened boxes. There  
were Tommy's gold cuff links—we'd  
get a few dollars for them, a fraction  
of their cost. There were gloves and  
handkerchiefs and underthings of mine  
—all expensive, all worthless now.  
There was jewelry—I was shocked at  
the amount of jewelry I'd bought.  
Costume jewelry. Sterling silver. Ster-  
ling, gold-filled—labels that had set high  
prices and that meant nothing now.  
Silver was cheap. Simulated sapphires.  
Simulated rubies . . . junk. Just junk.

I sat there with that heap of glittering  
stuff on my lap, and I knew the full  
extent of what I'd done. I traded my  
husband's peace of mind, his integrity  
and honor, for a few handfuls of trash.  
Perhaps I'd traded his love for it. Go  
back to bed, Diana. You can't help. . .  
Of course he couldn't expect me to help  
him; it was I who had destroyed him.  
But I could have helped him once, if  
I'd behaved like a grown woman in-  
stead of a spoiled child. For all my  
foolishness and my greed, I knew the  
value of a dollar better than he; I had  
a better head for figures. I could have  
given instead of taken away. If people  
—Tommy's friends—would only under-  
stand; if they could only know the  
truth. . .

And then I knew what I had to do.

**TOMMY** didn't call me that day, and  
he didn't come home at dinner time.  
I was relieved that he didn't. I'd made  
my preparations—had dressed up in my  
best, had dumped the costume jewelry  
into a shoebox and had filled it up with  
bills, all marked "past due"—and I was  
afraid of Tommy's seeing me, guessing  
my purpose. At seven-thirty I left the  
house, carrying the shoebox. At eight  
I approached the downtown building  
where the Camper's Club held its meet-  
ings. I waited there for a few minutes,  
standing in the shadow of a doorway,  
watching a few stragglers pass me and  
go in. I waited until eight-fifteen, until  
eight-twenty, and then I decided that  
the meeting must be well along, that  
Tommy must have told them. I went  
upstairs. The door of the club room  
was unlocked. It opened easily, silently  
under my hand.

The scene was almost exactly as it  
had been in the nightmare. There were  
a score of men at a T-shaped table, all  
of them men I knew, Tommy's old  
friends. Most of them were turned so  
that I couldn't see their faces, but the  
faces I did see were angry and shocked  
and bewildered. Tommy sat facing me,  
at the head of the table, next to Roger  
Martin, the president. He wasn't look-  
ing at me; he was looking at Roger, and  
his face too was as I'd pictured it—  
white and tight-lipped and silent.  
Roger's face was flushed; his forehead  
was wet. "But, Tom," he was saying

*Do you dare*  
**DRESS LIKE THIS**  
**ON CERTAIN DAYS?**



**DON'T** let "uncomfort-  
able" days bother you.  
Enjoy complete freedom in  
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Pax . . . the tampon created  
for Hollywood. This tiny  
tampon with controlled ex-  
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ably you don't know  
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. . . gives most absor-  
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the American Medical  
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Branch the hope chest to hold  
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**West Branch**  
**CEDAR HOPE CHEST**

*The Present with a Future*



# "MY Don Juan Lipstick STAYS ON!"



Says  
**Anita Ellis**  
FAMOUS RADIO SINGER  
ON THE  
MUTUAL NETWORK

"Color, charm, glamour, that's my Don Juan Lipstick. I find Don Juan not drying or smeary."

*A beauty extra:*  
See what they do for your lips

- 1. DON JUAN STAYS ON** when you eat, drink, kiss, if used as directed.
- 2. LIPS STAY LOVELY** without frequent retouching—Try today.
- 3. NOT DRYING or SMEARY.** Imparts appealing "glamour" look. Creamy smooth—easily applied.
- 4. NEW Style SHADES...** Try Medium Red, a rich, true red, flattering, youthful looking, or Raspberry, darker, so delighting. Other shades, too.

Matching powder, rouge & cake make-up —for beauty's sake. In Canada also.

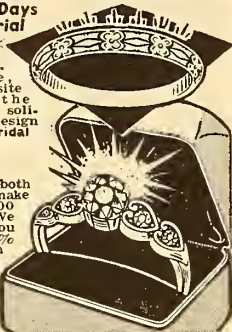
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with desperate emphasis, "if you'd only explain why—"

Then all the face disappeared in a blaze of excitement. Through it I heard my own voice saying, "I can explain, Roger—"

"Diana!" That was Tommy, and I was glad that I couldn't see him, that I was still blind with excitement.

"I can explain," I repeated. "That's why I came here—to tell you what really happened, because Tommy won't tell you. You know that he's honest; you know that if he ever did anything dishonest, he had a reason. But he won't tell you what it is, because it involves me."

"Diana!" Tommy was on his feet now, and his face was dark red, not white. "Go home—"

"Let her talk, Tom. I want to hear her." Roger's level voice steadied me, and it had its effect on Tommy, too. He sat down.

I set the shoebox on the table, dumped it, and its glittering contents spilled out. I pushed the bills toward the men nearest me. "This is a sample of what happened," I said. "This is a sample of what I did with Tommy's money after we were married. Tommy knew I'd never had money to spend for luxuries, and he knew I loved them. He let me buy things as long as he dared—and then when he tried to stop me, I wouldn't listen. He didn't want to humiliate me by closing our charge accounts—and I went right on spending until a couple of weeks ago when he made me see that I had to stop. And then it was too late, because right after that I had a bad fall. I smashed my teeth, and that's why Tommy borrowed your money—to have my mouth fixed. He didn't steal it. He meant to pay it back, and he still means to. But he took it for me, because I needed it, not for himself—" And then all at once I was aware that my self-control was gone. My knees were shaking violently, and all the little muscles in my face seemed to have come apart, and each one was doing a crazy dance of its own. "That's all," I said in a strangled voice, and I turned and ran from the room.

I was nearly home before the shattering excitement died down, and I could breathe normally again. Then all I felt was complete exhaustion, and a kind of peacefulness. Dimly, I had an idea that I'd made a melodramatic fool of myself, but it didn't matter. I knew, too, that Tommy might never forgive

me for what I'd done tonight, but that didn't seem to matter, either. It would matter terribly tomorrow, but right now all that mattered was that Tommy's friends knew the truth. Surely they wouldn't prosecute him now. They could understand a man's being helpless before a greedy, extravagant wife. . . .

At home, I flung myself down on the bed without bothering to undress, feeling drained and limp, but with every nerve alert for the sound of Tommy's key in the lock. It came finally after what seemed like hours, and I went weak and shaky with relief, and then tense again. Suppose Tommy had come home only to say that he was going away. Suppose—

The bed springs gave; Tommy had lowered himself down beside me. I turned my head. He was lying as I lay—prone—his head turned toward me. Our eyes met and locked, and in their depths all we were was revealed—each of us with his own shame and his own remorse, and each of us with faith in the other, and love. I drew a long, wavering breath. Tommy took my hand, curled his fingers loosely, almost reverently around it.

"I'm not going to jail—thanks to you, Diana."

"You wouldn't have, anyway."  
"I'm not so sure. A couple of the boys were mad enough to see that I got there."

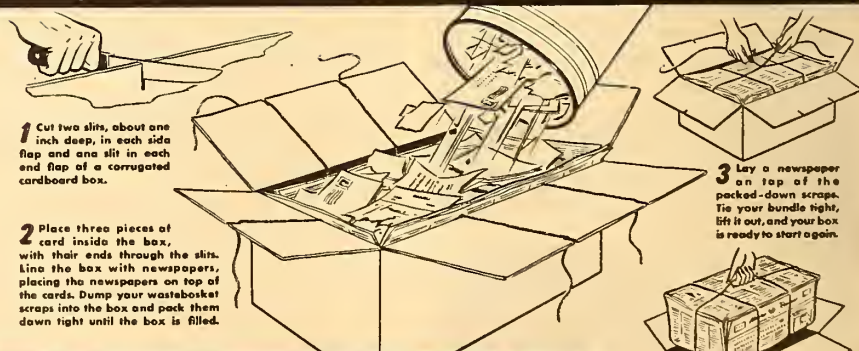
There was a long silence, but it was the silence of understanding, and mutual thankfulness. Then Tommy said, "It won't be easy, you know. There's not only the hard work and the pinching to pay our debts and the club money, but there's. . . . The boys said they wouldn't talk, but you can't keep a secret when twenty men know it. It won't be fun for you, facing the town."

"I don't care. I can face them."  
His fingers tightened on mine. "I may lose my job."

"You'll get another."  
"You're sure, Diana—sure you want to go through it with me?"

I didn't answer. There would be time to reassure him later. But just now it had struck me that another old dream—an old mind-picture, rather—was coming true: the picture of Diana, Tommy's wife, shabby, in a four-year-old coat. And I didn't mind at all. It was all right. Everything would always be all right, so long as we were together.

## Here's an easy way to send your wastebasket paper to war!



1 Cut two slits, about one inch deep, in each side flap and one slit in each end flap of a corrugated cardboard box.

2 Place three pieces of card inside the box, with their ends through the slits. Line the box with newspapers, placing the newspapers on top of the cards. Dump your wastebasket scraps into the box and pack them down tight until the box is filled.

3 Lay a newspaper on top of the packed-down scraps. Tie your bundle tight. Lift it out, and your box is ready to start again.

### SAVE ALL YOUR PAPER AND TURN IT IN ON COLLECTION DAY!



Make a separate bundle of wrapping paper, bags, and corrugated and cardboard boxes, mashed flat.



Make a separate bundle of newspapers and another separate bundle of magazines. . . .

4 Save every scrap of paper. Save it and turn it in to help win the War. Your waste paper isn't waste paper unless you waste it!





Dinner dress designed especially for Chen Yu by Joseph Halpert

Please accept trial sizes of  
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Look at this sparkling procession of new and different nail lacquer and lipstick shades—yours to choose from—and each one a genuine CHEN YU "original." Right here on this page, in this collection of fashion right colors, you are sure to find the shade that will bring your nails and lips exquisite, new and steadfast beauty. You may get them at your favorite store and beauty salon—the nail lacquer 75c—the lipstick \$1 (tax extra). Or, here is your chance to try two shades! Send the coupon from this announcement and you will receive two chip-repellent CHEN YU lacquer shades and a bottle of CHEN YU Lacquerol Base. Each trial bottle gives you many luxury manicures—months of startling new beauty. You can get trial size matching lipsticks too. Mark coupon. Send it today.



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Send me two sample size flacons (shades checked here) of Chen Yu Nail Lacquer and a bottle of Lacquerol base. I enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax.

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- TEMPLE FIRE
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For an additional twenty-five cents, I will receive two trial size Chen Yu Lipsticks to match the Lacquer shades I have checked.

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# Radio Romances

FORMERLY

## Radio Mirror

OCTOBER

15¢



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for your type... lovely reds, glamorous reds, dramatic reds,  
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IN COLOR HARMONY... WITH  
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\*U. S. Patents  
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"How about a love life of your own, Pet?"



**GIRL:** Umm... Hardly my Big Year, is it?

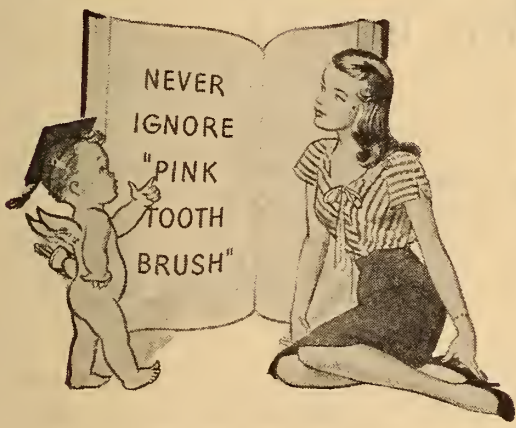
**CUPID:** But it *could* be, Cupcake. It *could* be.

**GIRL:** Of *course* it could! Just let somebody leave me a million dollars, for instance. Or give me a big movie contract. Or even a new face. Or—

**CUPID:** ...or just teach you that even a *plain* girl can be pretty if she'll smile! If she'll sparkle at people!

**GIRL:** If she *can* sparkle at people... which I *can't*. Not with my dull teeth. And I brush 'em, too. And—

**CUPID:** Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?



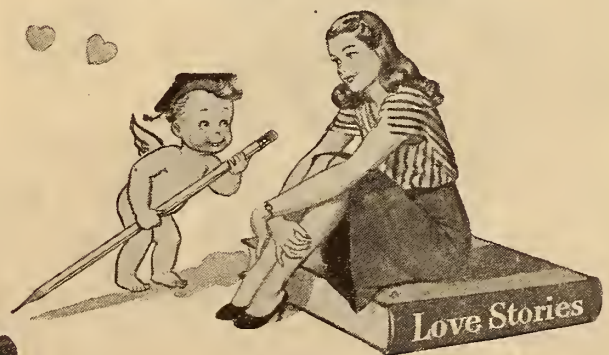
gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you help your gums to healthier firmness. And healthier gums means sounder, brighter teeth. And a smile that'll help you to your own love life! Start with Ipana and massage today!

**GIRL:** Well, lately, but—

**CUPID:** But *what*? Don't you know that's a warning to see your dentist? He may find your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

**GIRL:** And *that'll* help my smile?

**CUPID:** Chick, Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your



Product of Bristol-Myers

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



FORMERLY  
*Radio Mirror*

FRED R. SAMMIS  
Editorial Director

DORIS McFERRAN  
Editor

EVELYN L. FIORE  
Assistant Editor

JACK ZASORIN  
Art Director

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ON THE COVER—Lorna Lynn, Radio Actress  
Color Portrait by Salvatore Consentino, Smolin Studios

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A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME ASSURES GLAMOUR



# Radi-1-0

By JACK LLOYD



One point for each correct answer—check yours with those on page 76. A score between 11 and 14 is good, 7-12, fair, and below 7—well, listen in more often, won't you?

- Can you name the motion picture stars of the following radio shows?
  - Mayor of the Town
  - The Saint
  - Man Called X
  - Adventures of Topper
  - Sherlock Holmes
- The Blue Network recently changed its name. What's the new one?
- Complete the following names of day-time dramas:
  - The Romance of \_\_\_\_\_
  - Pepper Young's \_\_\_\_\_
  - When a Girl \_\_\_\_\_
- Can you name the famous radio crooner who was once a barber?
- What are the first names of the three Andrews Sisters?
- Give the occupations of the following radio characters:
  - Lorenzo Jones
  - Joyce Jordan
  - Brenda Cummings
- Name two dramatic shows on the air with stories about the F.B.I.
- One of the following is *not* a network vocalist. Know which one?
  - Joan Brooks
  - Peggy Mann
  - Mary Small
  - Jo Lyons
- Are the following facts *true* or *false*?
  - "Rochester"'s real name is Eddie Anderson
  - Fred Waring is the originator of the famous Waring household mixer
  - Frank Sinatra is the brother of bandleader Ray Sinatra
  - Famous novelist Kathleen Norris writes Bright Horizon
- Do you know the quizmasters on the following shows?
  - Thanks to the Yanks
  - Truth or Consequences
  - Information Please
- Unscramble the names of the following news commentators.
  - Raymond Schubert
  - Walter Thomas
  - Paul Winchell
  - Lowell Swing
- Who's the happy host of ABC's Breakfast Club?
- Who's the famous baritone who takes a lot of kidding because his name is made of three *first names*?
- What's the name of Henry Aldrich's famous side-kick?

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## A girl can be too trusting at times!

SHE WIELDS an outsize powder puff. Covers herself with a cloud of fragrance. And never suspects that before the evening is over, she may be guilty of underarm odor!

No fault of the powder or her bath, that. She just doesn't stop to think that while her bath washes away *past* perspiration, underarms need special care to prevent risk of *future* odor. That's when a girl needs Mum!

Mum smooths on in 30 seconds—keeps underarms

odor-free all day or evening long. You're sure of the daintiness men admire.

Mum won't irritate your skin. And, says the American Institute of Laundering, Mum won't injure the fabric of your clothes.

You can use Mum before or *after* you're dressed. It's quick, safe, sure. Won't dry out in jar. Why take chances with your charm when you can trust Mum? Get a jar today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.



Product of Bristol-Myers

# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION





# FACING the MUSIC

By **KEN ALDEN**

*Lovely Pattie Clayton, who has not been singing very long on Arthur Godfrey's CBS program, is already "preferred listening" for men in the services.*

**K**ATE SMITH'S switch to Friday broadcasts this Fall is good news for everyone. It means the end of the senseless competition between Kate and Jack Benny and for Kate's fans it spells more songs by their favorite and a minimum of needless dialogue. Taking a leaf from Bing Crosby's book, Kate is cutting down on guests, adding more songs.

Some of radio's leading personalities have signed to record for Cosmopolitan Records, new disc company. You'll soon be hearing Joan Edwards, Jerry Wayne, Enric Madriguera, Gertrude Niesen, Barry Wood, and Four Chicks and Chuck, recording for Cosmopolitan.

I met lovely Dinah Shore when she was in New York near the finish of her triumphant open air concert and hospital tour, and she told me a cute story in which she was the amused victim of a practical joke.

Accompanied on her tour by Ticker Freeman, her small-sized and agile pianist, Dinah and Ticker would be met at each stop by a large delegation. The welcoming committee would clamor around Dinah and blithely ignore little Ticker. This would keep up in every town they visited and the neglected pianist would sulk. He yearned for one hour of glory where he could steal the spotlight from his attractive boss.

"Ticker had a friend in a midwestern city who was handling all the ar-



*Students Dolly Mitchell, Ferdie Froghammer, Arnold Stang and Georgia Carroll waste no time between classes on Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge.*

rangements for us at the Army hospital we were to visit," Dinah said, "so when we arrived there, the crowd was out. Only this time they all ran around Ticker, showered him with compliments and attention. As for Dinah Shore, she was ignored."

This didn't satisfy the ambitious Ticker. That night at the concert, the Army officer made the announcement to the impatient wounded GI's:

"Now fellows, I want to introduce the person you've been waiting for, that great star, the world's greatest jazz pianist, Ticker Freeman! Assisted by singer Dinah Shore!"

Talking about top flight singers, keep your eyes focused on Mary Ashworth, beautiful Boston-born blonde. Featured  
Continued on page 109



*Grand Ole Opry star Roy Acuff owns several of the finest "walking" horses in Tennessee.*





## *So Sweet to Come Home To!*

Isn't it the nice thing, the *wise* thing, to let Listerine Antiseptic help you be that way today and tomorrow and all of the tomorrows?

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, may not realize when you have it, and even your best friend won't tell you.

While sometimes systemic, most cases are due, say some authorities, to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes. Never, never, omit this wholly delightful precaution.

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





*Actor Joseph Cotten recently received one of Jimmie Fidler's service awards for his tireless campaign, via radio and cross-country tour, on behalf of the American Red Cross Blood Donor's Recruiting Service.*

## WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS

**B**Y THE time you read this, the new Joan Davis show will be well under way—it turned up on Labor Day, and was welcomed by a radio audience that, appreciative of summer fill-in shows as it may have been, was glad to get back an old favorite for steady listening pleasure.

Heard on CBS Mondays at 8:30, EWT, the show, besides the "Queen of Comedy," has Harry Von Zell, Verna Felton and Shirley Mitchell for more laughs, and Andy Russell for songs. This is Russell's first regular role on a major sponsored network show.

Portly, jolly Harry Von Zell is equally at home in radio as an announcer or a comedian. To wind it up, there's a twenty-piece orchestra, under Paul Weston.

Two young radio stars placed high in the first annual fashion award made by a committee of high-ranking designers for the best-dressed teentimers: Patrice Munsel, representing opera, and Janet Waldo, representing radio acting. The choice was made from a nationwide selection of photographs—more than 20,000 were considered.

According to Miss Grace Norman, head of the committee that made the award, the teen age girl is at last com-



*Patrice Munsel (left) and Janet Waldo (above), both outstanding young radio stars, add to their career laurels a fashion distinction. A committee of designers voted them two of the best-dressed teen agers.*

ing into her own in the world of fashion. No more bobby socks and sloppy joe sweaters, Miss Norman says. All of the winners expressed a preference for simply cut clothes with good lines, neither too casual nor too sophisticated for their age group. Eighteen-year-old Patrice Munsel, the Metropolitan Opera's youngest star, chooses bright accessories to lend versatility to her brown, navy, and gray basic outfits. Janet Waldo, eighteen-year-old star of CBS Corliss Archer serial, prefers red

and blue in her comfortable, casual California-slanted clothes.

Like the other winners of the teentimer fashion awards, Patrice and Janet make time in their busy days for war work. Between opera engagements, Patrice sings at canteens and at servicemen's hospitals. Janet, who does movie as well as radio work, entertains at canteens and camp shows.

Have you heard the Armed Forces  
Continued on page 8





You've lived for this moment.  
And he must find you excitingly  
lovely to your fingertips.

Thrillingly-soft hands are so  
endearing... let Trushay guard  
their precious beauty.

This delicately fragrant,  
creamy lotion is such a joy to use!

Smooth on Trushay before  
everyday tasks, before you do  
dishes. This "beforehand" idea  
is Trushay's own! And now you  
can guard soft hands even  
in hot, soapy water!

Rely on Trushay's velvet touch  
whenever, wherever you need it.

**TRUSHAY**

The  
"Beforehand"  
Lotion



PRODUCT OF  
BRISTOL-MYERS





*"Alluring!"*

**says Mrs. Herbert Marshall  
— charming wife of one of  
Hollywood's most distinguished stars.**

**MRS. HERBERT MARSHALL:**

HERE IN HOLLYWOOD, glamour isn't just a word... it's a way of life. That's why I'm so delighted with your alluring new shades in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. My special pet is that exciting Tangee Red-Red.

**CONSTANCE LUFT HUHNS:**

Yes, Mrs. Marshall, and I think you'll agree that the smart new shades in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks are not only lovely to look at... *they're wonderful to wear!* They don't run or smear. They stay on for many extra hours. And Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish assures lips not too dry—not too moist... vivid lips with a satin-like smoothness that makes them doubly inviting... In Red-Red, Theatrical Red, Medium-Red and Tangee Natural!



**CONSTANCE LUFT HUHNS**  
Head of the House of Tangee and one of America's foremost authorities on beauty and make-up.

Use **TANGEE**

*and see how beautiful you can be*



*Suave Herbert Marshall outwits all enemy agents as The Man Called X, Monday nights on CBS.*

(Continued from page 6)

Radio Service show Tokyo Calling? Take a listen and hear the kind of propoganda the Japanese are handing out about us. The show is on the air Mondays at 10 P. M. (EWT) over the American network.

And, talking about Japanese propoganda—Sammy Kaye got word from a GI in the Pacific not long ago, that Tokyo Rose in her Zero Hour broadcasts played an entire Sammy Kaye Sunday Serenade program! Radio Japan probably transcribed it from a program short-waved overseas.

Sammy's correspondent wrote that as soon as the music was over, on came the "saki-saki" (propaganda). "Do you hear this good music?" cooed Tokyo Rose. "How would you like to be home dancing to that lovely music? You can do it, boys, very soon, if you will stop this war of fighting against the Japanese." The boys love the music and pay as little attention to the accompanying propoganda as the GI's did in Africa and Europe when the Germans used the same tactics.

Tokyo Rose, incidentally, we are told by our own correspondent in the Pacific, has been practically forced off the air by the GI's themselves. The GI's have set up small radio stations on every beachhead and are putting on swell shows that the Rose can never match. Besides, a few of them have managed to cut in on her wave length occasionally and made her sound plenty foolish. She's expected to retire into a great silence any moment, now.

Here's an idea lots of mothers might like to pick up. Constance Bennett has something new in the way of "baby books." Instead of filling the one she's keeping for her daughter Gyl with records of when she cut her first tooth and said her first gem of a word, Constance is pasting it full of the important headlines of every day since Gyl was born two days after Pearl Harbor. Gyl's one girl who's going to know her place in history right from the start.

Ever since Tommy Dorsey's been broadcasting from Hollywood, California's real estate sharps have been hounding him with intriguing but highly inflated deals on the good earth.



But Tommy has a stock answer for them all. "I'm not buying anything," he says, "that I can't load on the Super Chief and take back to New York." Might we suggest that Tommy give them with "Don't Fence Me In" on his trombone?

There's a pat on the back coming to Bud Abbott and Lou Costello. Those zanies have their serious side, too, and when they show it—it's good.

This last summer, they put in three weeks playing benefits in New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Atlantic City, to raise money for the Lou Costello, Jr., Youth Foundation to Aid Delinquent Children. There's been an awful lot of talk during this war about juvenile delinquency. Abbott and Costello didn't talk much—they did something.

In one of his serious moments, Arthur Godfrey ad-libbed some remarks about the U. S. A. that are well worth passing on.

"You know that old saying, *it's a small world*, is getting truer and truer every day," he said. "I couldn't help thinking that when I looked through the mail the other day.

"I don't know whether you remember, but a couple of weeks ago, I happened to mention that I wondered what all you folks were doing every day when we come into your homes for a half hour of 'nothin'.' I got some very interesting letters.

"There were letters from Maine, from Texas, from Illinois, from Oklahoma—from all over the country. And reading them showed me something I hadn't thought of before. This world and especially this country of ours is really much more of a small town than most people imagine.

"You listeners in Texas who wrote that you had just finished washing the luncheon dishes, or were darning, or dusting, are kind of sisters-under-the-skin with the other women in Maine and Oklahoma and the rest of the country, who were doing the same things at the same time, and had interrupted their work to relax for a few minutes with us, on this crazy clam-bake we call a program. Most of you had children home from school and

# Are you in the know?



## Do this often, if you're addicted to —

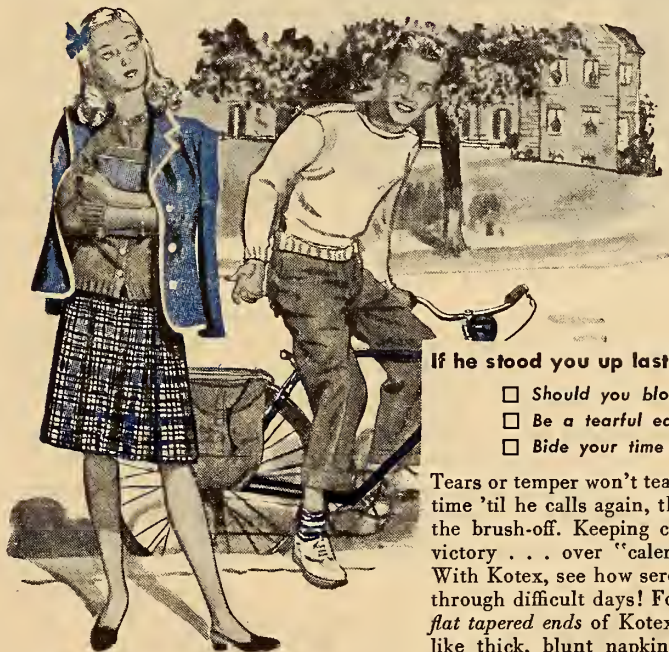
- Tantrums
- Booking blues
- Hickey trouble

You can drown *all three sorrows* (above)—in your daily tub! For a warm bath relaxes; improves the disposition. And a clean, scrubbed skin discourages hiccups . . . boosts your date bookings. Don't neglect bathing on problem days when it's more important than ever. To help you stay sweet and dainty, *Kotex now contains a deodorant*. A deodorant that can't shake out because it is processed right into each Kotex napkin—locked in, not merely dusted on. It's a new Kotex "extra"!

## To use silver correctly, would you —

- Start from the outside
- Start from the inside
- Catch as catch can

Fumble for the right fork or spoon? Not if you follow this simple rule: Start from the outside, work in toward your plate. You're fluster-proof when you can skip social errors. And you'll make no mistake on "trying days", when you choose the poise-preserving sanitary napkin . . . Kotex. Truth is, Kotex gives you confidence through *comfort*. Because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing* . . . so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. There's no roping, no wadding up, with Kotex.



## If he stood you up last night —

- Should you blow your top
- Be a tearful earful
- Bide your time

Tears or temper won't teach him. Bide your time 'til he calls again, then give out with the brush-off. Keeping calm wins many a victory . . . over "calendar" jitters, too. With Kotex, see how serenely you can sail through difficult days! For you're sure the *flat tapered ends* of Kotex don't show. Unlike thick, blunt napkins, those patented flat pressed ends don't cause revealing outlines...and you'll feel secure with the *extra* protection of Kotex' special *safety center*!

**A DEODORANT**  
in every Kotex napkin  
at no extra cost



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



Actress Suzanne TaFel adds her talents to CBS' Theater of Romance, heard each Tuesday night.

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



"Whoopee! I got the  
Injun sign on  
Prickly Heat!"



"Your little Indian will whoop with joy"

"Look at my smooth-as-satin skin . . . and you'll know why Mommies an' babies are ravin' about mild, soothin' Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Powder. It's a won-n-nderful help in preventin' prickly heat, urine irritation, chafing and lotsa other skin troubles! Here's why I say it's the *best* for baby's skin. . . .

1. Most baby specialists prefer Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Powder to any other baby powder (and 3 out of 4 doctors say baby powder should be *antiseptic*).\*
2. Mennen is smoothest—shown in microscopic tests of leading baby powders. Only Mennen powder is "cloud-spun" for extra smoothness, extra comfort.
3. Makes baby smell so sweet . . . new, mild flower-fresh scent!



"Buy me the  
best . . .  
Mennen!"

IT'S BACK!  
50¢ Money-Saver Size  
(Also 25¢ Size)

\*According to surveys



Also . . . 4 times as many doctors prefer MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL as any other baby oil or lotion\*

were busy trying to keep them occupied.

"I get so darned tired of hearing politicians and statesmen saying that the country is divided by ideas and customs that are so different that it's impossible for us ever to have complete unity. That's just silly. A few differences in ideas and local customs and accents are never going to keep you—at your radio in Oklahoma City—from bringing up your children and running your homes and living and thinking in the same old U.S.A. way about the things that really count—any more than they will you, in Houston, or Chicago, or Kansas City."

Phillips H. Lord, writer-producer of *Counterspy*, has a very unusual way of getting his show ready for the air.

He does a kind of "remote" production job. Eight days before each broadcast, the actors do a detailed dress rehearsal which is recorded in the control room of a New York studio. The recording is then sent by plane to Lord, who makes the necessary revisions in his quiet retreat among the pines in Maine.

He listens to the program on a playback machine in his home and, as he listens, he makes notes and corrections as well as written comments on the performance. These are sent back to New York by airmail. By the time the show goes on the air, it's had as complete an editing as though Lord had been sitting in the control booth during rehearsals—which is what most producers do.

We love the idea of Carmen Dragon's "vacation." The thirteen weeks that *Toasties Time* is off the air, Carmen has nothing to do but direct the music for a couple of films—Hunt Stromberg's "Young Widow" and Danny Kaye's new picture, "The Kid from Brooklyn."

Not all actors are improvident and thoughtless of the future. Lots of them are branching out into other businesses, now, while things are going well for them.

Walter (Service Time) Burke runs a summer resort in Pennsylvania. Arthur (Casey, Press Photog) Vinton raises turkeys. Ted (Big Town) De Corsia sells his own farm-grown vegetables. Santos (Perry Mason) Ortega has a Pekingese kennel.

There's one thing to be said for the Warnow family—they're all staunch individualists. When Mark Warnow gave his kid brother a lift up the ladder of fame a few years ago, the kid refused to capitalize on his brother's reputation—so he changed his name. He is known today as Raymond Scott.

Now, Mark's twenty-year-old son, Morton, just returned from the ETO, where he had been a prisoner of war for nine months, has announced a similar intention. He wants to be a writer when he gets out of the Army—but he's going to get himself a name of his own—and his own breaks.

The Lombardo gang is never so happy as when their travels bring them within short range of Connecticut, where Mama Lombardo lives. That's because, whenever they are near enough, Mama makes regular trips to wherever the band is playing, loaded down with food and delicacies for her brood—and food and delicacies as only Mama can make them, which is what the gang misses most of all when they

(Continued on page 12)



# Another Hollywood Star...with Woodbury-Wonderful Skin



MOD

Interested in my special don'ts and do's for a heavenly, heart-snaring complexion? Don't cling to half-way care that may do one or two things at most for your skin. Do use Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream...one cream that gives complete skin care.

Martha O'Driscoll



Mm-mm-mm-mm is for Martha... of the luscious, lovable complexion! And for you, too, if you give your skin beauty *extras* with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream.

One cream that *cleanses, softens, smooths*... that doubles as a *night cream* guarding against dryness and old-looking dry-skin lines... that serves as your protective *powder base*, too. And for protection against blemish-causing germs, Woodbury contains exclusive "Stericin", constantly purifying the cream in the jar.

Hear him say "you're mm-mm-mm-arvelous"! Try Woodbury tonight. 10¢ to \$1.25, plus tax.

## Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

*...it's all you need!*

R  
R





## HOW I LOST MY HUSBAND

I guess I was really to blame when Stan started paying attention to other women. It wasn't that I didn't know about feminine hygiene. I had become . . . well . . . *forgetful*. Yes, I found out

the hard way that "now-and-then" care isn't enough! My doctor finally set me right. "Never be a careless wife," he said. He advised Lysol disinfectant for douching *always*.



## AND WON HIM BACK AGAIN!

Our romance is so *special* again—now that I know about *proper* feminine hygiene care! Since I had that talk with the doctor, I use Lysol *always* for douching. As he said: "Lysol is a

*proved germ-killer . . . far more dependable than salt, soda or other homemade solutions.*" Lysol is easy to use and economical. But, most important, it *really does the job!*

### Check these facts with your Doctor



Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of every woman. So, douche thoroughly with correct Lysol solution . . . *always!* Powerful cleanser—Lysol's great spreading power means it reaches

deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. **Proved germ-killer**—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control . . . far more dependable than homemade solutions. **Non-caustic**—Lysol douching solution is *non-irritating*, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow

easy directions. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use; **deodorizes**. More women use Lysol for feminine hygiene than any other method. (For

**FREE** feminine hygiene booklet, write Lehn & Fink, 688 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.)



For Feminine Hygiene use

**Lysol**  
Disinfectant

always!



*Glamorous Ann Sothorn brings the enchanting Maisie to CBS' new Sunday night comedy show.*

(Continued from page 10)  
have to go out on tour assignments.

Stories about kids and the war always get us—where it hurts. Like this one—from John MacVane, NBC war correspondent.

MacVane's back in the United States after seven years in Europe. In 1938, MacVane, then a reporter on the N. Y. Sun, went to France with his wife. Realizing that war was coming, he decided to stay abroad, and joined the Paris staff of a news agency. In 1940, he joined the NBC staff in London and was assigned to cover "the invasion of London," which at that time seemed to be imminent.

He accompanied the American First Army on the invasion of France and was injured during the action at Normandy, for which he was awarded the Purple Heart.

MacVane's children, Myles, three years old, and Sara Ann, fifteen months, were born in London and are now seeing the United States for the first time. Recently Myles heard thunder for the first time and told his mother he heard guns. Mrs. MacVane told him he was wrong, that what he heard was the noise made by two clouds bumping together. A few seconds later there was another peal of thunder.

"Well, mother," Myles said, "those clouds are shooting at each other again."

That could well be passed off as a cute saying. But think of it this way. Think of a small kid learning about guns and bombs and death and destruction, before he's had a chance to learn about the natural phenomena of the world. When you think that way, you want to make very sure that tomorrow's kids won't have to go through anything like this.

Karl Swenson feels right at home in his role as Father Brown on the Mutual mystery series. Karl's grandfather was the pastor of the Swedish parish in New Britain, Connecticut, and his family always hoped Karl would be a minister. Early in college, however, Karl switched his interest to dramatics. He has played many religious roles in his radio career, though. . . . John the  
(Continued on page 14)

Copyright, 1946, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



*They had a date with fate...  
and a rendezvous with love!*



**GINGER ROGERS**

as the lovely but lonely star who finds romance!

**LANA TURNER**

travels from 10th Ave. to Park—on curves!

**WALTER PIDGEON**

fresh from adventure—and plenty fresh!

**VAN JOHNSON**

Purple Heart hero with his heart on his sleeve!



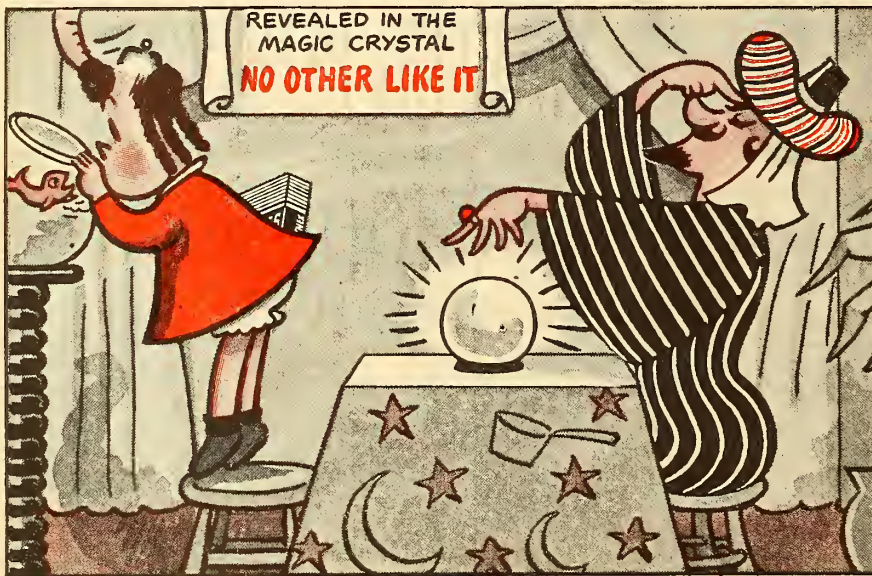
**M-G-M**  
invites you  
to come on  
an exciting  
and romantic...

# Week-end at the Waldorf

EDWARD ARNOLD • PHYLLIS THAXTER • KEENAN WYNN • ROBERT BENCHLEY  
LEON AMES • LINA ROMAY • SAMUEL S. HINDS  
and XAVIER CUGAT and his ORCHESTRA • A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Sam and Bella Spewack. Adaptation by Guy Bolton. Suggested by a Play by Vicki Baum. Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD. Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture





Copyright 1945, International Cellucotton Products Co.

A special process keeps Kleenex

**LUXURIOUSLY SOFT—  
DEPENDABLY STRONG**

Daily Kleenex® has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double tissue at a time!

®T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from page 12)  
Baptist on the Ave Maria Hour, Christ for The March of Time and now the detective-priest on the Adventures of Father Brown.

When Don Bell left his home town of Hutchinson, Kansas, eighteen years ago to join the Marines, he had exactly a dime in his pocket. After leaving the service in 1931, he wound up in Manila and settled there as a radio broadcaster for a department store. Came the Jap invasion and Bell became the "voice of liberty" in Manila.

For thirty-seven months, the Japs hunted Don Bell—and he was right there in the Santo Tomas prison. Fortunately for him, he was listed in the Japanese records as Clarence Beliel, his real name, and they never caught on.

After his release, Bell rejoined Mutual as a correspondent. He earned himself a short rest in New York. On his way back to his post in the Pacific, Bell stopped off at his home town for the first time in eighteen years. He was accorded all the honors of a returning hero. Standing before a microphone, Bell was asked by the Mayor what he had achieved since leaving home.

Bell reached into his pocket and pulled out a dime. That was all the money he had. His pocket had been picked the day before on the train.

Bell returned to his home town exactly the way he had left it—with a dime to his name.

Ernest Chappell, new m.c. on the Star Theater, is sometimes kidding called "Mr. Charles," by his friends. It's all right, though. He's married to Claudia Morgan, who plays Nora Charles in the Thin Man.

Joe Haynes, honorably discharged from the Marines, finds civilian life—particularly working as a radio sound effects man—fraught with danger. On one program he was assigned to dub in the sound of a turned-over chair and a body fall. He outdid himself on the job and, after the show, discovered he had cracked a rib.

Twenty different government agen-  
(Continued on page 16)



Edward Everett Horton is funny even when heard and not seen, as Kraft Music Hall's summer star.



Its cleaner, brighter **Taste**  
means cleaner, brighter teeth—

**Pepsodent** tooth paste  
with **Qrium**

removes the film that  
makes your teeth look dull



Use Pepsodent twice a day,  
see your dentist twice a year

R  
R



# "The Touches of her Hands are like the Touch of Down"—James Whitcomb Riley

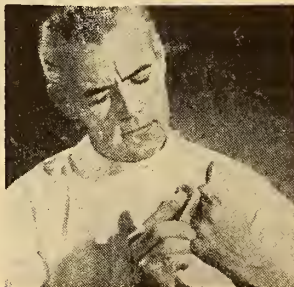


## Lady, you don't get a touch like down from Peeling Spuds!

It's a mean job... cooking, cleaning, scrubbing. No wonder you feel like hiding your hands! Rough, eh? Reddened to the wrist. Well, use Pacquins regularly every day. This snowy cream helps hands win a young-skin look—soft, white, sweet to touch!

## Doctors and Nurses found

a way to keep their hands in good condition in spite of 30 to 40 scrubblings a day. More abuse than most hands take in any day's housework! It was Pacquins Hand Cream that was originally formulated for their professional use. It's super-rich with an ingredient (doctors call it "humectant") that helps dry skin feel softer, smoother, more pliant!



*Pacquins*  
**HAND CREAM**

Creamy-smooth... not sticky, not greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world!

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

Continued from page 14  
cies are providing material for the Now It Can Be Told series. Dan Seymour produces the program, based on material most of which has never been revealed before for military reasons.

Irene Kuhn, now being heard as a correspondent from Chungking, was the first woman news commentator in the Far East.

Mrs. Kuhn, widely known writer and newspaper correspondent, whose autobiography "Assigned to Adventure" was a best seller, has spent five years in the Orient. While in China she wrote for various newspapers and in addition broadcast from the China Press-Kellogg station KRC in Shanghai. She was the first woman correspondent in the East and the first person ever to broadcast in the Orient over China's first radio station.

Mrs. Kuhn's travels started shortly after she left college. After a few years on newspapers here, she joined the European staff of the Chicago Tribune and covered assignments all over the continent. Later she covered the Mediterranean, Egypt, Singapore and the Straits Settlements for the Tribune, until she finally reached Shanghai. There she joined the staff of the China Press. Most recently, she's been the assistant director of NBC's Information Department in New York, a post she left to return to China.

Ed Begley, who plays villains and "heavies" on the Crime Doctor shows, has been awarded a citation by the American Red Cross for his efforts in behalf of the Red Cross Blood Donor Service. Ed has done a number of sketches and shows before factory workers, urging them to be regular visitors at the blood donor clinics. He says it's his way of keeping up with his son, Cpl. Thomas M. Begley, who is with the Army Amphibious Engineers in the Philippines.

James Monks, we hear, isn't satisfied with being one of the most sought after young actors in radio. It isn't enough for the guy that he can do a couple of dozen different dialects. Now, he's taking singing lessons!

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER... Look for Perry Como in a picture soon. This one will be titled "Doll Face" and is a screen adaptation of the play, "Naked Genius."... Ralph Edwards has signed a contract with RKO which will make him a star. He's to play straight parts and that he likes. ... Alec Templeton will appear in MGM's movie, "Cabbages and Kings." ... Brig. Gen. David Sarnoff, president of RCA, in a move to encourage young scientific students, announced a scholarship plan providing for as many as ten students to receive RCA scholarships during the academic year 1945-1946, thirty during 1946-1947, fifty during 1947-1948, and sixty each academic year after that. Each scholarship consists of a cash award of \$600. ... DuMont Television is building a set to sell for \$150, which will tune in radio stations as well as television. ... The King Sisters are set for the Rudy Vallee show. ... Goodman Ace will probably have signed by the time you read this, to write and produce the Danny Kaye show. ... How about taking a tip from Ed Begley—and becoming regular donors to the Red Cross Blood Donor Service? The war isn't over yet and a lot of our boys are going to need a lot of help to bring V-J Day a little closer.



**Cutex color stimulant**

**SCHIAPARELLI interprets**

# CUTEX *Alert*

"Alert"... pulse-stirring, heart-warming color to light up beautiful fingertips. Schiaparelli, France's ingenious designer, catches its high excitement with a flame-topped dinner dress... sponsors four other exciting Cutex colors to touch a spark to the Paris fashions in her latest collection. Try and find a lovelier polish at any price!



HONOR BRIGHT



OFF DUTY



YOUNG RED



AT EASE





# No other Shampoo

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

Only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action gives you this wonderful combination of beauty benefits! ✓ *Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene 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 has a wonderful hair conditioning action. ✓ *Complete removal of unsightly dandruff*, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

## Jewels in your Hair

**for After-Dark Glamour**

Dramatize the beauty of your hair, focus attention on your smart hair-do! For evening occasions, wear jewels in your hair!

LISA FONSSAGRIVES . . . glamorous New York fashion model,

Cover Girl and "Drene Girl" . . . shows you, on this page, three smart hair-dos dramatized with jewels!

THIS TURQUOISE TIARA certainly calls attention to Lisa's shining topknot of puffs! A twisted double strand of pearls or a string of large gold beads would also look lovely encircling the puffs! But you'll not get the maximum combination of lustre and manageability from your shampoos unless you use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, as Lisa always does!

A GOLD BRACELET was used by Lisa for this stunning back arrangement. Ends of hair are drawn through bracelet, then pulled upward. That extra shining-smooth look is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

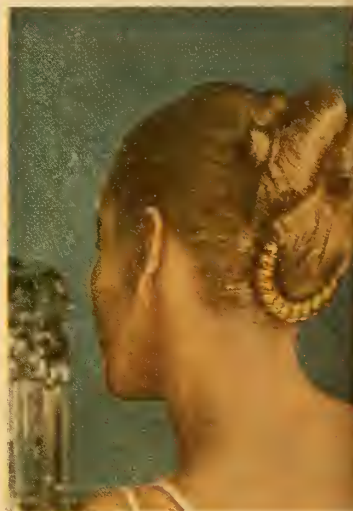
WEAR LARGE COMBS set with brilliant stones or pearls, on either side of this double-puff topknot arrangement! But first, wash your hair in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!



# Drene Shampoo

**WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION**

Product of Procter & Gamble





*A horrible thought flashed into my mind. Was it possible that Bob knew?*



**T**HE sun lay hot and bright across the tops of desks that had been scarred and varnished over and scarred again; and dancing motes of chalk dust filled each beam of light as it slanted in through the broad windows. I had erased all the blackboards and wiped them with a damp cloth, had thrown away the stubs of chalk too small for further use and replaced them with long, new sticks, neatly spaced at intervals along the ledge which ran under the boards. I had sharpened my pencils and emptied the sharpener of all its shavings; I had changed the point on my pen; I had done everything it was possible to do on a Friday afternoon. And all the time he had sat there, in the fifth desk of the second row from the window—bent over his book, never once looking up, not speaking, wrapped in inviolable sullenness.

It was utterly ridiculous, I told myself, to be afraid—afraid, mind you!—of a twelve-year-old boy. I was Miss Wilson, the efficient sixth-grade teacher at the Granite Street school, I had been teaching for seven years, I knew how children's minds worked, there should be no problem they could offer me that I did not know how to cope with . . .

# Part of me

*Charles was another woman's husband;*

*Bob was that other woman's son.*

*But deep inside of Frances there was*

*something that claimed them both*



But I did not know what to say to Bob Lane. I did not know how to reach him.

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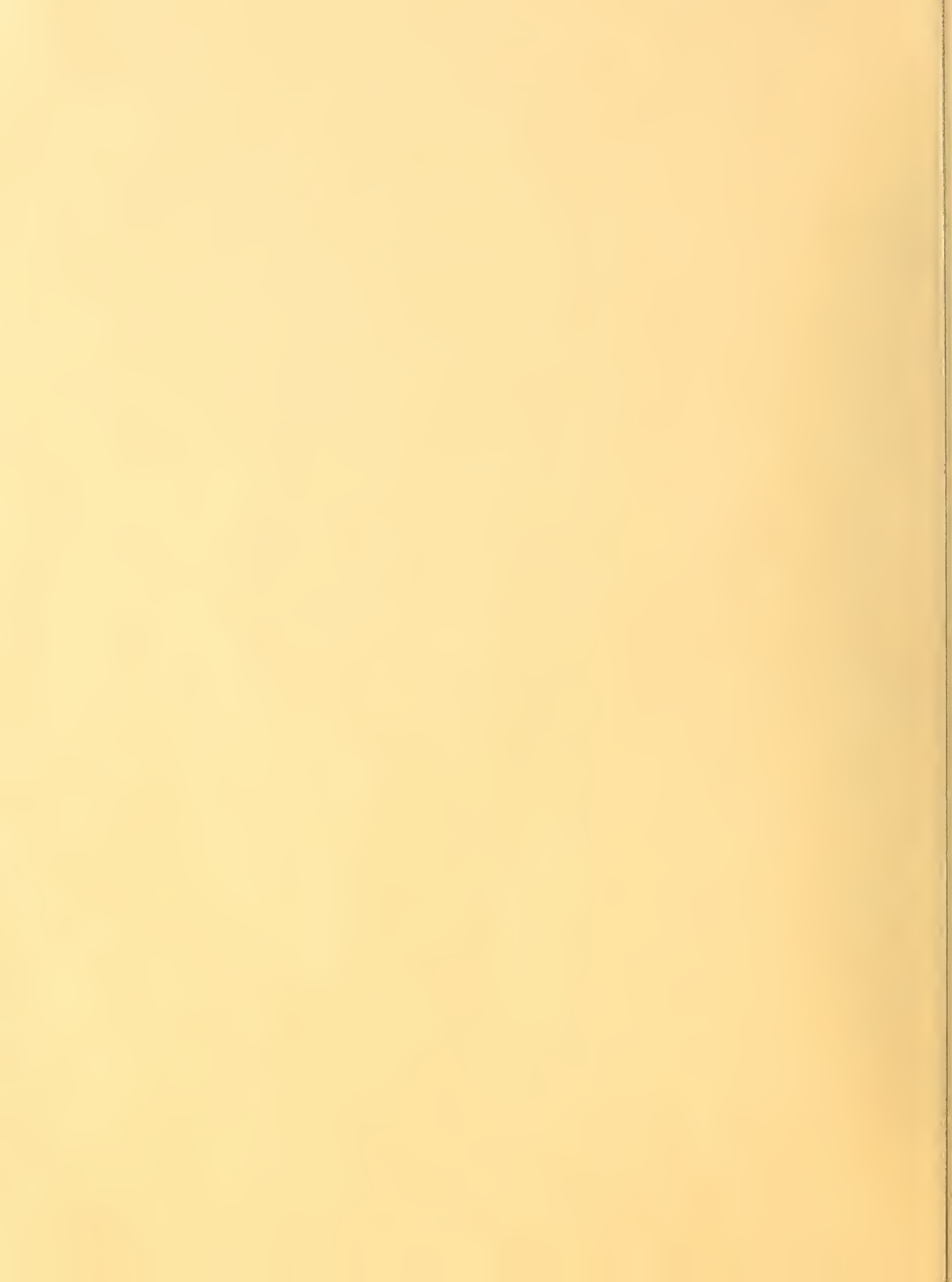
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# Enchanted



A CASE HISTORY FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S FILES



**E**ARLY in the morning, late in the night—those were the lonesome times. Early in the morning, when you squeezed yourself a glass of orange juice and made yourself a cup of coffee, and drank them, standing, in the kitchen, instead of getting a big cereal-and-eggs-and-muffins breakfast for two, and eating it with your husband at the sunny table by the window. When you, then, opened the shop by yourself, and fed the animals by yourself, and waited, waited, waited, for something to happen.

Late at night, after you had fed the animals by yourself, and closed the shop by yourself, and gone, lonely, to the big bed that had seemed so wonderfully a haven, when it was shared. When you waited, waited, waited, for sleep to come and bring you blessed oblivion until the lonely morning came.

It hadn't been so bad, when Ken was simply away. Other women, too, were waiting for their husbands to return from the war, I'd tell myself as I drank my orange juice and coffee, or as I turned out the light at night. Soon he'll be home, and life will be the way we want it to be, and all our plans will be realities.

But now—now that there would never be a coming home for Ken, when all those plans had turned out to be foolish dreams, the loneliness seemed to creep into my very bones, like winter cold. And it got worse, not better, with the passage of time. I suppose it's logical, when you have no future, to retreat into the past. The present, and the future, were too much for me to face. But the past was different—that was all there is of happiness, because I had shared it with Ken. And so I spent my days going back into the past. The past—the only part that counted, the part spent with Ken—was nearly three years gone.

Three years ago, Ken had left me, and the little pet shop, and the animals he loved so much, and the profession that he was studying so industriously and ambitiously, and gone into the Army. Then I had marked time. Soon, Ken would be home; he'd finish his training at the university's school of Veterinary Medicine, and we'd convert the pet shop, which had earned our living and paid Ken's tuition, into a regular hospital-kennel. That was the future we had planned. But now there was no future, for Ken had died fighting. It was nearly fourteen months since I'd been told of his death, and the sharp agony of new grief had subsided into the dull ache of bitter loneliness.

Now, each morning, I pulled up the venetian blinds which covered the shop's windows, without even wondering what the day would bring, because I knew it could bring me nothing. I simply noticed—as I was noticing this particular morning—what the weather was like, and turned back to the shop. This morning, *it's a nice day*, I told myself, seeing that everything had a bright, freshly-scrubbed look. *It must have rained cats and dogs during the night*. And then I would have given anything to take the thought back. That had been one of our private jokes, Ken's and mine. When I'd complain about the rain, he'd



*Out of her memories, Penny*

*tried to fashion an enchanted*

*cloak to keep her warm and*

*unafraid, to keep out loneliness.*

*But there is only one spell*

*strong enough to fight loneliness.*



say, "Why Penny, it's raining cats and dogs—that's good for business!"

*Oh, Ken—what am I going to do? What am I going to do without you?*

Slowly, I turned away from the window to face the work of the day. I had asked that question so many times, and still asked it, knowing that there was no answer.

As I turned, I saw out of the corner of my eye a little girl running at top speed down the street toward the shop. Her braids were streaming out behind her, and as she drew nearer I noticed that she held a small cocker spaniel puppy in her arms, his big ears flapping like distress signals with every jolt of her flying feet.

In a moment she came abreast of the shop, turned and came panting in. Quite unable to speak for a moment, she held out the puppy to me with a look of mute appeal.

Some of her desperate urgency communicated itself to me, and I snatched the little fellow and began to feel him over gently for broken bones, while I repeated, "What's the matter—what's the matter, dear?"

With a long gasp that was close to a sob the child managed to get the words out. "We were watching a man paint a fence and Smooch drank out of the paint bucket and the man said it was white lead and it was poison and he told me to bring Smooch here and—oh, oh, please, don't let him die, don't let him die!"

Paint—white lead—arsenate of lead—that was arsenic, wasn't it? Hastily I dumped the puppy back into the child's arms and raced for the kitchen, reciting over in my mind the things Ken had taught me—*salt . . . empty stomach . . . egg white . . . milk . . .*

When I got back, I found that the little girl had put Smooch on the linoleum-covered table where I show dogs

I have for sale, and that Cassy, my own little Maltese terrier, had leaped up to console the frightened little fellow with one of her particularly thorough face-washings. When I shoed her down, Cassy promptly transferred her ministrations to the little girl, who needed them by now.

I forced Smooch's mouth open and poured a liberal spoonful of salt on the back of his tongue. There was nothing to do now but await results. I steadied

Smooch with one hand, and put my other arm around the little girl's shoulders.

"What's your name, dear?"

"M-M-Myra. Oh, will he die? Will he —?"

My arm tightened about her. "No, Myra. I think we're doing just the right thing for him, and you were wonderful to bring him here so quickly. But you hold him now, will you, while I go call up a doctor and make sure?"





Dr. Jackson, whom I always consulted about the dogs in the shop, was out of town judging a kennel club show, I knew, so I began to search through the listing of veterinarians in the phone book for one close by. In a moment I found a Dr. Phillip Reeves over on Market Street, just a couple of blocks away.

Dr. Reeves, when I reached him, sounded nice. I explained.

"Any results from the salt?"

I peered over at the table. "Yes; doctor."

"Well, give him some egg white then. Tell you what—you're doing fine, but I'm not busy right now. Suppose I drop over, just to make sure?"

In a surprisingly few minutes he was there, coming into the door of the shop swinging his bag, as Myra and I were inducing Smooch to have another egg white.

Nowadays, when I thought of veterinary at all, I thought of someone fat and old, like Dr. Jackson, not someone young and vital and quick—like Ken. But that's the way this man was. He didn't look like Ken at all—he was dark and Ken had been very fair; his eyes were brown and Ken's had been clear blue; he was taller by a head than Ken had been. And yet the quick movement of him, the ready smile, the gentleness of his hands as he ruffled Smooch's big ears brought Ken back, in a painful twist of memory, closer than he had been in a long time.

"I'm Phillip Reeves," he said. "You're Mrs. Manning?" And he put out his hand.

I gave him mine, strangely reluctant at first, and then pleased with the strength and firmness of his fingers.

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Manning. And this is Myra, and this—" with a wave of my hand—"is Smooch."

Cassy came forward, smelled of him gravely, and then put her two little grey paws up on his knees, wagging her tail like mad. Obviously she was saying, *I'm someone you want to meet, too—I'm Cassy.*

"And that's Cassy—my own dog," I added.

He scratched Cassy's ears expertly, and grinned at Smooch. "What did you want to go and drink paint for?" he inquired. "That's an awful fool trick—all it got you was a lot of people fussing around and pouring things down your throat. And it probably didn't taste good in the first place."

*He talks to the dogs, I thought, on a caught-in breath. Just the way I do. Talks to them, just as if they understood, and when you do that they really do understand. He talks to the dogs just the way we used to—Ken and I—together.*

I watched him as he worked over the little dog, reassured Myra, and finally sent the two of them away. "Come back and see me again some time," I called impulsively after the little girl, as she skipped away. "Come back and bring Smooch to see me!"

I turned away from the door, and found myself looking straight into Dr. Reeves' eyes. "How about me?" he asked, picking up his bag. "How about me—can I come back and see you—and Cassy—again some time?"

I turned my eyes down to Cassy, who was pawing at my knee, as if she were urging me to say yes. "Why, of course, doctor, if you wish," I answered stiffly.

I thought that ended it, but instead of going he sat down suddenly on the edge of the table. "I've walked by here a number of times," he said, "and wondered about the place. Do you own it, or just work here?"

"I—I own it. It's all ours—mine!"

"Oh. Don't you keep any help?"

I shook my head. "No, I can manage quite easily by myself."

He looked at me sharply, and a little frown pulled his straight black brows together. "But—well, as I say, I've passed here often. And you seem to be always open—early in the morning, late at night. Don't you—"

"I like it," I broke in shortly. "It keeps me busy. I haven't anything else to do." And I couldn't keep the bitterness out of my voice. For a moment, I was sure he was going to ask questions, and I was terrified. I didn't want to give him the answers, to repeat the story, and so make it clearer, hurtfully clearer in my mind, how little the world had to offer me.

But he didn't ask any questions. He just looked at me very closely for a moment, and then smiled—a warm, generous, sweet smile that lighted his whole being. Then he picked up his bag again, gave Cassy a final pat, and said good-bye. I watched him as he went down the street, whistling *Oh where, oh where has my little dog gone?* And I thought, *he won't be back,* and wondered why on earth that made me feel unhappier, sorrier for myself than ever.

But he did come back—often. Always, it seemed, in time to give me someone besides dogs and cats and birds and the lone monkey to talk to, just when I felt the loneliest, when my spirits were lowest. Early in the morning, on his way to the office. At night, when he'd been keeping late visiting hours, or had been on an emergency case. At lunch time, once, armed with a basket from the delicatessen down the street—the contents of which we ate picnic-fashion, aided by Cassy, under the big tree in the back yard.

*He's good for me, I kept telling myself. It doesn't matter if he does make me remember Ken—I've got to face the fact that Ken's gone, and Phil gives me someone to talk to, someone who understands the problems of the shop, someone to advise me.* But I'd know that I was fooling myself—Phil Reeves wasn't good for me. He made me restless, irritable, more discontented than ever. Before I got to know him, I'd been living in a state of suspended animation. Now my thoughts, my feelings were coming awake, under the stimulus of his talk and his laughter, and the awakening hurt. It made me rebellious against life. It reminded me too much of all that I had lost, of all the dreams that were smashed, the hopes that were dead, the plans that had gone awry. But I couldn't tell him to stay away—how can you tell a man, who has done nothing except be pleasant and helpful, to take himself out of your life, please, and leave you to crawl back into your shell?

One afternoon, when he stopped by, he asked, "Penny, is there any good, honest reason why you have to keep this place open until ten or ten-thirty every night?"

I shook my head. "None, except that I might as well—I haven't anything else to do, and (Continued on page 75)



*It was strangely sweet, that kiss; I forgot, for a moment, the identity of the kisser.*

*The story Enchanted was adapted from a problem presented originally on John J. Anthony's daily program, Mutual, 1:45 EWT.*



# Red Letter Day

*All Bob knew about the girl on Sunset Drive was that there were often letters for her from a soldier. So he was afraid he would never know any more . . . until that day!*

**I** WANTED to wear a uniform and I finally got one.

But I wanted to be Bob Jones, S 1/c; not Postman, third-class.

Turned down at the induction center because I had a punctured ear drum, I had to push back the tears that were bubbling up from a well of disappointment in my heart. All the fellows my age in town were okayed for the Army or the Navy, and some of them made the Marines; and I know darned well that Navy officer had his eye on me. But the doggoned ear scared him off and I cursed the day I had jumped twenty-five feet into the swimming hole and smacked my ear so hard I had trouble with it ever since.

Yes, I can remember coming out of the induction center with a leaden heart and the bright sun of the early morning had become a distasteful yellowish color that painted the world in a sickly tint. The induction center was right across the street from the Post Office, near enough for me to read the inscription cut in the stone base:

HENRY MORGENTHAU, Secretary of the Treasury.

JAMES A. FARLEY, Postmaster General.  
Built in 1939.

1939! That was the year I smacked my ear! I cursed again and turned away from the reminder, but half-way down the block I stopped walking and looked back at the building. I punched my right fist into the palm of the other hand and went back to the Post Office, went inside and said hello to Mr. Berg, the postmaster.

"Get that chin out, Bob," he said. "I saw you come out of the induction center. I know how you feel, feller. But what're you going to do, bust out crying? Here. Read this, it just happened to come in."

I knew what he was handing me. He had shown me one of those applications before, and I knew what he was aiming at. I looked at the paper without hardly seeing it; yet the application had a different meaning for me

now. My mind was working at a different pace, as though the wheels were turning over at a slower rate of speed and I could see my life almost standing still; so making a decision was easy, even a decision like that.

"Okay, Mr. Berg. It's a deal. I'll take this home and fill it out. I'll be the best postman you have, or the worst. Suppose I come in tomorrow and go to work."

The postmaster laughed and shook his head.

"Not so fast, Bob. This is civil service and you'll have to go through the regular routine; but I'll have you working here before the week's over. And after a while I can get you a route. You'll love it, Bob. You'll love it!"

His words echoed in my ears all the way home. He was right when he said I'd eventually love the job, but there was more significance to his use of the word "love," as you shall see. Mr. Berg didn't know it, but he was pushing me right into the path of the juggernaut that is love; he was pushing me in front of a steamroller I couldn't resist, one that knocked me flatter than a pancake, and from which I never quite recovered.

The transition I made in my work was just what I needed at that time. I had been working in the Merrel Lumber Company as a sales clerk, selling lumber supplies to people who wanted to improve their homes; window sash, woodwork for floors, screen doors and other items that gave you splinters in your hands. It was okay, but I was glad to quit and go to work in the post office where I was assigned to a mail-analysis job. I had to sort all the mail for the town, mail that came from all over the world; a big sack comes from New York, you unlock it, dump it out on a table, start sorting it for the different routes in town, then break it down into streets. That was my job.

I began to enjoy the new job the second day I was on it. All of a sudden my eyes were riveted on a letter that was addressed to me. Fascinated, I picked it up and called out: "Hey, Mr. Baller. Here's a letter for me."

WELCH  
175











# Red Letter Day

All Bob knew about the girl on Sunset Drive was that there were often letters for her from a soldier. So he was afraid he would never know any more . . . until that day!

I WANTED to wear a uniform and I finally got one.

But I wanted to be Bob Jones, S 1/c; not Postman, third-class.

Turned down at the induction center because I had a punctured ear drum, I had to push back the tears that were bubbling up from a well of disappointment in my heart. All the fellows my age in town were okayed for the Army or the Navy, and some of them made the Marines; and I know darned well that Navy officer had his eye on me. But the doggoned car scared him off and I cursed the day I had jumped twenty-five feet into the swimming hole and smacked my car so hard I had trouble with it ever since.

Yes, I can remember coming out of the induction center with a leaden heart and the bright sun of the early morning had become a distasteful yellowish color that painted the world in a sickly tint. The induction center was right across the street from the Post Office, near enough for me to read the inscription cut in the stone base:

HENRY MORGENTHAU, Secretary of the Treasury.

JAMES A. FARLEY, Postmaster General. Built in 1939.

1939! That was the year I smacked my ear! I cursed again and turned away from the reminder, but half-way down the block I stopped walking and looked back at the building. I punched my right fist into the palm of the other hand and went back to the Post Office, went inside and said hello to Mr. Berg, the postmaster.

"Get that chin out, Bob," he said. "I saw you come out of the induction center. I know how you feel, feller. But what're you going to do, bust out crying? Here. Read this, it just happened to come in."

I knew what he was handing me. He had shown me one of those applications before, and I knew what he was aiming at. I looked at the paper without hardly seeing it; yet the application had a different meaning for me

now. My mind was working at a different pace, as though the wheels were turning over at a slower rate of speed and I could see my life almost standing still; so making a decision was easy, even a decision like that.

"Okay, Mr. Berg. It's a deal. I'll take this home and fill it out. I'll be the best postman you have, or the worst. Suppose I come in tomorrow and go to work."

The postmaster laughed and shook his head.

"Not so fast, Bob. This is civil service and you'll have to go through the regular routine; but I'll have you working here before the week's over. And after a while I can get you, a route. You'll love it, Bob. You'll love it!"

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The assistant postmaster opened his eyes widely, pretended he was shocked or surprised. He said:

"Well, whataya know. Tsk, tsk. Finding a letter in a post office."

"Nuts!" I replied. "It just surprised me, that's all. You just don't expect to see one for yourself."

"Okay, Bob. Okay." He came over and put a hand on my shoulder.

"Mr. Berg told me you'll go out on a route Monday," he said. "We're terribly short of carriers. This will be a good chance for you, son. It usually takes a fellow quite a while before he's given a route, but the war makes a difference in everything, doesn't it?"

I nodded, but I didn't want to get thinking about the draft again. Being a 4-F was not pleasant to think about. I changed the subject.

"How many miles does the average letter carrier walk each day, Mr. Baller?"

"Well, it varies. It can be anywhere from four to ten. We used to use bikes, remember? But no more. Carriers in a big city like New York or Chicago don't walk much if their routes are in office buildings. A man will have just one building to handle. He rides the elevators. Hey! Hey! Watch out, Bob. You almost put that letter in the wrong sack!"

I was amazed that his eye had caught my error, but when he told me he had been watching mail sorting for eighteen years I understood his sharpness. I put the letter in its proper place and listened to the veteran mailman tell about his experiences making deliveries in all kinds of weather.

"You get to know people, Bob. You get to know just about everything that goes on in your route. You have to listen to all kinds of belly aches, and you take an interest in the doings of your people; you get to be sort of a Mr. Anthony for everybody. If you're the type who is curious, you get your ears full of gossip. Wait and see, Bob. You'll get a kick out of it."

I expected it would be like that, and that's the way it was when I was finally assigned to a route. I was the brand new postman, and it was exhilarating to realize I was suddenly an important personage in that square of blocks I covered twice a day.

Take Maple Street, for instance. First house: Mrs. Willis, three kids, husband owned the grocery store; she liked to talk about her neighbors and she pumped me all the time, tried to find out what mail came for them. Second house: Mrs. Kelly, no kids, three cats, she ran out to meet me, took the mail with a silly grin on her face and ran back into her house again like Old Mother Hubbard. Third house: Roger Thorne, the town politician, wrote to his Congressman all the time and got letters that were franked, not stamped, in return. He was always ready to give you his version of town, county or national affairs.

**T**HEN I had other characters to deal with; people like the Jenkins family who fought like tigers with each other, the Caldwells who subscribed to those astrology magazines (Mrs. Caldwell read my horoscope and told me to watch out for August 12th), the Tysons who lived like hermits and only showed their faces after I left the mail in the box on their fence.

It was interesting to come down a street like Reynolds Avenue because that's where the foreign element lived. Nice people and friendly but inclined to be noisy. Mr. Pelligrino always yelled out the front door in Italian and I never knew what he was saying. One day he came out with a glass of red wine for me and I had to drink it because he finally made me understand it was his birthday. I didn't like red wine and this was very bitter; but he was delighted to share it with me. He wanted to give me more.

And there were other experiences I had which were amusing or unusual. Mrs. Bricker over on Teller Avenue made quite a fuss over me the first day I came around with the mail. She remembered me from the lumber company and she told me about the trouble she had with the screen door on her back porch. I took off my coat and went to work on it, and in twenty minutes it was working beautifully. She gave me a

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But there was one street that always held my interest more than the others. I couldn't forget the street because of that dog. Every day I'd come along the little terrier would bound out and raise an uproar; and I don't doubt it was my uniform that excited him. They say a uniform gets some dogs excited. This little mutt just about went crazy when he'd see me. He didn't look vicious, just nasty; and when he'd snap at my feet I'd pretend to pick up a stone and he'd run.

I thought he might get used to me after a while but he didn't, and one day we had an incident that made it a red-letter day, if I can use a mailman's pun. I stopped in front of the house, put the letter in the box on the fence and was just getting away from the place when that black and white canine came charging at me from the front porch. I wheeled around to protect myself but he grabbed my trousers with his teeth and the result was the loudest rip you ever heard. I swore at my enemy, swung my foot at him, slipped, and landed in the road in a sitting position. My mail bag emptied right in front of me.

My folks always said I have an easy-going disposition. They should have heard me that morning. I was out of my head with anger and I guess you could have heard my shouts down to City Hall. The dog ran off and I heard a door open in the house as I began picking up the mail from the road. Then there was somebody beside me and I saw her. So help me, I

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"I feel terrible," she was saying. "Tiny never bothers anybody, but I noticed how he goes for you every day. Did he hurt you?"

"Just my pants," I said, "are you his dog? I mean is he your dog?"

What made me fluster at a moment like that? I was in the right. The dog was the aggressor. No reason for me to get tongue-tied. But if you saw this girl . . . Red-gold hair like Greer Garson, complexion like a peach sundae; and the kind of a house dress I always put on a girl when I dreamed about the ONE who would be her. If that doesn't make sense, chalk it up to the steamroller I mentioned earlier.

**WE** STOOD facing each other for no more than one minute, but that minute had all the potency of a tidal wave; I hemmed for a second, then hawed, and forgot what I started to say. She was smiling a bit, but she didn't look right at me; and I remembered that later when I was five blocks away.

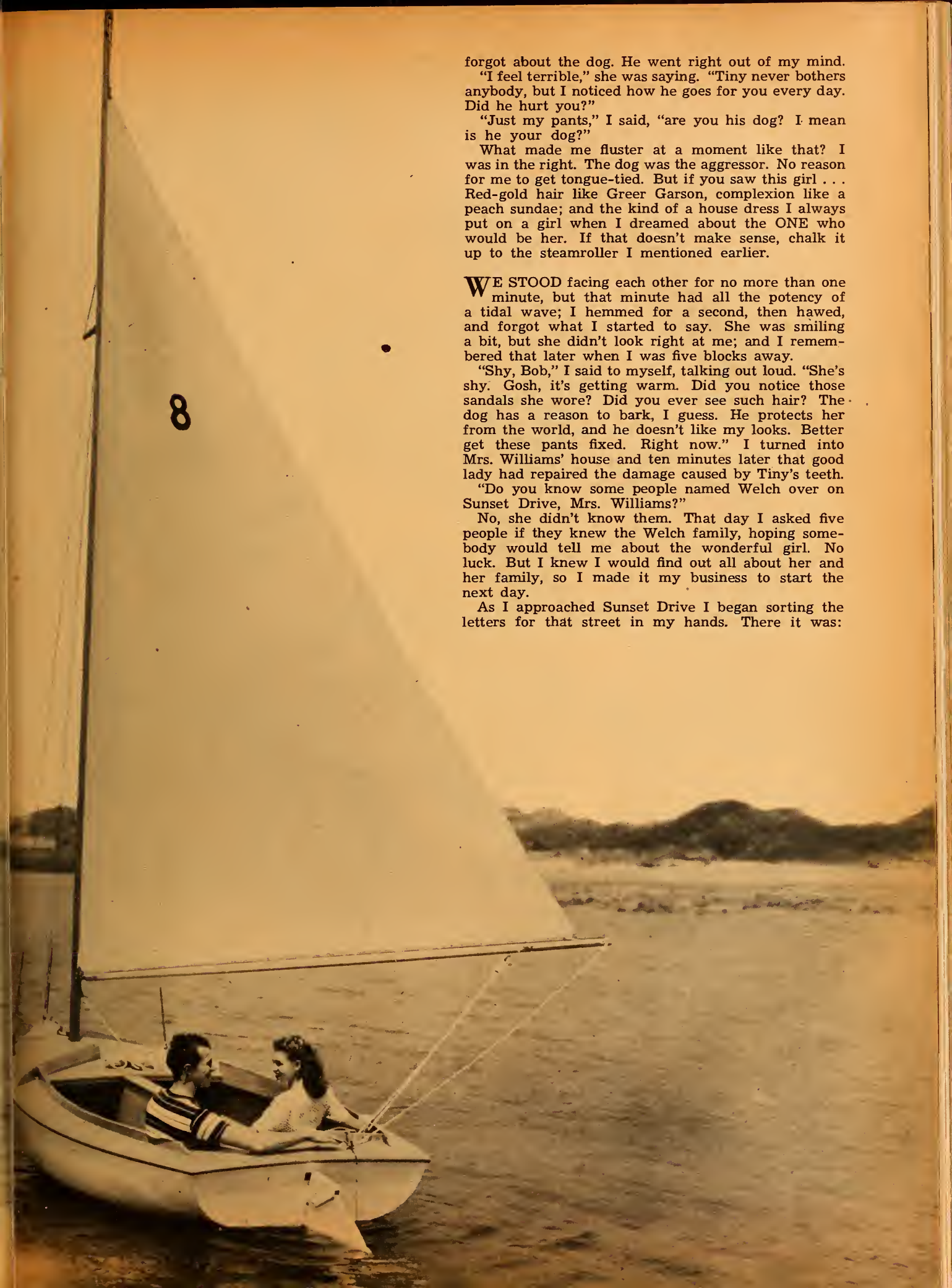
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No, she didn't know them. That day I asked five people if they knew the Welch family, hoping somebody would tell me about the wonderful girl. No luck. But I knew I would find out all about her and her family, so I made it my business to start the next day.

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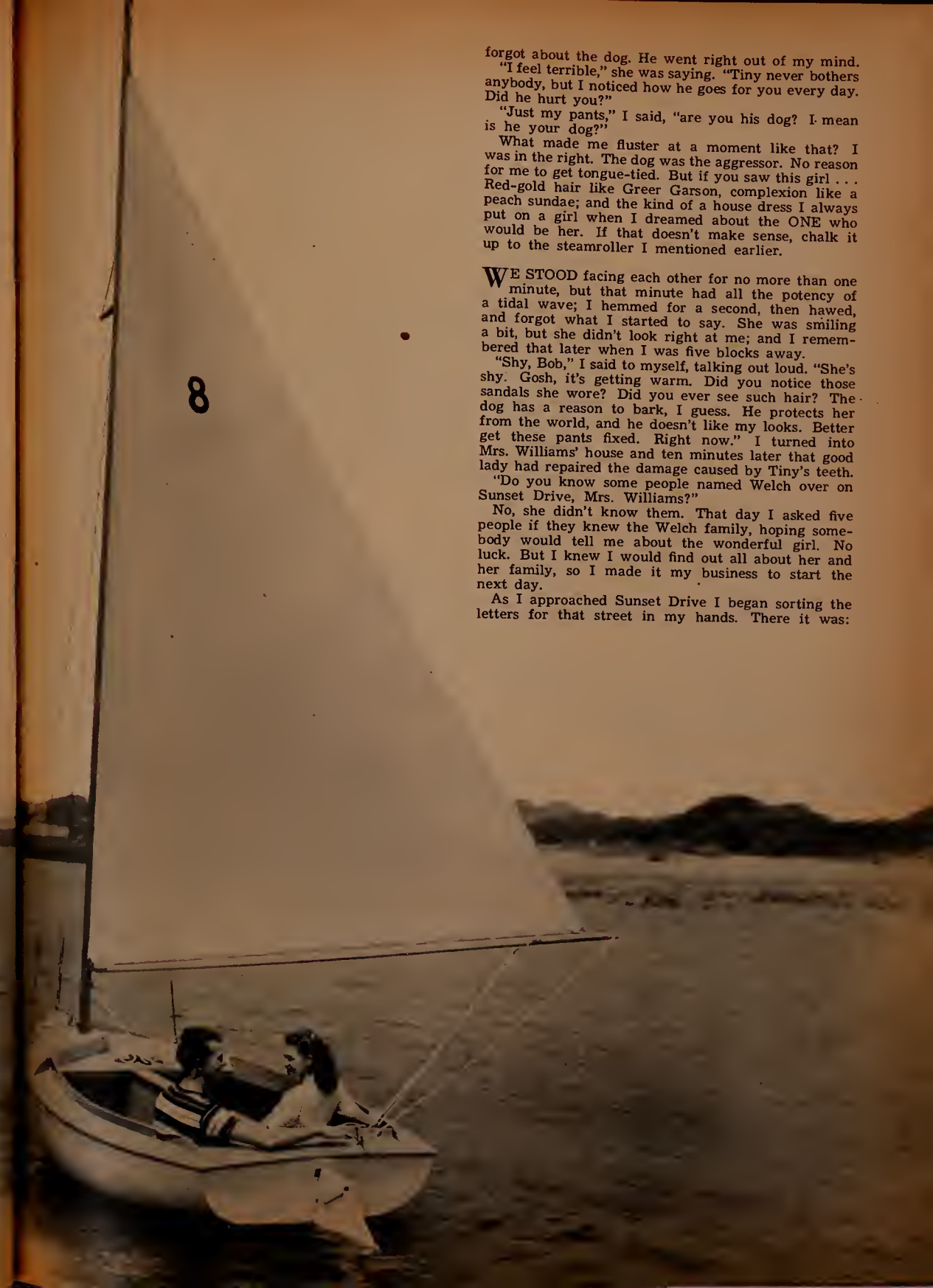
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As I approached Sunset Drive I began sorting the letters for that street in my hands. There it was:

*The happiest Sunday in my life brought sunshine, enough breeze for my little boat—and Susan.*





"Susan Welch, 28 Sunset Drive." A letter from a soldier. My heart and my head began a race, and it looked as though my head was outstripped; I couldn't get my mind off that letter, and that girl. And when I came down Sunset she was waiting by the gate.

"I locked Tiny in the cellar," she said. "I won't let him out any more in the mornings until you've passed here."

SHE was being sweet to me, and it wasn't hard for her to be sweet. I laughed about the nip her dog gave me the day before and I stalled with my mail bag so I could be with her for a few minutes. Her blue-green eyes were watching the bag anxiously, and when I drew out her letter they were aglow with anticipation. I didn't like that.

"Nice day, Miss Welch," I said, awkwardly. "If I didn't have to work I'd be out in my boat."

"Boat? You sail?" She was still eyeing the letter.

"Oh sure. That's my first love." (I regretted that.) "I mean it's my hobby. The boat's only a 10-footer, little bigger than a catboat; but I can get places—when the wind blows."

She was looking at me, and yet she wasn't. And the natural shyness was tantalizing. I wanted her to talk to me, but she just half-smiled and ran into her house. The steamroller was running over me again. I didn't want her to leave me so quickly; and I almost wished her dog would get loose so I could stay around a while, even if I got into another scrap with him.

Funny how a girl in your life makes all the difference, how she adds to the general picture of your existence; how you think about her when you're shaving in the morning, and again when you're reading a newspaper in the night. The image of her keeps slipping into your consciousness until it gets a permanent niche in your mental apparatus. You see her for a couple of minutes in the morning, and it is like food for the day.

But of course you have to be mentally adjusted for the image to come in clearly. It's like tuning into a radio program; if you're on the beam the experience is delightful, and the song you hear keeps running through your head. I don't know how good I am at explaining the first symptoms of love, but maybe you get what I mean. I kept telling myself that I had met Susan Welch somewhere, sometime; and even though I knew that was improbable, I wanted to believe in something like reincarnation.

Of course I was the kind of a guy who always kidded myself, told myself off in private conversation. And a postman has a lot of time to think things out because when you walk you think; and, believe me, I didn't get those blisters on my feet from riding a bike.

"Hang on there, feller," I'd say. "Don't let yourself go. If you were a sailor you'd hang on to the boat hook when you'd come alongside; if you didn't hang on, you'd find yourself adrift. Watch out, Bob. You can get

killed that way, or anyway badly hurt."

I don't suppose anybody but myself would understand that kind of talk. When I said I could get killed that way I meant I was running up against a situation that might turn out badly, and my reactions to Susan Welch had all the significance of deep water to a sailor.

And yet I plunged right into the whirlpool, determined to see the other side of the river at any cost. But I don't think I would have taken the plunge if certain elements had not figured in the case. It happened this way.

One morning I was coming along Sunset Drive with my mail and I saw Susan picking pansies in her front garden. I felt pretty chipper that day because the weather was so beautiful, the world was so green with grass and the breeze from the nearby harbor had just a suggestion of saltiness. The combination of things, plus the sight of Susan in her garden, made my heart sing—and I whistled something appropriate to my feelings. I tried to appear casual in my approach but you have to try it some time under similar circumstances to understand how hard it is to make your feet walk slowly, and to make your breath come easily.

When I came up to Susan she looked at me, smilingly, and said:

"Penny for your thoughts, Bob Jones."

"You can have them for nothing," I replied, then realized I couldn't really tell her what was on my mind. "Right now I am thinking of orange ice," I said.

"That needs further translation, Bob."

"The dress! The socks! Sue, you look like a dish of orange ice."

HER lovely complexion became decorated by a delightful coloring, and the sight of it went right to my head.

"Sue," I went on, plunging into the unknown, "wouldn't you like to go sailing with me one of these Sundays?"

She was looking down at the letter in her hand, a letter from her soldier; and the realization of the circumstance—the arrival of the letter and my invitation for a date—stopped me cold. I didn't know what thoughts were in her mind, but I had an idea she was confused; and when she looked at me, silently for a moment, I regretted having asked her.

"Here comes a turn-down, Bob. Get set, feller."

"Well," she said finally, "I do appreciate your invitation, Bob, but I never leave Dad very much. You know he's an invalid."

"I didn't know that, Sue. I've never seen your Dad."

"He doesn't get out much. The doctor makes him take things easy, and I'm the only one he has."

In a few minutes I left Susan, left her in her garden picking flowers and it was as though I left part of my heart with her. Of course I put on a good front, told her I'd be seeing her; and she smiled and said she hoped so. I noticed she didn't go into the house

with her letter, noticed she kept it in the little pocket of the orange ice dress; and noticing those things made me all the more confused.

What right had I to feel unhappy? You have to earn unhappiness, just like happiness. That's what I told myself as I trudged along my route. The soldier had a priority, he should come first; and Susan's story of her invalid father should have satisfied me fully. Yet I was miserable and I could sense the lights going out in my thoughts of the future. And with those lights going out came the dissipation of my interest in my job. All at once it became a bore for me to deliver mail, it became a ridiculous job, and the uniform I wore became a mockery. "Civil War Soldier," I called myself.

I faced a miserable week-end. I had, in my subconscious, planned to take Susan out in my boat; and with that disappointment of a turn-down for the date came a lifeless, futile feeling which told me in capital letters that I was in love with the girl and should have known better than to take such a chance with my feelings. Now I was paying for the foolishness of expecting she might care anything about me.

I went down to the boat that Sunday morning and watched the folks of our town take their little craft out into the Bay. They were happy people, and I was jealous of their laughter and conversation. I got my little boat ashore and started to paint it, a job I had been putting off all spring. I thought it would be better if I kept my hands busy so I wouldn't have time to think about Susan; but it was like trying to black-out the sun. All day long her face and her lovely figure kept appearing before my eyes; and her voice was there to haunt me in a tantalizing way.

"That needs further translation, Bob. I appreciate your invitation, Bob. The doctor makes Dad take things easy, Bob."

It was the soothingest, softest voice you ever heard; and with it came the scent of something lovely she used for perfume. It was all there, all day long; a visionary package of loveliness. And I couldn't touch it; it was for someone else, not for me.

The following Monday morning, however, was really the red-letter day for me. I started on my route half-heartedly, telling myself to be sensible; telling myself I had an important job, important for the world. There was Mr. Miller, the retired engineer. He looked forward to getting his mail as though it were the only thing of interest left in life for him.

"Hello, Mr. Miller. Here's one from your boy, Jim. San Francisco APO number." The old man's eyes light up and he pats me on the shoulder.

"Do you play golf, Bob? You know you have a golfer's name—Bobby Jones." He's having a little fun with me.

"No, Mr. Miller. I like sailing . . ." And when I say that the sharp pang of sailing without Susan comes back to bother me.

Little things. (Continued on page 85)



PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS

# Amanda



*The story of a love that steadfastly endures through the trials of a changing world.*





*EDWARD LEIGHTON, Amanda's husband, has been discharged from the Army, and is finding readjustment to civilian life rather difficult. Formerly a wealthy young landowner, Edward is dissatisfied with the moderate comfort he can now provide for Amanda. He dreams of making a great deal of money as quickly as possible, and taking his little family back into the luxurious kind of living they once enjoyed at Honeymoon Hill. In spite of Amanda's assurances, Edward cannot overcome his discontent and his feeling that he has somehow disappointed his wife's expectations.  
(Edward Leighton played by Staats Cotsworth)*

*Conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert; heard daily at 11:00 A.M., CBS.*



*CLAIRE TREMAN, Amanda's attractive young friend, married FRASER AMES, Washington lawyer, because she was grateful for many kindnesses. Amanda warned Claire that gratitude was not enough to keep her happy with a man twice her age, though Fraser is successful, sophisticated. Very much in love with Claire, Fraser knows that his feeling is not returned, that she loves his nephew Tom. (Patricia Wheel, Reese Taylor)*



*TOM AMES, handsome young nephew of Fraser Ames, has fallen into a situation that has all the elements of unhappiness for many people. Devoted to his celebrated uncle, Tom would never willingly cause him pain, but he has not been able to deny to himself the fact that he has fallen deeply in love with Fraser's young wife, nor can he remain blind to the knowledge that Claire is in love with him. (Chester Stratton)*





*IRENE MILLER, beautiful, vicious, coarse, has caused explosive trouble for the Leightons since Edward first brought her home to act as his model.  
(Elizabeth Eustis)*



*AMANDA, beautiful red-haired girl of the mountains, married Edward Leighton when he was the wealthy owner of Honeymoon Hill. She educated herself in order properly to fill her position as his wife, but when they lost the estate she used her education instead to get a job, to help support their young son Bobby.  
(Joy Hathaway)*

*MARTIN DOUGLAS, manager of the Foster Aircraft Company, was Amanda's first employer. Now he has undertaken to help her in her effort to get Edward to face life realistically, to be contented and interested in the job he does—a job that provides them a modest, but adequate, standard of living.  
(Rod Hendrickson)*





MAJOR BRUCE DOUGLAS, now stationed in Washington with the wife who was his childhood sweetheart, is the Leightons' close friend.  
(Lamont Johnson)



RALPH DALY'S role in the lives of Edward and Amanda cannot quite be defined. A progressive, persistent, ruthless newspaper correspondent, Ralph has always claimed friendship with the Leightons, but in spite of his professed loyalty he has been at the bottom of some of their most upsetting troubles.  
(Paul Conrad)



JEAN CURTIS, whose husband is overseas with the Navy, is just the sort of friend Amanda needs right now. Practical, down-to-earth, hard-working, Jean has been a source of courage and advice to Amanda, who has never before faced the problem of helping Edward provide for her little family.  
(Evelyn Juster)



*Betsey was bitter against the women  
who gossiped about her and John. But her  
bitterness turned into fear, became a question*

# *I love like this*

**I**T WAS one of those mellow autumn mornings, all dusty gold in the sunshine, all softly blended color, when you feel richly at peace with yourself, when you know in your heart all the goodness and fruitfulness of earth. John had just started out for work, and I was watching him from the kitchen window, loving him, loving the way he carried his head—thrust forward a little, stubborn and eager at once; his shoulders, not quite level but very broad and strong; his deceptively slow-looking, rolling walk. They all spelled John to me; like the dark, direct gaze of his eyes and the strength and the


gentleness that were in his hands; they set him apart from other men, made him especially wonderful and almost unbearably dear.

I saw him pause at the bus stop, look up and down the street. Then he turned and came back toward the house, moving very fast now, almost running. I went to the door, thinking that he had forgotten something, and he caught me on the threshold, held me close, laughing, kissed the tip of my nose. "It's a glorious day," he said. "There won't be many more of them this year. Let's skip school and enjoy it together."

"School" for John was his job in the







accounting department of the Saybury Soap Company; for me, it was the small but profitable bakery I ran at home. I laughed and kissed him back, but I shook my head at his suggestion. "I can't," I said. "I've got special orders today. There's the Price wedding cake, and three dozen almond rolls—"

"I knew you wouldn't," he said. "I was only half serious. What I really wanted was a minute more with you. Just look at this morning, and all for us!"

If anyone should ask what happiness means to me, I would say that it is a morning like that, and John and I

standing together with the wonder of it all about us. I remember the utter contentment in John's eyes as he said, "We've got everything, haven't we, Betsey? We have all we want today, and we've something even better to look forward to. To think that I'd ever find anyone like you—"

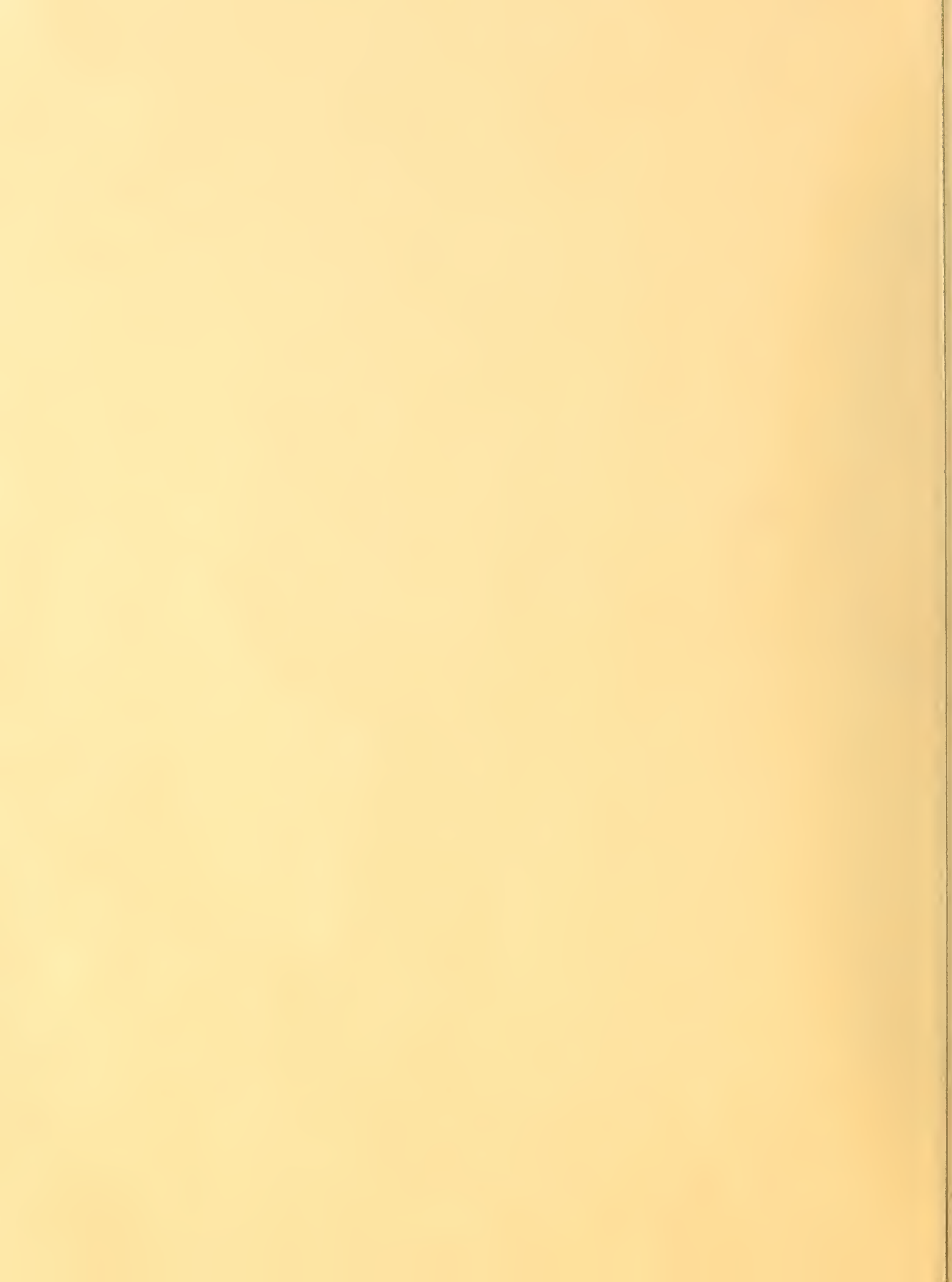
And I remember my answer, teasing, because if I didn't say something light I would have exploded with happiness. "You say that now," I laughed, "when we've been married only three months. What do you think you'll say three years from now?"

His arm (*Continued on page 99*)

**A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY**

*Adapted from Stars Over Hollywood's story "Cupid Has An A Book" by Jacqueline Rhodes and Elizabeth Hardy.*







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*to be in  
Love—!*

*When a girl's hands are full  
but her heart is empty, what can  
she do? Can she turn her back  
on her man, her job, turn her face toward  
a strange, untried tomorrow?*



*The girls kept coming to the kitchen door to watch me make the seven pies.*



**T**HERE'S a certain time of day that, all my life, I've waked up in the morning looking forward to. It's that little time between afternoon chores—the shopping, the menu-planning, the laundry-checking, the hundred little things any homemaker has to do—and going in to get dinner. My mother always called it the “pulling yourself together” time, and what she meant by that was that you should go somewhere away, all by yourself, and sit quietly, and think. Think about anything you wanted to—your worries or your happinesses, or whether or not you had said the right thing to Mrs. Warner when you met her at the supermarket, or even the book you had read yourself to sleep with the night before. It was seldom a book I had to think about; when you run a busy boarding house for five hungry, lively young girls, as mother and I did, you don't get any time to read books. But mother always saw to it, no matter how rushed we were, that I got that fifteen

minutes or half-hour for “pulling myself together”.

And when mother died, and I started to run Tanner House by myself, I still managed to scrape together a quiet, solitary few minutes each day. I had Maggie Fitts to help me, of course, to set the table and see that the vegetables didn't burn. Maggie described herself as “kind of a maid” and that's exactly what she was, but the girls all loved her dearly because she was always ready to sew on a missing button or mend a torn hem. So they brought their missing buttons to Maggie, and their problems to mother. And when mother died, they started to bring their problems to me. Not right away, of course. There was a time after mother died when all of us went around feeling as though we had lost the only person we could ever really unburden our hearts to. That was the kind of woman mother was, you see; she was never soft with you if she thought you were in the wrong, and never harsh if you were really suffering from one of the thousands of things girls suffer from, things that range from a broken necklace to a—fancied—broken heart. She had, always, the right word and the right smile. There were no words to tell what her death meant to me; I locked my grief away inside me, and plunged into the work of running the house so that it would seem to the girls and to me that she was still around, somehow, managing things the way she wanted them.

One day, about a month after mother

had died, when we were all sitting round the dinner table waiting for Maggie to bring in the blancmange which was her special once-a-week creation, I heard Randy say to Alice, “I don't care, I've got a right to!” There was something in her voice that made me prick up my ears; it was as though she had said *I'll get into trouble if I want to.*

“Got a right to what?” I asked before I thought. Randy shook back her hair and didn't answer, but Alice volunteered, “It's for the dance at the Community Center Saturday night—Randy told Jim she'd go with him, and now she wants to go with the soldier she met yesterday.”

“He's only going to be in town one week-end and he doesn't know anybody else to ask,” Randy said defiantly.

Janet, sitting beside me, looked at Randy with a little smile. “And besides the soldier's in uniform and Jim hasn't had a uniform ever since he was wounded and discharged.”

Randy's long blonde hair hid her face from me, but I could see the edge of her cheek and that had turned red. “I'm not engaged to Jim,” she muttered.

“He thought you were when he gave you that ring you're wearing,” I pointed out tartly. And then, as though someone had prompted me, I added “Jim's too fine a boy to hurt. Why don't you and Jim take this soldier to the dance, together? That way you won't hurt anyone.”

A little silence fell, and out of it Janet spoke softly. “That sounded ex-



*She gave me a last glance over Carl's head, held tightly to his hand for a moment, and disappeared up the stairs.*

actly as though—as though Mother Tanner were speaking.”

Just then Maggie clattered in and placed the blancmange before me with a flourish, I busied myself serving it, hoping that my suddenly unsteady hand wouldn't splash it all over the fresh white cloth. It wasn't grief that brought the tears to my eyes; no, it was a strange exalted feeling, as though mother had come up behind me and placed her mantle over my shoulders.

It was after this that the girls started coming to me whenever they needed to talk. By the beginning of fall—six months after mother had died—I had almost taken her place with them. She had trained me well, I suppose; always I seemed to know exactly what she would have told them, and to frame my words so that what I said couldn't be resented.

It was funny, in a way. I was only twenty-seven; that was pretty young to be mothering Randy and Alice and Jenny, who were nineteen, and Mary Beth, who was twenty, and Janet, who was going on twenty-one. I sat on the porch, one September afternoon during my “pull-yourself-together” time, thinking about that. Inside the house Maggie was setting the table, an operation that always sounded as though she stood in the kitchen doorway and threw





the dishes and silverware on to the diningroom table. It had sounded that way as long as I could remember, but she never broke a thing.

As long as I can remember . . . Everything I did, all the things I lived with, went back that long. It was a good feeling, that security and familiarity; pleasant to sit, rocking gently, warming myself in the slender shafts of sunlight that struggled through the vines around the porch, making an identical pattern over my shoulders day after day. Pleasant to know that in a little while the girls would start coming home from the mill, and the house would be full of the noise and laughter of people of whom I was very fond.

Sometimes, behind this comfort and peacefulness, there would be a faint stirring of a feeling I couldn't quite name. Not often; but I could remember the time Marian Stroble had come back from Washington to stay with her parents, who lived across the street. I had waved to her from the porch, and thought of dozens of questions I wanted to ask her about Washington—what living there was like, and working there, what the stores and streets looked like. I never did get a chance to talk to her, though, before she went back; whenever I remembered her, there was this

funny feeling. And sometimes when a car from Walnut Hill drove by, I felt it—Mrs. Tyle in her high-wheeled, solid, old-fashioned limousine, or one of the Byrnes boys in the bullet-shaped roadster that changed its color every two years. These were slender, brilliant threads traced across the pastel pattern of my days. The feeling they left with me was a vague restlessness, a sensation as though I weren't really living . . . But Mrs. Tyle didn't drive down from the Hill very often now, of course. Arthur Byrnes was in the Navy. I didn't know where Carl Byrnes was; I remembered hearing something about his being an engineer.

Then there was the time Walter had asked me to marry him. Walter, who owned the biggest men's furnishing shop in Penbury, who wore glasses and was very sure of himself with other people, but always wistful and uncertain and puzzled when he looked at me . . . that was the time that surprised me most of all. Because I liked him; he came pretty nearly every Saturday and took me to a movie, and sometimes during the week we went for a walk. There wasn't anything wrong with Walter. Nonetheless, I heard myself saying "I don't know, Walter—don't ask me now. I'm—confused . . ." And I was just as amazed as he was. But I couldn't say yes . . .

I hadn't had the queer feeling since then. Tanner House filled my life now, as it had filled mother's; the girls were a whole family, ready-made, for me to take care of. I didn't need anything else. I could call Walter, later, perhaps, and ask him to take me to a movie . . . No. I didn't want to think about Walter right now. I could enjoy myself just as much going alone. I stopped rocking abruptly.

"Rocking! An old lady's trick!" I thought with sudden irritation. The sun went away; I was chilled. It was almost time to go inside, anyway. A car turned the corner, and I thought, watching it absently, "When it passes the house, I'll go in."

But the car didn't pass the house. It came slowly down the street, under the low-hanging trees, and stopped at the curb in front of our house. It was a blue, magnificently long roadster, with the top down so that I could see the way the man in it was smiling down at the small blonde girl who sat beside him. Janet. I stood up without knowing I had, and Janet waved to me and got out of the car, with a low-spoken word to the driver. He waited till she had joined me on the porch, sent us a grin that was a flash of white teeth and a challenging lift of a brown, square-jawed face, and the blue car slipped smoothly off down the street.

"Nice car," I said to Janet as we went into the house. Janet laughed. "Nice man," she said. She squeezed my hand and her voice caught a little. "Oh, Jean—such a nice man! It's Carl Byrnes, Jean. I slipped and turned my ankle when I came out of the gate today and his car was standing there with him in it and he said he'd drive me home—so he did!"

"Catch your breath, dear! Carl Byrnes—what's he doing here? I thought he was abroad somewhere." It took me a second to catch my own breath. There had seemed something familiar about the shape of his head, and now I remembered the car too; the last time I had seen it, two—no, three years ago—the back seat had been piled high with luggage, a golf bag. Someone had been going away; they were always going away or coming home, sweeping through the town without ever seeing it. "Why was he driving you home?"

Janet, halfway up the stairs, turned to stare at me. "Jean—I told you—my ankle, and he was waiting for his father or somebody but he said he didn't have to—"

"Oh, yes, you did tell me." I looked after her until Maggie's urgent "Miss Jean, come quick if you're going to frost this here cake for dinner!" drew me into the kitchen, and it wasn't till we were eating the cake, later on, that I became conscious that I was seeing that little scene over and over again in my mind—the blue car, and the small blonde head beside the dark one—Carl Byrnes' casual smile.

I had never seen Carl Byrnes smile before. As a matter of fact, I had never spoken to him. There was very little contact between the Byrnes family and the rest of Penbury. The closest I had ever been to any of them was walking past their great white house in the middle of its little park on Walnut Hill—the (Continued on page 56)





*Home—the thing most dear to her man overseas—  
can be better guarded by a wife who understands  
the laws her country has made for her protection*

IT'S a very pleasant thing to have a comfortable home, a pleasant place where you are surrounded by the things you love, that you have gathered together and cherished over the years—a place that spells happiness and security to you. Sometimes you are so happy that you forget that there are people in the world who don't know that measure of security.

I had forgotten, myself, until the other day, when I met a little girl and her mother in the studios as I was hurrying to my broadcast. The mother was obviously urging the child to leave, when the little girl saw me, and cried, "Mommy—that's the Singing Lady. I know it is! I want to say hello to her!" And with that she broke away from her mother's hand and came trotting over to me. I'd just discovered that her name was Dorothy when the mother came bustling up.

"I'm sorry," she apologized. "It isn't that I didn't want Dorothy to talk to you, of course, but I've been trying to get her away for half an hour. We really haven't any time to waste—I simply have to spend every spare second looking for an apartment. That's a full-time job, nowadays. I've been dragging poor little Dorothy around with me—I haven't any place to leave her—and she promised she'd be a good girl and help me house-hunt all afternoon if she could just come in for a minute and see if she could get a glimpse of the Singing Lady. She listens to you every day, when we're home, but she hasn't heard you for a week, we've been so busy looking for a place to live."

I talked to the little girl for a moment or two, and then, more to make conversation than anything else, I questioned her mother.

"Are you looking for a larger apartment than you have now?"

She shook her head, and I realized for the first time that the poor woman was almost frantic.

"No. I'm perfectly happy with what we have now. In fact, I did so want to keep the place, just as it is, until John—that's Dorothy's father—gets back from overseas. But the landlord says we have to get out, and that's

that. There's nothing to do but look."

It was then that I remembered my own happy, secure home, and I felt terribly sorry for this young mother and her problems.

"You don't have to move just because the landlord tells you to, you know," I said. "The rent control regulations protect you."

She nodded.

"So I understand—but the landlord has a court order for our eviction, and I guess that makes it legal. It's my personal opinion," she added ruefully, "that he simply wants the place for that good-for-nothing brother-in-law of his."

I thought about it for a moment, and then had an idea.

"Look," I told her. "Why don't you go to the OPA's rent control office and talk it over with them? It wouldn't do any harm, and it might do a lot of good. It's possible, you know, that you really



# Other People's

# Houses





By **IREENE WICKER**

not mean that she had to move, at all. Her landlord had to get a court hearing and a court order before he could make her leave the premises. Going a step further, she found that under the Soldiers and Sailors Relief Act, she was protected against eviction, too. Her landlord wanted her to move because he planned to make a few little improvements and raise the rent on her apartment. This was not allowed under the law.

Much to my surprise, I discovered that OPA Rent Controls protect other people besides tenants. Rent Control is a safeguard against artificial inflation in real estate values. Rents can't skyrocket now, therefore real estate sales made on the basis of earnings from a property stay within reasonable limits in price. And therefore, property doesn't take on a false and higher value than it really has and, when people need mortgages, they can get them at reasonable rates, and for reasonable amounts.

Landlords, strangely enough, benefit even more. It works like this. First, a man who has made his money from renting apartments or houses can go on making a profit without fear of any unsound or unfair rent competition. Rents remain stable and, as a result, the value of his property remains stable. That means he isn't likely to face a collapse in real estate values after the war is over. It also means that his taxes are kept down, because inflation is arrested and living costs are held down as much as possible.

Any one can see how tenants have profited from the law. These days, every tenant knows that there are many others ready to snap up his house or apartment. With the fear of being evicted hanging over them all the time, people would be unable to resist demands for higher rents. A man has to have a place for himself and his family to live. He's got to be sure of it—even if it means collaborating with landlords and paying higher rents than were ever paid before. Remember the stories we used to hear about people paying huge premiums for apartments? Remember the trouble there was in crowded war industry (Continued on page 94)

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Slowly she nodded her head.

"All right," she said, but she didn't sound very convinced. "I'll try it. It'll be a relief from apartment hunting, anyway."

"You do that," I encouraged. "And I'm interested now—why don't you and Dorothy come back tomorrow and tell me what you found out? I have to run along now."

Sure enough, they were back the next day—and both of them simply bubbling over with good news.

"We don't have to move, we don't have to move," Dorothy sang out the minute she saw me.

We all sat down, and they told me the story. And as I listened, I thought of how many other people there must be who were having the same sort of difficulty, and who weren't fortunate enough to have found out in time what the rent control laws can do to protect them. And I decided then and there, in the name of my own comfort and security, and in the great interest I have in the welfare of children, and their families, to do what I could to see that rent control information was made more generally known.

It seems that the "court order," the eviction form, that was sent to this woman, is not a court order and did







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## THE STORY:

WHEN I married Woodie, I knew very little about him—only that he was a handsome, intense young man, and that I was in love with him. I knew, too, that he had held a large number of jobs—too many—but I also knew that he did well at them, and I felt that marriage would settle him down. And it seemed to, for a while. He sold automobiles for Acme Agency, and did very well. We had a pleasant apartment, pleasant friends, a pleasant life—in short, we were happy. And then there came a time when Woodie was too happy—too excited, too elated over sales he had made, excited out of all proportion. It was then that I learned something I had not known before—that Woodie had been mentally ill, had spent some time in a sanatorium before we were married. Neither he, nor his mother, who didn't like me, who said I didn't "understand" her boy, had told me. And now Dr. Blythe said that Woodie would have to go back to the sanatorium for a while, but assured me that there was every hope for a complete recovery, that Woodie's love for me, and his complete need of me, would help him to make that recovery. I went to work as a bookkeeper for Acme, and there I met a new salesman, Don Colman, who was very pleasant and friendly. Several times he took me to dinner at that moment when my spirits were lowest—when I had come back from my weekly visit with Woodie at the sanatorium. When at last Woodie was released, I stopped seeing Don, however—Woodie took a job at another

agency, I quit mine at Acme. For a while all was well, but it soon became apparent that something was wrong. Once again the great elation seized Woodie, and this time he himself admitted that he had better go back to the sanatorium. Once again I went to work for Acme, once again I began to see Don. Only this time it was different—this time, we knew that we were in love, Don and I—a hopeless, this-can-never-be love that seemed to be all the stronger because it was so hopeless!

THEY say that love transfigures a woman, that when she is well beloved, she is beautiful. That night after Don left, I went into the bedroom and looked in the mirror and I knew that that was true.

To myself at least, I had always seemed just an ordinary girl with medium features, a clear skin and a slim figure. I had never had any illusions about being really pretty. But tonight my hair was touched with a new brightness, there was radiance in my skin and in my eyes, and my lips somehow seemed softer, fuller. Even my body moved with a new grace, as if to music that only I could hear.

I could look at myself without vanity and be glad at what I saw. This was the way Don had seen me, this was the inner glow that he had stirred to life, that made me prettier than I had ever been before. He had created it and I was glad that it belonged to him.

Then suddenly the glow and the gladness faded. It was as if I had seen Woodie's face beside mine in the mirror. What right had I to be transformed

by Don's love when Woodie was my husband? How could I, bound by marriage and all its vows, to one man, long for another?

Yet it was true. And what I had told Don was true, too. What I felt for him was real and for forever. I knew now I should never have married Woodie. When I met him, my parents had just

# Whirlpool

*Real walls closed around Woodie; but there were other walls, that were unbreachable and solid although they could not be seen—walls that closed Don and Nancy off from one another*





died, I was in a strange town and a strange life. No one needed me. I belonged nowhere. Then he had needed me, he had been impulsive and attractive, and maybe even the opposition from his mother had played its part. I had mistaken all that for love. Even from the first day of our marriage, I had been more mother to him than

wife. There had never been the equality of sharing that there should have been.

If Woodie had been well, I would have told him the truth—hard and bitter though it was. I would have asked him to let me renounce those vows, and it would have been for his sake as well as Don's and mine. This

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But how could we acknowledge it?

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It was on that note of wild and desperate hope that at last I fell asleep.

The days that came after held a new kind of pain for me and a new kind of glory. Each one meant that I would see Don—even if it were only on the sales floor, across the office, at the water cooler. Even though it meant impersonal greeting, studiously casual. I had only to see him—those dark steady eyes, that sweet, slow smile—to know again the transfiguring love that was in our hearts.

Each evening he came to my house. We were careful that no one should know. Whenever we went out to dinner together, we picked a place where we were least likely to run into anyone we knew. We could not bear the smear of gossip from those who would not, could not, understand. On the surface, the facts were ugly: I, the wife of a patient in a mental sanatorium, playing around with another man. We were not guilty within ourselves, we knew the truth. But who else would believe it or us?

AND so it was as if we made a place of our own and barricaded it against all outsiders. There, we could pretend for a little while that no one else mattered, we could be ourselves, enjoying each other and this new-found wonder. But always and inevitably, there came the intruding, unwanted presence. It came when we kissed each other—and drew back, afraid of the intoxication of those kisses. It came when we talked of what we felt for one another, whenever the word "future" was mentioned. It came when we read the unspoken question in each other's eyes: *What are we to do?* It came because no matter how hard we tried, Woodie was there—stronger than we were.

"We can't go on like this," Don said one night, and his voice was quick, and almost harsh. "It isn't fair to Woodie—or to us. How can I see you, be with you, and not want to take you in my arms for always? We've got to tell him!"

"I know, darling," I said miserably. "But how? When?"

"We have to find a way. But it's got to be soon, Nancy! It's got to be soon."

The first Sunday I went to the hospital, I went with mingled dread and hope. If he were better, then my day of liberation would be drawing near. And if he were a great deal better, if he were well—that possibility trembled in my heart and made me tremble too.

But I found him depressed. It was the depression that always, in the cycle of his (Continued on page 67)









## THE STORY:

WHEN I married Woodie, I knew very little about him—only that he was a handsome, intense young man, and that I was in love with him. I knew, too, that he had held a large number of jobs—too many—but I also knew that he did well at them, and I felt that marriage would settle him down. And it seemed to, for a while. He sold automobiles for Acme Agency, and did very well. We had a pleasant apartment, pleasant friends, a pleasant life—in short, we were happy. And then there came a time when Woodie was too happy—too excited, too elated over sales he had made, excited out of all proportion. It was then that I learned something I had not known before—that Woodie had been mentally ill, had spent some time in a sanatorium before we were married. Neither he, nor his mother, who didn't like me, who said I didn't "understand" her boy, had told me. And now Dr. Blythe said that Woodie would have to go back to the sanatorium for a while, but assured me that there was every hope for a complete recovery, that Woodie's love for me, and his complete need of me, would help him to make that recovery. I went to work as a bookkeeper for Acme, and there I met a new salesman, Don Colman, who was very pleasant and friendly. Several times he took me to dinner at that moment when my spirits were lowest—when I had come back from my weekly visit with Woodie at the sanatorium. When at last Woodie was released, I stopped seeing Don, however—Woodie took a job at another

agency, I quit mine at Acme. For a while all was well, but it soon became apparent that something was wrong. Once again the great elation seized Woodie, and this time he himself admitted that he had better go back to the sanatorium. Once again I went to work for Acme, once again I began to see Don. Only this time it was different—this time, we knew that we were in love, Don and I—a hopeless, this-can-never-be love that seemed to be all the stronger because it was so hopeless!

THEY say that love transfigures a woman, that when she is well beloved, she is beautiful. That night after Don left, I went into the bedroom and looked in the mirror and I knew that that was true.

To myself at least, I had always seemed just an ordinary girl with medium features, a clear skin and a slim figure. I had never had any illusions about being really pretty. But tonight my hair was touched with a new brightness, there was radiance in my skin and in my eyes, and my lips somehow seemed softer, fuller. Even my body moved with a new grace, as if to music that only I could hear.

I could look at myself without vanity and be glad at what I saw. This was the way Don had seen me, this was the inner glow that he had stirred to life; that made me prettier than I had ever been before. He had created it and I was glad that it belonged to him.

Then suddenly the glow and the gladness faded. It was as if I had seen Woodie's face beside mine in the mirror. What right had I to be transformed

by Don's love when Woodie was my husband? How could I, bound by marriage and all its vows, to one man, long for another?

Yet it was true. And what I had told Don was true, too. What I felt for him was real and for ever. I knew now I should never have married Woodie. When I met him, my parents had just

died, I was in a strange town and a strange life. No one needed me. I belonged nowhere. Then he had needed me, he had been impulsive and attractive, and maybe even the opposition from his mother had played its part. I had mistaken all that for love. Even from the first day of our marriage, I had been more mother to him than

wife. There had never been the equality of sharing that there should have been.

If Woodie had been well, I would have told him the truth—hard and bitter though it was. I would have asked him to let me renounce those vows, and it would have been for his sake as well as Don's and mine. This

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But I found him depressed. It was the depression that always, in the cycle of his (Continued on page 67)



# Whirlpool

*Real walls closed around Woodie; but there were other walls, that were unbreachable and solid although they could not be seen—walls that closed Don and Nancy off from one another*



# "I had the Ring—"

—but in order to get married, discovered  
Marvin Miller, you have to get the ring and the  
license and the girl you love all together  
in the same place at the same time

By MARVIN MILLER

**R**ADIO is the world's most fascinating business. I have been in the thick of it since I was eighteen, and I love it. But there was a time—back in 1938, when I was keeping moderately busy acting, announcing, producing and writing for only a couple of dozen shows a week—when I wished fervently to be transformed into a shoe salesman. That was the time I had the girl, I had the ring, I had the license—but I didn't have time to get married.

And if Elizabeth Dawson—she was the *girl*—hadn't inherited a sense of humor from her father (my nomination for the century's finest father-in-law) the money spent in the other two items would have had to be written off as bad investments. Elizabeth could see the fun in a honeymoon which began at eleven o'clock at night and ended at noon the next day.

But I am getting ahead of my story.

We met in St. Louis—not, as in the picture of the same name, at the Fair, but backstage at the St. Louis Little Theater.

The theater was a hangout for both of us. Elizabeth, who was rapidly developing a talent for illustration and design, had designed the settings for several productions and I had acted a part or two when my dawn to dark schedule at Radio Station KMOX permitted.

But on the night we met we both were playing the role of Stage Door Johnny—even the more inglorious because we were being kept waiting at the gate.

Elizabeth was waiting for her date of the evening, Kent Adams, the leading man in "Celestial Holiday," the play currently in rehearsal. I was waiting for *my* date, Julie Stevens, the leading lady. Elizabeth and I, total strangers, cooled our heels in the wings while Kent and Elizabeth rehearsed torrid love scenes on stage.

Kent tore off stage, when Elizabeth arrived, long enough to apologize for keeping her waiting, and to introduce her to me.

"Look after my girl, Marvin," he said,

adding cagily, "but just make *talk*."

She wouldn't even talk, at first. I found out later she had been an usherette during a run of a play in which I played the lead and she was convinced that I was the most conceited person she had ever seen. She shuddered at Kent's suggestion that she sit and talk with me. She was sure, she told me afterward, that I would have one subject of conversation: *me*.

She was right. I did talk about me. But she listened. And the next time we saw Kent, Elizabeth was *my* girl.

"We had a lot to talk about," I told him, and ducked.

It was a year and a half after our meeting before we went shopping for wedding rings, but our courtship was conducted under the most difficult conditions.

My job on the staff at KMOX was a man-killer. I had a title: Assistant Chief Announcer. But I had no privileges. I began working at eight o'clock every morning with a Rise and Shine program, and signed off my last show at eleven at night. My dates with Elizabeth, of necessity, began at eleven-thirty and ended whenever her father's heavy shoe hit the floor above the livingroom in a sort of gentlemanly hint.

We never went to the movies. It was even too late when I got off work to go anywhere for a soda. So we developed our own peculiar dating technique: we

played quiz games and Guggenheim (I, having appeared on a thousand radio quizzes, always won—which kept *me* happy). And it dawned on us slowly that you have to be in love to enjoy a spirited game of Guggenheim at three o'clock in the morning.

So I proposed.

Elizabeth, convinced, I am sure, that if she married me she might be let off Guggenheim, agreed—but she suggested that I broach the subject to her father.

I didn't know Mr. Dawson well then. He was a successful business man, but I knew him better, as an actor. He hung around the little theater as faithfully as Elizabeth and I did, and occasionally played a character part.

One night he had scared me half to death when he walked into the livingroom with a shotgun under his arm. It *was* late, and the lights *were* low—and how was I to know the gun was only a prop for his current role in the theater?

When I arrived at the Dawson house to make my plea for Elizabeth's hand I was unnerved at the sight of her parents waiting for me in the extremely tidy parlor.

I blurted out my piece, and there was no response. Finally, in the grim silence, Mrs. Dawson remarked, "John, dear, I forgot to dust the piano."

"It's all right, (Continued on page 97)





MARVIN MILLER and ELIZABETH DAWSON met, fell in love, decided to marry almost without effort. It was only afterward that the trouble started. Courting began at eleven-thirty, when Marvin's announcing chores ended. The wedding was sandwiched into a few scant hours. The honeymoon waited five years, by which time Anthony Dawson Miller was three years old and ready to go along. Now the busy Millers are learning to relax in the Hollywood sun, for Marvin's favorite announcing spots (Coronet Storyteller, Billie Burke Show and others) originate on the Coast.





WHEN A GIRL MARRIES, she learns—as did Joan (Mary Jane Higby) when she married Harry Davis (Robert Haag) that her new happiness brings with it new complications. Life in Beechwood is not always smooth for the Davises, but they are learning, slowly, that if they have faith in the strength of their love, there is no demand that, together, they cannot meet. When a Girl Marries, NBC, is a daily at 5:00 P.M. EWT.

## SERENADE

The half-gay, half-wistful theme of When a Girl Marries

Words by J. C. Sangwin

R. DRIGO

Allegretto

*Poco più sostenuto*

Love! \_\_\_\_\_ it was but the dream of a day, Ah! \_\_\_\_\_

*p poco rit.* *p dolce, espressivo*

— the di-vine il - lu-sion that passed a - way. \_\_\_\_\_ Her for one glad mo-ment I sought but to



*a tempo*  
hold and in my arms en - fold, O eyes that ev - er

*dim. e rit.* *a tempo* *pp*

haunt me a - new, O dream, O troub - ling

*poco cresc.*  
vis - ion A - dieu! A - dieu! Bound - less joy and

*poco cresc.*

*poco rit.*  
hap - pl - ness greet me no more, Since all is o'er, is

*dim.* *poco rit.*

*a tempo*  
o'er. Shall we, too, some day all joys a - bove,

*p* *dim.*

*poco rit.*  
Hold the il - lu - sions of love?

*pp* *poco rit.* *più pp e sempre dim. rit.* *pp*



# Packed with GOODNESS

**T**HE children are starting to school again and almost as important in their minds as the new teacher and new classmates is the question of what they will find in their lunchboxes at noontime. It's even a more important question for the mothers who have the responsibility of planning foods which will be just as nourishing and appetizing as those eaten at home. For this reason I have selected this month a variety of recipes which are especially well adapted for lunchbox meals.

## Raisin Bran Apple Crisp

3 cups thinly sliced apples	½ tsp. cinnamon
2 to 4 tbs. honey	3 tbs. butter or margarine
1 tbs. melted butter or margarine	½ cup sugar
¼ tsp. salt	1 tbs. flour
	1½ cups raisin bran

Mix together apples, honey, melted butter, salt, and cinnamon. Turn into

8-inch baking dish. Cream butter; add sugar and flour and mix well. Add bran and crumble together. Spread over apples. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes. Remove cover and continue baking 15 minutes longer, or until apples are tender. Serve with cream. Makes 4 servings.

## Meat Loaf

3 cups corn flakes	1 tbs. minced onion
¾ cup milk	
1 egg, unbeaten	¼ tsp. sage
1 cup ground cooked veal	¾ cup diced celery
1 cup ground cooked pork (fat removed)	1 tbs. chopped parsley
1 tsp. salt	¼ tsp. pepper
	2 tbs. ketchup

Crush corn flakes slightly; add milk and egg. Add remaining ingredients in order given; mix well. Pack into greased 8 x 4 x 3-inch loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 1 hour. Uncooked veal and pork, ground, may be substituted for cooked meat.

## Raisin Bran Bread

2 cups sifted flour	¾ cup milk
2½ tps. double acting baking powder	3 tbs. molasses
1 tsp. salt	3 tbs. melted butter or other shortening
½ cup sugar	
1 egg, well beaten	1 cup raisin bran

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and sugar, and sift again. Combine egg, milk, and molasses. Add to flour mixture, add shortening and raisin bran, then mix *only* enough to dampen all flour. Bake in greased 8 x 4 x 3-inch loaf pan, in moderate oven (350°F.) 1 hour, or until done. Cool. Wrap in damp cloth or waxed paper and store several hours or overnight before slicing.

## Raisin Bran Molasses Cookies

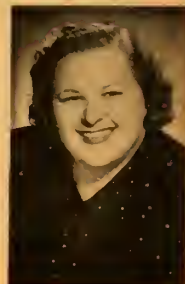
2 cups sifted flour	½ cup shortening
½ tsp. double-acting baking powder	½ cup sugar
1 tsp. soda	1 egg
1 tsp. salt	½ cup molasses
1 tsp. cinnamon	1½ tbs. vinegar
1½ tps. ginger	2 tbs. milk
	1 cup raisin bran

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda, salt, and spices, and sift again. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Add molasses and vinegar; mix thoroughly. Add flour mixture, alternately with milk, mixing well after each addition. Add bran and blend. Drop from teaspoon or greased baking sheet. Bake in (400°F.) oven 8 minutes, or until done.

By  
**KATE SMITH**

**FOOD COUNSELOR  
RADIO ROMANCES**

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard CBS, at 8:30 EWT.



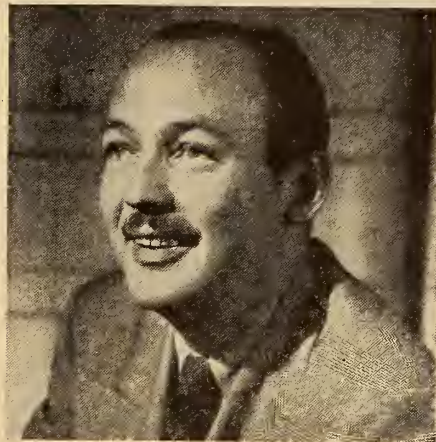
*With unusual breads, ingenious fillings, packable desserts, there's no limit—except space—to the goodness that you can pack into lunchboxes, even if you must prepare one or more each day.*



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

## SUNDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time	
	8:30	CBS: The Jubalaires ABC: Sylvia Marlowe, Harpsichordist	
6:00	8:00	8:45 CBS: Bennett Sisters 9:00 MBS: Young People's Church 9:00 NBC: World News Roundup 9:00 ABC: Blue Correspondents at Home and Abroad	
5:00	8:15	9:15 CBS: E. Power Biggs 9:15 ABC: 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 10:00 ABC: Message of Israel 10:00 NBC: Highlights of the Bible	
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Wings Over Jordan 10:30 ABC: Southernaires 10:30 NBC: Words and Music 10:30 MBS: Radio Chapel	
8:05	10:05	11:05 CBS: Pauline Alpert Blue Jacket Choir	
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: Hour of Faith 11:30 CBS: Invitation to Learning 11:30 MBS: Reviewing Stand	
8:30	10:30	11:45 NBC: Marion Loveridge	
	10:45	12:00 MBS: Pilgrim Hour 12:00 CBS: Salt Lake Tabernacle 12:00 ABC: News from Europe 12:00 NBC: The Eternal Light	
9:00	11:00	12:30 ABC: Friendship Ranch	
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Transatlantic Call 12:00 ABC: Church of the Air 12:00 NBC: John B. Kennedy 12:00 MBS: Voice of the Dairy Farmer	
10:00	12:00	1:00 ABC: Orson Wells 1:00 NBC: Edward R. Murrow (from London)	
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC: America United	
10:45	12:30	1:30 ABC: Sammy Kaye's Orch. 1:30 NBC: Chicago Round Table 1:30 MBS: Sweetheart Time	
	10:15	12:45	1:45 CBS: Problems of the Peace
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Ford Show 2:00 MBS: Chaplain Jim, U. S. A. 2:00 CBS: Stradivari Orchestra 2:00 ABC: Washington Story	
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: World News Today 2:30 NBC: John Charles Thomas 2:30 MBS: National Vespers	
11:30	1:30	2:45 MBS: Crooked Square	
11:55	2:55	3:00 CBS: Olin Downs	
	3:00	3:00 MBS: 20th Airforce Time 3:00 CBS: New York Philharmonic 3:00 ABC: Kay's Canteen 3:00 NBC: World Parade	
12:00	2:05	3:30 NBC: One Man's Family 3:30 MBS: What's the Good Word	
12:30	2:30	4:00 NBC: NBC Army Hour 4:00 ABC: Darts for Dough 4:00 MBS: Your America	
1:00	3:00	4:30 ABC: Sunday on N-K Ranch 4:30 CBS: The Electric Hour 4:30 NBC: Tommy Dorsey—RCA Show 4:30 MBS: Crime Is My Pastime	
1:30	3:30	5:00 NBC: NBC Symphony 5:00 CBS: The Family Hour 5:00 ABC: Mary Small Revue 5:00 MBS: Adventures of Father Brown	
2:00	4:00	5:30 MBS: Nick Carter 5:30 ABC: Charlotte Greenwood Show	
2:30	4:30	5:45 CBS: William L. Shirer	
2:45	4:45	6:00 CBS: Ozzie & Harriet 6:00 ABC: Radio Hall of Fame 6:00 MBS: Abbott Mysteries 6:00 NBC: Catholic Hour	
3:00	5:00	6:30 NBC: Men at Sea 6:30 ABC: Happy Moments 6:30 MBS: Opinion Requested 7:00 NBC: Wayne King Orchestra 7:00 CBS: The Thin Man	
4:00	6:00	7:30 ABC: Quiz Kids 7:30 NBC: Rogue's Gallery	
8:30	6:30	8:00 NBC: Frances Langford, Spike Jones 8:00 ABC: Blondie 8:00 MBS: Raymond Moley	
5:00	7:00	8:30 ABC: The Fighting AAF 8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor 8:30 NBC: Tommy Dorsey and Co.	
8:30	7:00	8:45 MBS: Gabriel Heatter 8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer	
5:45	7:45	9:00 CBS: Radio Readers Digest 9:00 MBS: Steel Horizon 9:00 ABC: Walter Winchell 9:00 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round	
5:55	7:55	9:15 ABC: Hollywood Mystery Time	
6:00	8:00	9:30 CBS: Texaco Star Theater, James Melton	
6:00	8:00	9:30 MBS: Double or Nothing 9:30 NBC: American Album of Familiar Music	
6:30	8:30	9:45 ABC: Jimmie Fidler 9:45 MBS: Dorothy Thompson	
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It 10:00 ABC: Theatre Guild Series 10:00 NBC: Hour of Charm 10:00 MBS: Brownstone Theatre	
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Meet Me at Parky's 9:30 CBS: We the People 10:00 MBS: Bill Costello	
7:45	8:15	11:15 NBC: Cesar Searchinger 10:15 MBS: This Is Helen Hayes	
6:30	8:30	11:30 NBC: Pacific Story	



### OLD LEATHER LUNGS...

Jack Bailey, the man who does the most talking on County Fair, broadcast over the American Broadcasting Company's network, Tuesdays at 7:30 P.M. (EWT), is a graduate of the old school of county fair and side-show barkers, having spent several years "making the pitch" for fairs and carnivals from New York to San Diego.

Bailey, who used to be known to his associates on the midway as "old leather lungs"—he put in a stretch of three solid years, ten shows a day, without losing his voice and without missing a show—says he became a barker by a fluke.

It was at the Chicago World's Fair. Jack had dropped in to see a friend who was managing the "Little Orphan Annie Marionette Circus."

"My 'talker' ran out on me, Jack," his friend moaned. Fair people always call barkers, "talkers." Then the manager's eyes took on a strange and wonderful light.

Before Jack could escape, the manager had slapped a derby on his head, stuck a cane in his hand and shoved him on the platform in front of a seething midway crowd. "It was just beginner's luck," Jack says. "I filled the tent clear up to the roof and had them milling around in front of the joint trying to get in for fifteen minutes after the show started. For the next show, though, I laid an egg. The ushers outnumbered the customers three to one."

There are two things Jack won't talk about—his age and his education. He admits he was born in Hampton, Iowa, and usually refers to himself as a "slice of Iowa ham." Jack says his early education was mostly a fiasco, except for the music lessons his family insisted on giving him in the belief that he would one day be a great symphony musician.

After getting his start at the Fair, Jack drifted from fair to carnival to exposition for several years. Then it seemed natural to take a crack at radio. He remembers that he almost frightened the producer and engineer to death at his first radio audition.

The producer wanted to hear how loud his voice was, and Bailey let him have it, full—and almost shattered the transmitter. But he got a job as M. C. and found himself launched on a career.

Soon after breaking into radio, Jack became about the busiest man in the business. He announced Glamour Manor five mornings a week, Meet the Missus five afternoons a week, and four big evening shows each week, Duffy's Tavern, Stop That Villain, Money on the Line and Ozzie and Harriet. He also got calls for odd jobs here and there.

## MONDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club 9:00 NBC: Ed East & Polly
6:15	8:15	9:15 CBS: Arthur Godfrey 9:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady 10:00 ABC: 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 ABC: Hymns of All Churches 10:30 NBC: Road of Life 10:30 MBS: Fun with Music
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45 ABC: Joyce Jordan 10:45 NBC: Amanda 10:10 CBS: Tom Breneman's Breakfast 10:10 ABC: Fred Waring Show 10:00 NBC: Second Husband 10:45 MBS: Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Sing Along Club 11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn 11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
8:45	10:45	11:45 MBS: Take It Easy Time 11:45 ABC: Aunt Jenny's Stories 11:45 NBC: Ted Malone 11:45 MBS: What's Your Idea 11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks 12:15 CBS: Big Boy
9:15	11:15	12:15 MBS: Morton Downey 12:15 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent 11:30 NBC: U. S. Navy Band 11:30 ABC: Farm and Home Makers 11:30 CBS: Our Sunday 10:00 NBC: Life Can Be Beautiful 10:15 CBS: Ma Perkins 10:15 NBC: Constance Bennett 10:15 ABC: Little Jack Little 10:15 MBS: John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone 1:00 NBC: The Guiding Light 1:00 ABC: Two on a Clue 1:15 CBS: Ethel Albert 1:15 NBC: Today's Children 1:15 CBS: Rosemary 1:15 MBS: Jan Cowell
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White 11:30 CBS: Perry Mason 11:30 ABC: The Fitzgeralds 11:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim 11:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Best Sellers 12:00 NBC: The Smoothies
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins 12:15 CBS: Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30 ABC: Ladies Be Seated 12:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness 12:30 CBS: Sing Along
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas 4:15 ABC: Jack Berch 4:15 MBS: Johnson Family
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones 4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan 4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown 4:45 CBS: Johnson Family Singers
2:15	4:00	5:00 CBS: Service Time 2:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates 2:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries 2:00 MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Fortia Faces Life 2:15 ABC: Dick Tracy 2:15 MBS: Superman
5:30	5:30	6:30 MBS: House of Mystery 5:30 ABC: 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 ABC: Singing Lady 2:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk 2:45 MBS: Tom Mc
5:10	6:10	7:10 CBS: Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America 3:30 CBS: Jimmy Carroll, Songs 5:30 CBS: Sally Moore, Contralto
3:55	5:55	6:55 CBS: Charlie Chan 6:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Joseph C. Harsch 8:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks 4:30 ABC: The Lone Ranger 4:30 MBS: Bulldog Drummond
9:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Vox Pop 8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Geo. Burns & Gracie Allen 5:30 NBC: Voice of Firestone 5:30 MBS: Professor Broadway
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry 9:00 ABC: Meet Your Neighbor 9:00 NBC: Lux Radio Theater 9:00 CBS: The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:15 MBS: Real Stories 9:30 NBC: Rise Stevens' Show 9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:55	8:55	9:55 ABC: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Screen Guild Players 9:00 NBC: Contented Program 10:00 MBS: Leave It To Mike
9:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Stuart Erwin Show 9:30 NBC: Dr. I. Q. 10:30 ABC: Reunion U. S. A. 10:30 MBS: The Better Half



TUESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
8:00	8:15	ABC: Your Life Today
8:00	9:00	ABC: Breakfast Club
8:00	9:00	NBC: Ed East and Polly
8:15	9:15	CBS: Arthur Godfrey
8:15	9:45	CBS: This Life Is Mine
8:45	9:45	NBC: Daytime Classics
9:00	10:00	CBS: Valiant Lady
8:15	10:00	ABC: My True Story
10:30	9:00	10:00 NBC: Robert St. John
9:00	10:15	NBC: Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
10:15	10:15	MBS: From Me to You
2:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
10:30	10:30	ABC: Hymns of All Churches
10:30	10:30	NBC: Road of Life
9:45	10:45	MBS: Fun with Music
10:45	10:45	Blue: The Listening Post
10:45	10:45	NBC: Joyce Jordan
11:00	11:00	CBS: Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
10:00	11:15	MBS: Elsa Maxwell
10:15	11:15	CBS: Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
11:30	11:30	NBC: Barry Cameron
11:30	11:30	MBS: Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
12:00	12:00	ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
12:00	12:00	MBS: Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 ABC: 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 NBC: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Constance Bennett
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC: Bernardine Flynn, News
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Paula Stone & Phil Brito
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
12:45	1:45	MBS: Morgan Beatty, News
1:45	1:45	MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue
11:45	1:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
11:45	1:15	2:15 MBS: Jane Cowell
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 ABC: Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: The Fitzgeralds
11:45	1:45	2:45 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
12:00	1:45	3:00 CBS: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
12:00	2:15	3:15 CBS: Michael Scott
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Sing Along Club
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:30	2:45	3:45 CBS: Ladies Be Seated
3:45	3:45	ABC: Right to Happiness
3:45	3:45	ABC: Sing Along
3:45	3:45	ABC: Backstage Wife
3:45	3:45	ABC: House Party
3:45	3:45	ABC: Stoll Das
3:45	3:45	ABC: I'll Buy That
3:45	3:45	ABC: Lorenzo Jones
3:45	3:45	ABC: Hop Harrigan
3:45	3:45	ABC: Johnson Family Singers
3:45	3:45	ABC: Young Widder Brown
3:45	3:45	ABC: Danny D'Neil, Songs
3:45	3:45	ABC: Terry and the Pirates
3:45	3:45	ABC: When a Girl Marries
3:45	3:45	ABC: Service Tim
3:45	3:45	ABC: Here's How with Peter Howe
3:45	3:45	ABC: Portia Faces Life
3:45	3:45	ABC: Dick Tracy
3:45	3:45	ABC: Superman
3:45	3:45	ABC: Jack Armstrong
3:45	3:45	ABC: Just Plain Bill
3:45	3:45	ABC: Cimarron Tavern
3:45	3:45	ABC: House of Mystery
3:45	3:45	ABC: Singing Lady
3:45	3:45	ABC: Front Page Farrell
3:45	3:45	ABC: The Sparrow and the Hawk
3:45	3:45	ABC: Tom Mix
3:45	3:45	ABC: Bill Costello
3:45	3:45	ABC: Jimmy Carroll, Songs
3:45	3:45	ABC: Center to America
3:45	3:45	ABC: Eileen Farrell
3:45	3:45	ABC: Clem McCarthy
3:45	3:45	ABC: Charlie Chan
3:45	3:45	ABC: Lowell Thomas
3:45	3:45	ABC: Joseph C. Harsch
3:45	3:45	ABC: Chesterfield Supper Club
3:45	3:45	ABC: Headline Editor
3:45	3:45	ABC: Jack Kirkwood
3:45	3:45	ABC: Danny D'Neil
3:45	3:45	ABC: Raymond Gram Swing
3:45	3:45	ABC: County Fair
3:45	3:45	ABC: American Melody Hour
3:45	3:45	ABC: Everything for the Boys
3:45	3:45	ABC: Big Town
3:45	3:45	ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
3:45	3:45	ABC: Ginny Simms
3:45	3:45	ABC: Alan Young Show
3:45	3:45	ABC: A Date with Judy
3:45	3:45	ABC: Theatre of Romance
3:45	3:45	ABC: Adventures of the Falcon
3:45	3:45	ABC: Bill Henry
3:45	3:45	ABC: Gabriel Heatter
3:45	3:45	ABC: Guy Lombardo
3:45	3:45	ABC: Inner Sanctum
3:45	3:45	ABC: Real Stories
3:45	3:45	ABC: The Doctor Fights
3:45	3:45	ABC: Saludos Amigos
3:45	3:45	ABC: The World Today
3:45	3:45	ABC: American Forum of the Air
3:45	3:45	ABC: Coronet Story Teller
3:45	3:45	ABC: Man Called X
3:45	3:45	ABC: Service to the Front
3:45	3:45	ABC: Congress Speaks
3:45	3:45	ABC: Return to Duty
3:45	3:45	ABC: Sigmund Romberg Orchestra
3:45	3:45	ABC: Joan Brooks



WENDY, LIKE IN PETER PAN

Wendy Barrie, who co-stars on CBS's Detect and Collect with Fred Uttal (Wednesdays, 9:30 P.M. EWT), came by her professional name legitimately—if second hand. She was born in London and her real name is Marguerite Wendy Jenkin, the "Wendy" being a compliment to the famous character created by Sir James Barrie in "Peter Pan." Sir James acted as godfather when Wendy was christened and, later, gave her permission to use that name.

Wendy was still an infant when she began her traveling career. Her mother took her to Hongkong, where Wendy's father's interests kept the family for several years. As soon as she was old enough to make the trip by herself, Wendy was sent back to London to attend the Holy Child and Assumption convents. She completed her education at a fashionable finishing school in Lausanne, Switzerland.

During vacation, and if her father felt lonely for her, Wendy packed her things and traveled far and wide to visit him. Sometimes, she traveled across the Atlantic and Canada to the Orient. Other times, she went through the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. Altogether she made some seven trips around the world.

Wendy wasn't bent on becoming an actress. In fact, she was having herself a fine time in a pretty dizzy social whirl in London—playing tennis, riding, playing the traditional English game of cricket and badminton. Then, as a lark, she and some of her society friends took a "fier" in the stage production of "Wonderbar." That rather turned out to be fun. So, later, when British film producer Alexander Korda spotted her having lunch in the Savoy Grill and offered her a screen test, Wendy jumped at the chance.

That screen test changed the social butterfly into a hard-working girl. Wendy got a contract and appeared in some 19 British made films.

In 1934, she grew restless. After all, she'd spent a long time in one place—long for a girl who'd grown up traveling, that is. Not quite sure what she wanted to do, she came to New York—without any letters of introduction or business contacts. Within ten days the scouts had spotted her red-blond hair and bluish-green eyes and distinctly photogenic face—and she was signed for a Hollywood engagement.

You've seen her in lots of pictures. There will be lots more, probably.

Wendy's a gay girl—has a little of the pixilated quality that you associate with the characters in James Barrie's plays. She has never had to diet and can eat anything she wants without gaining weight, which in itself is rather unique in Hollywood.

In case the boys are getting ideas—that's out. She married David Meyer not long ago, and they are very happy and intend to stay that way.

WEDNESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
8:00	8:15	ABC: Your Life Today
8:00	9:00	ABC: Breakfast Club
8:00	9:00	NBC: Ed East and Polly
8:15	9:15	CBS: Arthur Godfrey
8:15	9:45	CBS: This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:30	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
8:45	9:45	NBC: Daytime Classics
9:00	10:00	CBS: Robert St. John
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
9:00	10:15	NBC: Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
10:15	10:15	MBS: From Me to You
2:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
10:30	10:30	ABC: Hymns of All Churches
10:30	10:30	NBC: Road of Life
9:45	10:45	MBS: Fun with Music
10:45	10:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
10:45	10:45	ABC: The Listening Post
10:45	10:45	NBC: Joyce Jordan
8:00	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
10:00	11:15	MBS: Amanda
10:15	11:15	CBS: Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
11:30	11:30	NBC: Barry Cameron
11:30	11:30	MBS: Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
12:00	12:00	ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
12:00	12:00	MBS: Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 ABC: 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 NBC: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Constance Bennett
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC: Bernardine Flynn, News
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Paula Stone & Phil Brito
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
12:45	1:45	MBS: Morgan Beatty, News
1:45	1:45	MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue
11:45	1:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
11:45	1:15	2:15 MBS: Jane Cowell
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 ABC: Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: The Fitzgeralds
11:45	1:45	2:45 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
12:00	1:45	3:00 CBS: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
12:00	2:15	3:15 CBS: Michael Scott
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Sing Along Club
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:30	2:45	3:45 CBS: Ladies Be Seated
3:45	3:45	ABC: Right to Happiness
3:45	3:45	ABC: Sing Along
3:45	3:45	ABC: Backstage Wife
3:45	3:45	ABC: House Party
3:45	3:45	ABC: Stoll Das
3:45	3:45	ABC: I'll Buy That
3:45	3:45	ABC: Lorenzo Jones
3:45	3:45	ABC: Hop Harrigan
3:45	3:45	ABC: Johnson Family Singers
3:45	3:45	ABC: Young Widder Brown
3:45	3:45	ABC: Danny D'Neil, Songs
3:45	3:45	ABC: Terry and the Pirates
3:45	3:45	ABC: When a Girl Marries
3:45	3:45	ABC: Here's How with Peter Howe
3:45	3:45	ABC: Portia Faces Life
3:45	3:45	ABC: Dick Tracy
3:45	3:45	ABC: Superman
3:45	3:45	ABC: Jack Armstrong
3:45	3:45	ABC: Just Plain Bill
3:45	3:45	ABC: House of Mystery
3:45	3:45	ABC: Singing Lady
3:45	3:45	ABC: Front Page Farrell
3:45	3:45	ABC: The Sparrow and the Hawk
3:45	3:45	ABC: Tom Mix
3:45	3:45	ABC: Bill Costello
3:45	3:45	ABC: Jimmy Carroll, Songs
3:45	3:45	ABC: Center to America
3:45	3:45	ABC: Eileen Farrell
3:45	3:45	ABC: Clem McCarthy
3:45	3:45	ABC: Charlie Chan
3:45	3:45	ABC: Lowell Thomas
3:45	3:45	ABC: Joseph C. Harsch
3:45	3:45	ABC: Chesterfield Supper Club
3:45	3:45	ABC: Headline Editor
3:45	3:45	ABC: Jack Kirkwood
3:45	3:45	ABC: Danny D'Neil
3:45	3:45	ABC: Raymond Gram Swing
3:45	3:45	ABC: County Fair
3:45	3:45	ABC: American Melody Hour
3:45	3:45	ABC: Everything for the Boys
3:45	3:45	ABC: Big Town
3:45	3:45	ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
3:45	3:45	ABC: Ginny Simms
3:45	3:45	ABC: Alan Young Show
3:45	3:45	ABC: A Date with Judy
3:45	3:45	ABC: Theatre of Romance
3:45	3:45	ABC: Adventures of the Falcon
3:45	3:45	ABC: Bill Henry
3:45	3:45	ABC: Gabriel Heatter
3:45	3:45	ABC: Guy Lombardo
3:45	3:45	ABC: Inner Sanctum
3:45	3:45	ABC: Real Stories
3:45	3:45	ABC: The Doctor Fights
3:45	3:45	ABC: Saludos Amigos
3:45	3:45	ABC: The World Today
3:45	3:45	ABC: American Forum of the Air
3:45	3:45	ABC: Coronet Story Teller
3:45	3:45	ABC: Man Called X
3:45	3:45	ABC: Service to the Front
3:45	3:45	ABC: Congress Speaks
3:45	3:45	ABC: Return to Duty
3:45	3:45	ABC: Sigmund Romberg Orchestra
3:45	3:45	ABC: Joan Brooks



THURSDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
6:00	8:00	8:15 ABC: Your Life Today
6:15	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Ed East and Polly
	2:30	9:15 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Shady Valley Folks
	9:45	9:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine
6:45	9:00	9:45 NBC: Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
	10:15	10:15 MBS: From Me to You
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Road of Life
	2:00	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
	10:30	10:30 ABC: Hymns of All Churches
	10:30	10:30 MBS: Fun with Music
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
	10:45	10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
	11:00	11:00 CBS: Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
	11:15	11:15 MBS: Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Gilbert Martyn
	11:30	11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
	11:30	11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: What's Your Idea?
	11:45	11:45 MBS: Glamour Manor
	12:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Irene Beasley
	12:15	12:15 MBS: Upton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 ABC: 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 ABC: Bankings Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett
	12:30	1:15 MBS: Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
	1:30	1:30 MBS: Paula Stone & Phil Brito
10:40	12:45	1:45 ABC: Little Jack Little
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
	1:45	1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: A Woman of America
	2:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Rosamery
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30 ABC: The Fitzgeralds
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Women in White
	2:15	2:15 MBS: Jane Cowl
	2:30	2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	3:00	3:00 CBS: Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: A Woman of America
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15 ABC: Ma Perkins
	3:15	3:15 NBC: Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Ladies, Be Seated
	3:30	3:30 MBS: The Smoothies
	3:45	3:45 ABC: Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
	3:45	3:45 CBS: Sing Along
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 ABC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
	4:15	4:15 ABC: Jack Berch
1:30	3:30	4:30 ABC: Report from Abroad
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Glenn Jones
1:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: Johnson Family Songs
	4:45	4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
	4:45	4:45 CBS: Milt Herth Trio
2:10	4:00	5:00 CBS: Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Merry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
	5:00	5:00 MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
	5:15	5:15 MBS: Superman
3:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
3:30	4:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
3:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: House of Mystery
3:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
3:45	5:45	6:45 ABC: Singing Lady
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:45	6:45 MBS: Tom Mix
	6:15	7:15 CBS: Calling Pan America
	6:15	7:15 NBC: Serenade to America
3:15	5:30	6:30 NBC: Lem McCarty
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	7:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas
	6:45	7:45 ABC: Charlie Chan
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
	10:00	10:00 CBS: Jack Kirkwood
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: Danny O'Neil, Songs
	7:45	8:45 ABC: 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 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
8:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Suspense
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Men, Peace and War
5:30	7:30	8:30 ABC: America's Town Meeting
9:00	8:30	9:30 NBC: Adventures of Topper
	8:30	9:30 MBS: Agatha Christie's Poirot
	8:55	9:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Chrysler Show
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Kraft Music Hall
	9:15	9:15 MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 ABC: Variations by Van Cleave
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby
	9:30	9:30 MBS: Treasure Hour of Song
	9:30	9:30 NBC: Jack Haley
6:55	8:55	9:55 ABC: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00 ABC: Trans-Atlantic Quiz
	10:00	10:00 MBS: Arch Oboler's Plays
7:30	9:45	10:30 CBS: Romance, Rhythm & Ripley
7:30	9:45	10:30 ABC: Rudy Vallee
7:30	9:45	10:30 NBC: Rudy Vallee
7:30	9:45	10:30 MBS: Swing the Thing



IGNORANCE IS BLISS—AND DOLLARS

Comically erudite George Shelton, one of the expert nit-wits on the zany quiz program It Pays to Be Ignorant (CBS, Fridays 9 P.M. EWT) hasn't always been funny. By his own testimony, he started out as a dramatic actor and shifted to comedy, later, because he studied Shakespeare.

Shelton was born on the Bowery in New York City. He says that his early impressions of that colorful, noisy, down-at-the-heels section did a great deal to enrich his sense of the comic.

He didn't start out as a comedian. He didn't even think of the stage as a career, in fact. His first job was as an apprentice printer. He wasn't even interested in the theater, until his family moved to Brooklyn and he got a chance to see some shows in the local stock companies. Somehow, that led him to take up a serious study of the works of William Shakespeare and he found himself keenly interested, especially in the bard's comedies. Soon, his head began to be full of ideas about the stage as a career.

One day he saw a want ad in a theatrical paper he'd taken to buying. It was for a dramatic actor to work in a tent show in Iowa. Shelton took all his savings and went out there—and got the job! From then on, he played everything from drama to blackface comedy and even sold medicine on the side. But his soaking in Shakespearean satire never left him and, eventually, he devoted himself exclusively to being a comedian.

When the first World War broke out, George enlisted. Armistice Day, he recalls, he was cooking pancakes in the trenches. He became a member of the Army of Occupation and formed a unit which toured Germany entertaining the doughboys, topping off a war record of eight major campaigns and two citations. Incidentally, during this war, he's been presented with several medals and awards for his work in entertaining service men.

When George finally got back to the United States after the last war, he went to work in vaudeville. It was there that he met Tom Howard, with whom he has been associated ever since. They toured in vaudeville together and appeared in numerous Broadway musicals and several motion pictures, as a team. They did several stunts on radio before but they feel they've really found their niche since teaming up with Lulu McConnell and Harry McNaughton for the It Pays to be Ignorant show.

Shelton lives in Hempstead, Long Island, these days and spends as much time as he can out there, putting around with carpentry and general handwork. For relaxation he says you can't beat baseball—he's a Dodger fan from way back (need you ask?). He doesn't miss Shakespeare at all, any more.

FRIDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	8:15 ABC: Your Life Today
	8:15	8:15 NBC: Do You Remember
8:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:15	9:15 NBC: Arthur Godfrey
	9:30	9:30 MBS: Shady Valley Folks
	9:45	9:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine
6:45	9:45	9:45 NBC: Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
	10:15	10:15 MBS: From Me to You
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
	10:30	10:30 ABC: Road of Life
	10:30	10:30 MBS: Fun with Music
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 ABC: Joyce Jordan
	10:45	10:45 NBC: The Listening Post
8:00	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
	11:15	11:15 MBS: Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:00	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Gilbert Martyn
	11:30	11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
	11:30	11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: What's Your Idea?
	11:45	11:45 MBS: Glamour Manor
	12:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Irene Beasley
	12:15	12:15 MBS: Upton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 ABC: 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 ABC: Bankings Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett
	12:30	1:15 MBS: Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
	1:30	1:30 MBS: Paula Stone & Phil Brito
10:40	12:45	1:45 ABC: Little Jack Little
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
	1:45	1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: A Woman of America
	2:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Rosamery
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30 ABC: The Fitzgeralds
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Women in White
	2:15	2:15 MBS: Jane Cowl
	2:30	2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	3:00	3:00 CBS: Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: A Woman of America
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15 ABC: Ma Perkins
	3:15	3:15 NBC: Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Ladies, Be Seated
	3:30	3:30 MBS: The Smoothies
	3:45	3:45 ABC: Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
	3:45	3:45 CBS: Sing Along
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 ABC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
	4:15	4:15 ABC: Jack Berch
1:30	3:30	4:30 ABC: Report from Abroad
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Glenn Jones
1:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: Johnson Family Songs
	4:45	4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
	4:45	4:45 CBS: Milt Herth Trio
2:10	4:00	5:00 CBS: Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Merry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
	5:00	5:00 MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
	5:15	5:15 MBS: Superman
3:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
3:30	4:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
3:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: House of Mystery
3:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
3:45	5:45	6:45 ABC: Singing Lady
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:45	6:45 MBS: Tom Mix
	6:15	7:15 CBS: Calling Pan America
	6:15	7:15 NBC: Serenade to America
3:15	5:30	6:30 NBC: Lem McCarty
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	7:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas
	6:45	7:45 ABC: Charlie Chan
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
	10:00	10:00 CBS: Jack Kirkwood
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: Danny O'Neil, Songs
	7:45	8:45 ABC: 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 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
8:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Suspense
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Men, Peace and War
5:30	7:30	8:30 ABC: America's Town Meeting
9:00	8:30	9:30 NBC: Adventures of Topper
	8:30	9:30 MBS: Agatha Christie's Poirot
	8:55	9:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Chrysler Show
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Kraft Music Hall
	9:15	9:15 MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 ABC: Variations by Van Cleave
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby
	9:30	9:30 MBS: Treasure Hour of Song
	9:30	9:30 NBC: Jack Haley
6:55	8:55	9:55 ABC: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00 ABC: Trans-Atlantic Quiz
	10:00	10:00 MBS: Arch Oboler's Plays
7:30	9:45	10:30 CBS: Romance, Rhythm & Ripley
7:30	9:45	10:30 ABC: Rudy Vallee
7:30	9:45	10:30 NBC: Rudy Vallee
7:30	9:45	10:30 MBS: Swing the Thing



SATURDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	CBS: Music of Today
	8:15	NBC: Richard Leibert, Organist
	8:30	CBS: Missus Goes A-Shopping
	8:30	ABC: United Nation News, Review
	8:45	CBS: Margaret Brien
6:00	8:00	ABC: Breakfast Club
	9:00	NBC: Home Is What You Make It
	8:15	CBS: The Garden Gate
	9:30	CBS: Country Journal
	9:30	NBC: Army Air Force Band
	8:45	9:45 CBS: David Shoop Orchestra
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Give and Take
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Archie Andrews
	10:15	MBS: Rainbow House
	10:00	ABC: What's Cooking
11:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:30	NBC: Doc, Duke and the Colonel
	10:30	ABC: Land of the Lost
9:00	9:40	10:45 NBC: Alex Drier
8:00	10:00	11:00 ABC: Johnny Thompson
	11:00	NBC: First Piano Quartet
	1:30	11:05 CBS: Let's Pretend
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: Vagabonds
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Smilin' Ed McConnell
	11:30	MBS: Hookey Hall
	11:45	ABC: Note From a Diary
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00 ABC: Piano Playhouse
	11:00	12:00 NBC: News
	12:00	MBS: Hello Mom
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 ABC: Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Atlantic Spotlight
	12:45	MBS: Red Cross Reporter
	1:00	NBC: The Veteran's Aid
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00 ABC: Fun Canteen
	1:00	MBS: Luncheon with Lopez
	1:15	NBC: Music for Your Mood
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Elliot Lawrence, Orchestra
	1:30	MBS: Symphonies for Youth
	1:30	ABC: Round-up Time
1:00	12:45	1:45 CBS: Report from Washington
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: John Mac Vane from London
	2:00	CBS: Of Men and Books
	2:00	NBC: Musiciana
	2:15	CBS: Adventures in Science
	2:15	ABC: Larry and Irene
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Sky High
	2:30	CBS: Carolina Hayride
	2:30	ABC: It's a Hit
	3:00	NBC: Minstrel Melodies
12:00	3:00	CBS: The Land Is Bright
	3:00	ABC: Saturday Senior Swing
	3:00	MBS: This Is Halloran
	3:30	CBS: Syncopation Piece
	3:30	NBS: Music on Display
	4:00	CBS: Report from Washington
	4:00	ABC: Saturday Symphony
	4:00	Memo for Tomorrow
	4:15	CBS: Report from Overseas
	4:15	NBC: Here Comes the Bride
	4:30	MBS: Music for Half an Hour
	4:30	NBC: World of Melody
	4:45	CBS: Report from London
	5:00	ABC: Duke Ellington
2:00	5:00	CBS: We Deliver the Goods
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: Grand Hotel
	5:00	MBS: Sports Parade
2:30	4:40	5:30 NBC: John W. Vandercok
	5:30	MBS: American Eagle in Britain
3:30	4:45	5:45 NBC: Tin Pan Alley of the Air
	6:00	MBS: Hall of Montezuma
3:15	5:00	6:00 NBC: Rhapsody of the Rockies
	6:00	CBS: Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: People's Platform
3:15	5:15	6:15 ABC: Harry Wismer, Sports
3:30	5:30	6:30 ABC: Edward Tomlinson
	6:30	MBS: Hawaii Calls
3:45	5:45	6:45 ABC: Labor, U. S. A.
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: The World Today
3:55	5:55	6:55 CBS: Religion in the News
	6:55	CBS: Bob Trout
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Our Foreign Policy
	7:00	MBS: American Eagle in Britain
	7:15	ABC: David Wills
4:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: Swinging on the Golden Gate
	7:30	MBS: Arthur Hale
	7:30	NBC: Noah Webster
7:15	7:00	8:00 CBS: Beulah Show
	8:00	MBS: Frank Singiser
	8:00	ABC: Gang Busters
5:30	7:30	8:30 ABC: Boston Symphony Orchestra
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Viva America
	8:30	MBS: Symphony of the Americas
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
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Can You Top This
	9:30	MBS: Jean Goldkette's Orchestra
	9:30	MBS: Calling All Detectives
	9:30	ABC: Flight to the Pacific
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
	9:55	ABC: Coronet Quiz
	10:00	MBS: Theater of the Air
	10:00	ABC: Hoosier Hop
	10:15	CBS: Assignment Home
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Grand Ole Oory
	10:30	ABC: Hayloft Hoedown
10:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Talks
	11:15	1:30 ABC: Hoosier Hop

# COVER GIRL

By ELEANOR HARRIS



Young Lorna Lynn has a fat list of acting accomplishment behind her, and a great career ahead.

IMAGINE a radio star who is blonde, blue-eyed—and who weighs only 85 pounds! Imagine an actress who's had a career for eight years now—and isn't afraid to tell her true age! (Which is eleven years old, of course; you might have known there'd be a catch in it!) Imagine all of this, and you've imagined Lorna Lynn.

Right now she's busily engaged in acting five days a week on the CBS show Danny O'Neil, Songs—in which she plays Danny's mascot Kathleen. But that's only one of the shows in the radio bouquet she carries around. She's also been on The March of Time, Salute to Youth, We the People, Arthur Hopkins Presents, Big Sister, American School of the Air, Here's to Romance, Appointment with Life, My True Story, and Treasury Recordings.

And lest you think for a moment that this tiny twig of femininity doesn't know how to carry her end in a pinch, let us give you this to gnaw upon: on the Ed Wynn Show, which was sponsored by a milk company, Lorna played the part of Beulah the calf; and the calf and Mr. Wynn had a four minute skit together each program. Mr. Wynn, having been a stage veteran for endless decades, rejoiced in ad libbing. One night he got off a very funny crack that wasn't in the script, and then turned to Lorna and asked directly, "Well, how'm I doing?"

Lorna wildly reread the script, but there was no sign of his question or her supposed answer.

"Tell me," Mr. Wynn repeated, "Beulah, how'm I doing? Is it good?"

Lorna came to life. "Why, it's better than good," she said slickly. "It's homogenized!"

Lorna Lynn's been on her own (even though she has a charming mother around to help out) ever since she was three years old. Mother or no mother, it was Lorna herself who went after what she wanted—and won it.

At three, then, she marched down to try out for the Jed Harris production of Ibsen's "A Doll's House," with her small hand tucked in her mother's. Well, the preliminaries were very simple: Lorna outread them all, got the part, helped her mother pack her bags, and set out for Toronto the following Monday to open with the play. The next three months were fairly simple, too: they toured, Lorna's reviews were splendid, and so was the entire show. Ahead lay New York City and Broadway—and trouble.

It came in the form of an order from the Children's Society, which had noted with horror Lorna's age: three.

The order stated that no child could perform in the theater until he was seven years of age. Lorna's three-year-old face was lined with sorrow—and so were the somewhat older faces of Jed Harris, Helen Hayes, and the late Alexander Woollcott, who all made a direct appeal to the Society, explaining how important Lorna was to the play and how impossible it would be to train another child in so short a time. But the Society stood firm. So then there was only one thing to do, which was done. Down went Jed Harris and little Lorna to the City Hall, to see Mayor LaGuardia! Lorna scrambled to His Honor's lap at sight of him, and remained there twenty minutes alternately sobbing and smiling. The result was that she got a special permit—and she (and the show) played for eight rave months.

By the time she was nine years old, she was used to reading her notices over her breakfast cereal and milk. She'd been in the plays "The American Way" with Fredric March, "The World We Make" with Margo, "Love's Old Sweet Song" with Walter Huston, "The Trojan Woman" with Margaret Webster, "Panama Hattie" with Ethel Merman, "Jane Eyre" with Sylvia Sydney, and "Mary Ann" with Ernest Truex.

But so far she's resisted all the movie offers she's had, which have been plentiful. She likes radio because she can play a thousand types of roles—and because it doesn't interfere with her schooling or home life.

Now we're almost done with the incredible story of the amazing Miss Lynn. All but one last item: she's been engaged since the age of four—to Rags Ragland! During a show, he told her solemnly, "Lorna, I'll give you a dime if you promise to marry me in 1950."

"Okay, it's a promise," said Lorna, pocketing the dime. Years later Jerry Wayne approached her on the same subject—also during a show rehearsal. "Lorna," he said, "if I give you a nickel, will you marry me?"

"I'm sorry," Lorna said, "but I got a better offer from Rags Ragland—he offered me ten cents!"

Lorna Lynn thinks on her feet!



# SHE'S ENGAGED! *She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!*



**NANCY JANE MACBURNERY**—Her smooth way of wearing her hair—whether it's fashionably "upswept" or "down"—gives an added charm to her lovely, clear soft skin.



**JUNIOR CANTEEN HOSTESS**—Charming Nancy Jane MacBurney, sings with the boys at a USO Canteen she helped organize in Chicago. She first met her fiancé there when he "just happened in." Many girls are serving as Canteen hostesses. Couldn't you help in your locality?



**HER BEAUTY CARE**—Pond's Cold Cream. "The cleansing-est, smoothing-est cream I know."

## TO WED R. A. F. OFFICER

*Nancy Jane Macburney  
engaged to  
Robert Francis Reynolds  
Flying Officer, R. A. F.*



**THE RING** Bob gave her just before he took off for England

She met Bob in Chicago—but he was born in Burma, brought up in London, and they plan to live in Toronto "someday."

Another Pond's bride-to-be, Nancy Jane is another lovely girl with a fascinating "soft-smooth" Pond's complexion.

*This is Nancy Jane's fundamental daily skin care . . .*

She smooths white, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat, and pats thoroughly to help soften dirt and make-up. Tissues all off.

She rinses with more soft-smooth Pond's—working the cream over her face with

little spiral whirls of her fingertips. Tissues off again. This second creaming-over "leaves my face feeling like silk," she says, "and so clean!"

Use your Pond's Cold Cream Nancy Jane's "twice-over" way—every night, every morning and for in-between clean-ups during the day. It's no accident so many more women and girls prefer Pond's to any other face cream at any price.

Get a big jar today—you'll love the luxury way you can dip into its wide top with both your hands at once! Ask for Pond's Cold Cream at your favorite beauty counter.

*A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Viscountess Torbat · Mrs. Allan A. Ryan · Miss Mimi McAuloo*



## To Be in Love

Continued from page 41



*Dreams Can  
Come True!*

You've dreamed of the perfect romance—and now you have it!

You've dreamed of the perfect diamond to symbolize that love—and now you can be sure of that perfection by selecting a Bluebird Diamond Ring. For every Bluebird is guaranteed perfect!

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nearest thing to an "estate" in Penbury. The family had been a part of Penbury life for generations, and there were plenty of poor relation Byrneses scattered around town, but even they held themselves so much apart that I would have been surprised if it had been one of them who brought Janet home. For a Walnut Hill Byrnes to have driven home one of my girls—one of the Penbury Mill girls—was extraordinary. And Carl—the most remote, the most brilliantly-colored of the lot, who flashed in and out of town without ever seeming to touch it, who carried about him the faint report of having been in far-off places—Mexico, wasn't it, or South America . . . ?

There was something wrong with my mental picture of Janet beside him, and I thought I knew what it was. It was because girls who worked in the Penbury Textile Mill didn't get driven home by men who owned the mill—or whose fathers owned the mill, which came to the same thing.

My eyes went to Janet's face and stayed there, caught by something new in her expression. She looked soft and sort of sparkling at the same time—almost radiant; I had never seen her blue eyes so brilliant, or noticed before the clear-cut delicacy of her profile. Her animation troubled me. "It's impossible," I thought. Then—*what's impossible?* I asked myself. *That Janet should have come home in Carl Byrnes' car? But she did. No, what's impossible is that anything more should come of it . . . Janet will be hurt . . .* As if she felt the force of my thought, Janet turned to me with a smile of such vibrant happiness that my eyes wavered from it. She would be hurt!

One or another of the girls often came to my room at night, if there was something special on their minds. That night, when I heard a soft double knock I knew it was Janet, and as I let her in I wondered how to say what I wanted to say without wiping all of that new radiance from her face.

"Carl asked if he could call me," she burst out, almost before she had curled up at the foot of my bed. "I said yes, of course. Jean—did you get a good enough look at him? He's terribly nice—"

"He's been brought up to be nice," I answered, more sharply than I had intended.

"Yes, I guess so. He's been away in South America . . ." Janet stopped and looked at me, her smile fading. "Jean—

what's the matter? Didn't you like him?"

I shrugged. "I don't know him. He looks nice enough, but anyone would in those clothes and with that car. And you don't know him, really; he practically picked you up."

Over Janet's face came the look we all knew. Janet was a gentle, calm girl; she never argued; but when she got that look on her face it always meant that there was something she had decided to do, and that nobody could stop her or swerve her an inch. "That's not true," she said. "I really had hurt my ankle. And anyway, it's not as though he were just anybody."

"Oh, Janet, that's just it—he's not just anybody, he's a Byrnes. And you're Janet Blake, who works in his father's mill. Don't you see? Maybe he will take you out once or twice, and then he'll be off again somewhere, going out with the kind of girls—his own kind of girl. He'll never think of you again. When he falls in love, marries, it will be one of them. That's the way things are, and we can't change them."

"Maybe I am his kind of girl," Janet said stubbornly.

I shook my head. "No, darling. You're as sweet a girl as anyone could want—anyone who was born into the same kind of life as you, and lived in the same way. But Carl Byrnes hasn't. He'll want somebody who was brought up the way he was, and went away to school, and was taught how to manage a mansion like the one he lives in. Someone he can be proud of in front of his parents. Not a girl who's worked in his father's mill. And if you see him at all, you won't be able to forget him so easily."

"I think you're wrong," Janet said. She slipped off the bed and went slowly to the door. "I don't think it's wrong to try to change things. Maybe if you want a thing hard enough you get it. Maybe I won't have to forget him."

And so I had lost.

It worried me terribly, all the rest of September and October. I had been wrong about one thing, anyway; Carl took Janet out much more than once or twice. By the end of October her chair at the dinner table was empty one or two nights during the week, and always on Saturday nights. She never volunteered to tell me where they went, or what they did, and of course I didn't ask her. She didn't talk much to the other girls, either; but she kept that glowing softness, and seemed to

★★★

### PUT IT BACK IN YOUR POCKET

. . . that money you were going to spend on something you don't really need! If you don't really need it, it's an inflation-making purchase, and not one American, if he really stopped to think about it, would do a solitary thing to make inflation a reality here. Inflation means danger—danger of the kind we had back in the days of the depression, the bread-line, soup-kitchen, apple-peddler days. So remember, don't buy above ceiling prices, don't buy rationed goods without surrendering ration stamps, and *put that money back in your pocket* until you reach a place where they sell war bonds—the really safe investment for a safe future in a safe America!

★★★

★★★



grow lovelier week by week. She had fun with Carl, I could see that. I began to live in dread of the end that must come. The happier she was now, the more crushed she would be when it was over, and Carl was gone . . . as he would be.

Janet's birthday came at the end of October. That meant a party—Tanner House had a party on the most trumped-up of excuses, and certainly a twenty-first birthday was a real reason for celebration. But I couldn't put much heart into my planning. I was pretty sure Janet wouldn't want to bring Carl, and I was equally sure she wouldn't enjoy it without him, and I didn't know whether I ought to speak to her or not.

Well, it was lovely weather anyway. We'd have a backyard picnic, bring out the three trestle tables and load them with food, sit around on cushions on the grass and have fun—I cudgeled myself into enthusiasm and went downtown to look for paper tablecloths.

There weren't any. No paper napkins either. No candles of the size I needed for mother's old copper candlesticks. Mr. Schlomm at the ice cream parlor wasn't sure I could have all the ice cream I wanted, even ordering two weeks in advance. There wasn't much enthusiasm left in me as I waited on Carmel Street for my bus. I was tired and vaguely irritated, and still worrying about Janet,—when suddenly I looked up, straight into Carl Byrnes' eyes. He didn't know me, of course—he had only glimpsed me that first time he had brought Janet home; in a moment the light changed and the blue car pulled away, making room for my bus.

**B**UT in that instant all my formless dissatisfaction crystallized into a single feeling of depression. That odd, gallant lift of his head, those clear eyes, vividly blue—of course Janet wouldn't be able to forget him. And when he had gone everything else would be spoiled for her . . . what right did he have to burst in and upset the comfortable little world we had made of Tanner House? He didn't belong there.

I was so upset that I called Walter that evening and asked him to come over after dinner. I wanted to talk to someone, to try to get my thoughts clear. But I couldn't explain why I was so depressed.

"After all," Walter said soothingly, "it's Janet's life, Jean. She's young, you can't expect her to be satisfied just to be comfortable. She wants fun, a little excitement . . ."

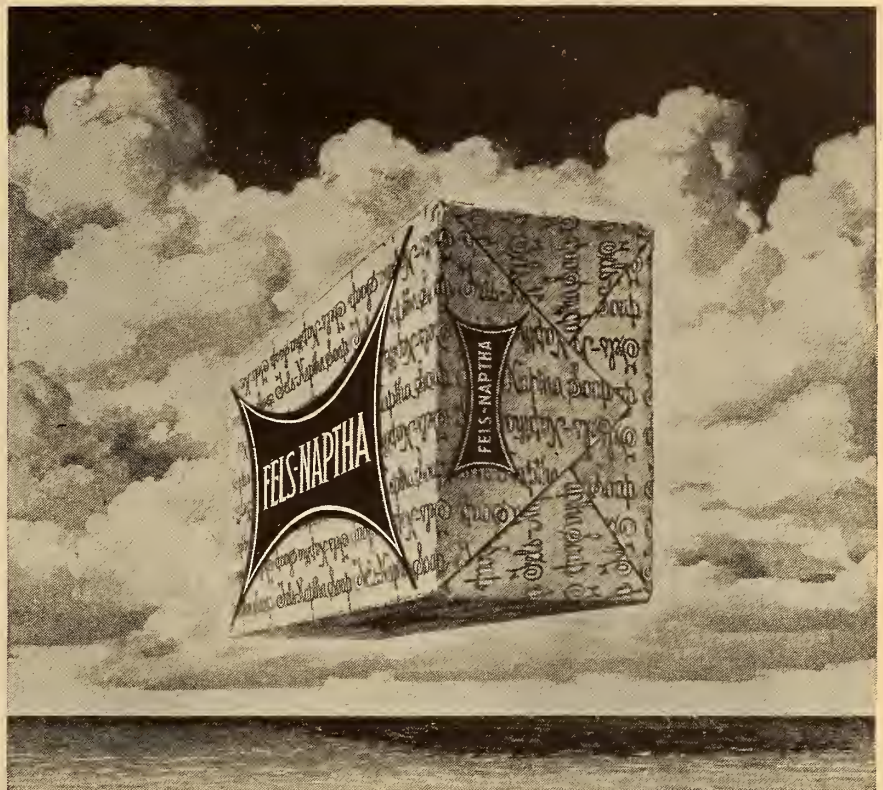
"She wants more than that, that's why it's so unfair," I burst out. "A man like that is more excitement than is good for a girl like Janet. She wants a husband and a home, and after Carl she isn't going to be happy with the nice, quiet kind of boy she's bound to marry."

Walter took off his glasses and polished them carefully. "He might marry her," he objected. "She's pretty enough, nice enough."

"You know better than that!" I snapped. "He comes along, with his good-looking face and all the glamor of his background, all the exciting places he's seen—and as soon as he's ready, off he'll be again. You wait and see," I finished darkly.

"Hey, don't get so excited," Walter said. "Who are you fighting for, anyway? It's not your nice comfortable life he's interfering with; it's Janet!"

I jumped up, exasperated. "Oh, Walter—go home. Anyway, I hear the



## Not yet, but —

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phone ringing." With a muttered good-night I strode into the hall and picked up the receiver.

"Yes," I said grumpily. And when the answer came, I felt as though somebody had poked my heart, it jumped so. Because there was the same challenging quality in Carl Byrnes' voice that I had seen in his face, so that I recognized it before he told me his name.

"Janet isn't in," I told him, wondering because he had never called her at the house before.

"I know it—she's here with me. It was you I wanted, Miss Tanner."

"Yes?"

"It was you, today, wasn't it—on Carmel Street? I thought so, but I just didn't think fast enough to ask if I could take you anywhere."

"That's perfectly all right." In spite of myself, my heart hadn't settled down yet. What did he want, I wondered? "After all, we've never really met."

"No," Carl Byrnes said. "But I saw you once, and I remembered you perfectly well. And about not meeting, Miss Tanner—couldn't we remedy that right now? If I took Janet all the way home—as I usually don't because she won't let me—could we talk a bit?"

Don't try your wiles on me, young man. I'm not a child. I took a firm grip on the phone and said, "Of course. Come right ahead." But when I hung up I discovered I was a little breathless. Nonsense. If he wants to know what I think about him and Janet, I'll tell him what I think. I went back to the porch rocker, fortified with some knitting, and waited.

IN ABOUT half an hour they came, he and Janet, slowly walking up from the bus stop. Close together. Not talking. No car tonight; he must be trying to show me that he can ride on the bus just like other people. "My goodness," I murmured half aloud, "maybe I am a child, or else a very old woman. I ought to be ashamed." I was ashamed—not only because of my peevish desire to find fault with Carl, but because I felt somehow that sitting there in the half-dark, watching them come up the street so close together, was an invasion of something private between them. I slipped into the house, just in time to be coming out of the livingroom as they entered the hall.

Janet put a hand on my arm as she introduced Carl to me, a hand that was chilled and tense. All her hope that I would like him, that I would feel differently toward him was in that hand and in the look she gave me. She said, "I'm rather tired; I'm going right up." She gave me a last glance over Carl's head, held his hand for a moment, and disappeared up the stairs.

I had smiled at Carl, but at his answering smile I froze again, inside. It was everything that disturbed me about him—his charm, the sureness born of having always had and done everything he wanted. I couldn't welcome this man into Janet's life, when I was so certain that he only wanted to stay there for a little while, until he went on his way again.

I led the way out to the porch and sat down, taking up my knitting again. There was silence for a minute; then Carl looked at me and I could see, in the dusk, the white flash of his grin.

"You look about twenty when you smile," he said.

I stopped rocking. "People usually take me for—for older than I am." I hadn't meant to say that at all!



"I'll bet they do. It's because of that funny little worried look you have. You don't look happy—but I beg your pardon."

"I should think so!" I said furiously. "Did you come here to tell me that, Mr. Byrnes? Because—"

"Because if so, I can go and you'd be quite right to say so. I am sorry. It's just that Janet's told me so much about you that I can't help knowing you're not really a lady dragon."

A lady dragon! Was that what Janet thought—was that how I'd been acting?

Carl Byrnes seemed to sense my hurt, because he went on swiftly. "Understand me—Janet thinks you're the best, the kindest person in the world. She can't be really happy when—" his voice became very sober, very grave—"when you don't approve of me, Miss Tanner. When she won't even let me come here or call her because she's so afraid you won't like it. You're all the family she has, you know."

An unexpected, violent surge of rebellion went through me. "I'm not her mother!"

"No," he agreed, "and that's why you shouldn't try so hard to act like a mother. That's what's wrong, that's why you're not happy. You're young yourself. It's wrong for you to be living in a quiet backwater, in a day-after-day routine. You want the same things your girls want, and you ought to have them. Everyone should have them—the things that are fun, adventure. You're not giving yourself a chance, and if you're not careful you'll start taking out your unhappiness on the girls."

His voice trailed away, came back again. "Please forgive me . . . I want to be your friend . . ." I sat stricken, silent, with a little moan in my heart that suddenly became words. "I have been happy—oh, I have been happy," I whispered.

"No." His voice was inexorable, like the voice of doom. He closed one of

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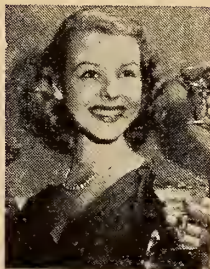
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his hands over mine, and went on, "Believe me, you haven't been happy. You've been—oh, safe, sheltered; you haven't gone out to meet the world at all. And now you're beginning to be unhappy, and you won't be honest and admit it to yourself . . ."

"I won't listen!" I pulled my hand from his and ran into the house, up the stairs, not stopping for breath until I had the door safely shut behind me. I wouldn't listen . . . I pressed the hand he had held over my lips to keep back a sob.

"Jean!" Janet's voice came from the darkness. She snapped the light on and came to me anxiously. "I've been waiting—oh, Jean, what is it?"

I stared at her, trying to find words. "You're not to see him," I said harshly. "He's—he's no good for you . . . it's just as I said, he only wants fun. He'll forget you . . ."

Janet drew away from me. "He's good and fine. You were all wrong. I thought, after you talked to him, you would see—Jean, he asked me to marry him tonight. I guess you didn't give him time to tell you."

**S**HE read my question in my eyes, and nodded. "Oh yes," she said, "I'm going to. Next month. And then I'm going back to South America with him, because he's got to start working with a railroad down there. No matter what you think, Jean, it's not for any reason except that I love him, and I know he loves me. I *am* his kind of girl. I'll make him happy."

"You won't fit into his life," I said. In spite of myself my voice was trembling. "You won't. You can't, any more than I could!"

"Jean!" Janet's delicate face had gone very white. Her hand clenched round my bedpost until it seemed she must snap it off. "So that's it! It wasn't me at all—it was you all the time you were so upset about. You're jealous, Jean!" She whirled and walked out of my room.

It seemed to me I could see her words lying on the floor before me. They had a life of their own. Jealous. It was a writhing word; it twisted and twined about me, pulling me down into a sodden heap on my bed. I hadn't cried since mother's death, and then the tears of grief had been cleansing. But these were tears of humiliation; they burned my face and left me weak and ashamed, so that no sooner had they stopped than they must start again . . . Because it was the truth.

I faced it that night, and in all the days that followed. Ever since the first time I had glimpsed him beside Janet, that moment when he had actually touched my life, seemed real, for the first time. Or even farther back—when I was discovering that I couldn't think about Walter with placid acceptance . . . ever since I had felt the challenge of his personality, and drawn back from it in fear . . . I knew now that the fear had been, not for Janet, but for myself. Because I knew he was out of my reach, I had tried—frantically, hypocritically—to convince Janet that he was out of her reach too. I couldn't be in love with Carl Byrnes—a man I scarcely knew!

Now, at long last, I had problems of my own to think about during my pulling-together-time. I examined myself rigidly, turning my thoughts this way and that. *Be honest*, Carl had said—(surely, surely the very fact that he, a stranger, had dared to probe so intimately into thoughts I hadn't even known I had—surely that showed that



he sensed that he meant more to me than any stranger)—and I tried to be. What did I want? Was I in love with him? I saw again those strangely vivid blue eyes, the kind of eyes they say seafaring men always have, that look as though they had seen wonderful things in far-off places. I felt again the single touch there had been between us—the warm, hard clasp of his hand over mine. I heard his voice. Did I want that voice to say things to me, the tender things he was saying to Janet?

I thought I knew the answer. It was as though I were wrapped tightly in a cocoon, insulated by my thoughts from the old, comfortable, familiar world. The girls came and went, and when they spoke to me I answered, though I never knew what was said. I gave Maggie her orders every day, just as always; I counted the sheets and planned dinner. I was conscious that Janet slipped in and out of the house like a little blonde ghost, but I couldn't do anything about it. Not yet. Not until I knew what I wanted, what I was going to do. Whether or not I would ever be able to get back again into the placid routine—the meaningless, empty routine, I saw now—that Carl Byrnes had shaken me out of. Until I knew, there was no wisdom or friendship or affection in me for anyone else.

On Saturday—the day of Janet's birthday party—I buried myself in preparations. It would be the best party Tanner House had ever had. I managed to get the candles for mother's hurricane candlesticks, and that seemed like a good omen, somehow. Maybe tonight things would get clear, maybe . . . I made seven huge pies, besides the birthday cake. The girls kept coming to the kitchen door, and Maggie and I smilingly shooed them away.

Janet came, a little later than the others, and stopped at the kitchen door. It was the first time we had spoken since that night, and she didn't look at me as she spoke. "I've asked Carl to come, tonight. I—it wouldn't have been any good, without him."

I nodded. I had expected him to be there. "I understand. And he's welcome, Janet, of course. I hope it will be a wonderful party for you."

"I know it will." She hesitated.



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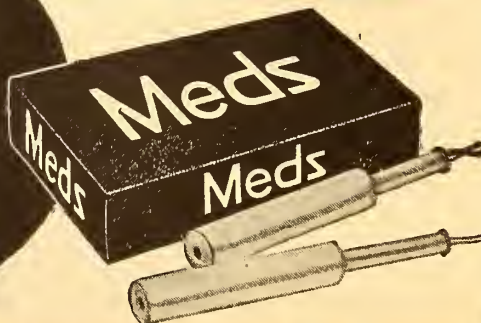
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"Jean . . ." There was an appeal in her voice and in her eyes, but she turned quickly and went upstairs. And what could I have done to answer that appeal? I needed help myself. I, always so grown-up, so very capable and self-sufficient, so well-adjusted. I—who had been playing a part, I thought bitterly; playing a part I wasn't wise enough to play. Telling my girls so definitely what they should or should not do, and all the while not honest enough, not mature enough to know what I myself should do. Or even what, deep down, I wanted to do.

Oh, I must find out! I must know whether or not I was in love with Carl Byrnes. I must admit it to myself, if I were. And then I must try to find some way back to happiness, because even if I loved him it meant nothing, except that I wanted something I could never have. Carl was going to marry Janet. I trimmed the crusts off one pie after another, not seeing them. Seeing only the word Janet had thrown at me that night. Jealous. Jealous because Carl was going to marry Janet.

I TOOK trouble with my dressing that night. I let Maggie fix the tables out in the back yard under the crepe myrtle bushes, and I went upstairs and took a long, relaxing bath and dressed very slowly, very carefully. I took my hair out of its tight, uncompromising knot and folded it into a thick black net in back. I patted and poked the front—it was soft, wavy, brown-gold hair, but I had never taken any trouble with it—until it fell in a gentle curve over one eyebrow. I pulled on my new dress, plain, slim, black, high at the throat and with only a fold over the shoulders for sleeves, so that my arms, hard and muscular from working, but still slim, gleamed white-ly against the soft dark fabric. I added earrings, and two wide silver bracelets that mother's mother had worn. I had never worn them before, because they had seemed too daring, too garish. But tonight was different.

I was detached, looking at myself before I went downstairs. At any other time, I wouldn't have believed that it was myself, staring thoughtfully back from the mirror. But somehow, it wasn't surprising tonight. I expected to look different. I felt so very different, so enormously removed from the Jean Tanner who had gone through day after day worried, tense, fretful—living the lives of five other girls because she was afraid to live her own. Or was it just because Carl had said these words to me that I believed them? Was it all because I had fallen in love with a man I could never have had, and who was doubly lost to me because he was in love with someone else? Slowly, the girl in the glass nodded back at me. Somehow, tonight, I'd find out.

The tables looked lovely. Candles flamed in the copper-based hurricane lamps; the tables were laden with great covered bowls of salad, round red-skinned cheeses that had taken all our combined points, the pies Maggie and I had baked. The white-frosted, twenty-two-candled birthday cake would come later, and the ice cream and coffee. I was satisfied. Tanner House knew how to give a party!

The girls looked lovely too. But when I came out they stopped admiring each other, and looked at me in awe. Randy's Jim called out from the far table, where Randy had just firmly taken his finger out of the chicken salad, "Hey—who're you and what



have you done with good old Jean?"

"Oh, I put her to bed and came instead. She doesn't like parties," I called back, and under cover of the general laughter Janet came up to me. In the dusk, in a pale grey dress, she looked all silvery-gold, but there was no gaiety in her face. Only that same appeal, reaching out toward me, and drawing back because there was no answering comfort in me to give her. "You do look beautiful, Jean," she said softly. "You look—different."

"I am different," I answered. "I don't know how, or why—I don't know yet. But don't worry, Janet; try to enjoy the party, and I will too. We'll fix everything . . . somehow . . ."

Maggie clumped out on the back porch and bellowed "Mrs. Warner and Mr. Warner. And Mr. Walter and some other fellows coming through the house—" she glared at them as they passed her and came down into the yard—"instead of going round the side like they knew they should've." Maggie had decided that this was going to be a formal party, apparently. Even Janet and I had to laugh, and then we were very busy greeting people and finding cushions for them, filling their plates . . .

It was some time before Carl came. I knew he was there, even before I turned, because I saw Janet's face as she darted forward. But I didn't immediately understand why everyone fell suddenly silent, until I turned and saw that he wasn't alone. Behind him were a tall, square-jawed, unsmiling man, and a slim gray-haired woman whose eyes seemed to be boring into Janet's upturned face.

Carl had brought his parents to the party.

I guess it was a sort of stage-fright, what I felt then. There was no reason for it, I knew; if they had come for any reason it was to see Janet, they



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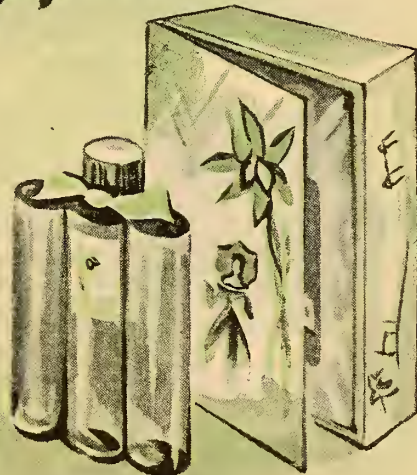
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knew and cared nothing about me. But still I let Janet have a minute or two with them, before I went forward with reluctant steps. I was the hostess, after all—I would have to make them welcome—but what did one say to the Byrneses of Walnut Hill? To the Byrneses, who were only a name and, almost, a legend to all these other people?

I needn't have worried. By the time I reached them, Janet had said something that had brought a smile to Mr. Byrnes' tight-clamped mouth; Carl was looking over Janet's head at his mother, and his mother was smiling back at him and nodding, almost imperceptibly.

There was nothing for me to do but let Carl introduce me.

"Carl promised faithfully that you wouldn't mind our breaking in like this," Mrs. Byrnes said in a cool, high, swift voice. "We've wanted to meet you—" her eyes went to Janet for an instant, and came back to me—"all of you, and since we were driving by anyway to drop Carl off . . ."

"Not at all," I protested. "You're very welcome indeed." It sounded stiff, inadequate.

JANET laughed and reached out a hand to each of them. "We're absolutely delighted you came," she assured them. "Come and let me find you some cushions and fill you some plates."

"We have to run along—" Mr. Byrnes began, but Janet drew them away with her. Her voice came gaily back to us. "Not without tasting the birthday cake Jean's made me. It isn't a birthday party unless you get sick from too much cake and ice cream."

I said urgently, "Go with them, Carl — don't leave her alone."

Carl looked after them. "Janet's all right; she'll manage them beautifully. I'm not worried about Janet."

He took my hand and led me round to the side of the house, where nobody else had come. His hand was as I had remembered it, warm and hard over mine; his touch set my heart leaping up in that sudden jolt. I thought confusedly "It's true then, I do love him—if just touching his hand can do this to me—"

"You look very lovely tonight. Very different from the last time."

"Thank you," I murmured.

"Janet's told you about us," Carl went on, "that we're going to be married and that I'm taking her away with me? I love her terribly, Jean. We'll make each other happy, I know it."

I waited for those words to cut through the cocoon that wrapped me, for the echo of that *I love her terribly* to fill the emptiness inside of me with pain.

"You were afraid she wouldn't fit into my life—she told me that," Carl said. "But she's everything I want, Jean; everything I've been looking for. And look—" he turned me gently so that I could see across the grass to where Janet sat, her hands clasped round her knees, chattering to Mr. and Mrs. Byrnes as though she had known them always—"they're going to love her too. They couldn't help it. There won't be anything wrong, you'll see."

I found the courage to look up at him then; I looked at the clear eyes and the upslanted brows, the wide mouth that was unsmiling now—all the things I had reproduced so often in my mind—and I knew suddenly that, once again, he had revealed the truth to me, a truth that instinctively I had sensed, but wouldn't admit until I heard him say the words. There was nothing wrong.



Janet was right for him; they would be very happy.

At last the cocoon fell away, and a feeling rushed in to fill the emptiness. But it wasn't pain. It wasn't misery. It wasn't love for Carl Byrnes. It was friendship, affection,—love of a kind, the same warm kind I felt for Janet, and if there was excitement mixed in with it, I knew now what that excitement really was.

The next day, in my little interlude before dinnertime, I put it all together in my mind. It wasn't Carl I wanted. Carl belonged to Janet, and that was good and right. But I did want what Carl had symbolized, to me. He had excited me because he was apart from the life I was living—or trying to live; he represented adventure, the challenge of the world I had never gone out to meet, the life I had been pretending to myself that I didn't want.

Now I had a name for the formless restlessness that used to creep over me when the Byrnes' car flashed down the street. The details of Tanner House, the lives of the girls—these had filled my time, but they hadn't filled my life. I had felt suspended, as though I were waiting . . . now I knew that I had been waiting. If it had not been for Carl, I might have forgotten that feeling; I would have made more and more details so that my time would be busier than ever, so that gradually I would forget that I had ever wanted anything but the problems of the House, the peacefulness of late afternoons on the front porch, rocking—and yet, underneath, always, I would have been vaguely, wordlessly unhappy. Fretful, irritable—what had Carl said? *Taken it out on the girls*—as I had almost taken it out on Janet, not wanting her to have her happiness because I didn't have mine. It was cowardice that kept me at Tanner House, cowardice that kept me rooted in the path that mother had made for me; I had been afraid to admit to myself that I wanted to try another path, to test myself in another kind of living, because I had been afraid that I wouldn't have the courage to break away. Carl had given me that courage, now. He had shown me that I had to be honest with myself, deeply honest, if ever I were to have a hope of happiness. I must have courage to try for the things I wanted—and if I failed, I failed. At the very least, I would have lived in another place, besides Penbury; I would have met other people, and done other work . . . And at the very most, I might make a life for myself that was truly my own, the one I wanted, not filled with the tag-ends of other people's lives. Find, perhaps, someone to share that life. At the very most, I would be the girl who had looked back at me from the mirror, very different and yet not surprising, as though she were someone I had been waiting for . . .

I would never have believed that it would have been so easy to move out of an old world, into a new. But to the girl I was now, anything was possible. I waited until after the wedding, of course. It was a small, perfect wedding, at the house on Walnut Hill; and afterwards we all went down to the train with Carl and Janet. They were going into a new life and I shared their excitement, because I too was going.

I wrote to an aunt I had never seen. I had never expected to see her, either, because she lived half way across the country, in a city more than five times larger than Penbury. She would be terribly happy to have me, she wrote back. *Come at once and stay as long*



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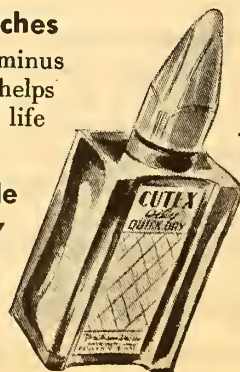
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as you like . . . Maggie Fitts would manage Tanner House. Why not? She could do it as well as I, except, of course, that she wouldn't mother the girls as I had.

"Come back, Jean," they all said wistfully, as one by one they kissed me goodbye when my train pulled into the station.

I smiled as I kissed them back. "You'll all be married and gone by the time I get back. I'll write to all of you!"

Then they were gone and Walter was there, handing me a small florist's box and a handful of magazines, looking down at me. Then he repeated what the girls had said. "Come back, Jean. We'll—I'll still be here."

I reached up and gently kissed his cheek, and shook my head. "No, Walter. Even if I should ever come back to Penbury, it wouldn't be to you. I don't know how else to say it."

"I guess I've known it a long time, anyway." He sighed. "Here, up you go. Don't forget to write."

I looked back at them from my window until they, and the station, and Penbury itself were far behind.

How different the countryside looked from a train window. I had driven often between Penbury and Eustace, but never had it looked like this—open, field beyond field, stretching to the horizon. I had never let my eyes wander to the horizon before; now I was free to watch the far, thin line of meeting earth and sky, free to wonder what beyond-the-horizon would be like.

The train settled into a steady chugging. Walter's flower box was still in my hands; absently I untied the ribbon, lifted out a single orchid—an orchid!

As I pinned it on, a queer sensation traveled over me. It started at the tips of my new slim calfskin shoes, wandered up to the top of my head. Someone—someone across the aisle—was watching me. I knew instantly that it was a man. I don't know how I knew, except that there was a challenge in the air, as though he were silently daring me to look up. I became suddenly conscious of the way my ankles looked, of the fit of the new green wool suit, of the unfamiliar mist of veil that tied the tiptilted little green hat to my head. Slowly, steadily, I finished pinning the orchid to my shoulder. Slowly I raised my head.

In a second's time, I was going to turn, to meet the challenge in the eyes that were watching me.

Romantic Exciting

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and the assistants who help solve  
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### IN LIVING PORTRAITS

in the November issue of

## RADIO ROMANCES

on sale October 17th.



## Whirlpool

(Continued from page 45)

disease, follows the false elation. This was one of the times when he was most unreasonable, when he felt the whole world was against him.

"No one understands me," he complained. Not even you!"

He had accused me of that many times before when he was like this, and I had learned to accept it as a symptom and not be hurt by it. But today, even as I was moved to pity, I felt the goad of guilty knowledge. What he said was untrue, as it had always been—but had he seen my love for another man written on my face?

He looked at me. Perhaps he sensed something different in my voice. "You've changed," he said suddenly. "It's as if—as if you didn't love me any more!"

That, too, could be the morbid imaginings of his overwrought mind. And yet—for one minute, my heart seemed to stop beating. How could I tell him?

That night I wept in Don's arms. "It was so cruel to lie!" I sobbed. "But it would have been far crueler to tell him the truth now. What else could I have done?"

Don held me close. "Yes," he said, "you had to. He must be stronger before we tell him—and then we must tell him together, not you alone."

"BUT how can I go on lying?" I cried. "How can I let him think I love him when I don't—especially when he seems somehow to know it? I'm letting him, making him believe in me—and then I'll have to take the belief away! Oh, darling—what can we do?"

Well, there was one thing we could do. And that night we decided, together, to do it—no matter how difficult or how unhappy it made us. We would stop seeing each other like this until the time came when we could go openly and honestly to Woodie and tell him we loved each other.

"We have to earn our happiness, the right to our future," we told each other. "If it is impossible to tell him the truth now, then we must act as if what he believes is true, until such time as we can tell him."

And so the goodnight we said was more than for tonight. It was for many nights and days to come. But always with hope burning brightly. And I wept when I kissed Don, wept for the parting, but dried those tears with the faith that the parting would be a short one and a right one and, through it, we would have bought the right for our Some Day.

It was when Don was leaving that my doorbell rang. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and for a moment I could only stare at him helplessly while thoughts of disaster flashed through my mind. Maybe something had happened to Woodie—maybe he was worse—maybe there had been another attempt on his own life . . .

It was disaster, all right, but not what I expected. It was Woodie's mother.

"I was just passing," she said, "on my way home from a bridge game, and I saw your light. May I come in, Nancy?"

She was already in. She was looking at Don Colman and then at me, and I saw suspicion and then an evil sort of triumph in her eyes. And I saw, too, the overflowing ashtray by the couch, filled with the stubs of the

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AT ALL  
GROCERS

many cigarettes we had smoked nervously as we talked in our distress. They were proof Don had spent the evening here. And I knew my eyes were red with weeping, that my hair was rumpled, and, most ironic of all, that there was a small smear of lipstick on Don's mouth, left there by my kiss. My goodbye kiss.

Flustered, I performed the introductions. "Mr. Colman is from the agency. He—he was just leaving."

Don held my hand for a moment at the door and said in a hurried undertone, "If you need me, call me, Nancy. This is going to be hard for you. Would you rather I stayed?"

"No, no," I whispered. "It's better if you go." And I pushed him out.

Mrs. Frazier confronted me when I came back to her. "I thought so!" she said vindictively. "Mamie Webster told me she saw you with that man Thursday night at a restaurant, and, besides, I've had my suspicions for some time. I knew I'd find him here tonight. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"YOU'VE got no right to spy on me!" I cried heatedly. "Whose business is it if I have dinner with a friend?"

"Do you call this 'having dinner with a friend'?" Having a man up here alone, kissing him, carrying on with him! While my boy is out there in that dreadful place! Well, I'm going to tell Woodie! I'm going to tell him what's going on behind his back, you—your cheap little hussy!"

It didn't matter what she called me. I hardly heard the sneering, spiteful words. What did matter, what struck terror to my heart, was the threat.

"You can't tell him!" I cried. "Mother Frazier—it will kill him. He'll never be well if you tell him now. And, besides, it isn't true—what you're thinking! You've got to believe me!"

I took a long breath. I had, above all else, to keep control of myself now. Not to lose my temper, not to try to answer her lies—they weren't important. What I had to do was—somehow—keep her from carrying out the threat that would be a mortal wound to Woodie.

"Mrs. Frazier," I said as calmly as I could, "I know you've never liked me. And maybe it's true I haven't been a good wife to your son though, God knows, I've tried to be. But you must not, you cannot, tell him these suspicions of yours now. You will do irreparable harm. Please try to understand me and if I've done wrong, then find it in your heart to forgive me. It's true I love Don Colman. It's true I don't love Woodie. When he's well, we're going to tell him and ask him for a divorce. But he can't be told until he is well. His whole future, his mental health, depends on his believing in me right now. Don't you see!"

Her eyes were completely cold, except for the vindictive fire that lit them. "So it is true! You admit you're carrying on with another man. Woodie's going to know that if it's the last thing I ever do. He's going to know it tomorrow!"

For a moment I felt as if I wanted to strike out—at her, at anything—to find release for the despairing anger that flooded through me. But that would do no good. I had to stop her from venting the jealousy she had always felt for me, on an innocent victim, and ruining not only Woodie's but all our lives. There was only one way.

"Very well," I said. "But not tomorrow. Tonight. You and I are going out



to the hospital and see Dr. Blythe. And if he says you should tell Woodie, then tell him. But first you and I are going to talk to the doctor."

I walked over to the telephone and called the hospital. Late as it was, when I told Dr. Blythe that something had come up I felt was vital to Woodie's well-being, he said instantly, "Come right out."

I saw that Mrs. Frazier did not want to go, that it was not the doctor she wanted to talk with but Woodie. But I gave her no chance to back out.

Dr. Blythe saw me first, leaving Mrs. Frazier in the waiting room outside. I told him the whole story as honestly and frankly as I could. Occasionally he interrupted with questions; when had I met Don, did I see much of him at present, what did we plan to do—things like that. I couldn't tell what he thought.

When I had finished, he sat silent for a moment and then he said: "You are quite right, of course. It is impossible that your husband should be told now, especially in the way his mother would do it. I would not be answerable for his actions or for his ultimate recovery if she did. His whole feeling of security comes from you and his dependence on you."

"But later, Dr. Blythe," I could hardly get the words out. "Later will it be all right to tell him—when he's recovered?"

"We hope for a full recovery. We hope that in the near future Woodie Frazier will be as normal as any man. When that happens—if that happens—then, my dear, telling him is up to you. It will be a blow, of course—it would be to any man. And it will give him pain and upset him. But I think you would be justified because you never should have been allowed to marry him without knowing of his previous illness. Whether you decide to leave him or not depends on where you think your real, your honest, happiness lies. I can't decide that for you. No one can. That is between you and your conscience, as it would be with any woman."

"THANK you for saying that," I said in a low voice. "That's what I think, too. I just had to be sure it wouldn't make him—dangerous to himself again. But I'm afraid of Mrs. Frazier—what she might say or do—"

"You leave Mrs. Frazier," Dr. Blythe said grimly, "to me."

What he said to her I never knew for certain. But whatever it was, it frightened her so that she gave him her promise she would keep silent. I think he must have painted the consequences for her of what would happen to her son if she carried out her threat, in words that even she, in her blind jealousy and over-possessiveness, could not fail to understand. She was very subdued and quiet when she came out, and she dabbed at her eyes once or twice with her handkerchief. Once again, I felt a sorrow and a sympathy for her, and a regret that we two women could not share Woodie's tragedy and strengthen each other in the sharing.

It was very late when I got home but I called Don anyway. I knew he would be worried, and I had to tell him what I had done and what the doctor said.

"You were wonderful, darling," he said, and his voice thrilled me with its pride and love. "All we can do now is hope. And remember this, my sweet—what we feel for each other is real and for forever."

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The tension I lived under during those weeks was terrible. My longing for Don grew so intense it was as if every nerve in my body cried out with it. The only solace I could find was in thinking of our future, planning for it, dreaming of it. Some day this would all be over. We would declare our love. We would be together. And then we would begin to live. All this inner agony of waiting was preparation for that day.

Woodie grew steadily better. I saw the improvement every time I visited him. And I rejoiced—not only for myself but for him. To be free forever of the dreadful blight that had hung over him so long, to be able to take his place with confidence in the world and live as other men—that was what I wanted for him.

I knew Don felt the same way, that he was not selfish in wanting Woodie to be well again. That was one of the wonderful things in our love; without speaking, we knew what the other felt. So, on Mondays, when Don would stroll casually into the office and ask "How was he yesterday?", I would say "Better," and his eyes would light and I knew he was glad in the way I was glad.

"It can't be much longer, then" Don would say, "before he comes home."

It couldn't be much longer, and all my time—my minutes and hours—were measured by that thought. Yet when the day came, it was unexpected. Woodie just opened the door one evening and walked in.

I dropped the plate I was drying, and stared at him. I felt faint.

"I wanted to surprise you," Woodie said and grabbed me in his arms. "Oh, gosh, it's good to be here! Gosh—" He sort of choked up then, and I knew his feeling went too deep for words.

Now is the time to tell him, I thought wildly. Now. Not gradually, but with one clean and final thrust before his happiness becomes too much a part of him. And from somewhere a line of poetry came to my mind. *The kindest use a knife. . . .*

Gently, I pulled out of his arms. "Woodie," I said. "Woodie, I have something—"

"Oh, my darling, my little Nancy—you'll never know how I've waited for this. To come back and find you here as you have always been, to know that, no matter what happened, you were always here—it's all that pulled me through. The treatment wouldn't have worked if I hadn't had you to come back to, to want to live for. I told Dr. Blythe that."

"And he—" I faltered. "What did he say?"

Woodie laughed. "He said he was glad I appreciated my wife, that she was a wonderful person, and that I should remember that all my life, no matter what happened. As if I needed to be told!" He took me in his arms again and I could feel his body trembling.

I stood, unresisting, passive. The life seemed drained out of me and I felt cold as ice. I could see Don's dear face as clearly as if he stood there in the kitchen with us. This was the time to speak . . . this was the time . . . And yet I couldn't. Some force stronger than I, stronger than my love for Don, stilled the words I would have spoken.

Exhausted by the excitement of the day, Woodie went to bed early and fell immediately asleep. I moved quietly around the bedroom, getting ready for the night, and it was as if I were



not myself but another person whose every movement was an effort, whose every gesture brought pain.

I stood by the bed a moment, looking down at Woodie's face in the light of the shaded bedlamp. He looked so young and, in his sleep, so helpless. Like a child worn out and happy from a day's play . . .

I closed the door softly behind me and went into the living-room. I sat there in the dark, hardly moving, until the first light of dawn came against the windows. And when the day came, knowledge came with it.

I knew then that I would never tell him. I knew that there are some things greater than love, even a love like Don's and mine. Responsibility, duty, honor—I couldn't put a name to it. Perhaps what I was acknowledging was made up of all those things and more. I had married Woodie Frazier, for better or worse, in sickness and in health. Ignorant, yes, of his history—but I had married him, believing that my response to the child in him was love. It was that child-like quality that needed me, that had made me think I loved him. Well, that child was still there—in the other room, asleep and helpless. Sometimes sick and sometimes well. But still needing. He hadn't changed. I had.

And I knew what I was doing—not with pride or pity for myself, but with a cold evaluation of the facts. I was giving up the source of any true happiness I would ever know. I was facing a life in which I could be only part myself, deprived of children, deprived of real companionship, deprived of an adult love. Yet it was a sacrifice that must be made without remorse, a just sacrifice.

And when my husband awoke, breakfast was ready and I was waiting.

I cannot bear, even now, to think of the hour I spent with Don Colman the next day, in a secluded booth of a quiet restaurant, facing each other over a lunch that remained untouched. I cannot remember without pain the look on his face when I told him my decision—no, not mine but the decision that had somehow been made for me by forces out of my control—his outburst of disbelief, his accusation of unfairness, and then, slowly, his realization and acceptance. The sharpest memory of all is the way we looked bleakly at one another with eyes that held only misery.

AND out of that bleakness, the way he said, "This is goodbye then, Nancy. I'm going to leave Wilton. I can't stay here any longer."

And then he leaned across and covered both my hands with his. He even managed that slow, sweet smile as he said the words that will always be written on my heart. "If you ever need me, darling, if anything ever happens—I'll always be there, forever."

He got up and left then, without a goodbye. It was better that way. And I watched as he got his hat from the checkroom girl, as he paused for a moment at the door, then straightened his shoulders and went out, not looking back. I watched as long as I could see him, impressing each line of his body, the color of his suit, the angle at which he wore his hat, indelibly upon my memory so that always I could call it up and see him as he was.

Don resigned from the agency that afternoon and left Wilton that night. A few days later came a short note from a distant city, giving his address and wishing me well. That was all.

# Overnight...

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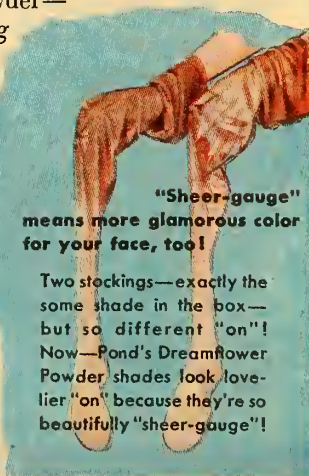
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Two stockings—exactly the same shade in the box—but so different "on"! Now—Pond's Dreamflower Powder shades look lovelier "on" because they're so beautifully "sheer-gauge"!

I remained in my trance-like state. Nothing seemed real or clear, and I only went through the motions of living without knowing exactly what I did. I went to work, I kept house, I talked with Woodie. He, too, seemed unreal. He had a new job now and was doing well at it. The dreaded shadow haunted me, but though I watched him carefully he seemed better than he had ever been—more stable, happier. Once I went out to see Dr. Blythe. I told him I was going to stay with Woodie.

"That was for you to decide, my dear," he said, "and it's not for me to say whether you were wrong or right. But one thing you can always know: your faithfulness and care of your husband during the last two years has played a great part in his recovery. No matter how unhappy you may be, or how unfulfilled, you can always know that."

But knowing didn't seem to mean much at the time. Nothing did. The night that I had made my choice between what I wanted to do and what I must do, had left its mark on me. It had been as if youth ended that night—youth and all its bubbling well-springs of expectancy.

ONCE Woodie said, "What's the matter, Nancy? Lately you seem so absent-minded—as if you were miles away from me."

I roused myself and smiled at him. "Nothing, dear. I'm just tired." But after that I made an effort at least to act as I had before. If Woodie ever suspected the real truth, then my sacrifice would have been in vain. His faith in me must be kept intact, no matter what the cost, for all our sakes.

I tried not to think of Don—it hurt too much. But I dreamed of him constantly, sometimes seeing him clearly and as he was, sometimes in some dim, fantastic guise. Once I dreamed that Don and I were being married in a big, shadowy, cathedral-like place where the only sound was the minister's voice, repeating over and over the words of the ceremony; then suddenly the place grew light and I saw the minister's face, and it was Woodie, smiling and nodding at us. I woke from that dream, weeping. It was so close to what I wanted!

At Christmas, a card came from Don. It was the first I'd heard from him since the note giving his address. There was no message—but I knew what he intended it to say. It told me he was well, it told me that I was still and would always be a part of him. And I knew that even if he met and married someone he could love, as surely some day he would, we would still be an irrevocable part one of the other. Real and for forever, our love would still live, even though denied.

It was right after Christmas that Woodie decided to change jobs again. He wanted to start selling insurance instead of cars. I didn't like the change. He had good arguments for it, as he always did, but I was fearful of what it might signify. Everything he did, I had to question and examine in the light of his past illness, lest it might, somehow, bear in it the seeds of another recurrence. I tried to talk him out of changing, but impatient and impulsive as always, he refused to listen.

"But I'm contented as we are," I told him. "Please, dear—"

"You deserve the best and you're going to have it. Everything bigger and better—that's what I want for you!"

And that was the frame of mind in



which he left that morning—excited, stimulated by new dreams of new worlds to conquer, always looking for the fresher, greener pasture.

It was about eleven o'clock that the boss came to my desk. I sensed something even before I looked up and saw his face.

"I've got bad news for you, Nancy," he said in a low voice. "It's Woodie—he's been hurt—badly, I'm afraid."

I gave a sort of gasping sob. No words would come. "I'll take you to the hospital," Mr. Brody went on. And feeling unable to move, I still found I was moving, supported by his arm, hurrying out to the car at the curb, trying to listen to what he said as we started toward the hospital. "He was struck by a car, Nancy. It wasn't the driver's fault—Woodie was crossing against the lights and he—well, he was in too much of a hurry. He was—over-excited, according to the people who saw it happen. You know what I mean?"

Yes, numbly, I knew. I knew too well. When Woodie was in that mood, nothing could stop him from going where he wanted except—except—

"Will he—live?"

"I don't know, Nancy. I don't know. He's in the operating room now—they'll do all they can." He reached out and patted my hand. "It seems as if, in a way, something like this was bound to happen to Woodie. Being the way he was—"

Being the way he was, perhaps it was inevitable. I don't know. Perhaps the way a person is, does determine in some measure the things that happen to him. All I know is that I sat there in the hospital room beside that bandaged figure and thought, "No one is to blame. This just happened."

Some day, perhaps, when doctors know more about these things than they do now, we'll be able to say, instead of "This just happened", "This happened because of such and such . . ." "the way to cure it absolutely and forever is so and so . . ." Then there will be no more fearing, groping in the dark for people like Woodie and those who love them. But for me, waiting there beside Woodie, there was no such comfort. I could only feel that whatever could be done for him had been done, and now there was nothing to do but wait. If he recovered from his injuries, I would still be there, waiting to take care of him; I knew that for certain now. And if he didn't recover . . . that was a thought I would not admit into my mind. I could only wait.

ONCE he opened his eyes and smiled at me. I put my hand in his and he murmured, "Darling—I'm glad you're here."

Half an hour later, with my hand still in his, Woodie died.

Tomorrow I am leaving Wilton for good. There is nothing for me here now. There has never been anything for me here—except the deep lessons I have learned, and maybe they are the most important things of all.

I know that Woodie died believing in my love, and that my lie was justified. I know that as far as I was able, I never let him down. And I know that whatever lies ahead now, I can be unafraid to meet it because Don and I, together, proved that love is more than that feeling—no matter how all-encompassing—between one man and one woman. Love can build but not destroy. And our love built a refuge for Woodie where he was safe until he died.



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# Enchanted

Continued from page 25

people who work in the daytime like to be able to come in the evening. That Mr. James, for instance. He buys horsemeat for his Paddy, the Irish terrier, but he never gets home until after seven. My being open at night is convenient for him. And for people like Mrs. Finnelly, who—"

He looked at me, and shook his head in mock dismay. "Oh, Penny, there you go again!"

I felt my eyes go wide with amazement. "There I go again doing what, for goodness sake?"

"Talking yourself into something. You do it all the time—no, listen to me, Penny. I mean it. You do it all the time—you talk all around in circles making excuses for yourself. Now look here—don't be angry!"

"I'm not angry." The words sounded like stones being dropped from a great height.

"Then prove it, and prove that all your talk is just talk, by going out to dinner and to the movies with me tonight. This is Friday, so they've got shrimp at Mercy's Grill, and the new Gary Cooper picture is playing at the Rialto. How about it?"

To go out—a date! A date! Suddenly I was appalled. Why, I hadn't even thought of such a thing. Ken had worked too hard, when he was home, for us to make many friends, and after he was gone, I didn't want to see people, or talk to them. Having Phil Reeves drop in all the time was strange enough, but to go out on a date with him—!

"Or, if that sounds too tame, we might go dancing at the Hilton," he was continuing. "They say that the new orchestra there is swell, and we—"

"Oh, no!" I cried. "Oh, no, Phil—Phil, I've told you that my husband—" I stopped, amazed that he could even ask me to go dancing.

"Penny!" There was amusement and exasperation in his voice. "Penny, you're impossible. I'm no wolf—you sound as if I'd asked you to do something downright disgraceful. Lord, child, you can't stay shut up here for the rest of your life, you know. I may be a doctor for animals, but I know a lot about humans, too, and I know you're going to be a wreck if you don't talk to someone besides Cassy. Let's just say I prescribe an evening out for you—we'll go to the movies, if the idea of dancing is so dreadful. How about it?"

Looking at it in the abstract, it sounded wonderful. If I were just a girl, if I'd never been married, if I hadn't known Ken, it would have sounded like a perfect evening, in perfect company. But to go to Mercy's Grill, where Ken and I had had dinner so often! To dance with someone who wasn't Ken, to feel arms about me that weren't the arms of my love—oh, no, I couldn't do it!

"I can't," I repeated dully. "I can't. It's awfully nice of you to worry about me, Phil, but really—"

But he wouldn't give up and in the end, I went—Phil was very persuasive. And I had a wonderful time. There were whole periods of time, whole seconds, minutes, hours, when the weight lifted from my aching heart, when I forgot that sadness was my companion, sorrow my bedfellow. My voice fell easily back into the pattern of laughter, my feet found easily the pattern

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I lay awake a long time that night, thinking. I wasn't blaming myself for having had a good time—thank heaven, I wasn't so foolish as to believe that it was wrong for me to have a good time, or that having enjoyed myself was something to be ashamed of. It was simply that I couldn't understand *why* I had enjoyed myself. How could I have fun with another man? Why would being out with anyone but Ken be fun? How could I do, with this comparative stranger, the things, so dear to me, that I had done with Ken, and enjoy them, instead of having them bring home my loss more desperately to me?

**PHIL** took his vacation the next week, and went home to see his mother and father. And I missed him—there was no hiding that fact from myself. I hadn't realized, until he was gone, how he had lightened the dull routine of the days—indeed, I hadn't realized how dull the routine of the days had been before he came along. The lone company of Cassy, I found, was not enough—oh, not nearly enough. Even the occasional visits of Myra and Smooch, on their way to some important dog-and-child business of their own, didn't help much.

*You're an awful fool, Penny, I told myself. Phil's just a friend—why on earth shouldn't you have friends? It's not good for you to sit alone and mope; certainly you can't do it for the rest of your life. The world has to be faced, not hidden from—the sooner you learn to face it, stand up to it, the better. It isn't as if Phil were a beau or a suitor—that would be dreadful, hateful! But he's just a friend, a companion—and what's wrong with that?*

There was nothing wrong with it, I finally convinced myself, and there was no disguising the fact that I was glad to see Phil when he finally came back. It was dinner time, and I was feeding

## ANSWERS TO RADIO-I-Q:

1. a) Lianel Barrymore  
b) Brian Aherne  
c) Herbert Marshall  
d) Raland Young  
e) Basil Rathbone
2. American Broadcasting Company
3. a) ... Evelyn Winters  
b) ... Family  
c) ... Marries
4. Perry Cama
5. La Verne, Maxene & Patty
6. a) Inventar  
b) Dactar  
c) Actress
7. a) FBI In Peace and War  
b) This Is Your FBI
8. Ja Lyons
9. a) True  
b) True  
c) False  
d) True
10. a) Bob Hawk  
b) Ralph Edwards  
c) Clifan Fadimon
11. a) Raymand Swing  
b) Walter Winchell  
c) Paul Schubert  
d) Lawell Thamas
12. Dan McNeill
13. Jahn Chorles Thamos
14. Homer Brawn



the animals, when he came. And it seemed natural and simple and right for him to come in with a brief hello, take off his coat, and begin to help me—hampered somewhat by the leaping Cassy, who was frantic with joy at seeing him again.

"Miss me?" he asked, as he scooped down into the big bag of dog food. And then, without giving me a chance to answer, "Well, Cassy did anyway, didn't you, old girl? What are you going to mix this stuff with, Penny—water?"

I shook my head. "No, broth. There's a big pot of it on the kitchen stove—want to get it for me?"

He went out, and in a moment he was back, the big kettle held with two pot holders. "This is a really swell arrangement, Penny," he said, as he poured broth over the dry meal. "The shop, I mean—your living quarters upstairs, the shop here, and that huge back yard. That could be fixed up with some really good runs, and you could accommodate a lot more dogs to board. I wish I had a place like it," he added, and I heard his voice going on about his plans for a new and larger hospital-kennel, but I didn't hear the words. *It could be fixed up*—that was what Ken and I had said so often, so enthusiastically, to each other. The plans—the beautiful, happy, wonderful plans—for a future that never came! I leaned against the wall, suddenly sick, and closed my eyes.

I heard Phil drop the big wooden spoon, stride across the room to me. "Penny—is anything the matter?"

**S**HAKING my head, I tried to smile at him. "No, nothing—nothing's wrong." But even in my own ears the words sounded false, hopeless, defeated, just as I felt myself.

I felt his hand, gently under my chin, tilting my head up. "Open your eyes, Penny—Penny, open your eyes, because it's not nice to sneak up on a girl and kiss her when she isn't looking. And I'm going to kiss—"

My eyes flew open, my hands instinctively flew up to fend him off. "No, Phillip, no . . . no . . ." But perhaps I didn't even say the words aloud.

And I learned, then, that just as your voice never forgets the ways of laughter, your feet the pattern of dancing, just so do your lips, once they have known the joy of a lover's kiss, never forget the kissing. . . . It was long and deep, that kiss, like cool water after a great thirst, like bread after a terrible hunger—and strangely, incredibly sweet. Strangely, because I forgot for a moment the identity of the kisser. It wasn't that I tried to pretend that once again, for a brief, unbelievable moment, I was back in Ken's arms. But I didn't, either, think of Phillip's lips on mine. It was simply that I was being kissed, sweetly, satisfyingly, and that, for a moment, was enough, and I felt my own welcoming lips responding.

But the moment was fleeting, the sweetness quickly bitter. My hands, stopped in mid-gesture a minute before, found his shoulders to push him away. "Phillip—oh, Phil—!"

He tried to make me laugh. "Penny, you're an enchanted lady, a sleeping beauty, sound asleep behind a wall too high for me to climb. I thought a kiss might waken you, might unlock the gate."

I shook my head. "Phil—you'll have to understand. Never, never, can you and I—can we—have anything like that. I told you about my husband, and how we loved this place, and what

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we wanted to do with it. I haven't told you how I loved Ken, because that's simply something I can't talk about. There are no words for it. I thought—"

"Penny, I didn't mean to—"

But I hurried on, silencing him. "No, listen to me. I thought for a while, Phil, when I first knew you, that knowing you was going to ease my loneliness. But it hasn't. It's simply intensified it. And I can't bear it any longer. It's not your fault—it's simply that you're too much like Ken, in what you do and in what you want out of life. And I can't stand to have Ken brought home to me like this. So please, Phil—please go away, and don't come back again!"

"But Penny—"

Tears were running down my cheeks. "Please, Phil—oh, please!"

He nodded. "I'll go now, Penny. I frightened you. I didn't mean to, and I'm sorry. But—I can't stay away. I think you know that."

I had myself under control a little better now—enough so that I could say, calmly, "You'll have to, Phil. I don't want it any other way," and to sound convincing, as if I really meant it.

When he was gone, the tears came again, and I felt helpless and sick, because I didn't know from what cause they sprang. My mind was a twisting torrent of thoughts—little, unconnected snatches of thought that had no beginning and no end, and no meaning.

Quickly, blindly, I fed the animals, and, although it was only seven, I closed the shop. Taking Cassy with me, I climbed the stairs to the loneliness that always awaited me there—and which seemed, tonight, blacker, more terrifying, than ever.

**I**T WAS shame I felt, I knew now. Not because another man had kissed me—I hadn't invited that kiss. But because it had answered a need in me, because that kiss had been so wonderful a thing. What kind of woman was I? Was I so lonely, so locked away from the world that I was hungry for kisses simply for the sake of being kissed—any man's kisses, any man's lips where only Ken's belonged? My love for Ken hadn't lessened one whit—then why, why, did Phil's kiss make me feel, for just a moment, as if I were right with the world once more? I didn't love Phil—then how could his mouth on mine bring out in me all the response, the warm, lovely feeling, that a lover's kiss brings?

And once again there came to my mind that cry to which never again would there be any answer—*Ken, what shall I do—what shall I do?*

And, at last, the answer came. At least, it was like an answer, remembering what Ken had said to me, that last day at the railroad station, before he went away. He'd said, tipping my chin up so that I had to look at him, had to let him see what must have been in my eyes, "Don't be sad, sweetheart—be happy, always be happy! My girl couldn't be anything but a happy girl."

And I had answered, "Darling, ask me anything but that. I'll be brave, I'll be good—but don't ask me to be happy until you're safely back to me! I can't be!"

He had been silent a moment after that, and then he had grinned at me. "Don't ever say *can't*, sweetheart—anything in the world you've got to do, you *can* do, if you really set your mind to it. But honey—well, all I can say is this: if you can't be happy, do the best you can! And now, smile

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at me!" And I had been able to smile.

Do the best you can. . . Had I done that? Was I doing it now? No, of course I wasn't, I told myself honestly. Somehow it all became suddenly clear to me. I'd been acting like a child, instead of a grown woman—the woman Ken had loved, the wife he'd trusted to do the best she could, to find a way out of anything. And I wasn't finding a way out of my misery at Ken's loss—I was nursing it, forever finding fuel for the flame of loneliness, drifting along, taking suffering as part of my daily lot. Ken wouldn't have liked that.

But what could I do? Everything here—the shop, the animals, the house—everything reminded me of Ken, and our plans, and all the things that would never be. With these things to remind me, how could I break out of that wall Phil had spoken of, how could I stop being a cold, enchanted lady, and come alive again?

The answer was that I couldn't—not here. Never could I find happiness, or anything resembling happiness, never could I find contentment, even, or peace, alone here. In this place where our dreams had lived and died, there were meant to be two of us. And now that the other of the two of us was gone, I must go, too. I must go away from the animals, from the shop. I saw that clearly. I must find an entirely new way of life for myself—that way, and only that way, would I be doing the best I could.

And so I went to bed, and to sleep, sure that the new peace and contentment I had promised myself, in the name of Ken, had come to me even with the making of the decision.

I went about my work the next morning in a kind of trance, doing mechanically the things I had to do, but with my mind far away in the future, making new plans—a whole new set of plans for myself, to replace the ones that had been taken from me. I'd get myself a job, I decided, in some big store or factory, where there were lots of people to see and to talk to. And in a big city, where I had never been, where Ken had never been, where there would be nothing to remind me of him. I'd make friends, a whole new set of them. There must be thousands of girls like me, I told myself, who'd lost their husbands, and were adrift and lonely—perhaps I could find one of them for a friend, and we could take an apartment together. Anyway,

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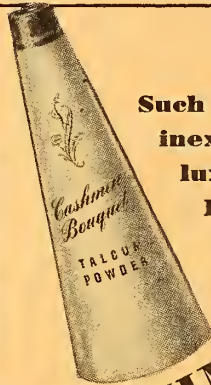


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there'd be people to talk to, to go to the movies with, to walk with in the park on Sundays, to . . .

Suddenly I put down the carton of bird seed with which I'd been filling feed dishes. Phil—I'd better call him right now, and offer him the shop. He'd surely want to buy, he—he'd said only yesterday that it was just the sort of place he wanted. And I'd better call him right away—*right away!*

I didn't question the urgency which propelled me to the phone. Of course, it couldn't be that I was afraid that if I didn't call him now, I wouldn't call at all. It couldn't be that—I'd made my plans, and they were right for me, weren't they?

But my hand shook, as I dialed the number, so that I had to steady my elbow on the counter.

He answered the phone at once, and without any preliminaries I told him what was in my mind.

"Phillip, this is Penny. I've decided to sell the shop, and I wondered if you wanted to buy it. You said last night—"

He interrupted swiftly. "Penny! What was that?"

"I said I was going to sell the shop, and—"

"I know, I heard you. But I thought I hadn't heard right." He was silent for a moment. "Penny, are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure!"

"You're not just—just talking yourself into something again? It's so sudden."

"NO," I heard myself saying curtly, "I've been called out of town. I've got to sell the place at once." It was a feeble excuse, and my tone must have hurt him, but it brought the right answer.

"Sorry," he said. "Yes, surely I want to buy the place, and I'm sure we'll have no trouble about price, Penny. Suppose I come and talk to you about it tomorrow morning—I'm busy the rest of today. When do you want to leave?"

"As soon as I can." The words sounded terribly like a cry of pain, and I repeated them, trying to make my voice sound normal. "As soon as I can."

"All right then—I'll be around tomorrow morning. If you want to leave, I can take over at once, and just put a caretaker in for a week or so, until I'm able to move."

"See you tomorrow," I said, "and thanks so much, Phil." But the phone was already dead. How strange and short he had sounded—not like Phil at all! Well—that didn't matter. Phil didn't matter, nor the shop nor the animals nor all of Blair's Ridge, any more. I was going away—I was going to do the best I could to find happiness.

I worked furiously the rest of the day, getting the place cleaned up, the books in order. So furiously that I didn't have time to think. And that was a good thing, because whenever a stray thought did come into my mind, it was always, *I'm doing this for the last time, for the last time!*

By evening the whole place, upstairs and down, was spotless and shining, and my plans were more definite. I wouldn't take anything with me, I'd decided, except my clothes. And I'd go to Chicago—five hundred miles away, and surely a big enough city in which to lose my memories. I'd go tomorrow, simply take a train and go! And when I got there, I'd find myself a job and a room and—and another life. . . .

I was too tired to eat, but I made myself a cup of coffee and fed Cassy,

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the privileged one among the animals, out in the kitchen. And as I sat at the porcelain table, drinking the coffee and nibbling at a sweet roll I didn't want, I thought, *This is the last time I'll do this—the last time I'll drink a cup of coffee because I can't bear to get a meal in this kitchen when there's no one to share it with me. The last time . . .*

I fed the animals, then, and on impulse decided to close the shop early and go upstairs and pack. Something kept telling me to have everything ready, so that there would be no last minute decision, so that I could simply pick up my bags, and go to the station and buy a ticket.

It was after ten by the time I was through, and I was tired—tired enough, I knew gratefully, so that I could sleep. I was about to get undressed when I thought of the downstairs door—had I locked it? I'd better go and see.

I felt my way down the stairs in the dark—it was better not to turn the lights on and disturb the animals, once they'd been bedded down for the night. Cassy pattered down fussily beside me, her toenails clicking on the treads making the only sound.

The door, as I might have known it would be, was locked, and I turned to go back. But at the foot of the stairs I stopped, strangely reluctant. Inquiringly, Cassy thrust her cold, wet muzzle into my hand.

"Cassy," I said, "tomorrow we'll go—" And then I stopped. *Cassy!* I hadn't really thought about her. I hadn't stopped to realize that I simply couldn't pick Cassy up and take her along, as I could the two bags which were packed and waiting upstairs.

"Why, Cassy," I said gently. "*Why, Cassy!*" And I sank down on the little stool I used when cleaning the lower cages. Cassy, with a little sigh of pleasure that I'd finally sat down somewhere, hopped up and curled herself into a neat ball on my lap, and began industriously to wash my hands.

"Daffy Cassy," I said automatically, and as automatically began to scratch her behind the ears. This was a regular evening ritual. *Daffy little Cassy . . .* that was what Ken had called her. Daffy little Cassy, and her terrible pre-occupation with cleaning everyone up!

Why, I couldn't take her with me, I couldn't possibly. Into a strange place, to a YWCA, or a rooming house, where, in all probability, they wouldn't take dogs. To a city, where she'd have no backyard to run in, where, even if I did find a place that would accept her, she'd have to be alone all day. And yet how could I leave her behind? She wouldn't understand—she'd think I didn't love her any more. And anyway, how could I ever get along without her? She was my constant companion, my best friend. She was a part of my heart, a part of my life, just as the shop was, and the animals, and the house.

Just as the shop was, and the animals, and the house. . . . Suddenly, unbidden, tears began to roll down my cheeks, to drop on Cassy's anxious, up-turned face. Hastily she transferred her attention from my hand to my cheeks, trying frantically to kiss away the tears as they fell. And then I began to cry in real earnest, burying my face against her furry little head.

"Oh, Cassy," I cried. "Cassy—what am I doing? What have I done?"

She snuggled close to me, trying to tell me in her own way that whatever I did was right, simply because I did it. Dear little Cassy—how could I leave

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"If only I had known how easily I could become slender," says Mrs. Lois Clarke, "and what fun it would be, I could have saved myself years of unhappiness. I read again and again about women who had taken the DuBarry Success Course, but I felt that somehow they must be different. So I went on—tired, irritable, overweight. Self-conscious about my looks, I dropped out of the Parent-Teachers Association and the Red Cross—just stayed home.

"At last, finding myself so out of proportion that I had to buy matronly dresses in size 42, I desperately decided to do something. That was when my mother, worried about my health, gave me the DuBarry Success Course. With her encouragement and my husband's tongue-in-cheek approval, I sailed in—went through the Course twice. Results: Down from 181 pounds to 128. Down from size 42 to size 14. That "middle-aged look" is gone. My skin is fine and clear, and my hair, once so stringy, is now truly lovely. As for the Success Course, I want to say that Ann Delafield should have an extra-special star in her crown for bringing health and beauty to so many women."



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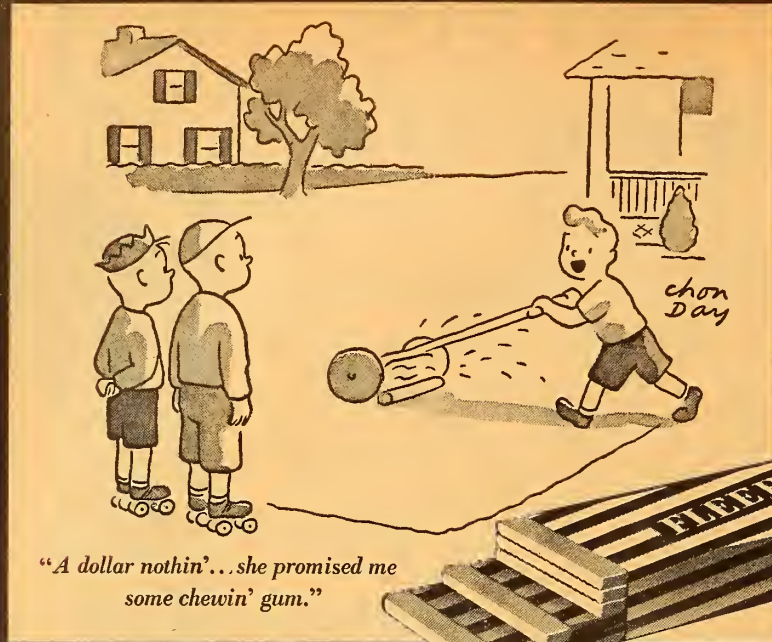
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her, how could I? Cassy, who had comforted me as best she could all the long months while Ken was gone, who had sat close to me and tried to kiss away the tears in those dreadful hours after the telegram came that told me Ken was gone forever.

I was horribly frightened, and I felt more alone in that moment than ever before. This place was my life—perhaps only half a life, now that Ken was gone, but better than no life at all. How did I know that I would be better off if I went away? How could I be sure that it was best to go? How could I pull myself up by the roots—

Suddenly I sat up abruptly, and dried my eyes. This was silly. Of course it was the best thing. I'd be lonely, I'd be homesick—that was only natural. But the loneliness and the homesickness would pass, and I would find happiness. Of course I was going, just as I had planned. I wouldn't let anything stop me. . . .

We sat for a long time, there in the shop, Cassy and I—somehow I couldn't bear to make her get off my lap. I had to sit, this one last time, and make her realize how fond I was of her—leave her enough love to last her until I could find a way to send for her.

Suddenly Cassy growled low in her throat, and I looked up sharply. There, silhouetted against the door, in the light from the corner streetlamp, was the figure of a man. As I watched, he backed up and looked up at the windows on the second floor of the house, then turned to the door again, and shading his eyes with his cupped hand, tried to peer in through the glass panel.

Cassy recognized him then—Phil. She got off my lap and rushed to the door with yelps of delight at having

company, obviously urging me to open the door.

I crossed the shop and slid back the bolt. "Phil?" I said. "Come in."

He stepped into the gloom of the shop, and shut the door behind him. "I thought I'd stop and talk to you tonight, but I'd just about decided you'd gone to bed, or gone out, or something. . . ." He sounded hesitant.

"No. I was just sitting here. I was very tired—I've been cleaning and fixing the place up all day." There was a curious constraint between us, and suddenly I remembered that the last time I had seen him—was it only yesterday?—he had held me in his arms, had kissed me . . . perhaps he was remembering that, too.

"Well," he said at last, breaking the uncomfortable silence, "What about it? We might as well get this settled, Penny—I suppose you'd like to get away tomorrow, if you can."

Unaccountably, my heart began to thump painfully; the pulse pounded so hard in my throat that it was difficult to force the words past, and they came out in a whisper. "Yes—yes, I want to get away."

"Well, then," he said, "This is what I had in mind. I thought that if it's agreeable with you, I'd make a down payment—"

But I didn't hear the rest. For, all of a sudden, the complete realization came to me. I was going away. This was home, and I was leaving it. This was where happiness had been. This was Ken's place, where his dreams were born, and I was turning my back on it. I was selling it, and it was like selling him. . . .

"I've changed my mind," I heard myself say abruptly. "I've changed my



mind. I'm not going away. I don't want to sell."

Phil moved closer to me. For a moment I thought he was smiling, and then I saw that it must have been only a trick of the shadows, for his face was grave now. "You can't do that, Penny. You can't change your mind. You offered to sell; I said I would buy. You made a bargain—you'll have to stick to it. I want the place, and I mean to have it. You'll have to stick to your bargain!"

I felt myself growing slowly cold, as if the temperature in the shop had taken a swift drop. Why—why, how could he? How could he say things like that to me? This wasn't like Phil at all. . . .

He was very close to me in the darkness now. And I began to remember his closeness of yesterday—how his arms had felt about me, how his lips had found mine, and we had tasted, together, a brief, stolen glory. I hated the remembering, as I had hated it last night. It was cheap, and shameful, enjoying so much the kiss of a man who meant nothing to you, I reminded myself. But I couldn't cleanse my heart or my mind of the memory.

"And there is something else," he was saying—very softly, so that I had to listen carefully to catch the words. "There's something else—I want to add another condition to our bargain."

But I didn't want to listen. And suddenly I knew, with a great wave of shame and fear, what I was doing. I was pressing close to him—unconsciously, I was lifting my lips to him, in invitation. Swiftly I pulled back—but it was too late. His lips were answering the question of mine. I was in his arms once more.

Just this once more, I kept thinking foolishly, over and over to myself.

Just this one more kiss, just this. . . . Very gently he released me. "I did that," I cried, and my voice sounded harsh in the soft, dark silence. "I made you kiss me—oh, why—why, Phil—?"

"Because," he said, as if this were the simple answer to everything, "you love me. And I love you."

"Oh, no—no, no!" Everything in me rose up to deny it. It couldn't be—I couldn't love him. Why, I loved. . . Ken.

"That," he said, "was the condition I wanted to add to our bargain, Penny sweetheart. I want to buy the place—but only on condition that you'll stay here, where you belong, and help me—that you'll marry me."

"Ken!" There, I'd said aloud the name that was beating like a pulse in my mind.

HE PUT his arm around me, steady-ing me against him. "Are you wondering what Ken would say, Penny? I think I know. No—don't interrupt me. Let me tell you. I think Ken would say, 'Be happy, Penny!' I think he'd remind you that this place was meant to be a hospital for the animals that you and he loved. I think he'd remind you of all your plans, and show you that this was a way of making them come true. A second-best way, Penny—I know that that's what it may seem to you. But I think I can make it the best way for you, my dearest—the best, safest, happiest way. I want to try, because I love you so much."

Be happy, Penny. Do the best you can. . . .

"I don't think it will be a second-best happiness, Penny," Phil's voice

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**CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"**

went on. "It will be another kind, that's all. There are all kinds of happinesses in the world, dearest, and when you lose one, when one kind is gone past all redeeming, then you find yourself another kind. I want to be a second life for you, dearest—another happiness."

"I was afraid," I cried, and the very sound of the word brought the memory of that fear welling back. "I was afraid, and so mixed up. At first, I knew I had to sell the place, to go away—I had to. And then Cassy—Cassy made me know that I couldn't do it. And between having to do something, and knowing that I couldn't. . . ."

His hands on my shoulders were the very essence of gentleness and strength. His voice—oh, you couldn't help but believe, as the very core of truth, anything he said to you! *This, I remember thinking, is why animals trust him so. Animals, who can't reason, but only trust by instinct. I tried to reason, but my instinct told me to trust him, even when my mind said I must surely thrust him aside.*

His voice—the voice you couldn't help but believe, because what he said was the truth—went on:

"You haven't been running away from me, and from the shop, because both reminded you of Ken, Penny. It was because you were falling in love with me, and you felt it was wrong. Believe me, I know. But dear, it's not wrong—it's right. You weren't meant to be lonely, and afraid. You were meant to live. It isn't that you've lost your love for Ken, or betrayed him. Your love for him will always be there, and I'll always know it, and respect it. It's simply that you've found another love, to make you whole once more."

I didn't answer. I didn't need to. Somehow I knew that he would feel, with me, the inner peace, the resolving of all fears, that had come into my heart. I didn't need to do anything at all, except to turn, once again, my lips up to his—that was answer enough, in itself.

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## Red Letter Day

Continued from page 30

Little things you never thought would be associated with the girl you love keep jumping up to hurt you. And the feeling of hopelessness is most intense as you near her house, knowing she's in there.

Mrs. Landry was the one who broke the news to me.

"Plenty of excitement on this street yesterday, Bob. Never saw Sunset Drive so unhappy. That little dog of the Welch girl . . . ran out of the house right in front of a car. Killed. The girl must have loved him, Bob."

My emotions were mixed as I plied Mrs. Landry for more information. It must have happened when I was down with the boat, it must have happened right after lunch time. I guess Mrs. Landry must have wondered why I was so very interested in the event; and, to tell the truth, I was surprised at my own reactions for that little dog had never been friendly to me. Yet I felt sorry for Susan, terribly sorry. I knew how she loved that dog.

When I came abreast of the Welch house there was no sign of anybody. For a moment I felt like ringing the bell, telling Susan how sorry I was about her loss; but I went on. Several times I looked back over my shoulder, but I didn't see the one I longed to see. At the end of the street I stopped and considered the whole matter. What if Susan didn't care about me the way I loved her. What of it! No reason why I couldn't go in to say hello and tell her I was sorry about her little dog, Tiny. I went back and rang the door bell.

NOW I have had surprises in my life, but when Susan's father came to the door I got the real big shock. For a moment I didn't know what to say to him, but he took care of that.

"Come in, Bob. You are Bob Jones, aren't you?" He was a big man with grey hair. He had a cane and he pointed toward a seat for me with it. "Susan's upstairs," he said, nodding gravely toward the ceiling. "Poor girl's all broken up about that little fellow of a dog."

"That's why I dropped in, Mr. Welch," I said. "Just wanted to tell her I was sorry."

I suppose it was our voices Susan heard. In a few minutes she was at the top of the stairs, looking down. She came down and sat alongside me on the sofa.

"I guess I'm pretty silly, Bob," she said, "feeling this way about a dog. But anybody who's had one for five years knows how you feel when you lose him."

I started to say something sympathetic but her father interrupted.

"Now, Sue, I said we could get another dog. No sense talking about Tiny any more. Let's talk about you, Bob. I understand you like sailing."

Well, you could have knocked me down with a feather!

"Sue told me about it, Bob. I think it's a wonderful sport. I used to sail a great deal when I was a young fellow. A long time ago, Bob." (He winked good-naturedly when he said that).

My eyes shifted from his face to Susan's and I saw the little blush begin to bloom. There was a faint trace of a smile on her lips, but she was holding herself back. I was sure of it!

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"I just mentioned it to Dad, Bob," she said. "You don't mind, do you?"

Then her father cut in again and said:

"Why don't you take Sue out in your boat some time, Bob? I think she'd like it." He got up from the chair he was sitting in and walked over to a table to get some tobacco for his pipe. I felt like shaking his hand, pounding him on the back joyously for saying that; and I probably would have done so if he was not an invalid.

"I think it's a swell idea, Mr. Welch. And I'll ask her right now. Susan, will you come out in my boat next Sunday?"

Sue started to protest that she had to stay with her father but he protested he could take very good care of himself; and when he stated that he'd feel much better about everything if Sue accepted my invitation that was the clincher to the argument. Sue gave in, smilingly.

"All right, Bob. It sounds like fun."

I can remember walking out of the Welch house in a happy daze, and although Mr. Welch's methods were admittedly a bit embarrassing I had to concede I liked them. And as I walked over my mail route that day my heart was singing a happy tune.

I knew I had only half won the fight, but I was in deep enough then to want to see things through to a finish. Win, lose or draw, I decided, would be the only way to satisfy my yearnings for Susan; and I knew there could be no draw. Well, win or lose, then, I'd settle the soldier matter next Sunday.

The happiest Sunday in my life brought sunshine, a good enough breeze to push a little boat like mine, and the most wonderful girl in the world at my side. Susan looked like a beautiful picture. The white sailor hat crowned her golden-red hair, the pretty blouse was never modeled more attractively, the dungarees she wore added a cuteness I wouldn't trade for all the money in the world. And my pride was at the bursting point when another boat passed ours and two fellows looked at Susan. They should have known their voices would carry over water.

\*\*\*\*\*

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\*\*\*\*\*



"Look at the fancy dish, Bill," one said.

"That's strictly um-yum," his friend replied.

Sue and I pretended we didn't hear them; I busied myself at the tiller, and she fussed with the lunch basket. We headed for Bellows Island.

I wanted Sue to see the island because it is one of the loveliest spots in the world. Long ago an Indian Village must have flourished there, for you can find arrowheads and other souvenirs of the red man; and there was a decided naturalness about the little strip of land that made it very romantic. We beached the boat and found a little cove where we built a fire.

The incidents of the morning were a string of priceless events that drew Susan and me closer together all the time. We fished for a while, then relaxed on the sand and talked about the way we'd like the world to be. She told me about her father's successes and I told her about my Uncle Charlie who owned a hotel upstate. We agreed that her father should meet Uncle Charlie sometime.

IT WAS a little sad for me when I saw the sun heading toward the west. It meant the end of something I couldn't bear to lose, so when Susan said she was concerned about her father I decided it was time to speak my mind. I took her hand in mine and said:

"I like you, Sue. Maybe it's more than liking. But before I say more than I should you'd better tell me about Jim Brooks."

I thought for a moment she'd take her hand away, and that moment of hesitation before she spoke seemed eternal.

"I'll let you in on a little secret, Bob," she said. "I don't love Jim Brooks."

That simple statement seemed as revolutionary as anything I'd ever heard, and yet it was something I felt was true when she let me hold her hand.

"Then why all the letters from him?" I demanded. "Gosh, Sue, a girl doesn't write to a fellow, and get as many letters as that. . . ."

"I'll let you in on another little secret, Bob," she said, and this time she was smiling. "I've never even seen Jim Brooks."

"You mean . . ."  
"I started corresponding with Jim through my cousin. He's in the same outfit overseas and he told Jim about me, I guess. It's the patriotic thing to do, write letters. I'll let you see the ones I get from Jim, he's quite amusing."

"But, Sue . . ."  
"Oh, Bob. I guess I did sort of feel romantic once or twice when I wrote to Jim. But he straightened me out. He's got a girl back home, and he didn't waste any time telling me about her. There was no harm in my dreaming, and it was just a dream—until . . ."

"Until what, Sue?"

"Until Tiny bit you."  
You don't know quite what to say when a girl tells you that. You don't know whether you should make some wise crack, just laugh, say something serious, or just put your arm around her and kiss her. There are all those possibilities, and others besides. I guess it depends on the girl.

I put my arm around her and kissed her.



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# Princess Pat

## Part of Me

Continued from page 21

stood up to leave. No one was to blame; it was the way things happened. You couldn't even blame Myra. With her dark hair and clear pallor, she had been beautiful—she still was, as far as that went—and Charles had adored her. You couldn't have expected him to notice the scrawny, snub-nosed child who lived next door. But if he had noticed me, I thought fiercely, defiantly—if he had waited for me—oh, I would have known how to make him happy! I would have known how to rear his son, his more-than-only-one son!

Myra did not. I knew that now, and should have known it sooner. I should have known it two years ago, on the afternoon I had squirmed in embarrassment because Myra was forcing Bob to play the piano for company. He had behaved very badly. He'd hung back, scowling, muttering, "I do' want to," until Myra, her voice stern, had said, "Bob, get up on that stool and play this instant!" And then, still scowling, he had not so much played the piano as attacked it. I had put his resentment down to shyness, nothing more; I hadn't realized that music was a bondage his mother was putting upon him, and that he hated it.

Since then, I had heard him often enough, practicing in the house next door—and still I hadn't had penetration enough to see what was going on directly under my nose. I had only thought, casually, that he played very poorly, and improved not at all as time went on.

THE music was only part of the whole thing, naturally, but it was the key to everything else. I remembered other things: Myra punishing Bob because he'd got dirt on his clean suit; Myra shuddering in fastidious disgust over the dogs and cats and lizards and birds Bob would collect and try to care for, even though each time she made him give them up; Myra constantly worrying because his school grades were low; Myra forbidding him to play with certain boys and insisting that he play with others; Myra—always and forever, Myra trying in all futility to mold Bob into the pattern she had conceived for him in her mind, the pattern of a man who had died before Bob was born.

If Charles had been able to be with Bob throughout these last three years, I told myself, things might have been different. He might have found ways of neutralizing Myra's misguided influence. But the war had taken Charles, and used him, and only as recently as two months ago had it let him go again.

I came down the tree-lined street to my own home, the comfortable, rather ugly frame house where I'd been born and where I lived now with my mother. The air was filled with the smell of burning leaves, and the dahlia bushes in our front yard were rusty and bedraggled. Any day now we could expect the first snow of the season. Well, it was a good time to dig the dahlia bulbs up and put them away for the winter; a little physical work would be good for me in my present mood. It might keep me from thinking.

I changed from my tailored grey suit into a sweater and slacks and went out again, armed with pruning shears and digging tools. There were elements

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of the school board who took a disapproving attitude toward slacks for teachers, but I wasn't an old maid yet, I had decided defiantly. I would wear them around my own home if I pleased. At least—there was a little vanity here—I had the figure for them. And if the school board thought that a good figure and a reasonably pretty face were liabilities, the children didn't. Becoming clothes, a judicious use of make-up, a new hair-do occasionally—children noticed them all, I was convinced, and liked the teacher who wore them the better for it.

The early dusk fell while I was still busy with the dahlias, and a band of light fell across me from the living room of the house next door—Charles' house. It showed me to Charles himself as he came down the street.

"Hi, Fran," he said, stopping just outside the hedge. "Aren't you picking a funny time to start gardening?"

"Hi." I sat back on my heels, smiling up at him. As always, the sight of his long ranginess filled me with a bitter-sweet happiness—as always, through long practice, I showed nothing of what I felt. "It's these bulbs—I don't want them to freeze in the ground."

"If you'd waited until tomorrow afternoon, I'd have helped you."

"I know. That's why I did it today. I don't want you to spoil me."

**B**UT that wasn't the reason. I could meet him like this, for a few minutes, and keep up my pose of casual friendship, but an afternoon of working by his side, listening to his deep voice, watching the movements of his hands—no, I couldn't trust myself over any long period of time. Inevitably, the moment would have come when love looked out of my eyes.

It was all the same as it had been before he went into the Army. I'd thought that three years of not seeing him, three years when all my anxiety for his safety had had to be stifled and hidden, would give me a new strength, so that on his return I could easily treat him merely as an old friend. Foolish hope! In the first moment of meeting him after his discharge I had known how foolish it was; I had had to hold my arms at my sides with a muscular effort to keep them from reaching out toward him.

He stepped back from the hedge. "Well," he said, "you know if you ever do need help around the house—you or your mother—just yell and Bob or I will come to the rescue." I thought he was going on then, and he did move a foot or so, but he hesitated. "By the way," he asked abruptly, "speaking of Bob—how's he getting along in school?"

What I did then was done entirely on impulse. I could never have planned it, I would have been afraid. But he was offering me a chance to confide in him—and after all, he was Bob's father, it was his right to be consulted. I said quietly:

"Not very well, Charles. I've had to keep him in quite often—I had to keep him in today, in fact."

"Yes," Charles said. "I know. Not about today, of course, but—" He turned back to the hedge, and I stood up and went to him. All at once, the atmosphere between us had changed. He had lowered his voice, and in lowering it he had brought us together. It was as simple as that.

"What's the matter with him, Fran?" he asked. "Have you any idea? He's not stupid or lazy—I'm sure of that."

"So am I," I told him.



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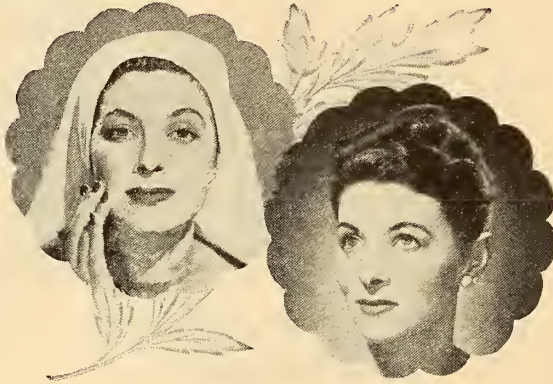


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"I don't know," he went on, and although I couldn't see his face I knew he was frowning. "it's seemed to me since I got back that he isn't—well, he isn't happy." He ended almost on a questioning note, as if he doubted his own suspicion, or at least wanted to doubt it.

I couldn't reassure him, couldn't laugh off his suggestion. But I couldn't tell him it was the truth, either, because then I would have had to tell him why it was true—and that would have meant criticizing Myra. I temporized. "What could he be unhappy about?" I asked.

"I can't imagine, unless—" He broke off. "He was glad to see me come home. I could tell that. But though I've tried, I've never been able to—get close to him. I haven't had much time, of course—I've been loaded down with work." He gestured at the brief case he held under one arm, and added, "Luckily, considering the state of the family finances."

I FELT a warm thrill of happiness at having him admit me into his confidence—although I already knew, naturally, that his three years in the service had been difficult ones for Myra, as far as money went. He'd had a good law practice, the best in town, but he had given it up completely, and now he was making a new start.

"If you'd like me to, Charles," I said, "I'll see what I can do. We had a little talk this afternoon, perhaps I can get his confidence. Probably," I said with false cheerfulness, "it's nothing very important, after all."

"Would you do that, Fran?" The quick hope in his voice, the trust, flattered and at the same time humbled me. "I'd be—I'd be more grateful than I can say. Bob means a lot to me—and somehow I feel as if I were failing him."

"No!" I said, sharply. "You mustn't, Charles—it's not your fault—" I stopped in confusion, realizing all that my sudden, unthinking words implied. Now he would ask me to explain, would demand to know whose fault, then, it was. And I—how would I answer him?

Instead, after a little silence, he said wearily, "Well—do anything you can," and turned abruptly and went on his way.

I stood where I was, my heart hammering. He hadn't asked me to explain—because he knew! He knew as well as I, though he would not admit it to me. Perhaps he would not admit it even to himself. But he knew that if Bob was unhappy, the reason was Myra's insistence upon trying to make him into something he was not and could never be.

I had always loved Charles. Now to that love was added pity—pity for a man caught between loyalty to his son and loyalty to his wife. For he could not help one without hurting the other.

But I was bound by no such double loyalty.

The next morning—Saturday—as soon as Mother and I had finished breakfast, I went through the gate in the picket fence which divided our yard from Charles' and knocked on Myra's back door. She opened it at once and stood there, smiling in the way she had—as if smiling were a social courtesy that must be paid, not an expression of her real feelings. Tall and pale, her black hair piled high on her head, even in a cotton house-dress she had a queenly quality, remote and faintly tragic.

"Good morning, Myra," I said cheer-

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fully. "Is Bob around? I need his help."

"Why—yes, of course. Come in." She held the door open for me. "He's upstairs, dressing—he has a piano lesson this morning, you know."

**I** NODDED. "I wanted to catch him before he left." I sat down at the table in Myra's gleaming, immaculate breakfast nook, and for a few minutes we talked commonplaces—which, as a matter of fact, were all Myra and I had ever talked. It's difficult to explain my feelings toward Myra. They were simply negative. I was not jealous of her, I did not dislike her. She had some fine qualities—she had made a beautiful home for Charles, she had excellent taste, she was kind, according to her conception of kindness. But—she was Myra, who had laughed from her heart for the last time on the day she and Blair Kinkaid came flying down Pine Hill. Except for her beauty, I couldn't see that she had a single qualification for making a man like Charles happy. But I admitted to myself that I was prejudiced.

There was a scuffling sound in the hall, and Bob appeared, a music roll under his arm. "All right, Mom, I'm—" He caught sight of me and stopped, his mouth open.

"Hello, Bob," I said. "I came over because I want you to do me a favor. If I meet you after your lesson, will you drive out to the country with me and help me buy a dog?"

I felt, rather than saw, Myra's involuntary movement beside me. I was watching Bob. There was a flicker of interest, even excitement, in his eyes, but all the same he was cautious, suspecting a trap. "Sure, I guess so," he

said, casually, "if you want me along."

"I do, very much. I've decided I need a dog, but I don't know what kind to get, and I wouldn't know a good one from a bad."

"Well, I don't know so very much about 'em myself," Bob said, thawing enough to be judicial. "O' course, you don't want to get a real thoroughbred anyway, I guess. You—"

"Bob," Myra interrupted. "It's nearly time for your lesson. You and Miss Wilson can discuss the kind of dog you're going to buy later."

"Yes, you run along now," I told him. "And I'll pick you up in the car at—what time is your lesson finished?"

"Eleven."

"A few minutes after eleven, then, wherever you say."

He told me where to meet him, and left. Perhaps it was my imagination, but it seemed to me he was already walking more briskly, more purposefully. "I hope you don't mind," I said to Myra, "but I remembered how he loves animals, and I thought he'd enjoy it."

Myra lifted her shoulders in a shrug. "If you really *want* a dog—I warn you, though—the one time I let Bob have one, he almost drove me frantic."

"I'll take my chances," I laughed. I didn't think it necessary to tell her that Mother, when I told her my plans, had had practically the same reaction.

Behind the wheel of the cheap little coupe I'd bought before the war, I was waiting for Bob when he arrived at the street corner near his piano teacher's house—and from the start I was able to create a holiday mood. I suppose I was aided by Bob's own feeling of relief at having the hated lesson safely behind him. We plunged into a

spirited discussion of the various breeds of dogs—I had never realized there were so many, and it worried me to find that Bob's preference leaned strongly toward a Great Dane—which lasted until we'd reached the kennels in the country. Fortunately, they had no Great Danes there, but it seemed to me they had every other kind. Bob immediately went into a kind of dreamy transport of delight, moving from kennel to kennel, while I tagged along behind him. My head was beginning to ache from the barking, but I told myself that simply proved I was a spinster and a school teacher. And a dozen headaches would not have been too much to pay for the privilege of watching Bob with the dog we finally selected.

**T**HE man said he was an Irish terrier, but he looked more like an animated doormat. His legs were twice as long and big as they should have been, and they were always betraying him into toppling forward on his face. He had no dignity, but he had something better—love for all the world.

Bob held him on his lap all the way home. His hands, when he touched the dog's wire-rough coat, were gentle and sensitive, and his sullenness had vanished into a glow of delight. We talked about names, and I suggested all the dull standbys, Duke and Brownie and Sandy and Rex. But it was Bob who christened him.

"Let's call him Shaymus," he said, and I repeated in puzzlement, "Shaymus?"

"Yes," Bob said, and kindly explained. "It's spelled S-e-a-m-a-s. He was an Irish king, I think. Anyway, it's an Irish name, and this is an Irish

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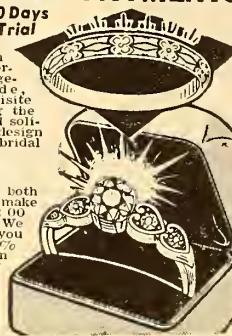
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terrier. Of course, maybe you don't—"Why, that's perfect, Bob!" I enthused. "I never would have thought of it. How did you know about it?" "Oh—read it somewhere, I guess," he murmured sheepishly. All the same, he was pleased. I told him I wanted him to help me train and raise Seamas; I asked his advice about letting him sleep in my garage, and was relieved when he said he didn't think it would be too cold, and that he'd fix a kennel there. "And I'll teach him a lot of things," he promised seriously. "You'll have a good dog here, Miss Wilson—and you need one, too. Everybody—" a little wistfully—"everybody needs a good watchdog."  
 We were late getting home for lunch, and Myra whisked him inside as soon as we appeared. He was back within half an hour, though, and we spent the afternoon knocking together a dog-house out of odds and ends of lumber. Bob was clever with his hands, as long as they did not have to operate on the keys of a piano.

It was the beginning, the beginning of something very happy. Bob, as I'd foreseen, could not separate Miss Wilson, the teacher, from the Miss Wilson who owned Seamas. He always came over the first thing in the morning, before school, to feed Seamus and play with him for a few minutes; and although he didn't walk to school with me—that would never have done!—there was a special feeling between us in class, a friendly carry-over from the accumulated hours we spent together with the dog.

And he told me things—how, when he got into high school, he wanted to learn about plants and animals, a science whose name he didn't even know was biology until I told him; how once, four years ago, he and his father had gone on a fishing trip, just the two of them. ("Maybe we'll go again, next summer, if Dad isn't still too busy then.") Little things, revealing things—revelatory not so much in what he said as in what he left unsaid. For he never mentioned his mother, except to say, "I guess I better go now. Mom said to be sure to come in by six o'clock."

His school work—and more important, his attitude in school—were both better now, and I didn't have to keep him in again. It was understood that he would do his afternoon's practicing on the piano as soon as he got home, then come into my back yard to play with Seamas. Once in a while, on afternoons when his mother was out, he was already with the dog when I got home. I knew, then, that he hadn't practiced, but I said nothing. Perhaps it was wrong of me; perhaps I should have sent him in—but I didn't have the heart.

Once — one never-to-be-forgotten Saturday afternoon when the sun glinted on new snow—Charles came home early, and he joined us, and while Seamas frisked about hysterically we made a really majestic snow man, complete with coat and battered felt hat, with a pipe rakishly atilt in his mouth. I saw then that Charles had not forgotten how to play, because his laughter rang on the cold air, and the years fell away from him until his red cheeks and sparkling eyes made him again into the boy I'd fallen in love with so long ago.

But suddenly Myra had come back from her shopping trip downtown, and was standing on her side of the gate



between the two back yards, watching us. "Why didn't you let me know you'd be home early, Charles?" she asked. "I'd have stayed in." Because it was her duty, she seemed to imply, because a good wife was always home to greet her husband.

"Didn't know I could make it until the last minute," Charles said. "What do you think of our snow man, Myra?" Gaily, he struck a pose, his arm around the snow man's lumpy waist, one leg crossed over the other.

Myra's eyes traveled over each of us—from Charles to me, and I was suddenly conscious of my disheveled hair and red nose; to Bob, who was molding a snowball in his two hands. "Very nice," she said, but both her voice and her smile came from far away. "Bob, you're not wearing your heavy gloves. You'll chap your hands."

Bob, his head bent, let the snowball drop; it fell with a faint, muffled thud. And all the zest went out of Charles' face. "It's getting late," he said heavily. "Maybe we'd better go in." He turned away from the snow man—which, all at once, seemed childish, crude, silly.

A sense of tragedy stole over me, and pity for them all—yes, for Myra too! Here in the familiar back yard, amid the lengthening violet shadows of the day, I began to see how completely empty Myra had made Bob's life, and Charles', and her own. The beauty that had first captivated Charles—it wasn't enough now, it needed love to make it glow and live. She did what she thought was right, no doubt; indeed, I was sure of it. But her guide was a dead love, dead and long buried.

THEY were leaving me now—Bob, going through the gate, following his mother into the house, and Charles. But Charles turned back, lingering a moment.

"I wanted to tell you, Frankie—" My heart leaped, it was so long since he'd given my name its foolish diminutive. "You've done a lot for Bob, you and—" he glanced down at Seamas, who sat in the snow, his head cocked quizzically, looking up at us—"you and the dog. But mostly you, I think."

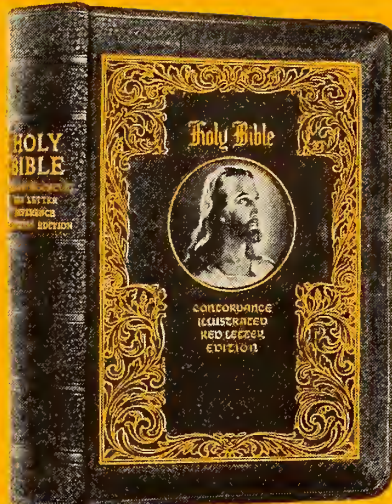
"I'm glad," I said softly. "I wanted to, very much. He's worth helping." And so are you, my eyes said. So are you, my darling.

"I—" But he stopped and shook his head. There was nothing more he could say, really, without criticizing Myra. I understood that, yet I almost cried out, begging him to speak. Anything, so long as it brought us close, so long as it tightened the spell of intimacy between us. Words came battering against my locked lips: "You don't love her! You've stopped loving her—I don't know when or why, but that doesn't matter. Tell me you don't love her—tell me you love me!" But not one of those words could be uttered.

And after all, there was no need for either of us to speak. For suddenly it was all there—in the silence that lengthened between us, in the fury of his eyes, in the baffled gesture he made, stretching out his hand to me and then dropping it quickly to his side. All my life changed and shifted in that moment, however long it lasted. I no longer loved blindly, in the dark, because he had come to meet me with his love. We both knew.

Wild joy seized me. There would be time later for hopelessness, for realization that it was as futile for Charles to love me as it had always been futile for me to love him. Now there was

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only joy, crowding out everything else.

He saw that joy. He made a sound, deep in his throat—almost an angry sound—and tore himself away from the spot in the snow where he had seemed rooted. I saw his back, the broad shoulders, the narrow hips, going away from me. And a movement above his head drew my eyes on and up, so that I saw the curtain in Myra's kitchen window swaying back from where it had been twitched aside. So I knew that Myra had seen us there, tranced in silence—had seen and, perhaps, understood.

*Exultantly, Frances and Charles bring into the light their love for one another. But against their small measure of joy are weighed two questions: has Myra seen? And . . . what now? The absorbing answers will be found in the November RADIO ROMANCES, on sale on Wednesday, October 17.*

## Other People's Houses

Continued from page 43

areas, because workers couldn't find living space unless they paid fabulous prices? Back in the beginning of the war, this did a great deal to discourage workers from moving to areas where their manpower was needed. And it was found that the morale of workers already living in crowded areas was not very good, because they were always afraid they'd be put out of their homes so that they could be rented for more money to newcomers.

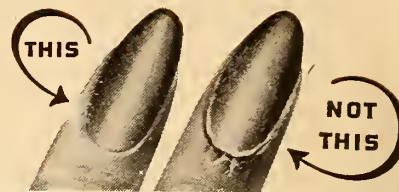
The first thing OPA does in setting up a rent-control system is set a Maximum Rent Date. That date has to be a time when rents were governed by normal bargaining and not by unusual and inflationary demands for housing in the particular area. In most areas the Maximum Rent Date is March 1, 1942, and the regulation says that rents may not be more than they were on that date and services to the tenant may not be less.

There are two main kinds of rent regulations. One is the Housing Regulation, which deals with homes and apartments. The other is Hotel Regulation.

Landlords are required to register all quarters for which rent is collected. This applies also to tenants who sublet to other tenants. Ordinarily, tenants are supposed to know what the rents were on the Maximum Rent Date. Still—except in New York City—the landlord is supposed to show tenants a copy of the registration statement with the maximum rent on it. Tenants should always insist on this. If they are new tenants in a home or apartment, they must be shown the maximum rent on a *Change of Tenancy* form. New tenants are required to sign this form, which is then filed with the Area Rent Office of the OPA.

In hotels, rooming houses and tourist courts, the maximum rate must be posted in each room. Any tenant who has doubts about the rate can verify it with the OPA. As a further protection, every tenant is entitled to a receipt for what he pays—and he need not pay unless such a receipt for the amount in full is forthcoming.

If people find they have been overcharged—or even if they suspect it—they should notify the Area Rent Office immediately. That way they'll get



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all the information they need to help them recover the overcharge, or to start suit for damages in a local court.

Most landlords have tried to meet the requirements of rent regulation. This honest majority has to be protected and encouraged. So it is very important that the few who violate the rent regulations be brought into line. OPA can't do this alone. It needs the cooperation of every citizen.

We should all keep in mind the provisions for punishing landlords who don't obey the law. Criminal penalties go as high as a year in prison, or \$5,000 fine, or both. If a tenant doesn't sue within thirty days of filing a complaint and the complaint is justified, the OPA may start suit for damages. When damage cases are settled by OPA, the overcharge will be paid back to the tenant, if possible, and the balance will go into the U. S. Treasury. If the case is decided by a court judgment, all the damages are paid to the Treasury. And the amount of damages against a landlord can go all the way from a minimum of \$25 up to three times the amount of the overcharges to each tenant.

**SETTING** a Maximum Rent Date is a pretty practical way of finding a rent ceiling. It isn't always perfect, of course. That's why there are provisions in the law for making adjustments in rents. These work both ways. For instance, if a landlord has added an extra bathroom to a house, the Area Rent Director may decide he's entitled to get more rent—and how much more. Or, if a tenant can prove that the owner isn't paying the light and fuel bills to the same extent that he did when the ceilings were set, he may get a reduction in rent. But a landlord can't claim more rent because he's made a few minor repairs, nor can a tenant get a reduction because the windows haven't been washed. Any readjustments in rents must be checked with the Area Rent Director.

Now we come to the main purpose of rent control. It is to do away with the danger of American families being put out of their homes because of rent competition. As an over-all thing, OPA Rent Control is a protection against evictions, except in those cases where perfectly legitimate grounds for eviction exist. In other words, a family can't be evicted simply because a landlord can get more money for a house or apartment from someone else.

And this is something I feel must be understood by everyone. Laws about eviction are different in different states. This may be one reason why people don't always understand OPA regulations regarding evictions. There are still too many people who think they have to move out of their homes simply because the landlord says so. There are still too many people who think they have to move because their lease expires.

Perhaps the thing that bothers me most is that there are still too many people who can be scared into moving by any legal-looking document that's handed to them. I get angry every time I think of how unscrupulous landlords terrorize unsuspecting tenants by waving pieces of paper at them, papers full of legal wordage without one bit of real authority to back them up. Like Dorothy's mother, for instance, being frightened by an OPA form, which is not a dispossession notice, but simply a form a landlord has to fill out and file with the OPA when he intends to ask a tenant to move. People must know

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and remember that in most states they cannot be evicted without a final court order.

Whenever there is any question about rent control or evictions, it is a good idea to consult the Area Rent Director. This is especially necessary in cases of eviction, because each case has to be studied as a separate problem. As there always have been, there are still a number of just reasons for evictions.

For instance, take veterans returning from the services. They may have rented their homes to tenants while they were away and, naturally, want to move back into them, now. Within the law, they have a perfect right to ask their tenants to move. On the other hand, it's a very different proposition for people who buy houses today and try to put out the present tenants to make room for themselves. There are restrictions against that.

It's reasonable, though, not to expect OPA to do anything about helping tenants who are far behind in their rents, or "committing a nuisance." Nor can OPA help people who are using a house for illegal or immoral purposes. These reasons for eviction were all in force before the Rent Control Act was passed and there were no valid arguments for changing them. The only thing OPA can do in these cases and in cases where a landlord wants to tear down a building or make big repairs which can't be done with the tenants on the premises, is to make sure that the reasons for eviction given by the landlord really do exist.

IT IS important to remember that OPA does not order evictions. OPA restrains evictions, except for specified reasons and even then proper notices have to be given to the tenant and the OPA. A tenant cannot be removed because he has refused to pay more than the legal rent, nor because his lease has expired—unless he refuses to sign a new lease at no more than the legal rent for a period of no more than one year.

Like all the different classifications that come under OPA regulation, rent control is a strong weapon against inflation. By this time, all of us know how important it is to fight inflation anywhere. None of us—not if we have any sense—wants a short boom period, when we can all feel and act like millionaires, if it will be followed by a period of depression when we'll all be faced by breadlines and unemployment and fear.

Certain things make sense to me. If rent ceilings keep real estate values from rocketing by the artificial jockeying of rents, I can see how that will protect home owners' property values. I can even see a little way ahead and wonder why we shouldn't be considering some such anti-inflationary controls for the future, too. We've all benefited by these controls during the war. We've all been able to get our fair share of food and clothing. We've all been able to relax about having a roof over our heads without it costing us twice or three times as much as we can afford—which was the situation that existed before the Rent Control Act was passed. I can't help wondering why we shouldn't think along this line of a fair share of everything for everybody after the war, too.

But that's a question that lies in the future. Our democracy has always met the needs of the times before. If we are alert, we can make sure that it will do so again.

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## "I Had the Ring"

Continued from page 47

Ma," Elizabeth's father answered, "we're not trying to sell him the piano."

After that, everything was all right. Except that there was no time in my schedule for getting married.

I suppose people have managed to get married who got off work at eleven at night and had to report back at eight the next morning, but Elizabeth and I are both romanticists and we wanted more of a wedding than that. We waited, none too patiently, for a break in the Schedule.

It came at last. My boss, the chief announcer, left for a vacation—leaving me in charge of all schedules at the station. I proceeded to clear a Saturday morning for myself, and Elizabeth and I packed our bags.

We left St. Louis an hour before midnight on Friday, and in an hour we were in another—and older—world, in the little village of St. Genevieve, on the banks of the Mississippi. St. Genevieve, unchanged since the French came upriver to settle there in the early seventeenth hundreds, still has its thatched roof houses, some of them built as early as 1740, and a picturesque old Inn of the same period—lantern lit and charming, where I planned to take my bride.

The Mayor of St. Genevieve, Henri Petrequin, also, happily, a judge, was an old friend of mine, having come to St. Louis to broadcast on the occasion of the town's bicentennial.

**HE WAS** waiting up to marry us, and so were his wife and mother who were our witnesses. Mme. Petrequin had baked a magnificent wedding cake and Henri opened a bottle of old French wine to toast the bride once the simple ceremony was over.

It was a lovely wedding. Elizabeth and I were gay and relaxed for we were rich with time—I didn't have to be back at KMOX until five the next afternoon!

We laughed and sang as we drove leisurely back up the river on Saturday, and we opened yet another bottle of old wine with our early supper for which we stopped at a quaint tea shoppe on the way. I remember the menu well—creamed chicken and waffles, served in antique milk glass egg dishes. I remember—because every year on October 6, which is our anniversary, we eat creamed chicken and waffles from antique milk glass egg dishes. And drink a toast in cold white wine.

We didn't have time for a real honeymoon until June, 1943! Then we had ten wonderful days in Estes Park, Colorado—but we could scarcely call that a honeymoon for by that time our son, Anthony Dawson Miller, was three years old. (Anthony was named for my first big time radio role—the title role in *The Affairs of Anthony*.)

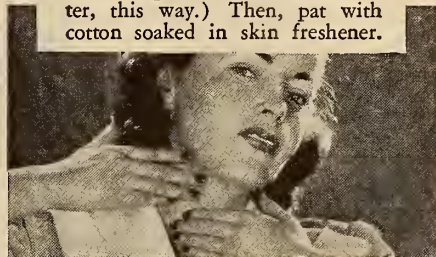
We had moved from St. Louis to Chicago in 1939—in search of time, as much as opportunity. But in Chicago I managed to get even busier. Instead of thirty shows a week, I found myself appearing on forty-five. Variety called me Chicago's "one man radio industry" . . . but the look which grew in Elizabeth's eyes told me that it would take more than one man like me to make a single satisfactory husband.

She urged me more than once to run away, to play hookey for awhile—but I was afraid of alienating my

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Next, apply rich lubricating cream. Start from upper chest; work with both hands. Circle gently upward along throat. Make an upward half-circle around back of neck.



For firming exercise, bend head forward, relaxed; roll to right, back; left, back to front. Repeat, circling left to right. Leave cream on half-an-hour (overnight, for dry skin). Remove with Sitroux Tissue, using upward strokes. Absorbent Sitroux removes cream thoroughly; fine for hankies, too.



\* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

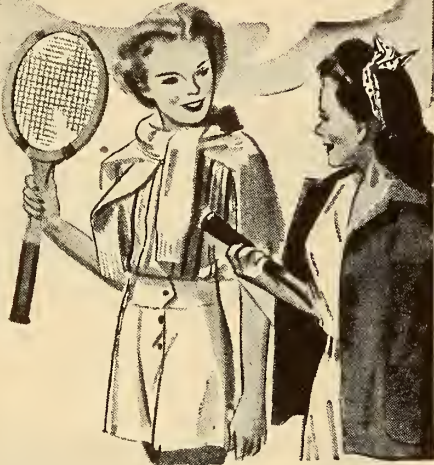
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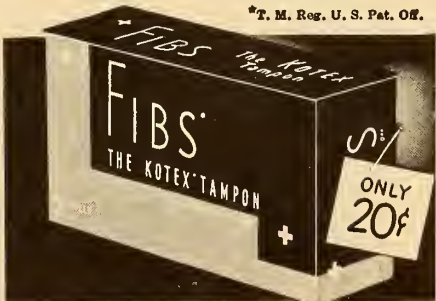
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\*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



clients. Finally she put it to me firmly. If she wangled a vacation for me, would I take it? I agreed, but I didn't think she could swing it. I didn't know Elizabeth, I guess—or at least I didn't know how desperate she was for a holiday. In two days she had cleared me with all my sponsors—for ten days!

We went deep, deep into the moun-  
tains, and left only a General Delivery  
address. At Elizabeth's suggestion we  
checked for mail only on the way home.  
There, waiting for me, was a week old  
telegram telling me to return at once—I  
had been signed for a new show. It  
was too late to worry.

Ten days away from the mike gave  
me a chance to get re-acquainted with  
my wife, but I returned to find that  
I also was a stranger to my son.

When Anthony prefaced a question  
one day with "Mr. Walker—I mean  
Daddy . . ." I had had enough.

Mr. Walker was manager of our  
apartment house. If Tony knew him  
better than he knew his own father,  
I realized it was time for a change.

Elizabeth and I discussed the new  
move over dinner at the Beachcombers,  
our favorite Chicago night spot. (Our  
favorite, probably, because dinner was  
just as good there at midnight as at  
seven.) Should it be Hollywood? Or  
New York?

It was Tony who decided, although  
he wasn't present in person to debate  
the question. In Chicago, he had had  
recurrent attacks of asthma. In New  
York, although life would be very ex-  
citing for us grown-ups, Tony would  
have to fight the same climate prob-  
lems. But in Hollywood there was sun.

So we came west. I brought my  
favorite radio job with me, The Cor-  
onet Storyteller, and once on the west  
coast, I acquired a few more—notably  
the announcer's spot on the Andrews  
Sisters' Melody Ranch, and on the Billie  
Burke show. I also have had an un-  
expected chance to act in the movies  
—in "Johnny Angel", "Night in Par-  
adise", and currently in the role of a  
blind pianist in "Deadline at Dawn".

It is wonderful, out here in the West.  
In Hollywood it isn't fashionable—even  
if it were possible in the semi-tropics  
—to work eighteen hours a day, so I  
am actually getting to know my family.  
Even Tony considers me a permanent  
member of his inner circle—and that  
is fame enough for me.

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## A Love Like This

Continued from page 37

tightened around me; his look made my heart skip a beat. "The same thing. Three years—and thirty years from now."

We were so sure then, both of us—and yet, a few months later we were living apart, separated by John's dream of the future, the dream that had been my dream, too, until it became a reality too soon.

He had told me about his farm on the very first night he'd met me, at a picnic given by the Young People's League. There was folk dancing at the pavilion in the evening, and when I first saw John, I thought how nice looking he was, and I wondered why he was sitting on the sidelines with the older people, not dancing. Then, when I'd flung myself into a chair after a fast Schottische, and he got up and crossed the floor toward me, I saw that he couldn't dance. He limped noticeably, so that there was a pitch in his gait and one shoulder was carried down and forward. "What a pity," I thought—and then he was standing before me, smiling, and it wasn't a pity, after all; the limp didn't matter in the least.

"I watched you Schottische," he said. "You'll want to rest after that dance. Why don't you sit the next one out with me?"

"I'd love to." I meant it sincerely. My heart was beating unaccountably fast, and even then it seemed as if John had come to me, not just across a dance floor, but across all the years of our lives.

WE SAT through not one dance but several, and when other boys came up to me, I refused them, grudging even that little time my attention was diverted from John. He seemed pleased that I chose to remain with him, but once he said encouragingly, "I wish you'd dance, if you want to. I'll enjoy just watching you. I used to dance a lot myself—before I got smashed up in an auto accident."

I didn't quite know how to reply. At my look he added quickly, "I'm glad of it—and that isn't a defensive attitude on my part. I honestly think it was the best thing that could have happened to me. I wasn't a wild kid exactly, but I did like excitement. I liked chasing around to a half-dozen places in one evening; I liked cars and crowds and a change of scene every five minutes. I'd had and quit a dozen part-time jobs before I got through high school. I think now that if it hadn't been for the accident, I'd have been one of those fellows who never want to settle down until it's too late. But a few months in a wheel chair changed all that. I was left to myself a lot then, and I had plenty of time to think about what I was going to do with my life. That was when I began to think about my farm."

"Your farm—?"

His smile was half sheepish, like that of a small boy caught day-dreaming. "Not mine, really—the farm I'm going to have some day. I used to spend the summers on my uncle's farm—and I got to thinking about it when I was in the hospital, and to realizing that those summers were the times I'd worked hardest and been most happy. There's always growth and change on a farm, always enough uncertainty and trouble to keep you jumping. The war came along just when I'd got on my

## AM I GLAD

I found out about this

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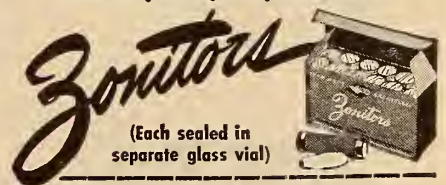
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—AND McKESSON MAKES IT

feet again, and since I couldn't fight, I did the next best thing and took a job in a munitions factory. I worked at night and went to agricultural school in the daytime, until I was transferred here last month, to the branch factory. I admit that I didn't like it here at first. I've a better job, but we're making soap instead of ammunition, and I had to give up my school. Now— and his dark, direct look set up a tumultuous response within me—"I'm convinced that there are compensations."

Then I told him about myself. There wasn't much to tell, except that I was Betsey Winters, and that I lived in Saybury all my life, and that the last six of my twenty-four years had been spent helping Mother to run the little bakery she'd started when my father died. There wasn't much to tell—except that tonight I'd met a boy called John Patten, and because I'd met him life was suddenly far more wonderful and exciting than it had ever been before.

**WE WERE** married a month later. It was as inevitable as spring's turning into summer, as natural as the way I'd come to accept his physical disability, to fit my steps to his uneven ones, to sense when he was tired. He took me out the next night and every night after the picnic; he came to the house whenever he had a free hour during the day, until Mother said that I had better marry him to get him out from under foot. And when John said, "Get me out from under foot, eh? Well, I like that!" she answered calmly, "I don't see why you shouldn't like it. It's a compliment. I'm tired of working. I'd have quit long ago and gone to live with my sister in Florida, except that I didn't want to take Betsey away from her friends here. Now I think I can safely leave her in your hands."

I didn't think that Mother was wholly serious about going away, but she meant it. She stayed in Saybury just long enough to see us married, and then she packed her bags and went to Florida, leaving her share of the bakery to me as a wedding present. John moved into our house, and I engaged a widow, a Mrs. Evenson, who was to come in days and help me with the baking. John wasn't entirely pleased with the arrangement. "We ought to have a place of our own," he said. "Even if it has to be small."

"But this house is our own," I insisted. "Mother gave it to us, and you know yourself that she said I'd earned a good share of it. And besides, there isn't a vacant place in town, except perhaps a furnished room."

John smiled ruefully, as if he hadn't quite understood him, but he dropped that part of the discussion. After all, there wasn't really any other place for us, and it did seem foolish to rent a room when we owned a house. "Still," he insisted, "I don't want you to work, except to keep house for me. I'd like to feel that I'm taking care of you."

And at that I laughed and rubbed my cheek against his. "But you are taking care of me—didn't Mother say that she was leaving me in your hands? And it isn't as if I were going out to work, dear, instead of doing everything right here in the house. Why, I wouldn't know what to do with myself with you gone all day, if I didn't work . . . and then, the more money we make, the more we can save for the farm."

That settled it. John pulled me to him and kissed me hard, and said in a half-choked voice, "Oh, sweet—sweet-heart—" as if he were pleased beyond



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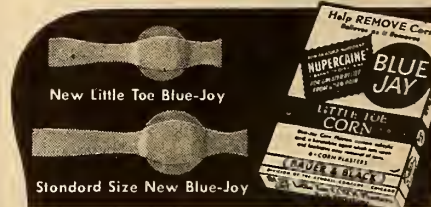
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words, grateful beyond words for having found me, and I clung to him, thrilled as always at his nearness, at being close to him.

Close to him—I know now how far apart we really were, and I wonder that we could have misunderstood each other so completely for as long as we did. You see, when John spoke of buying the farm some day, I took "some day" to be far in the future—ten years, fifteen years—a kind of place to retire to, as Mother had retired to Florida. When he brought home books on agriculture, when he turned the dial of the radio to farm programs, I listened to his comments about them with interest; I cut clippings, saved any bits of information I came across if they had anything to do with farming. But my interest was that of a woman who indulges her husband's hobby. When we used precious gasoline to drive in the country on Sunday afternoons, I admired the big barns and the trim white houses, but I looked at them as a bride in modest circumstances looks at expensive homes and thinks that they would be nice to have—sometime in the future.

**T**HE first I knew how serious John was about changing our way of living, and changing it soon, was in November, when we drove out to the Eldridge farm to buy a turkey for our Thanksgiving dinner. We had chosen our turkey, and Mr. Eldridge had promised to have it dressed and delivered to us, when he said to John, "You know, old man Corwin is planning to sell his land and move into town."

John's face lighted, but he said scoffingly, "He's been talking about that for months. He'll never do it."

Mr. Eldridge shifted his pipe. "I think he means it, this time. He's already bought a house in Saybury, and he plans to move in next spring. Why don't you drop over and see him?"

John looked at me. "Do you want to, Betsey?"

I nodded. "Of course. It isn't out of our way." I knew the Corwin place—a toy farm it looked, with a doll-sized house set behind a neat scrap of lawn, with flower beds and shrubs laid out with the charming precision of a miniature garden. We reached it by turning off the highway, driving down a country lane. A tall lilac hedge, brown and feathery now in the chill November wind, shielded the house from the lane; on one side was an orchard. John's eyes swept the place lovingly. "Do you think you'd be happy here, Betsey?"

"Anyone would. It's a dear little place."

"Not so little. It's plenty of work for one man—that's why Corwin's giving it up. It's just what I want. We could have a cow and chickens for our own butter and eggs, and the truck garden would support us."

I sat in the house with Mrs. Corwin while John and Mr. Corwin walked around the grounds. They were gone so long that I began to get restless, and I rose as soon as they came in. John's face was jubilant; he seemed hardly able to contain himself until we were alone, on our way to the car. "We can do it!" he exclaimed.

"Do what?"

"Buy it—the farm. Old Corwin set a high price, and although I don't blame him, especially in these times, I did my best to talk him down. And it worked. I can manage part of what he wants now, and by spring, when we can move in, I'll have more. The rest

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we can pay in easy installments—he says it'll give him a regular income."

I walked on, hardly able to believe my ears. Spring! Next spring. . . . "But that's crazy!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean it, John—"

"Why not?" I was too excited to notice the sudden stiffness in his tone.

I laughed, helplessly. The answer seemed so obvious. "We simply couldn't afford it. I mean—surely you don't plan to make our living off the farm! It's one thing to talk about it and think about it and read about it in books, and quite another to depend upon it for your livelihood. Why, you've never had any actual experience, really—"

John went white. In silence he opened the door of the car; in silence he got in and started the motor. I began to realize how positive I'd sounded . . . almost as if I'd been ridiculing him. I would have given anything, then, to take the words back, to re-shape them more tactfully.

Half-way into town I asked timidly, "Do you want me to drive?" Sometimes, when he was tired, driving was an effort for him, and he had done a great deal of walking this afternoon. Usually, he wasn't in the least hesitant about turning the wheel over to me, but now he said briefly, "No, thanks." We rode the rest of the way home without exchanging a word. As we went up our front walk, thick tears gathered in my throat; on the threshold I turned to him. "John, you can't freeze up this way. Surely we can talk it over—"

**HE** NODDED brusquely, as if he didn't trust himself to speak, and opened the door. The bell rang in the back of the house, and Mrs. Evenson came hurrying in from the kitchen. "Oh—you," she said. "I thought it was a customer."

"Only us," I said with false cheerfulness. "You can go home now, Mrs. Evenson. I'll take the shop." It wasn't time for her to go home. She was supposed to stay until after dinner, to help with the next day's orders. But she was eyeing us curiously, as if she'd guessed that something was wrong, and I wanted her out of the house.

"Yes, Mrs. Patten." She hesitated. "Only, I was right in the middle of mince pie filling—"

"I'll finish it." I went on out to the kitchen, where I got our own dinner while I stirred the fragrant kettles of mince meat, but all the while my thoughts were in the front of the house with John. Mrs. Evenson took off her apron and put on her coat and hat and left, and still John didn't come out to join me. I waited until I'd finished setting the table, and then I went into the living room to call him. He was sitting on the couch, his chin in his hands. I crossed over to him, knelt beside him. "Johnny, please—"

He turned his head, laid his cheek against the back of my hand, kissed my palm. "I'm sorry, honey. Only, it's kind of a shock, to realize that we don't see eye-to-eye on this thing—"

I felt better now, more confident, with his arm around me, with the warm current that flowed always between us started up again. But I knew that I must be cautious. I'd already said the wrong thing once. "It isn't that," I said carefully. "It's just that I think we ought to be sure before we start anything. We're doing well as it is—"

"You're doing well, Betsey. I'm not. I'll never get anywhere with the job I've got because I'm just not cut out to be a business man. I want my own place; I want to feel that I'm my own

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boss and that I've got some responsibility—"

"You have responsibility," I reminded him softly. "You have me."

His wry little smile twisted my heart. "I think it's the other way around, honey. You have me, the way things are now. You know that if I lost my job tomorrow, it wouldn't make any difference, so far as our comfort is concerned. It—it doesn't give me much incentive to go on filling up ledgers. That's another reason why I'd like you to get used to this farm idea. We don't have to decide right away. Old Corwin likes me, and he likes my ideas, and I think he'd rather have me get his place than anyone else. He's not likely to sell it out from under my nose. Only—think hard about it honey, won't you?"

I nodded, and I promised, but I wasn't thinking about the farm at all. In the back of my mind, I'd already ruled out the farm as the real reason for John's discontent. The real trouble was that he wanted, as a man does, his wife to be dependent upon him . . . and I was dependent upon him, in so many ways, in such important ways that I couldn't put them into words. John was the quick warm thrill I knew at the sound of his uneven step on the porch, the voice that answered mine in quiet talk and laughter in the evening, the deep, sweet contentment of his arms at night, the first sleepy kiss when I awoke in the morning. John was happiness. Surely it wouldn't be hard to make him understand how very much I needed him, to make him see that our household really revolved around him.

I began, after that, to defer to him in unobtrusive little ways. I took care to ask questions about his job; I fussed over the clothes he wore to work, as if he were going each day to an important conference instead of to a desk exactly like a dozen other desks in a big room; I asked his opinion in matters pertaining to the bakery.

It wasn't convincing. You can't make fiction of facts—and the plain fact was that John's job wasn't really important to our way of living, and there was no possible way of making it so. And John knew what I was trying to do—I realized that one day when I asked him whether or not I should try a new type of flour. He didn't answer for a moment, and then he said with an odd,

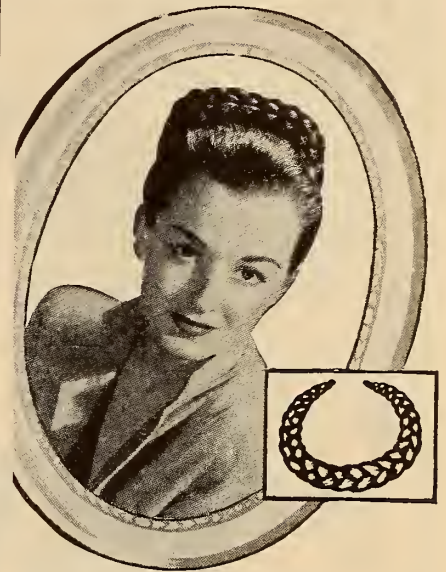


Quizmaster Tom Howard, in an unusually reflective mood, ponders quips for It Pays to be Ignorant.

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slow smile, "I'm not a baker, Betsey. You know more about that flour than I do—and you know it."

I flushed and said defensively, "I thought perhaps you might have come across something in one of your pamphlets—"

"I read about raising wheat, not using it."

We'd stopped talking about the farm. We never seemed to get anywhere in our discussions about it, and then, during December, we were both too busy to even think much about it—I, getting ready for the Christmas holidays, and John, preparing for the January audit. He worked extremely hard all through December and January—and on that I blamed the fact that he often came home low in spirits and short of temper, with a strained look around his mouth. And then in February something happened. A small thing, but revealing. Mr. Farley, John's superior in the auditing department, was in the habit of stopping on his way home to buy rolls for dinner. He always stayed to chat with me for a moment, but on this February afternoon he greeted me briefly, almost curtly, picked up his package of rolls, and hurried out. I stared after his stiff-backed, retreating form. "Now what," I said to Mrs. Evenson, "do you suppose is the matter with him?"

**L**ATER, at dinner, I told John about the incident, and asked him the same question. "I wouldn't know," John said, "except that I almost punched him in the nose this noon."

"John!" And I sent a shocked glance toward Mrs. Evenson, who was working late that night and who was having dinner with us. Then John laughed—a rather strange laugh, but it relieved me. "Oh," I said. "For a moment I thought you really meant it."

He had meant it. He told me about it afterward when we were alone. "I didn't hit him," he said, "but I was tempted to. We had an argument, and I lost my temper."

"An argument? What about?" He shrugged. "It wasn't important—we're usually arguing over something. Don't worry about it, Betsey."

I was shocked. It was the first inkling I'd had of trouble at the office. I didn't understand it at all—and then I began to remember little things—the new tight look about his mouth, his edginess . . . even back to the October day when John had wanted to play hookey. Was it possible that he was beginning to resent his job so much that he chafed against it and didn't get along with his co-workers? "If you're not happy there," I said, "why don't you quit?" And then I held my breath, afraid that he would take it to mean that his job meant so little to us that he could easily quit.

But he looked hopeful. "And move out to the farm?"

I hadn't meant just that. I'd been thinking of his getting another job in town. But now I wanted to say yes, wanted to say anything that would please him, and yet I was afraid. "Perhaps . . . if there were some way I could run the bakery at the same time—"

John looked at me, and then he turned back to his newspaper. There was an interminable silence, and then I ventured hesitantly, "We ought to be able to work out something."

"I don't see how," he said levelly. "You don't want to give up your business—and you can't possibly run it from out of town. A thirty-mile trip

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I cried that night, curled forlornly on the far side of the bed from John's stiff, straight form. He must have heard me crying, and yet he didn't turn to me, didn't take me in his arms. And I knew then that I couldn't reach him, for all that I could have touched him by putting out my hand. We'd argued before, over other things, and not once had he hesitated to make up afterward, to kiss me and to smooth the trouble over.

I slept late the next morning, and came downstairs to find John already gone. Mrs. Evenson had turned the bread out of the pans and was kneading it on the marble slab. She looked at me—knowingly, I thought, and I turned my face away, conscious of my swollen, reddened eyes. Then reaction set in after my tortured night, and I told myself angrily that I was making a spectacle of myself over very little. John was dissatisfied with his job, and consequently his farm, which belonged properly, practically, to the distant future, had become an immediate necessity to him, had become an obsession. Surely the obsession would pass. Something would happen to make it pass. He would be promoted at the office, or he'd be offered another job, or he would find another interest. . .

**S**OMETHING did happen, but it was the last thing I expected. John bought the farm. When he came home that night he greeted me with an air of abstraction, of holding something back. And as soon as Mrs. Evenson had gone, he put down the paper he'd only been pretending to read and said, "Betsey, I bought the Corwin place today."

"Bought it?" I repeated stupidly. "You don't mean—for yourself?" The news was so incredible that the first explanation that occurred to me was that John had bought the farm as an investment and intended to rent it out. "For us," he said pleadingly. "Please see it that way, Betsey, and say that you'll try it with me. You'll like the life; I know you will, and we just can't fail—"

I hardly heard him. I was staring at the comfortable sitting room, at the deep chairs and the lamps placed for reading, at the soft colors of drapes and furnishings. We had everything one could reasonably want in life, every comfort, and John wanted to leave it. He wanted to give it all up for a wild chance on a job at which he'd never had any real experience. He wanted—"Before you answer," he was saying, "I want you to know that I've got to go, Betsey, whether you go with me or not. I—I can't stick it out here any longer. But please say you'll come with me—"

"I can't." Had I really spoken them—the words that ended everything between us? "I mean—"

"You mean that you don't trust me to provide for you."

I said nothing. In my heart I knew it was the truth. Already, at the back of my mind, a thought was stirring: suppose he tries the farm—and fails. We'll still have something left. We'll have this house, and the business.

"If it only wouldn't mean giving up the bakery—"

John's face was gray. "But it does," he said wearily. "It's no use, Betsey; you don't understand. Not only would you have to give up this place, but you'd have to give it up wholeheartedly, so that whatever happened, you

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The easy, pleasant way to avoid having Scalp Odor is by regular use of Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This marvelous shampoo was developed especially to promote dainty, fresh hair and scalp. The pure medicinal pine tar does its work—then disappears. Try this gentle, effective shampoo tonight. On sale at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

**PACKER'S**  
*Pine Tar*  
**SHAMPOO**



# YOU'LL SAY IT'S WONDERFUL FOR Sore Back

Want REAL relief from your sore, stiff, aching back? Then get a bottle of Sayman Liniment and massage it on gently. Feel "tight" muscles loosen up, pain subside, soreness vanish. Works FAST... costs only 50c—is simply wonderful for muscular aches, pains, stiffness and soreness due to local congestion caused by exposure, fatigue or over-exertion.

**SAYMAN LINIMENT**  
Made by the Makers of SAYMAN SALVE

wouldn't reproach yourself afterward. The way you feel now, I—I don't even feel that I can ask you again to come with me."

I didn't understand, not any of it. I moved through the next day or two numb with bewilderment, cleaning his clothes, helping him to pack, to sort the papers in his desk. None of it seemed real. He wasn't really going—not John, who loved me, who was dearer to me than my own life. And even after he had gone, and the house was as queerly silent and still as if death had visited it, I still didn't believe it. I had to remind myself not to set his place at the table; I lay wakeful and tense at night, listening for—expecting—John's step on the stairs, John's voice calling my name. And every morning I awoke with a sense of anticipation. Today I might hear from John. Surely today he would call me, or he would come into town, and I would meet him, even if by chance, on the street. When people asked about him, I told them that he'd bought the farm and had gone out there to "get it started"—as if at any time we would be together again.

**B**UT the days passed, and there was no word, no sign from him. March became April, and the weather turned warm, and the whole world was achingly sweet with spring, and then I began to tell myself, "I must be patient; I must be prepared to wait a long time. Next fall—surely by next fall he will have given up." Mercifully, I didn't realize that he would never give up, and that he would certainly never come back, a failure, to me and to the security I had to offer. I was wretched enough in those weeks; I had trouble enough filling the lonely days, the empty nights, and I worked twice as hard as ever before. When the Methodist Church held its twenty-fifth anniversary celebration, I went all out—baked dozens of loaves of bread for the dinner, dozens of pies and cakes—and I outdid myself on the anniversary cake, a magnificent three-tiered structure, glistening white, with the name of the church traced in silver beads.

I didn't trust anyone else with that cake. I carried it to the church myself, just before the dinner was scheduled to start, carefully maneuvered my delicate burden through the basement door which opened on the serving pantry. The little pantry was deserted at the moment; as I set the cake down to rest my arms I heard the chatter in the kitchen, the banging of oven doors and the clatter of crockery as the women prepared the dinner. I heard something else, too—my own name, and John's.

"... mighty funny to me," a woman's voice was saying. "Betsey says John's gone out to get the farm started. What's there to start about the Corwin place, I'd like to know? The way old man Corwin left it, all anyone would have to do would be to take over. My guess is that there's some trouble between them—"

There was a murmur of agreement and then someone—Mrs. Farley—said moderately, "After all, it can't be too easy, living with a cripple—"

And then came Mrs. Evenson's voice, rising positively. "Of course it isn't! Believe me, I'd have thought twice before I married him, if I'd been in her shoes. In the first place, a woman doesn't feel the same way about a crippled husband as she would a normal man, and in the second place, a man that's got something wrong with his body is likely to have something

# "You will find a single drop of this will last a week."

ONLY \$1.00 prepaid



For This \$2.00 Bottle

Temptation—one of the most exquisite perfumes ever created.

A single drop lasts a week, charms and attracts men and women to you.

The fragrance of living flowers. Bottles with elongated stopper encased in a polished maple case 4 times the size of the picture.

## Send No Money

Pay the postman when he hands you the package or (if you prefer) send money order, currency, stamps or check for \$1.00. Money back if not satisfied. (Est. 1872.) PAUL RIEGER, 229 Art Center Bldg., San Francisco



## PHOTO-RING

ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE of Sweetheart, Relative or Friend, reproduced permanently in this beautiful ring featuring the New Magnified Setting! Will last a lifetime! Indestructible! Waterproof! Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send cash we pay postage. (Expertly pointed 25c extra) (Photos Returned.) PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. C-57, CINCINNATI, O.

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Just to get acquainted we will send you smart, new 10K yellow gold engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engagement ring set with flashing, Rose cut diamond solitaire in sentimental, sweetheart mounting. Wedding ring is deeply embossed, 10K yellow gold, set with 9 genuine chip Diamonds. Either ring only \$5.95 or both for \$8.95 plus postage and 20% Federal tax. SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. Pay on arrival then wear ring 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now! EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 50.DS, Jefferson, Iowa

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Mail us \$1.00 and we will send you by prepaid mail 4 boxes of famous Rosebud Salve (25c size) and will include with salve this guaranteed precision-built "Conqueror" PEN with instant push-button filler, deep pocket military clip, silver palladium alloy point. In Jet Black, Dubonnet, Gray or Green color. You can get all the 4 salve tins at 25c a box to get back the \$1.00 and have fine Pen without cost. ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 11, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

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Manicare 35¢ a jar Drug and Dept. Stores



**NEW** pure, white odorless\*

**LOTION** Safely  
**REMOVES HAIR**



Whisks off leg hair, leaves skin smooth, alluring.

1. A fragrant white lotion without bad clinging depilatory odor.
2. Painless . . . not messy, quick to use. As simple to remove as cold cream.
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5. Removes hair close to skin, leaving skin soft, smooth, clean, fragrant.

**NAIR** Cosmetic lotion to remove hair  
**49¢** plus tax



On sale at good Drug and Department Stores

**Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY**



Also many other valuable gifts GIVEN for selling just a few boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each as per our free catalog, sent with 1st order. New Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING correct for your birth date GIVEN for selling as few as 5 boxes and returning money collected.

**LOCKET** with space for 2 pictures. GIVEN for selling 1 order.

Women, girls, boys, send the gift coupon today. We trust you.



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Uses standard film. Makes clear, sharp snapshots. GIVEN for selling only 1 order per catalog.



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Also pencil sets. GIVEN for selling 1 order, as per catalog.



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Silverware you'll adore. GIVEN for selling as few as 5 boxes as explained in gift circular.

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-540, Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

Gift Wanted .....  
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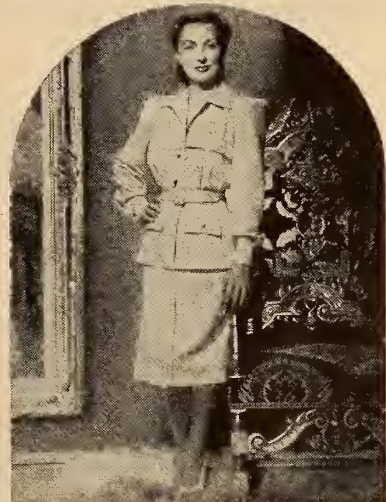
wrong with his soul, too. I've seen his crankiness, and his moods, and I've seen him clam up like a—well, like a clam, many times. And I've seen her the picture of misery and her face all red from crying—”

I still don't recall turning and leaving the church. Blinding fury possessed me, drove me on; I'd walked half way home before I realized where I was, before I had some semblance of thought. Those stupid, stupid women and their prying, pitying tongues! Pitying me for having married John! Oh, I should have told them—told them—You, Mrs. Farley, why do you think it isn't so easy, being married to a cripple? What do you know about it? John's twisted body inconveniences him sometimes, and hurts him sometimes, and at those times it hurts me, too, but otherwise I am no more bothered by the fact that he doesn't look like other men than you are bothered by your husband's having blue eyes. And anyway, no man is crippled who has John's goodness and his strength and his gift of laughter—

I turned in at the house, started up the steps, continuing my furious, unspoken tirade. And you, Mrs. Evenson, what have you seen—And then it was as if a hand had reached out and touched my shoulder, as if another voice had repeated, "What have you seen, Mrs. Evenson?"

I sat down on the steps suddenly, struck down by realization. Mrs. Evenson had seen something that I hadn't seen at all. She had seen the tight lines around John's mouth, and she'd noticed his silences, and the forbidding withdrawn expressions that crossed his face—and she had known what they meant. I hadn't.

"Something wrong with his soul," I whispered to myself. There'd been nothing wrong with John's soul when I'd first met him. It had been a whole and a hopeful and a happy soul. He had changed, and it was I who had changed him—by keeping him at a job that was too small for him, by trying to keep him safe and secure, by doing for him the things that he should have been doing for me, that he wanted to do for me. I'd been afraid to take a chance, to give up my house and my business. . . I turned my head, looked over my shoulder at the dark bulk of the house. An empty house—and what was



Agnes Moorehead, of Columbia's Mayor of the Town, steps out of character into a smart new suit of lemon-colored gabardine.

**Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE**

**SIMPLE CHEST COLD SORE THROAT BRONCHIAL IRRITATION**

**SIMPLE SPRAIN, BRUISE SORE MUSCLES CHARLEY HORSE**

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat.

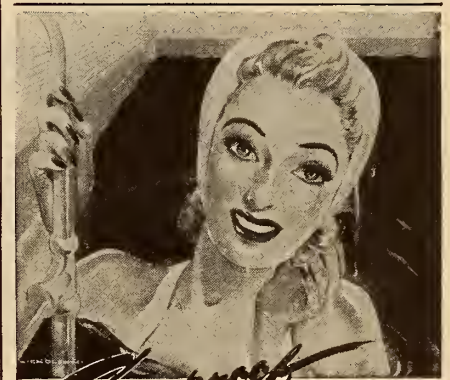
Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the moist heat go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

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Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE (Aunty Flo) in tube or can at any drug store NOW.

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The White Package with the Orange Band



**Swimproof "Dark-Eyes" EYELASH DARKENER**

To keep lashes and brows bewitchingly dark and alluring . . . even after swimming, crying or perspiring, use "Dark-Eyes". This indelible darkener never runs, smarts or smudges. One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks . . . thus ending daily eye make-up bother. **Caution:** Use only as directed on the label. Try it! Get a package of "Dark-Eyes" today!

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I enclose \$1.20 (tax included) for regular size package of "Dark-Eyes", and directions.  
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Silky and gleaming, your hair is lovely . . . and such fun, to "do." Banish dirt that dims your hair's lustre . . . and soap film that shades its natural beauty. Admiracion, not a soap, floats away the enemies of beauty . . . reveals your hair's true loveliness. Foamy Admiracion, in the green box. No-lather, in the red box.

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Good pay for your spare or full time. Show friends and others amazing variety of gorgeous Christmas Assortments. Big cash profits. Newest 21 Christmas Card Assortment, Gift Wrappings, Everyday Cards, and many others. No experience needed. Sales are quick and easy. GET SAMPLES on approval NOW!  
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"FEATURE"  
21 Card  
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SELLS  
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And so will you—with TREDS, the stick-on soles that stay on. Not just another shoe sole, but a modern means of increasing the wear and preserving the fine shape and appearance of new shoes—also for repairing the old. Long-wearing, water-proof, non-skid soles for men's, women's and children's dress, sport and work shoes—rubbers and boots. Easy to apply—just cement them on.

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Protect the Sole And You Protect The Shoe.

One pair TREDS, tube of cement, applicator and scraper . . . all complete with full directions on display card. Only 25¢ at your favorite Hardware, 5¢ and 10¢ or General Store.

Due to war restrictions, your dealer may be temporarily out of TREDS, but keep asking for them; Thank you.



AUBURN RUBBER CORP.

my work except something to keep me from thinking, to keep me from missing John?

I knew then that Mrs. Evenson was right about something else, too, and I would have disputed it violently only a little while before. You don't feel the same way about a crippled husband as you'd feel about a husband who is whole and strong. You don't care about him the same way—you care a hundred times more. You adjust your steps to his; you rest when he is tired; you pick up the things you drop and run little errands that you might otherwise expect your husband to run—and you don't regard these small things as sacrifices; you are glad of them because they help you to express your greater measure of love. Wouldn't giving up my house and my bakery be the same as running a little errand for my husband? Would I be able to give them up wholeheartedly, as he had asked me to?

I waited, there in the spring night, until I was sure of my answer. And then I went into the house—to call John and ask him to take me home.

It is autumn as I write this—the time when you feel at peace with yourself, and you know in your heart all the goodness and fruitfulness of the earth. From my window I can see the sun on the fields, hear the tap of apple-tree branches against the window, hear the spatter of grain in the yard and John's chuckle as he feeds the chickens. In some ways perhaps, the season hasn't been too successful. We've made most of the mistakes that green hands make, and we've just barely managed to pay our own way—but we've profited by our mistakes, and we know that next year will be better. But even that isn't what matters. What matters is that the taut look is gone from John's mouth, and the light and the eagerness for living is back in his eyes, and he is John again, my beloved husband.

And even more—I am his wife again, truly his wife. Not a woman who holds herself apart from him, but one whose only life is the life that she can build together with her husband, a life so all-important that it is more than the sum of their two lives, and has an entity of its own.

## NOVEMBER RADIO ROMANCES

Formerly Radio Mirror

ON SALE

Wednesday, October 17th

Necessities of war have made transportation difficult. We find that it helps lighten the burden if RADIO ROMANCES goes on the newsstands each month at a slightly later date. RADIO ROMANCES for November will go on sale Wednesday, October 17th. Subscription copies are mailed on time, but they may reach you a little late, too. It's unavoidable—please be patient!



Matched  
Bridal  
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Romance  
Design  
Wedding  
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**SEND  
NO  
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**Send No Money** with order, just name and ring size. Either ring only \$5.95 or both for \$9.95 plus postage and 20% Federal Tax. Pay on arrival, then wear rings 10 days on money back guarantee.

**EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.** Dept. 43-DS  
Jefferson, Iowa

## GENUINE DIAMOND RINGS

Enjoy wearing rich, sparkling, genuine Diamond Rings. Diamond prices have gone up and up, so this special offer of genuine Diamond Rings is all the more amazing. Engagement ring set with flashing Rose-cut diamond solitaire. 10K yellow gold Wedding ring is set with 3 genuine chip Diamonds. Send for both Rings today and accept them on 10 days' trial. Money refunded if you wish to return the Rings.

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HERE'S GENTLE RELIEF

Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters bring blessed relief from periodic pains. Just 1 to 4 table-spoons in a little water—hot or cold—will ease your suffering. It's pleasant to take—and not habit-forming. Women the world over use it regularly. Get Angostura at your druggist's.

## Tint YOUR HAIR the way you like it

- ★ FREE—GRAY HAIR ANALYSIS! ★
- ★ Send name and address with a few strands of your hair for FREE confidential color analysis and expert advice. ★
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## There's No Excuse For BLOTCHY SKIN!

Clear it with KREMOLA a! KREMOLA is a medicated M.D. formula, especially for pimples, blackheads and muddy skin. Gently hastens removal of old cuticle, revealing fresh skin. After others fail—but KREMOLA to the test. Ladies will envy, gentlemen will admire. At druggists or write KREMOLA, Dept. MAC-13, 2975 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 16, Ill. Send \$1.25 for 2 oz. Jar, plus 20% tax, or 20c for generous purse sample, for daily powderbase. Use only as directed.

## IF YOU ARE OVERWEIGHT

Sylvia of Hollywood shows you an amazingly simple way to lose those excess pounds. No starvation diets, drugs or appliances. Illustrated 128-page book—only 25¢ postage paid.

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## Earn BIG MONEY with Newest

**Christmas Cards**  
Sell gorgeous Christmas folders only \$1.00 for 50 with sender's name printed. Make splendid profit on each sale. FREE samples. No experience needed. Also take orders for gorgeous new Christmas Assortment, Religious, Everyday Cards. Special plan for Clubs, Lodges, etc. Write to Wetmore & Sugden, Inc., Dept. 5-P, 749 Monroe Avenue, Rochester (2), N. Y.

## WOMEN WRITE FOR FREE OUTFIT

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Women go wild about "Form-Tailored" Lingerie—new, glamorous styling, new kind of fitting, high quality workmanship. Low prices bring quick orders. Also fine hosiery, girdles and underwear for the whole family. If you want money, full or spare time, write today for complete, beautiful illustrated Style Equipment—sent ABSOLUTELY FREE.

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## Matched Bridal Pair WEDDING and ENGAGEMENT RINGS Ten Days Trial



Just to get acquainted, we will send this precious Bridal Pair. The romance design engagement ring is set with flashing, simulated Diamond solitaire in sentimental, orange blossom mounting. The wedding ring is deeply embossed in the exquisite honeymoon design (the perfect bridal pair). No other ring design so expresses the sentiment of true love. Either ring only \$1.98 or both for \$3.89 plus 20% Federal Tax.

**\$1.98 SEND NO MONEY TEN DAYS TRIAL**  
 Each with name guarantee. Pay on arrival. Wear on ten days money-back guarantee.  
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### 10 Lovely Pencils "GIVEN AWAY"



Just sell 4 boxes famous Rosebud Salve at 25 cents a box, remit the \$1.00, and we will mail you Prepared 10 lovely full length high-grade yellow color pencils with eraser, red plastic tip, coal black No. 1 soft lead, with Your Name imprinted on each pencil in high gloss Gold Foil. Send No Money. Order 4 salve today. Use One cent Post Card. Will mail pencils and 4 salve NOW if you send \$1.00 with order.  
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Ugly hair made me miserable. I tried many things... even razors. Finally I developed a unique, effective, easy way painless, inexpensive. You, too, may win beauty, happiness. Write for FREE Book "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair Problem", also TRIAL OFFER.  
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ALSO DRY SKIN CREAM, ASTRINGENT, FACE POWDER

## DIFFICULT DAYS Made Easier



WHEN you suffer from Headache, Simple Neuralgia or Functional Monthly Pains, take **DR. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS** Get Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills at your drug store—25c and \$1.00. Caution; read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

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## Facing the Music

(Continued from page 4)

last season on Perry Como's Supper Club shows, Mary is due for a big radio and film buildup this Fall.

Remember Tony Martin? Tony is now a plain GI stationed in India, and according to a letter received from a member of his division, is one of the best liked guys in the ranks.

Strangely enough, bandleaders are having a difficult time getting adequate girl singers. George Paxton is just one of the maestros desperately searching for a suitable canary.

The Spike Joneses have decided that their recent attempt at reconciliation was hopeless. They've been married 10 years and have one child, Linda Lee.

Tommy Dorsey surprised everyone with his good-humored m.c. work this summer and will probably win a regular sponsorship shortly.

Singers Phil Brito and Chuck Goldstein (the Chuck of Four Chicks and Chuck) are two really busy fellows. In addition to their vocal chores both are employed in war plants.

## Homespun Heroes

Down south in the steaming, industrial city of Nashville, Tennessee, there is a flourishing radio institution that for nineteen consecutive years has been giving some simple but sound showmanship lessons to the sleek savants of Broadway and Hollywood.

They call it Grand Ole Opry and its sizable stable of 100 singers and instrumentalists are authentic country folk who have learned their musical trades from weazened ancients snuggled in the state's Smoky Mountains. To them Nashville and Grand Ole Opry is America's musical mecca and they'll take New York and California only at the movie shows.

A modern version of the old Saturday night barn dance, these plain people bring their fiddles, guitars, banjos and jugs to town and put on a four-hour show. Three state sponsors and one national one gladly pay the bills. The enthusiastic audience pays thirty-five cents for the privilege of witnessing this southern spectacle. The whole family comes, from wailing babes in arms to whittlin' grandpas.

The performers and the native patrons don't mind if the rest of the nation tunes in for a half hour as long as they maintain respectful distances.

All are self-taught, and as one of them explained, "Our fingers are just cooperatin' with our minds."

Each musician knows a catalogue of folk tunes, and it takes no more than five minutes to run through the two hundred and forty minute musical marathon lineup.

Headman of the network portion is robust Roy Acuff, thirty-three-year-old son of a county judge. To give an idea of Roy's enormous popularity, he was once drafted by the Democrats to run for Governor and with one good chord of his fiddle, could have won hands down. Roy refused.

Several years later the Republicans tried. They got the same answer.

A Tennessee biscuit company sold 3,000,000 barrels a month until they

## Give Yourself a Charm-Kurl PERMANENT WAVE

Complete Home Kit only **59¢**



JUNE LANG  
 Glamorous Hollywood Movie Star Praises Charm-Kurl.

PLUS TAX NOTHING ELSE TO BUY

Safe

FOR EVERY TYPE OF HAIR

Now, thrill to the joy of a cool, machineless permanent wave.

Do it yourself at home the

Charm-Kurl way. Requires no heat, no electricity, no previous hair waving experience. Leaves hair soft, easy to manage and looking like natural curls and waves. Over 6,500,000 sold. It's a sensation from coast to coast.

## IT'S EASY... SAVES MONEY

Anyone can do it. And Charm-Kurl is safe—contains no harmful chemicals. Bleached, dyed or gray hair takes a marvelous wave. It's inexpensive—casts only 59c complete, yet the results are guaranteed to please as well as any \$10.00 professional permanent or money back on request. Ideal, too, for children, positively cannot harm their soft, fine hair.

## Easy as Putting Your Hair Up in Curlers

Yes, Charm-Kurl is sheer hair magic. If you can comb your hair you can give yourself a luxurious Charm-Kurl Permanent. Each Kit contains Permanent Wave Solution, 50 Curlers, Shampoo, end tissues, wave set, rinse and complete illustrated instructions.

## At Your Dealers

Charm-Kurl is far sale at department stores, drug stores and 5c and 10c stores. Get a Kit today, and thrill to your lovely new permanent tomorrow.

## SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

Use **DERMOIL**

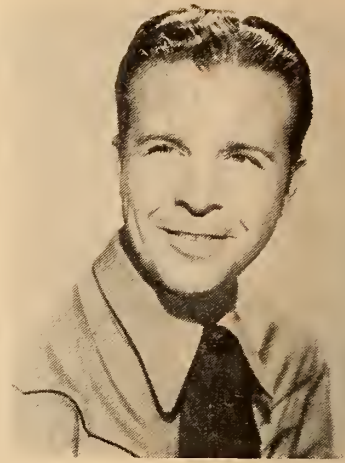
MAKE THE ONE **SPOT TEST**



Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test." Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 7204, Detroit 4, Mich.





*Dick Powell is the hard-boiled Richard Rogue, detective on the NBC Sunday night mystery show*

started calling their product Roy Acuff flour. Then production jumped to 10,000,000.

The brown-haired, well-built singer finds Nashville highly profitable. His radio, films, recordings, song book folios, and theater appearances net him about \$100,000 a year.

This gives him ample opportunity to operate a forty acre farm on the outskirts of Nashville. There he lives with his wife Mildred, schoolday sweetheart, and their infant son.

Roy likes to help friends who have had ill luck but refuses to discuss his benevolences. Recently a friend died, leaving a widow and children. The proud widow refused to accept charity. Roy knew this so worked out a suitable strategy. He visited the woman.

"I want to buy your husband's fiddle. Been needin' a new one for a long time and I always hankered for his."

The widow said she would sell it but couldn't estimate its value. Roy fondled the fiddle as if it were a long lost Stradivarius. He took the instrument and left a check for \$1,000, hundreds of times its original value.

Roy played baseball and football in high school, was the leading scholastic athlete of Knoxville. He turned down a big league baseball career when a New York Yankees scout offered him a job. He preferred to play and sing.

Roy always has time to see new singers for his troupe. He never forgets a promise. Sometime ago a twelve-year-old barefooted, homely little girl pleaded for an audition. The girl showed promise, but was too young. "Come back in five years," Roy advised.

Five years to the day the girl returned. She was hired. They call her Little Rachel, and she, along with Minnie Pearl, the Smoky Mountain Boys, the Girl Reporter from Grinder's Switch, the Duke of Paducah, Oswald, and Mack MacGarr are the leading members of Roy's gang.

Good-natured, modest, but proud of his work and his performers and public, only one thing makes Roy see red. He hates to be called a hillbilly.

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