

Radio Romances

FORMERLY

Radio Mirror

NOVEMBER

15¢



JOAN EDWARDS

Complete Picture Story of

PERRY MASON

Four Full Pages of Photographs

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!

Learn about Hair-dos

from the girls who know!

HERE'S LOVELY NORMA RICHTER . . . one of New York's top-flight fashion models, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl"! On this page she shows you three stunning hair-dos, keyed to the kind of simple clothes smart girls will wear this fall and winter!



TO BRING NEW ENCHANTMENT TO your profile . . . this unusual new "up" hair-do, with its lovely sculptured lines. That wonderful polished look of Norma's hair . . . that sleek, lustrous smoothness are due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

FOR HATLESS OCCASIONS, on windy winter days, tie a small silk scarf around your head. Sweep hair up and arrange ends in big puffs, right over forehead. Slip ends of scarf through puffs. But make sure your hair has the lustrous smoothness which only Drene with Hair Conditioning action can reveal!



MULTI-COLORED PLASTIC COMBS add a perk touch to the classic simplicity of this smart page-boy and complement the colors of the gay sleeveless jacket. Norma says no shampoo except Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves her hair so shining, yet so smooth

Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION

Product of Procter & Gamble



"Rather cut dolls than rugs, Sis?"



GIRL: Think I'd rather go to some wonderful old dance and be popular and glamorous when I can sit here being just plain old me with my slacks on? Goodness!

CUPID: Plain? You're not so plain, Patsycake.

GIRL: Wait'll I smile, Little One. I'm Sad Sack.

CUPID: No gleam?

GIRL: No gleam, Little One. No sparkle. I brush my teeth. And brush 'em. But it's no glow. No gleam.

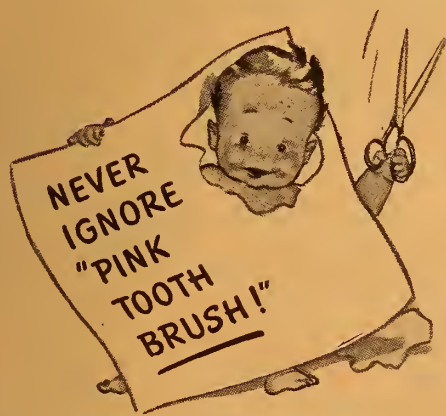
CUPID: And 'pink' on your tooth brush, I'll bet!

GIRL: We-ell ... only lately ... I-

CUPID: Stop stuttering, Sis. That 'pink' on your toothbrush is a warning! It means see your dentist—and fast!

GIRL: Dent— But I haven't got a toothache. I—

CUPID: Quiet, Powderpuff! Dentists aren't just for toothaches. Visit yours tomorrow. He may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: Sure. Sure, sure, sure. But *what's that got to do with my smile?*

CUPID: This, my mentally under-privileged friend: Ipana not only cleans teeth. With massage, Ipana helps your gums. Massaging a little extra on when you brush your teeth will help them to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder, brighter teeth. A smile that'll have you cutting more rugs and fewer paper dolls. Get started tomorrow, Baby!



For the Smile of Beauty—

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Radio Romances

FORMERLY
Radio Mirror

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ON THE COVER—Joan Edwards, Star of CBS's Hit Parade
Color Portrait by Salvatore Consentino, Smolin Studios

ADVERTISEMENT



"It takes Pepsi-Cola to make them feel they're really back home."

Radi-I-Q

By JACK LLOYD



One point for each correct answer—check yours with those on page 105. A score between 8 and 10 is good, 7-5, fair, and below 5—well, listen in more often, won't you?

- Lovely Ann Sothern has brought her most famous characterization from the screen to the air. What's the name of this new CBS show?
- One member of the famous Bennett family has taken time out from acting to do a news show. You know that it's
 - Joan, (b) Barbara, (c) Constance
- Steve Wilson, crusader against crime in Big Town (CBS) always gets a helping hand from lovely—
- While Fibber McGee and Molly were vacationing this summer, a famous Danish comic-pianist took their place. Was it
 - Ole Olson (b) Jean Hersholt (c) Victor Borge (d) Karl Swenson
- A sparkling CBS show features singers Marion Hutton and Larry Douglas as well as the famous "Believe It Or Not" man. The initials of the show are "R. R. & R."
- Which motion picture actor, best remembered for his portrayal of Brigham Young, enacts the role of Rev. Spence on ABC's One Foot In Heaven?
- Phil Baker, besides dishing out cash on CBS's Take It Or Leave It, plays a musical instrument on the show now and then. Which one of these?
 - Violin (b) Accordion (c) Trumpet (d) Clafinet
- Unscramble these names of daytime dramas:
 - Ma Lawton (b) Ethel and Tim (c) Lora Perkins (d) Tena & Albert
- Mark the following statements TRUE or FALSE
 - Pamela North is the wife of Major Hugh North on ABC's Man from G-2.
 - Mr. Keen is the "Tracer of Lost Persons" (CBS).
 - Comedian Alan Young hails from Canada.
- She's one of the most listened-to women on the air. She's got a host of sponsors and her initials are M.M.M. Know her? She's on NBC.



But will you stay as sweet as you are?

YOU STEP from your bath all fragrant and fresh. But how long will that freshness last? Will it begin to fade almost before you're dressed?

Not if you know the simple One-Two of day-long daintiness! *One* for your bath — to wash away *past* perspiration. And *Two* for Mum — to guard against risk of *future* underarm odor.

That's the answer so many smart girls give to this problem of underarm care. A bath *plus* Mum is their sure pro-

tection against a fault so hard to forgive.

So take 30 seconds to smooth Mum on each underarm and stay nice to be near. You can depend on Mum's protection to last for a whole day or evening.

Remember, too, that gentle Mum won't irritate your skin, won't harm fine fabrics — can be used before or after dressing. Use Mum, to be sure. Get some today.



For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Product of Bristol-Myers

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Making faces

Scowls leave wrinkle-scars, and frowns make you frumpy—so look pleasant, please, for prettiness!

Cass Daley, Number One radio and movie face-maker, warns against the squints and scowls that make you look less than your very best.

CASS DALEY, radio comedienne, has more funny faces than Toscanini has overtures. And because her funny faces help fatten the fat check she gets for convulsing night club audiences and radio listeners, Cass is more than normally interested in how you and I look in our off-guard moments.

What she knows about seeing us as we seldom see ourselves is not flattering. The fact is that we all make faces which smother any good looks we may have.

If you play the game that Cass plays and watch women in restaurants, on the street, in social gatherings, you'll be amazed at the long list of unconscious habits and facial mannerisms. You'll see the girl with the lined forehead who can't go five seconds without

frowning. Another distorts her face by biting her lips. There's the girl who'd hate to be caught staring vacantly into space, her mouth wide open. Some people can't even eat without going through facial gymnastics. And of course you know the girl who makes a terrible face every time she adjusts her glasses farther up her nose. The girl who habitually squints is probably fooling only herself. She needs glasses but foolishly thinks her squinting is prettier. Lighting and smoking a cigarette can be done without making a face but too few women know it or do it gracefully.

Then there's the girl who is too an-

imated. In a mistaken effort to seem vivacious, she overworks her face. There's the girl who pushes her cheek out of place when she leans her face on her hand. And the one who can't apply powder without pushing her face around. The girl whose eyes close whenever she smiles should practice smiling with lower jaw relaxed and slightly dropped to help prevent deep lines from developing around her eyes.

An habitual dead-pan expression is just as bad as the face that works too much, so the ideal to strive for is a soft, relaxed look. A few sessions in front of your mirror can help you eliminate mannerisms and "funny faces" which all of us have in our off-guard moments. This way you'll end up looking your prettier self more of the time.

**Radio Romances
Home and Beauty**



Was This the Night She Dreamed About?

Ever since she'd met him the week before she dreamed of this . . . their first real date together.

Soft summer air, the magic of the moonlight, the shimmering stars, and the whispering of the ocean, sweetly conspired to make it a night for romance, and yet . . . here she was, hurt and troubled, on her way home by ten.

He pleaded an early train to catch. Even so; that couldn't explain the contrast between last week's ardor and tonight's studied indifference!

She simply couldn't understand his attitude.

No matter what your charms may be, they can count for little if you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

You, yourself, may not be aware of its presence, so why not be always on guard? Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderfully simple and wholly delightful ally in helping you to be at your best. Use it morning and night and before every date.

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. The breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend. Never, never omit this wise and delightful precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

Before any date

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for oral hygiene

A ray of romance came into Joan's radio adventures when Andy Russell joined the Joan Davis Show this fall. It's heard Monday evenings, 8:30 P.M., EWT, CBS.



Jimmy McClain is the man who knows all the answers—he's quick-witted Dr. I.Q.

NOW that the shooting war's over, radio has a reconversion job of its own to do. The radio industry deserves a nationwide salute for its contribution to the war effort. But what comes now?

In a way, we're in a new kind of war. There's still a lot that needs to be done before we can all sit back and feel really safe about tomorrow. There's still a great deal of information that needs to be spread around.

There's the job of reemployment for all the radio personnel who've been in the Armed Forces. There's the question of full employment all over the country. There's the utilization of all the young men and women who've discovered latent talents while serving their country. There's the question of education and spreading honest and

WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast



Florence Lake lends romantic distraction to NBC's *The Gay Mrs. Featherstone*.

correct information about the other nations of the world in America.

The radio industry is full of plans. In the long run, however, the industry will try its best to meet the demands of the people. So, maybe, such ideas as are floating around among the listeners about how radio can best serve their

By DALE BANKS

needs should be made known to the networks and stations.

* * *

When "Anchors Aweigh" was playing at the Capitol Theatre in New York, one of the steadiest customers at the box office was Ethel Owen, who plays Millie McLean on the Lorenzo Jones show. Ethel couldn't get enough of the picture. The reason? Her daughter Pamela—who goes by the name of Pamela Britton in the movies—had a feature part in the picture.

* * *

Since the world looks kind of hazy around the edges to us, too, when we misplace our eyeglasses, we feel more understanding than amused by Edwin C. Hill's little idiosyncrasy. Hill has fifteen pairs of specs, all with his name on the cases, spread around in broadcast, newsreel and recording studios in New York and Washington. He hasn't taken any chances since a day a few years ago when he discovered just before a broadcast that he had left his glasses at home and found himself
(Continued on page 8)



Gentle words, gentle ways . . . the soft butterfly touch of fingers . . . will tell a man he's home.

Let your hands be soothing music, sweeter than he could have dreamed.

There's a lovely, *different* hand lotion to help you — creamy, flower-fragrant Trushay.

It softens hands so wonderfully. And you can use Trushay in a very special way — the "Beforehand" way!

Before daily tasks, *before* you do dishes, smooth on Trushay. It helps *guard* beautiful hands even in hot, soapy water!

Use Trushay whenever, wherever skin needs softening.

TRUSHAY

The
"Beforehand"
Lotion



PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

*"Don't tell me
how you feel—
I know!"*



Taking pity on yourself "these days"? Sitting it out just because menstruation's functional cramps, headache and "blues" are making you feel slightly lower than sea level?

You don't have to take stop-and-go signals from menstrual pain. Instead, take Midol and experience the quick comfort these tablets can bring you. Midol is offered *specifically* to relieve functional periodic pain. It is free from opiates, and its speedy action is three-fold: *Eases Cramps—Soothes Headache—Stimulates mildly when you're "Blue"*.

So don't let up just because Nature lets you down. Perk up—take Midol with complete confidence and enjoy real comfort! Get Midol today at any drugstore.

MIDOL

*used more than all
other products offered exclusively
to relieve menstrual suffering*

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

(Continued from page 6)

forced to do a whole broadcast without benefit of script.

An ex-GI tells us that Dan Seymour's program, *Now It Can Be Told*, is one of the favorite shows of wounded servicemen in the hospitals around the country. It seems that in the Army, you follow orders and carry out missions and nine times out of ten you have no idea why, or sometimes even where, you're carrying out the orders. Lots of soldiers are catching up factually, now, through these broadcasts, with their own combat history and the war is beginning to make sense. Our veteran tells us, from his own experience, that it's easier to reconcile yourself to having been injured, if you understand the complete ramifications of the action in which you were wounded.

This *Now It Can Be Told* program is another example of the thrill-possibilities of reality. And they're real, all right. At this moment, some 29 government agencies and 53 foreign embassies are supplying Dan Seymour with hitherto censored facts for material.

Personally, we're all for hobbies. They make people happy. But they can be carried too far sometimes. James Melton's enthusiasm for old cars is kind of fun—up to a point. But we hear that he carries it to the lengths of having old car motifs on wallpaper and lampshades in his home and embroidered and printed and painted on sweatshirts and ties and handkerchiefs. Wonder if his wife ever feels like a small rebellion?

A new note of neatness prevails in the NBC newsroom. Robert St. John used to be a familiar sight whenever things got hot in the news. He'd run around with a sheaf of papers in his hand and his suspenders trailing behind him. It was always a sign of pressure, when St. John pulled the suspenders off his shoulders. But the crowded, hectic situation at the time of the Japanese surrender called for a change. William F. Brooks, the director

of news at NBC, got worried that St. John would carry away half the newsroom equipment with his flying suspender—because St. John was doing some tall dashing about in those tense days. Brooks hit on a perfect solution. He just whispered to St. John that he was giving the wrong impression—that the office girls all thought he had a bellvache whenever he went around like that with his braces hanging down.

In a way, considering the work St. John did in those frantic days, it's a shame he had to give his mind to remembering about keeping his suspenders up, too. The man worked 117 straight hours, with only cat naps at odd moments, which added up to about ten hours sleep in that whole time. He appeared on his regular 10 A.M. program, aired 76 special broadcasts, wrote 2,000 word biographies on each of the principal contenders for the post of Allied Supreme Commander, changed his shirt ten times and lived on orange juice, sandwiches and coffee.

We love listeners' reactions. Charlotte Hanson, who plays—among other roles—the part of Patsy on the Nick Carter series, had a line in one of the recent scripts which went something like this: "Now look, I've ruined my stockings—and it's my last pair!"

And, in the next day's mail, Charlotte received six pairs of sheer hose from a sympathetic listener!

Not all fans and listeners are like that, though. Mark Warnow's mail on any given day has at least two letters from aggravated songwriters. Songwriters seem to suffer from persecution complexes. Each one of them is positive that publishing houses have turned down their songs because they resent new talent, that the song was so sensational it might make regular composers like Romberg, Kern and Cole Porter look like bums—and that's why publishers turn down the songs. And they demand that Warnow play their songs on the Hit Parade. Moreover, they will frequently give a specific date when

(Continued on page 10)



Radio Romances editorial director Fred Sammis goes into the problems of being an editor with Maggi McNellis, as guest on her woman's program, heard daily at 12:15, WEA-F.

Another Hollywood Star...with Woodbury-Wonderful Skin



MD

Once she's found a camera man who does the most for her, a star rarely changes. And that's the way I feel about beauty creams. I'll never change from Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. One cream that gives me complete skin care...with beauty extras!

Marlene Dietrich

The peerless Dietrich! The star who put "amour" in glamour! Glamorous... *clever* you... to try her skin-beauty recipe... wonderful Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream!

Here's *one* cream that gives *complete* care... as it *cleanses, smooths, softens* your skin! A spellbinder as a *powder base*; a magician as a *night cream*. And *only* Woodbury has "Stericin", purifying the cream in the jar, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.

Star in your *own* love drama! Today... get Woodbury... 10¢ to \$1.25, plus tax.



Woodbury
Complete Beauty
Cream

... it's all you need!

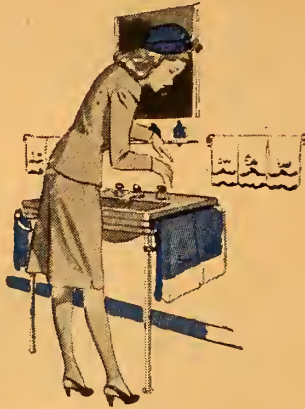
Are you in the know?



Too bad she doesn't care about—

- Her competition
- Boogie-woogie
- The Three D's

Men never make passes at untidy lasses—droons who ignore the three D's. (Daintiness, deodorants, dress shields.) Warm wool frocks will tattle on such charmlessness. So, take care! Busy perspiration glands work time-and-a-half on problem days. Let Kotex help you outsmart them. You see, now there's a deodorant in Kotex. It's locked inside each Kotex and can't shake out—because it is processed right into each pad, not merely dusted on. Try Kotex-with-deodorant for daintiness!



Which would you use?

- The guest towels
- The Turkish towels
- The end of your slip

Freshening up at a friend's house? Let's pray those dripping little paws will reach for the guest towels—not the family's! Even if they look unapproachably lovely, use them. Spare yourself needless puzzlement, too, over which sanitary protection to choose on difficult days. Kotex, of course! For it's Kotex that has the different kind of softness that doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch. You're cushioned-in-comfort for hours and hours, because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing.



More women choose
KOTEX* than all other
napkins put together



A DEODORANT
in every
Kotex napkin
at no extra cost

Can you be picture-perfect—

- With a shiny nose
- Without benefit of bangles
- In winter pastels

Si, si to all 3. Copy this chick for whom the camera clicks, spurning heavy makeup (a slight shine helps model the face). Forsake all bangles, "posey" clothes. Skip sweaters, slacks. Simple winter pastels photograph best. You can be at your best even on trying days—with the self-assurance Kotex gives. The patented flat tapered ends of Kotex free you from worrisome "outline" fears, for those flat pressed ends don't cause revealing outlines. And thanks to that patented safety center, you get plus protection with Kotex.

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

(Continued from page 8)

the song should be played, as well as its position among the other songs! To date, Warnow hasn't been knocked over yet by the quality of the songs themselves.

* * *

Something new has been added to the technique of the New York Board of Education. A number of seventh, eighth and ninth year classes in the public schools in New York have been turned over for use in experiments to test the suitability of television in education. The first courses to include television lectures and televised experiments are science courses. If that works out well, television can easily be used for most other subjects. The possibilities are limitless and we can see the whole idea of school and lessons and interest in education being changed. It's a healthy thing that education should at last be catching up with advances in scientific knowledge that have led to discoveries like the harnessing of atomic energy.

* * *

We like the way Paul Lavallo shows that he's never forgotten how he got his first break and how important it was to his career. He first gained recognition when Toscanini gave him a solo spot playing clarinet in the NBC Symphony. Today, Paul makes it a practice to take talented performers from the Highways in Melody choir, which he directs, and give them the solo spots of the program instead of following the usual pattern of calling in guest stars.

* * *

Most people who watch Morty Howard at work at the piano marvel at his patience with children. His two major assignments at the moment are accompanying 7-year-old Bobby Hookey and 16-year-old Marion Loveridge. Before Morty took over these and other children's programs some years ago, there had been a long succession of different accompanists—all of whom fared badly. The one just preceding Morty used to bark at the kids and frighten them so they "froze".

Howard gets his results with old-fashioned psychology. He never comes out and tells the children they must



Agnes Moorehead, Conrad Binyon and Lionel Barrymore—"family" of CBS's *The Mayor of the Town*.



Loaned to radio from the screen is Mary Astor, who stars in CBS's *The Merry Life of Mary Christmas*.

sing a song this way or that way. Instead, he listens to their ideas—some of which are pretty good. If he disagrees with any of them, he doesn't say anything. He nods brightly and then plays his accompaniment in such a way that the kids automatically sing the song the right way. By doing it like that, Morty avoids hurting the children's pride or their faith in themselves and their judgment.

* * *

The girl with the pin-up voice is Barbara Cary. She's the woman news editor who's been handling overseas shortwave pick-ups for NBC. George Thomas Folster, correspondent in Guam, reports that every morning in the cold gray pre-dawn hours, when he and Barbara Cary exchange timings, cues and weather reports to do with the broadcasts that will come later in the day by two-way transmission, several lonely servicemen gather in the studio, just to hear her speak.

* * *

We hear that one of the best selling books in England these days is called "Tree In The Yard". Seems that's what the British have named "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"—because, as one commentator put it, Brooklyn isn't quite as famous in England as it is in America.

* * *

One of the nicest romances in radio circles is the marriage of Bea Wain and Major Andre Baruch. They've been married a number of years, now, but the shine hasn't worn off their sentiment.

Recently, Baruch had his first leave from his busy schedule for the Armed Forces Radio Services. He and Bea disappeared for most of his ten days off. Also, Bea wears a wide gold wedding band engraved with a musical staff and the notes of the melody "I'll Be Loving You Always"—which she firmly believes will be true in her case.

* * *

Dave Elman isn't satisfied with having two shows on the air. His Auction Gallery program and the return of his famous Hobby Lobby show don't keep him busy enough. He's scurrying
(Continued on page 110)



Evening in Paris

RICH, RADIANT COLOR IN

Face Powder!

Out of the glamor world of Paris into the beauty world of America comes the wonderful French blending process by which Evening in Paris face powder is made.

"Triple color-blending" it is called . . . which means a face powder so fine, so smooth, so exquisitely tinted it seems to kindle a glorious new loveliness in your face . . . touching your skin with a soft velvet bloom that utterly denies drabness, blemish or surface flaw.

This is *your* face powder . . . for a skin exciting to look at, thrilling to touch. Try it . . . and learn why it is said "to make a lovely lady even lovelier, Evening in Paris face powder."



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

BOURJOIS

NEW YORK • DISTRIBUTOR

Tune in "Romance, Rhythm and Ripley" with "Believe It or Not" Ripley, Marion Hutton, Larry Douglas, Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch's Orchestra—Thursdays, 10:30 P. M., E. W. T., Columbia Network.

**It's so easy
to tell FIBS!**

*... FIBS are
quilted - have
rounded ends!*



Once you've used FIBS, there are two special advantages that you'll always remember:



FIRST, those smoothly tapered, gently rounded ends that assure easy insertion. You can tell at a glance that FIBS must be easy to use.

SECOND, the "quilting" that prevents cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal membranes. It's a feature fastidious women are quick to appreciate.

FIBS quilting also contributes directly to your comfort... keeps Fibs from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size, which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal. No other tampon is quilted!

**Next time you buy tampons
be sure to ask for FIBS*!**

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



FACING the MUSIC

By **KEN ALDEN**



George Paxton, who served his apprenticeship with a number of the best bands in the country, now has a top-flight organization of his own. (left) Singing with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians on NBC, Joan Wheatley specializes in the sophisticated ballad style.

FRANK SINATRA'S outspoken blast at alleged USO mismanagement in the European theater had the bricks flying, but a talk I had with Ed "Duffy's Tavern" Gardner, who returned a few weeks later, backed up Frankie's points. Incidentally, those who predicted the GI's would boo Frankie off the stage were completely wrong. The boys took to him like bobby socks. Frankie took their ribs good-naturedly and then gave them the best package of singing those boys have heard since The Groaner came their way.

Ginny Simms' unexpected marriage to wealthy housing expert Bob Dehn rocked Hollywood, and a number of hopeful suitors have regretfully struck Ginny's name from their datebooks.

At press time no person I talked to around radio row would bet a Jap yen on whether Bing Crosby would return to the air this season in any regular series of broadcasts.

Sammy Kaye is auditioning girl singers to replace Nancy Norman, who by this time should be the wife of swooner Dick Brown.

Another radio romance concerns Buddy Rich's old fashioned elopement

with Jean Sutherlin. Buddy is Tommy Dorsey's drummer.

Jo Stafford has shelved some forty pounds and is getting plenty of attention from Lawrence Brooks, baritone star of "Song of Norway."

Dinah Shore has patched up her feud with RCA-Victor, but that new recording vocalist will get less attention.

In case you've been wondering what has happened to Larry Clinton, the former bandleader is now a Captain in the Army Air Force, stationed at a China bombing base.

There was a big shakeup in the Boyd Raeburn orchestra recently when two of the saxophonists almost swapped blows right on the bandstand.

The rush of new recording manufacturers to get a chance at the post-war disc market, despite scarcity of materials, should serve as a warning to prospective record buyers. It is advisable to play the disc you want before you purchase it.

Alfred Wallenstein has been appointed director of all serious music for the
(Continued on page 14)

The Night you will Never Forget...

*Heaven was in her Eyes...
And her Lips were Paradise*

WALTER WANGER'S
temptations
tribute to that
sly old feeling!



Night in Paradise

in TECHNICOLOR

The screen's glorious new love-match!

MERLE OBERON
TURHAN BEY

Starring

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE with

THOMAS GOMEZ • GALE SONDERGAARD • RAY COLLINS • ERNEST TRUOX • GEORGE DOLENZ • JEROME COWAN

Directed by ARTHUR LUBIN • Produced by WALTER WANGER • Associate Producer: Alexander Golitzen

From the Novel "Peacock's Feather" by George S. Hellman • Screenplay: Ernest Pascal • Adaptation: Emmet Lavery



R
R



Tampax is so well known, now

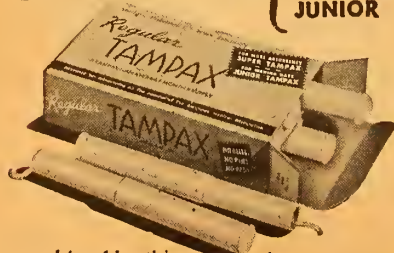
NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

THROUGH the length and breadth of the United States—in city, town and remote village—millions of women are buying Tampax regularly at their local stores. So you can confidently discuss Tampax with anyone to whom you would mention *any* monthly sanitary protection.

The Tampax method has definitely arrived! The reasons are obvious. First, Tampax discards all outside pads and their needed supports of belts and pins. Then there can be no bulges—no chafing—no odor. Changing is quick and disposal is easy . . . Tampax gives a feeling of comfort and *freedom* that probably always surprises the new user.

Perfected by a doctor to be worn internally, Tampax is made of long-fiber cotton firmly stitched and compressed in applicators for efficient insertion. You do not feel the Tampax when it is in place . . . Sold at drug stores and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior). A whole month's supply will fit into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

3 absorbencies { REGULAR
SUPER
JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

(Continued from page 12)

American Broadcasting network, with Paul Whiteman continuing as major-domo of the jazz output.

There's a strong possibility that Joan Edwards may quit The Hit Parade and switch to the Philco Hall of Fame show with Peggy Mann, tiny singing discovery of agent Frank Cooper (the man who first predicted lusty careers for Frank Sinatra and Dinah Shore) getting the Hit Parade spot.

Gene Krupa will be the next bandleader to go overseas and entertain our occupation troops, following Hal McIntyre and Shep Fields.

Paul Weston conducts the Joan Davis show and Frank Devol batons the Ginny Simms ailer.

Johnny Long, after a so-so period of swing style, has reverted again to sweet syncopation.

FROM TAMBOURINE TO TROMBONE

The medium-sized lad with the wavy black hair and ambitious eyes had finally heard the news he had been waiting for, praying for, ever since he had formed the little Kearny, N. J. high school band.

"Look, kid, stop wasting your time here," the music man had said, "you're ready for the big time. Pick up your marbles and get ready to make some dough with a real band."

Now that the boy had received this rough but nevertheless sound appraisal of his musical ability, he was frozen with fear. Georgie was perfectly willing to quit school—after all he couldn't play football any more, not with a severely banged-up knee—and become a professional musician. But what would his father say? Georgie's dad was no ordinary parent. He was a Sal-

vation Army officer who had devoted his life to the cause. Jazz music, blatant and booming from a bandstand, was a far and noisy cry from the churchly hymns sung on lonely street corners, and accompanied by a portable organ and a determined tambourine.

George Paxton recalls his dilemma as if it were yesterday. "You know it took me two days to summon enough courage to ask my dad and it was all over in two minutes."

Colonel Paxton pushed his spectacles close to his forehead, carefully placed a bookmark in the family Bible and spoke to his son. "George, neither your mother nor I has any objections to your playing music for money. Just remember this. As long as your morals are good any career you choose is satisfactory."

The brief but penetrating words from the Salvation Army man have not been forgotten.

George Paxton has played with many bands—Frank Dailey, George Hall, Bunny Berigan, Charlie Spivak, Tommy Dorsey. Today he has a dynamic, rising young band destined for national attention. He's played ballrooms, theaters, hotels, traveled coast to coast, but for all that he might just as well be some conservative mid-western business man who comes home to wife and family when work is done.

The thirty-year-old bandsman and his attractive wife, May, live in a modest little house in Flushing. They have one child, four-year-old George, Junior, better known as "Chip." Mrs. Paxton met and fell in love with George back in high school.

Don't get the idea that George Paxton's band should be exclusively booked for Wednesday socials. They know their way around a jump tune. Get them to play their own arrangement of "Temptation" for proof.

But they frown on saucily-spiked lyrics and suggestive hijinks that hind-

(Continued on page 16)



The Danny O'Neils start young Billy off on a literary excursion. Danny's CBS program is heard Tuesday through Friday, 7:15.

"LUX Soap Facials



"It feels as if you were smoothing beauty in when you cover your face generously with Lux Toilet Soap's creamy, Active lather and work it in thoroughly."

every day



"Easy on the eyes—that's what you will be after your Active-lather facial! Rinse with warm water, then cold, pat your face dry with a soft towel. A beauty care that works!"

make skin LOVELIER"



IN RECENT TESTS of Lux Toilet Soap Active-lather facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a very short time!

★★ FIGHT WASTE ★★

Soap uses vital materials.
Don't waste it!



*Paulette
Goddard*

lovely star of
Paramount Pictures'
"DUFFY'S TAVERN"

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

TIPS ON FINGERTIPS



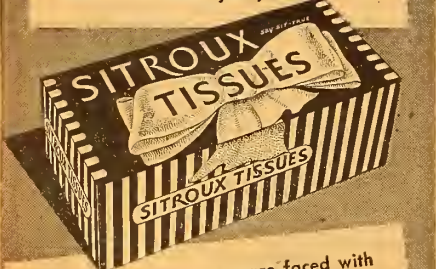
After removing polish . . . round nails, with emery board, to oval shape—*never* point! Never file down into corners. Good strong corners near fingertips help prevent breaking and splitting.



. . . After soaking fingertips in warm, soapy water—scrub with nail brush. Tear an absorbent Sitroux Tissue in quarters. Wrap tip of orange-stick in one quarter—push back cuticle gently. Use another quarter Sitroux Tissue for left hand. (Remember—*never waste precious Sitroux Tissues!**)



. . . If nails are small, cover entire nail . . . if long, leave half-moon, small tip. Remove excess polish with remaining half of Sitroux Tissue. To hurry drying, run cold water over nails. Keep Sitroux Tissues handy for cleansing and dozens of other jobs, 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!

SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

(Continued from page 14)

er rather than help the music. As George neatly explains it: "We don't wear funny hats and we don't stand on the chairs for an effect."

After George got his professional seasoning, he expanded his musical training (he can play piano and any brass instrument, though he concentrates on trombone) by studying the famed Schillinger harmony method. As an arranger he won quick renown and was much sought after by top-flight leaders. Paxton not only could help make an orchestra play brightly and distinctively, he could spot the individual merits or flaws of each musician.



It's Wednesday nights at 9:00 EWT, on CBS, for Frank Sinatra's fourth year in radio.

Charlie Spivak and others paid George to help them organize their orchestras.

In 1941 blonde, curvaceous Ina Ray Hutton urged George to join her outfit. Curves are a splendid asset to any musical combination but sound musicianship is a necessary though not as obvious essential. George accepted and became an equal partner. The association clicked. Last year he sold out his interest at a fat profit and went out on his own.

Paxton's band, strongly backed by shrewd Tin Pan Alley cats, broke in in Florida, worked its way to New York, clicked in Roseland Ballroom, and in the usual pattern, won approval in theatres, hotels and in a number of CBS and American network air shots.

The band is not making any money now. No new band gets out of red ink for several years, but George, with a neat bankroll accumulated, is perfectly willing to wait. So are his men.

George never worries about losing his men to other bands. His explanation is amazingly simple.

"They like what they're doing."

But that doesn't stop Paxton from wooing new converts. A stern workman, he is constantly seeking ways of improving his orchestra.

The night I saw and heard him he was having a hectic evening. He was planning a vocalist change, and between torrid sets on the bandstand he and his manager were giving a solid salestalk to a prominent sideman at the

moment associated with another orchestra. I didn't wait to see how George and his manager made out but the chances are they grabbed him.

RADIO ROMANCING THE RECORDS

(Each Month Ken Alden Picks The Best Popular Platters)

FRANK SINATRA: (Columbia 36830) The unbeatable songteam of Styne and Chan gives Frankie two more top-drawer tunes from his film "Anchors Aweigh"—"I Fall In Love Too Easily" and "The Charm Is You." A platter must.

SKIP FARRELL & THE DINNING SISTERS: (Capitol 209) A new harmony blend that bears listening. "Love Letters" and "Homesick" is a praise-worthy sampling.

PERRY COMO: (Victor 20-1709) One of our better baritones gives a lyric treatment to Chopin's revived Polonaise under the title "Till The End of Time." **LES BROWN** (Columbia 36828) turns in a creditable job on the same haunting melody.

BENNY GOODMAN: (Columbia 36823) Turns to his inimitable licorice stick for a slick rendition of "June Is



Ethereal soprano Franca White was a summertime star on CBS Electric Hour.

Bustin'" and an instrumental jump ride appropriately titled "Clarinate."

DINAH SHORE: (Victor Album) The Nashville thrush pays her tribute to George Gershwin with a foursome of the composer's better tunes, including "Do It Again" and his last composition, "Love Walked In." Charlie Spivak turns in a noisy quartet of Gershwin "Porgy" melodies. Gershwin fans will turn away in droves, but Spivak fans may care for them.

KING COLE TRIO: (Capitol 208) Discdom's number one instrumental trio turns in another dusky pairing with "Shy Guy" and "I Tho't You Ought To Know." Definitely recommended.

VAUGHN MONROE: (Victor 20-1687) A juke box favorite because burly baritone Monroe sings a sad lyric of broken love affair called "Two Cigarettes" that for some reason is frowned on by network censors. Reverse is "No More Toujours."

JOFFE-VOGUE STUDIOS AND
SILVER FOX BY ESTHER DOROTHY



*Compacts by
Elgin American*

You can show your Elgin American compact proudly. Exquisite style and craftsmanship—gleaming, enduring finish—custom-like individuality, make these Elgin American creations truly masterpieces of the jeweler's art. *The perfect gift.*

ELGIN AMERICAN, Elgin, Illinois
Compacts • Cigarette Cases • Dresser Sets

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coming up!.. 3 new Sweet Treats!

Yes Ma'am... a touch of sweet makes a meal a treat... energizing and delicious. Try these 3 new Karo sweet treats... you'll like 'em as much as we do.

THE KARO KID



© Corn Products Sales Co.



MORNING

PANCAKES -- KARO-ORANGE SAUCE

- 1 cup Red or Blue Label Karo
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 tablespoon grated orange rind

- ¼ cup orange juice
- ¾ cup orange (sections or diced)
- 12-16 thin pancakes.

Combine Karo, butter, orange rind and orange juice; heat slowly until butter is melted, stirring occasionally. Add orange sections. Roll thin pancakes, and arrange in a lightly greased baking dish. Pour Buttered Orange Karo over pancakes,

and bake in hot oven (400° F.) for 10 minutes. If desired, the orange sections may be omitted from the Buttered Karo, and rolled inside pancakes before baking. Makes enough syrup for 12-16 thin pancakes.



NOON

CRUNCHY KARO STRIPS

- 8 slices white bread
- 2 tbsps. butter or margarine
- 2 tbsps. honey

- 1 cup Blue Label Karo
- 1½ cups crushed, ready-to-eat cereal
- ½ cup finely chopped nuts
- 1 tsp. grated lemon and orange rind

Cut trimmed bread slices into halves or thirds as desired. Add butter and honey to Karo; heat slowly until butter is melted, stirring occasionally. Crush cereal, combine with chopped nuts and lemon and orange rind. Dip bread strips into warm

buttered Karo, and roll lightly in cereal mixture until well coated. Bake on oiled cookie sheet in hot oven (400° F.) for 10 minutes, or until light brown. Remove at once with spatula to rack or waxed paper to cool.



NIGHT

KARO GLAZED APPLE ON CAKE

- 4 red apples, medium size
- 1 cup Red Label Karo
- 1 cup water

- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- ½ stick cinnamon
- 6 whole cloves
- ¼ cup raisins (optional)

Wash and core apples; if desired do not peel. Cut into slices about ⅓ inch thick. Combine other ingredients; bring to boiling. Drop in apple slices; cover and simmer about

20 minutes or until apples are tender and transparent. Serve hot or cold on gingerbread, spice cake, plain cake, shortcake, or marble cake. Serves 6 to 8.



To the end of the Journey



I LIKE to think that somehow, somewhere, John and I would have met under any circumstances. Ours was that kind of love—the kind in which we knew each other the instant we saw each other, the kind that seemed fated. Nevertheless, practically, I know that if it hadn't been for the war, John would never have left his home town of Maple Falls for service at a sun-baked air field in the Middle East, would never have arrived, finally, at the rest center near my home city of Corona.

If it hadn't been for the war, per-

haps I would have been married by the time I was twenty-three, to one of the boys I'd known in high school—one of the boys who had marched away from Corona so soon after Pearl Harbor. If it hadn't been for the war, I wouldn't have been a hostess at the center, wouldn't, on the night I met John, have been dancing with Philip Hurst, a blond, brash, laughing boy who was almost exactly like hundreds of other boys I'd met in the years I'd been going to the center dances. I was laughing at Philip's compliments—the usual extravagant compliments—par-

On her wedding day, Beth knew for the first time how it felt to be unwanted

rying the usual request for a date.

"I never make a date with a soldier," I said lightly. "All soldiers have girls back home."

"Now, Beth," Philip said reprovingly, "That's a pretty broad statement."

Of course it wasn't wholly true, but I'd found that it was a safe enough assumption. It was part of the attitude that had made me one of the dependable hostesses at the center, one who could be relied upon to treat all of the boys alike. I left my personal life at home every Friday night, just as the boys had left theirs when they'd first put on a uniform. Until the war was over, they were simply fellow-travelers to me, people to be amused and entertained for a little while, people I didn't expect to be with to the end of the journey.

PHILIP and I were arguing, half-seriously, when my eyes met those of a tall young man standing near the door. It was just a second that our glances crossed, before a turn in the dancing swung him out of my sight, but I missed a step, felt a queer little shock like recognition. I knew that I'd never seen him before; it was as if everything about him—the way he held his head, his nice, dark, bony face, the humorous lift at the corner of his mouth—had been turned out of a mold cast long ago in my own heart.

Philip shook me a little. "What are you looking at, Beth?"

I flushed. I hadn't realized it, but I'd been craning my neck to see the boy at the door. Then I caught sight of him again, and Philip's eyes followed my line of vision. "Old Johnny," he said. "See here, Bethie, you don't want to pay attention to a no-good mechanic when you've got me around—"

John was a nice person, then, a good person. Philip was a new arrival at the center, and I'd met him only the Friday before, but already I knew him well enough to understand that he was polite about people he didn't like, whereas he heaped cheerful insults upon his friends. "John," I said. "What's the rest of his name?"

"Dorn," said Philip. "I'm warning you, Beth; don't dance with him. He's knock-kneed and pigeon-toed, and he'll walk all over your feet—" And then John was beside us, tapping Philip's shoulder, taking me out of Philip's arms so competently and easily that I'd switched partners without missing a beat of the music.

"My friend Philip," John commented. "I'll bet he was saying lovely things about me."

I laughed. "He was—if you turned

them inside out and then upside down."

"That's his way. It can be irritating sometimes, when people believe him. But I'd forgive him anything for the way he looks after me."

"Looks after you?" John didn't appear to need looking after. Not when he was six feet of bone and muscle, not with a jaw that was almost rock-like in its firmness.

He didn't answer me. He seemed to have forgotten that I'd asked a question. He was looking down at me, and something in his silent regard set my pulse to beating unsteadily. I snatched at the first remark that occurred to me to break the silence. "You dance very well."

"I shouldn't, right now. I wasn't even thinking of the music. An old tune was going through my mind. Remember: 'I took one look at you . . . that's all I meant to do. . . . And then my heart stood still?'"

"Of course I remember it."

"Well—that's how I felt when I first saw you."

He spoke so matter-of-factly that at first I didn't realize what he'd said. Then I thought, *He doesn't mean it—he can't; it's too much like what I was thinking of him.* But still, I felt that he did mean it. He was the sort of person you instinctively trust. Had he told me he'd just returned from a rocket trip to the moon, I'd have been inclined to believe him.

I danced every dance with him that night, and whenever one of the other boys cut in, John cut right back. Between dances John told me about himself and his family—his mother and father and his twelve-year-old sister, Caroline—and about Maple Falls, a tiny town, hardly larger, in point of population, than the high school I'd gone to in Corona. "You ought to see it in the fall," he said, "when the leaves start turning. That's when all our relatives make excuses to come to visit us. Mother loves company, and she and Dad would turn the house into a hotel if they could. Dad owns the hardware store in town and some other property around the Falls, and he'd just taken me into the business when the war came along. . . ."

I told John about myself—what there was to tell. I wouldn't have thought there was much to say about Elizabeth Hughes, except I was an only child, and I'd lived all my life with my father and mother in a pleasant suburb in Corona, and that I'd gone to work in a downtown office as soon as I'd finished high school. There'd been the usual parties and dates and dances—until the war had started, and the young men went away, and the parties gave way to Red Cross work, and there were few dances except the service dances at the center.

But John prompted me with questions and listened so attentively that I chattered away until I stopped, embarrassed, in the middle of a story that couldn't possibly have held much interest for a stranger. "I'm sorry," I apologized. "I'm talking too much—"

A little grin curled the corners of his mouth, (Continued on page 69)



"I don't see how you did it," I said breathlessly. "How did you know where I'd be?" His grin widened. "You told me!"

This story, To the End of the Journey, was inspired by a problem originally presented on the John J. Anthony program, heard Monday through Friday at 1:15 EWT, MBS.





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Nothing ever gave me greater joy than walking down Fifth Avenue, looking at displays that made my heart beat fast.

Somewhere, Some Day

I COULDN'T sleep.

Too many thoughts. Too many little cogs of my memory, clicking like parts of a perpetual motion machine. And the rocking of the train didn't help a bit either.

Going to New York! The conjecture was at once exciting and terrifying, and you'd imagine I was a kid of sixteen instead of forty-three. But that was my trouble, I mused. Somehow, despite my years, I was youngish, immature in my thinking.

Oh, you'd never get that idea to look at me. A girl of forty-three doesn't look sixteen; she might look thirty or thirty-five. But not sixteen. Then why does she feel as young as that?

Inexperience. That was it. Not knowing the answers to the little things that add up to a general awareness of life. I turned over on my left side and my bare feet touched the end of the berth. I was aware of that, mind you; and I was conscious of the other things that were not exactly new to me, but were certainly things I wasn't used to. I turned over on my right side and

*Here it was at last, the
dream-come-true of
excitement, adventure, in
a city that was a
different world. But the
dream had cheated—
it had left something out*

somehow that was more comfortable. I shut my eyes, but I didn't sleep. My brain was turned up like a new radio, catching the sounds of the night train as it hurtled along steel tracks.

"I'll think myself to sleep," I determined. "I'll wear myself out thinking. I'll begin at the beginning and end the story tonight."

Wilhelmina Snyder. Not a pretty name, but not too bad. What did the name suggest? Stolidity. Carefulness. Yes, a perfect picture of me, assistant buyer at the Bon-Ton of Worth City, Ohio. No! Not assistant buyer any more! I was the *new* linen buyer. I couldn't even get used to that because I had been assistant so long that it was like having a name all your life, then changing it. Change my name? Well, there was only one way to do that—and I had no right to be thinking such thoughts.

"Go back again, Wilhelmina, tell us about your life."

Life in Worth City? Well, that was something. Every morning of my life was the same. Bounce out of bed at 7:30. Turn on the radio. Robe on, slippers on, patter to the kitchenette. Water boiling for coffee, lemon juice, coffee. Lemon juice. Keeps the weight under control, it says in the success course. Hurry to the bath and the last half hour for dressing. Then the twenty-two minute walk to the Bon-Ton, Worth City's Finest Store, Established in 1902. The Bon-Ton at Main and Maple. Clean sidewalks, shiny windows, revolving doors and the buzz of early-morning preparations for the day's work. As automatic as a vacuum cleaner.

And all the time I was dressing, swallowing lemon juice and walking to the store I talked to myself, figured out the world and the people in it. If my little bedroom radio spouted news from London, England or Paris, France, my mind was at work comparing those places with Worth City, Ohio. Were the people the same? Did an English girl my age drink lemon juice, did a Frenchwoman hurry to her job? Did Paris, France, have a Chamber of Commerce like Worth City? Bet they didn't have a Bon-Ton. No place could have a store like that. Im-possible!

I was an admirer of Worth City and its Bon-Ton because, for a city its size, you couldn't beat it. At least that's what you heard all the time. We did have nice buildings, nice homes, nice people . . . well, yes, they were nice people. Nice, but uninteresting. I guess that was the trouble with Worth City; or, perhaps, that was the trouble with me. And I was frank enough to admit something like that even if I wasn't sure it was true.

As I said, every day was the same. Walk down Maple until you come to the corner of Main. You go through the revolving door and the store's air-conditioning system greets you with a clean touch; you walk by the perfume counter and you continue past costume jewelry, handbags, millinery, haberdashery. Right on to the rear elevator, and maybe you ride up to the second floor with Mr. Kelly or Mr. Kahn. Buyers, like me, they begin talking shop right away. The shortage of this and the shortage of that and ceiling on everything. Those are the things you talk about with them. They never say: "That's a lovely hat, Miss Snyder." They never say: "Going to be busy tonight, Miss Snyder? How about dinner? The movies?"

To tell the truth, such an invitation from either of them would have been something to laugh about; they were such dyed-in-the-wool bachelors. But who am I to talk? I'm almost forty-three and unmarried, too.

Then into my little office, neat and orderly. Miss Lango, my assistant, ready with the morning mail; circulars from all the big linen companies. "Miss W. Snyder, Buyer. The Bon-Ton, Worth City. Dear Miss Snyder: Due to the demand for linen goods for use in the Army and other services our supply of Grade-A Dublin, texture 229, has been restricted. However . . ."

Dry as dust? Nothing romantic about linen. Oh, its history and manufacture is probably a colorful story; but I meant it's not romantic to sell linen or any dry goods—unless there's romance in your life. And there was no romance in mine. Except on Tuesdays—and that was certainly romance of a vicarious kind.

Tuesday was my day off. The Bon-

Ton prided itself on being up-to-date, and everyone worked only a five-day week. Our days off were staggered, so that the store wouldn't be without help on any one day. My day off was Tuesday—my day to listen to the radio. All day long I tuned in the daytime serials, and I loved to listen to them. Things happening to people. The sort of things I'd liked to have happening to me. Of course, the women who stayed home and could listen every day had the advantage of me, but I treasured my Tuesdays. I imagined that I was Helen Trent, or Big Sister, or Portia, or Valiant Lady, or any of the others of my favorites—that I was doing the things they were doing, living their lives.

THE rest of the time—the whole week but Tuesday—was very run-of-the-mill. I just worked hard all day long, nine to five, went home, cooked my dinner, listened to the radio (more romance, and laughter, for a little while), read a book or magazine, and went to bed. Some nights I had to attend a club meeting; I belonged to the Business and Professional Women's Club. You know that club: lady doctors, lawyers, small business owners, school teachers and a few other "career" women. I disliked the thought of being a "career" woman, or considering myself one; because I honestly felt I just had a good job; and I belonged to the B & P W Club because my boss, Mr. Featherstone, thought it was good business.

It was just after Thanksgiving Day last year that the feeling of futility descended upon me heavily. I don't know exactly what caused it, but I was really in a blue mood when I came home from work that night. I felt tired and bored. I undressed quickly and filled the tub with water, spilled in a quarter box of that bubble soap and relaxed in the soothing warmth of the bath.

Mr. Featherstone had made the announcement that day: "To all employees. Starting today Miss W. Snyder will be buyer for the Bon-Ton's Linen Department." I should have been more excited than I was. Congratulations were abundant. I had worked hard for the promotion. Now it was here, and I just felt tired.

Why is it that a girl my age looks forward to her bath more than anything else in the world? I could feel myself untie imaginary knots. I half closed my eyes and went over the day's events. Seven orders placed for various kinds of linen goods; tablecloths, pillow slips, towels, Mr. Featherstone's reminder that the annual White Sale would be held next month. The trouble with Mrs. Willis who tried to tell the section manager her charge account was not overdrawn.

And Barnsley Geller.

What made me think about Barnsley Geller when I took a bath? It was funny and unexplainable. Maybe his neatness reminded me of the soap. Maybe the soap reminded me of his neatness. Barnsley was in to see me that day, and somehow the thought of

his visit did not cheer me; maybe he was the cause of my blue mood. It happened like this.

I had known for a few days that his itinerary would take him to Worth City some day that week. He traveled for the Lily-White Linen Co., Springfield, Mass. His business calls, despite wartime traveling problems, were as punctual as the big electric clock on the main floor of the Bon-Ton.

Barnsley Geller's coming to Worth City and the purchase of my new blue suit were simultaneous enough to be suspicious. No, no, no. Nothing planned. I told myself that so many times I almost believed it. The suit made me happy, and Barnsley's coming made me brighter up so much I felt ten years younger. I felt proud I could still wear a size 16, and I knew the suit was flattering.

So when he walked in the door with his brief case in his hand and smiled a greeting at Miss Lango and myself that morning I felt as happy as a lark. I didn't show my happiness except in my cordialness. Strictly business, you know. Barnsley T. Geller discussing wartime problems of manufacture with Miss Snyder, new buyer for the Bon-Ton linen department. My eyes casually taking in every detail of his appearance. He must be in the vicinity of forty-five, I decided. The shine on his shoes. The perfect part in his red-brown hair.

FOR fifteen minutes, according to the miniature clock on my desk, he discussed his products. Then the conversation teetered on the brink of infinity. He was running out of conversation, and I was trying to make the small talk that was so easy to make with other salesmen. I could think of a million things to say ordinarily, but not then. He remarked on the difficulties of getting good food while traveling; and, oh! the awful proximity of the opening that might have made the difference. I could picture Barnsley trying to get a good meal, and I could think of all the little dishes I could cook for him. Why didn't he ask me if I would be free for dinner that night? Why didn't I lead him into the suggestion for a date?

It almost happened. Yes, it did. But Miss Lango told me Mr. Featherstone was on the phone and Barnsley Geller was reaching for his brief case. I felt like cursing the telephone, Mr. Featherstone, the Bon-Ton; all the elements of an unhappy fate. Barnsley Geller shaking hands with me, telling me he would be in again in six weeks. The sun going behind a cloud; staying there.

Oh, what unhappy fate had made a spinster out of me? I asked myself that question so many times in my life it really stood out like a neon light in my consciousness. I could reason it out, of course; tell you just how it was that I never married. Taking care of an invalid mother had something to do with it. The early interest in my job at the Bon-Ton also contributed to the circumstances. My disapproval of the men who did take an interest in me,

the men of Worth City, was also a factor.

But most important of all was my lacking the trait of being able to set my cap for some one. I was the quiet type. No doubting that. My girl friends were rather frank in their objectives; and those of them who were married became even more frank in their expressions. "You'd better hurry along, Wilhelmina," Marjorie Smith once said to me, "find yourself some one nice with lots of money." I don't think I would have taken that remark from anybody but Marjorie; I had known her since we were kids together, and I knew she meant nothing derogatory by it. But I was sensitive, just the same.

And Barnsley Geller's coming and going, his visit to Worth City another time without asking me to dinner was just disappointing enough to annoy me. Just what was there to look forward to? I asked myself. Work and nothing more. November Sales, then the Christmas rush, then that very blue part of the year in January when life seemed to be going up-hill all the time.

Then I sat up in the tub with a start. Sure enough, the Dry Goods Association Convention was the thing I had forgotten. In my mind I could recall the special invitation that had come to me: "The D.G.A. will hold its



twenty-third annual business meeting at the Commodore Hotel, New York City, during the week of January 10th. You are requested to make your reservation early because of wartime problems."

Immediately I felt brighter. The convention, although not the most exciting event in the world, would give me a chance to get away from Worth City. New York was a powerful magnet to me; the smart shops, the theater,

the cosmopolitan atmosphere—all that was a tonic to me, and I felt invigorated by the promise of exciting days in the big city. And it would be fun meeting all the people I had corresponded with as Assistant Buyer.

The next day I filled in the various forms to comply with the Association's rules and regulations, sent them by airmail to New York; and Mr. Featherstone beamed his approval when I told him I had made plans for the annual

trip. "The Bon-Ton has been represented at D.G.A. meetings since 1902," he said proudly. "I attended a good many meetings, Miss Snyder. Be sure you say hello to Mr. Pollock and to Mr. Goshen. They remember me, of course."

To hear him talk, you'd think the meeting was to start next day instead of three months from then, but that was Mr. Featherstone, a regular Rock of Gibraltar (*Continued on page 83*)

Barnsley held my arm and led me to a taxi that seemed to come from nowhere. "I'll drop you off anywhere," he said.



It's risky, meddling in other people's

business. But when someone you love is not

happy, and you can see so easily just how to help...

A letter for

WHEN I tell you this story, you're going to get the idea that I'm one of those meddling, busy-body women who's always poking into someone else's business. But I'm not—or I never was until I decided to interfere with Jim and Betty—until I made an attempt to draw those two young people together because I could see that they needed each other desperately.

I've read lots of times that you magnify the importance of the things you've never had. The fellow with his nose to the grindstone thinks that money is the answer to everything. The invalid yearns for robust health. And the unmarried woman dreams about love.

Now I'm an "old maid," but I'm incurably romantic. I've never had a romance, and I don't fool myself that love will come to me at this late date—but that doesn't keep me from dreaming. I like sentimental movies and lush novels, and I read every romantic love story I can get my hands on. I'm not sad or bitter that life has passed me by, but I did make up my mind a long time ago that Jim, that good-looking kid brother of mine, just has to have another kind of life. I didn't bring him up and send him to college just to have him end up a frustrated old bachelor. I want his life to be rosy and glad—not dull and gray.

Now don't get the idea that I'm unhappy—because I'm not. I've got a lot to be thankful for—a good job with the telephone company—a comfortable little home—and a young brother who thinks I'm a pretty good old scout. Anyway, you can't have everything. Everyone in the world misses out on some things. But, in spite of all that, I still didn't want Jim to be cheated of love. And for awhile after he came home from war and found that con-

niving little Marybelle he was engaged to married to another fellow, I was afraid he wasn't going to find romance, either.

I didn't like Marybelle from the first—but I put that down to jealousy. Naturally, I told myself, I wasn't going to think any girl in the world was good enough for Jim, who had been my special pride and joy since he was three. I would have to work to like any girl he married—I realized that. And Jim intended to marry Marybelle. I could tell that from the way he beamed when he said, "Doris, this is Marybelle. This is my girl."

Marybelle had big eyes and smooth skin and soft hair. And she had something else—something I never had—a kind of magnetism for men. All boys liked her, and Jim was terribly proud that she was wearing his fraternity pin. But I was afraid of her and of the hurt she might bring to Jim. When I watched her walk and listened to her laugh and saw the way she looked at Jim's friends, I knew that one man wasn't enough for a girl like Marybelle. And one woman is all Jim will ever want. When a man like Jim falls in love, he falls with a thud—and he doesn't get over it in a hurry, either.

I'll never forget the night when Jim found out that Marybelle was married to somebody else. He hadn't been discharged and back home in the house an hour until he put in a long-distance call to her.

"Maybe she won't love me anymore—it's been two years," he said to me while he waited. But he was chuckling, and I knew that he was confident that he still was the top man in her life.

"She'll take one look at you and forget everything else," I told him, and I meant it. The years away from home had changed him from a slim, college youth to a mature, handsome hero.

Any girl would think he was a knock-out!

I'll never forget his face when he came away from the telephone. He didn't say much—just, "Marybelle got married last Friday," but he was all closed up and kind of stiff looking, the way he was the day when he didn't quite make the high school honor society.

Lots of the time I don't know when to keep still—but this was once that I did. For the next few days I just let him alone, but I did plenty of worrying while he licked his wounds. He was suffering, and I knew it. You see, he's as much of a dreamer as I am. And I could guess what he'd been dreaming about overseas. He'd been dreaming about coming home to a rich, new life—one that included Marybelle. And now Marybelle was outside of his circle. And he felt cheated and alone.

I suffered, too, when he made an effort to pick up the threads of his life the best way he could. But there wasn't much to do for him except to stand by as he started back to work and looked up his old crowd (most of them now married). It didn't ever occur to me that I might help in any way until I met Betty at KWMT.

Betty started to work in the traffic department of our local radio station, and it was her job to operate the teletype machine. You know what the teletype is, don't you—that machine that operates like a typewriter and sends written messages all over the United States? Well, Betty had to send and receive program information on that machine—and the telephone company sent me down to the station to show her how to do it.

I was reminded of Jim the minute I looked at her. Right away I knew that there was something strange in her life—a (Continued on page 56)



Betty

*Jim and Betty were discovering each other.
They hiked together on red-gold Autumn
days; they sang together in the moonlight.*

As long as we love—

I LAY on the bed the last afternoon of our honeymoon, and watched Sara doing her hair.

As long as we love each other, nothing else can ever matter, I repeated to myself—the words we had been saying over and over to each other during these two weeks since we were married, and during all those long weeks of waiting and worry and strange, happy-unhappiness, before. We'd say it, too, whenever we thought of going back to South Chester, tomorrow. It wasn't going to be the pleasantest homecoming in the world. But we wouldn't let it matter. We were married—that impossible, incredible thing was a fact—and that was all that was important.

And so I lay, very content, watching Sara. I loved to look at her all the time, but especially when

she was doing her hair. The way she brushed it, until it was like a shining, filmy cloud around her shoulders, then the way she caught it up and piled it on top of her head, a mass of blonde curls like a little crown. It was wonderful.

Sara caught my eyes in the mirror and smiled at me. "It's our last day, darling," she said. "Are you scared?"

"A little," I admitted. "I certainly hate to see Jack. Are you scared?"

"Yes," she said, "but I'm not going to let myself be. We had to do it, darling." She turned and faced me, suddenly intense. "We *had* to, didn't we? It was the only way."

It had been the only way. I lay there and thought about it . . . all the crazy, dream-like, wonderful

I loved to look at Sara when she was doing her hair . . . it was like a shining, filmy cloud around her.





If love is strong enough, it makes a private place in which two people live, and makes them so nearly one that the rest of the world can never come between them

and frightening parts of it. Because three months ago I hadn't even known Sara Ansell, who was now Sara Howells—my wife.

It had all started with the letter from Jack Howells, my cousin. I hadn't seen Jack in about five years though we'd known each other as kids, and his family had always been very kind to me, especially since my own parents died. The letter told me that his father had died and had left to Jack and to me equal partnership in the pharmacy he had owned and operated for forty years. I'd known of Uncle Jack's death of course, but the news about the drug-store was unexpected and a God-send, I'd been a pharmacist in the Navy and since my discharge I'd been looking around for a good place to settle down and be one in civilian life. Now I had a place ready-made and owned half the pharmacy besides. Nobody could have had better luck, and I felt more grateful than ever to Uncle Jack and all the Howells. They couldn't have done more for me if I'd been their own son instead of a nephew.

JACK also said in his letter that if I could come to South Chester right away, I would be in time for his wedding to the girl he'd been engaged to for years. I'd never met her but I'd heard a lot about her from Jack. They'd practically grown up together, had never gone out with anybody else, and everybody had always sort of taken it for granted they'd some day be married.

"The wedding is next week," he wrote, "and I'd like to have you get here as soon as possible. That way you could take over the responsibility of the store while I'm on my honeymoon." Then he added, and I can still see the words in his big, sprawling handwriting: "You'll love Sara."

Well, I did. But not in the way Jack or I ever dreamed of.

Sara Ansell hit me like a bolt of blue lightning the night I met her and, no matter what I did, I couldn't get over it. It was at a party at her house, the night I arrived in South Chester. Jack had met me at the train and taken me to his home where I was going to stay until I could find a place of my own, and then we'd gone to the party. He'd talked about Sara all the way.

There were some people already there when we arrived, and they were admiring all the wedding presents that had been spread out in display on the diningroom table. I met Mrs. Ansell, who greeted me warmly and made me feel right at home. You could tell she was crazy about Jack; she kissed him as if he were her own son. Then she laughed and talked a while about how

hard it was on the mother of the bride when there was a big church wedding to plan for. "We'd planned it this way," she told me, "and we're going to have it in spite of Mr. Howells' recent death. He would have wanted it that way. He was such a fine man."

And then I turned around and there was Sara, smiling up at me, waiting to be introduced.

When I looked at her, her smile faded and we just stood there staring at each other. I don't think either of us said a word. It was as if everything in the world had stopped. After what might have been an hour she murmured something about being glad to meet me—Jack had talked so much about me—and then she moved away; and I—I felt I had to get out of there right away.

I went out and walked around the block, twice, in the darkness. All the time I walked, I tried to shake free of it. "You're acting like a darn fool," I told myself. "What you think happened didn't happen at all because it couldn't. You can't fall in love like that. And besides, she's Jack's girl. It's just because you've been at sea a long time and haven't seen any pretty girls. Or else, you're having hallucinations."

After a while I went back, and we all sat around and had refreshments and talked. I was careful not to sit close to Sara or to look at her. Then, on the way home Jack said, "Isn't she swell? She liked you, too. When I asked her she said, 'He's all you said he was, Jack, and much more besides.'"

I couldn't answer. *Swell*, I was thinking. *Swell* wasn't the word—for Sara or for anything. I didn't sleep much that night.

The next day Jack took me down to the store and showed me around and while we were doing that I could almost get my mind off Sara. It was a fine layout and I was proud to be partner in it. All the customers who came in Jack introduced to me, and everybody was nice and friendly and I knew I could be really happy here and really belong as I hadn't belonged anywhere since my people died.

I managed to avoid Sara all day, but that evening Mrs. Howells was having the Ansell's over to dinner and I couldn't very well get out of that. Sara and I sat next to each other at the table, and I don't remember a thing I ate or what anybody said. All I knew was that she was right there beside me and then I knew something else: I knew she was feeling what I did. I could tell. I don't know how, but I knew it as surely as I ever knew anything in my whole life.

The whole thing was crazy, I kept telling myself the next two days. You don't fall in love with your cousin's fiancée three days before the wedding. But I had. She was all I'd ever dreamed of or wanted. I thought maybe I ought to go away—just clear out until it was all over and I had myself under control again. But I'd promised Jack to look after things while he was away. And, besides, well—I just couldn't do it.

It was as bad for Sara, she told me

afterwards. She was going through the same thing I was. And then the Tuesday before the wedding we kissed each other and after that there was nothing to do but admit, one to the other, that this was something tremendous and real and honest between us and ask ourselves what to do about it.

After that kiss, which was like no other kiss had ever been in the whole wide world, we clung together and Sara said, half-sobbing, "I can't go through with it now! I can't marry Jack, feeling the way I do about you. I can't, Alan!"

"I know," I whispered. "But Jack—what are we going to do about him?"

"I've got to tell him, that's all. I don't care if the wedding is day after



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"You've got to think what it would mean," I said carefully, trying to think of her and of Jack more than myself, even though I knew I wanted Sara for my wife more than anything I'd ever wanted. "You'd be hurting him, and maybe yourself, darling. You've got to *know*—"

She nodded that bright head of hers emphatically. "That's just why I must tell him, Alan—why I mustn't marry him in a few days. I'd be hurting both of us, him and me, terribly, if I went ahead with it. I don't know what this—this way I feel about you—proves. I don't know whether I'm in love with you or not. I've got to find out, and since this has happened, I'm too mixed up

in my feelings to understand. But I know this—it *does* prove that I *don't* love Jack. If I loved him, I couldn't possibly feel this way about you, or about any man. And if I don't love him, it would be criminal to marry him—dreadful for me, and dreadful for him."

She caught her breath at the end of that long, emphatic speech, and smiled a small, half-hearted smile at me. "I've got to tell him that I can't marry him," she repeated, "And I'd better do it right away—quickly, before—before—"

"Before you change your mind?" I asked her.

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And so she went to tell him. She wouldn't let me go with her. "It'll make it worse for him, that way," she argued. "It will seem as if—oh, as if I'd brought you along so you could gloat over him. Honestly, Alan, it's better for me to go alone. If—well, if I were going to be foolish, and marry you tomorrow, maybe it would be right for you to come along. But I'm not going to do anything foolish. I'm not going to tell Jack that I'm going to marry you, because I don't know. I'm simply going to tell him the truth—that I can't marry him because I've found out that I don't love him. It's my job, and I've got to do it the way that will be easiest for Jack, no matter (Continued on page 91)

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PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Perry Mason

Dramatic, romantic, always unorthodox, the young lawyer crusades against crime





PERRY MASON's achievements in solving complicated mysteries are not the miracles his competitors call them. By never undertaking a case unless he believes his client altogether innocent, by using as his weapons logic and keen deduction, Mason can often ferret out the truth from the most tangled situations.
(Perry Mason played by Santos Ortega)

DELLA STREET, Perry Mason's secretary, is resigned to the fact that her daily work rarely ends with the closing of Mason's law office. Somebody is always trying to reach Mason—with threats, with information, or to ask for help—and usually the call comes to Della first, often in the middle of the night.
(Della Street played by Gertrude Warner)



SOUND REASONING always backs up Mason's courtroom fireworks. In one murder case, sure that a witness who claimed to have seen a woman's shoe floating on water was lying, Mason demonstrated graphically that the shoe would sink, not float, in water.



SGT. DORSET of the Homicide Squad is the policeman most frequently left behind while Mason tracks down a criminal. Though the sergeant knows that trying to pry information from Della is as fruitless as trying to beat Mason to a solution, he's stubborn. (Played by Arthur Vinton)



PAUL DRAKE, head of the Drake Detective Agency, is a pleasant, easy-going young man who conceals quick-witted determination behind a casual exterior. Although he complains constantly that Mason asks him to do the impossible, Drake never comes back without having fulfilled his assignment. Because Mason has complete faith in the reliability of any information Drake brings him, having Drake as an assistant is like being able to be in two places at the same time—a trick that frequently gets Mason to the solution faster than the police department.
(Paul Drake is played by Matt Crowley)

Perry Mason is heard daily, Monday through Friday, at 2:30 P.M. EWT. on CBS.

"HOW far, down, sir?"
The flashlight clicked on as I spoke, sending its tiny beam of light to the theater aisle, its arc splashing over the khaki-trousered legs of the customer who stood behind me near the heavily-curtained entrance way.

"Near the center," he replied in a whisper. *Why, I thought to myself, wearily, do they all want to sit in the center?* Automatically I searched my mind for an appropriate single.

I had only taken one step when I felt his hand on my arm. "Wait a minute—do you know what time it is? Is there a clock? I have to catch that eleven-thirty bus for Purdy tonight."

Impatiently I indicated the clock on the right of the stage—a clock so big and plain that I couldn't see how he could miss it. And just as impatiently I led him down to his aisle seat.

But he wasn't finished with me. He whispered—a whisper loud enough to be heard by half the theatre: "What picture is playing, miss? How far along is it? Has the boy met the girl yet—and when do the cowboys start shooting?"

I started to answer . . . and then I realized that he was teasing me, laughing at me. He must have seen that his first question had flicked my temper and now he was goading me to see how much I could take. Quickly I switched off the flashlight and motioned him to his seat. He went in meekly enough . . . but grinning. My temper skyrocketed.

For just a moment as he stepped in front of me I caught a glimpse of his face. My eyes were accustomed to the dim shadowiness of the theatre and I could even tell that his hair was a light, uneven brown, that his face was lean and pleasantly—but not superlatively—good-looking. I had fallen into the habit of trying to tell what people were like from the way they reacted while they were watching the movie and now, from the way he settled his big muscular body in his seat, the way he extended his long legs comfortably before him, his instant and rapt attention to the newsreel, I guessed that this young man was probably an amiable, relaxed sort of person, intelligent but easy-going . . . and fresh!

I was really annoyed. Red hair like mine doesn't take kindly to teasing from a stranger.

Yet—strangely!—I found myself becoming very worried when I saw the hands of the clock moving inexorably to eleven fifteen and no signs of stirring from that slumped figure on the aisle. Finally I could stand it no longer. I went down and shook him by the shoulder. Just as I thought—he was asleep!

"Mmmm?" he mumbled—"oh! yes—the bus!" He came awake with a start and tumbled out of his seat, rushing up the aisle ahead of me. But at the top he turned. "Thanks—" he whispered. "Thanks a million! From now

on I appoint you my own personal guardian angel, with full rights and privileges." He smiled at me and there was a twinkle in his eye. "You can make that a life-time job, if you want!" he called back over his shoulder as he hurried out.

The nerve of him! I had met plenty of men like him, soldiers and civilians alike—and there wasn't one I couldn't handle. There had never been one I couldn't dismiss from my mind without so much as a passing thought.

But this one just wouldn't dismiss.

All the rest of the evening and while I changed from my theater slacks into my street dress, down in our backstage dressing room; his face, his laughing eyes, the sunniness of his firm, generous mouth kept insinuating themselves into my thoughts. His guardian angel! I took a look at myself in the mirror: red hair, blue eyes, figure slim enough to wear the tight-fitting usher's uniforms without bulging. I made a fine guardian angel for anyone—me, with my snapping eyes and my turned-up

nose! Nothing angelic about me.

But that was what made me so disgusted with men; that they should think it flattering to offer you a "life-time job" taking care of them. Why must they expect to be pampered and spoiled by women—and yet, on the other hand, expect their sweethearts and wives to take a back-seat role in their lives? Why couldn't men and women be partners, both strong, both going through life on equal terms?

I had seen enough of the other kind of living in my own family and I knew the injustice of it. Even as a child I had known that my mother's life was narrowed down to her family and her home, to the exclusion of everything else. And now that Dad was dead, now that my sister Kate was waiting only for the day her husband Tom would come home from the Army and take her to a place of their own, now that my own wings were growing strong enough for me to fly alone—what did my Mom have to look forward to? I had seen the terror that lurked in her

The two of us

There must be a way, Mary Ellen thought, to prove her love for Johnny. She didn't realize how twisted, how dangerous, was the way she chose

A LEAVE IT TO THE GIRLS STORY

Leave It To The Girls, MBS's Roundtable of Romance, is produced by Martha Rountree, Wednesdays at 10:30 P.M. EWT. This story is based on one of the program's recent letters.

"I can't take it now," I said, confused. Johnny grinned impudently. "Then I'll have to wait for you to get through work."



eyes when she thought of being left behind, of no longer being needed. Was that what women—was that *all* women had to look forward to?

Mom had been a fine pianist before she married. Over and over again she had been asked to play in church, at social gatherings, but she had always refused. Such things might take her time of an evening and Dad wanted her home when he got through work. So the piano in the livingroom had gone untouched for years. If she had kept up her practicing—if she had gone out more and made friends—perhaps—

And there was my sister Kate. She was falling into the pattern, just like Mom. Her husband didn't want her to work while he was away. He had even said he was afraid she might grow too independent of him. So, since there weren't any factories in our town that really needed women, Kate had stayed home with her two adorable babies and she and Mom had waged a kind of undercover war over how Michael and Peter should be brought up, ever since. The children were getting spoiled and neither Kate nor Mom was really happy.

But that wasn't quite fair. They did have a kind of warmth, a kind of contentment, that I couldn't understand. It was a female thing entirely—it had to do with coffee standing all day long on the stove, of innumerable cups sipped while the two women let their voices run on and on with accounts of what the children had done, of what they might be, of what Tom had said, of what Dad had thought, of the best way to starch men's shirts—just a little and not too much—of what they had said to the butcher, of childbearing itself, of men. And when they spoke of men

their voices changed as though their having been married gave them an exclusive knowledge into the inner workings of a man's brain and being.

No, they weren't actively unhappy. But somewhere along the line, with me, the pattern had changed. I wanted more of life than they had. I wanted equality with the man I married. I wanted a job that would keep me as vital and interesting as my husband. Not something manufactured to take up my time—card clubs and luncheon dates with other women—but something into which I could pour my brimming energies.

Not just for money, nor to be an Important Somebody . . . but something that would keep me a person and not just a background. There was a hazy picture in my mind that didn't fit any of the boys I knew. It had to do with a nicely-appointed home; a part-time

maid; a couple of happy, unspoiled children; a job for me that would be as interesting and worthwhile as my husband's would be for him.

The actual husband I had never considered. That was why it annoyed me so that I could not get my thoughts away from that amiable, sleepy, impertinent soldier whose name I didn't know and whom I probably would never see again. I couldn't see him in the picture—and, anyway, he had been running to catch a bus! I wouldn't see him again.

But I did. The next night. It was late and there were few customers. I had relaxed for a moment to lean against the doorway and watch the picture on the screen.

"Hello. I was hoping I'd find you." He had come up silently behind me and was looking down over my shoulder with that same easy smile. "I wanted to

apologize for teasing you last night. You looked so cute with your eyes flashing—and I wanted you to notice me. And thanks again for waking me up. It was important that I get into Purdy before 2:30 p.m. because the mother of one of my pals overseas was getting off shift at the factory then and it was the best time for us to talk. He—her son—is wounded and in the hospital and she was awfully worried. She had to talk to me."

He *had* come back to see me! Foolishly, unaccountably, my heart was pounding.

"That was nice of you, to go and talk to her. I'm sure she appreciated it," I answered, whispering, hoping the manager wouldn't see me talking while on duty.

He reddened slightly. "I brought you a little token of gratitude for being Guardian Angel to a tired soldier." He



indicated the box of candy he carried. "I can't take it now. I have no place to put it," I answered, confused.

Now he grinned again, the pleased, impudent grin of a little boy whose scheme had worked well. "Then I'll have to wait for you to get through work and give it to you." He slipped into a seat at the back without giving me a chance to refuse.

For a moment I knew panic. I didn't want a date with this soldier. He was in the Army—and that reminded me of my brother-in-law Tom. He was young and easy-going—he didn't fit into the picture of my life—and something about the instant attraction he held for me told me to be careful.

Then I felt foolish. After all, it was only a date to give me a box of candy. If he wanted to walk home with me, let him. That would be the end of it.

There was something very nice in the

"This is wonderful," Johnny sighed as he settled back. His eyes followed Mom as she moved from icebox to stove.



way Johnny Sutton's hand gripped my elbow when we stepped off a dark curbstone, as we sauntered home through the quiet, sleep-stilled streets. The breadth of his shoulders and his tallness gave me a feeling—a sweet, pleasant feeling—of being protected. *Me!*—who had gone through life swinging my red curls defiantly, daring anyone to say I wasn't big enough to take care of myself!

We talked, mostly about him.

HE HAD been in the European Theater of Operations and now he was awaiting reassignment. It seemed to me rather pitiful that he should be spending that time here with an aunt who was his only family and who, I gathered, didn't care much for young people.

"What about you?" he asked, suddenly. "Are you—engaged—or anything?"

"Not engaged or anything," I answered. "In the mornings I go to business school and I'm learning to be a secretary. Then afternoons and evenings I work. I haven't much time for dates—and marriage is something I haven't made up my mind about yet."

"My, my," he said, with a mildness that was like a pat on the head for an unruly child. "You're a determined little redhead, aren't you? And you haven't made up your mind about marriage yet—you make it sound as if it were something you bought in a store."

I flushed under his tone. "I didn't mean it that way. But there *have* been a few men who've asked me, and each one acted as if marriage would be an escape for me. Out of an usher's uniform and into a frilly apron! Into the kitchen where I wouldn't have any more to think about than how many chops for dinner! Not for me!"

All Johnny said was—"You'd look cute, at that—in a frilly apron—" but we were home and I couldn't answer.

Mom was still up, as she always was.

"Mary Ellen?—that you?" Her pleasant, homey voice called from the kitchen. "I'm keeping some chocolate hot for you and I baked today. There's cinnamon rolls. You must be worn out, poor child—" she broke off at the sight of a stranger with me as we came through the kitchen door.

Even while her hands fumbled to untie her apron strings and smooth down her hair, Mom's eyes were beginning to shine with the joy of having a man once again in her kitchen.

"Sit right down, Mr. Sutton," pulling out her own comfortable rocking chair. "I'll just scramble some eggs for you two—won't take a minute!" as Johnny began a faint protest.

"This is wonderful," he sighed in a contented way, as he settled back. "This feels like—like home." His eyes followed her broad, capable back with the eagerness of a little boy as she moved from icebox to stove.

It *was* home—safe and cozy and intimate. The delicious smells of the day's baking wrapped themselves around us and Mom's flow of chatter was an easy thing that didn't have to be answered if you didn't feel like it, soothing and

at the same time refreshing, with its homey, unimportant currents and details of the happenings of the day. I could see why Dad had loved it—why any man would enjoy it.

But it frightened me. Johnny sat there, lapping up the attentions she showered on him; and there was something in the poise of his head that reminded me of other men in a household of women—something lordly and complacent, taking all this feminine chatter as meant for his benefit. Perhaps I was imagining things, but it hurt because I didn't want Johnny Sutton to be like that.

I hardly knew him—why should it matter so much? *But it did.*

Kate came in. I was so used to seeing her in Tom's old bathrobe at night, her hair in curlers, that she took me by surprise for a moment—until I realized that a man's presence in the house had urged her into her best chenille housecoat, to combing her hair, powdering her nose. She looked so much like my lovely sister who had been the small-town belle, that my heart hurt to see how she had let herself go this past year.

The eggs were nearly ready but nothing would do but that Johnny must go upstairs and see the twins. I went with them. There was something almost reverent in the way he bent over the cribs and in the way he said "Boy—are they husky kids!" to two pairs of tiny doubled-up fists. Without thinking our own hands had met and closed, and for a moment a wonderful, shy closeness was between us as we stood looking at the babies.

"Is there any place we can go dancing?" Johnny asked me when we were all once again in the kitchen. "Don't you get an evening off soon?"

Before I could answer Kate spoke up, with a far-away wistfulness. "There's the Old Mill just off the highway. We used to go there a lot—it has good music and a nice floor and the food isn't bad."

"Will you, Mary Ellen? When?—this Saturday? Swell." Johnny's mouth was full of cinnamon roll. He turned to Kate.

"Wouldn't you like to go, too?" I knew then there was sensitivity in Johnny, that he had caught that wistful longing in Kate's voice—even though he couldn't know, as I did, how much Kate had once loved to dance.

"Do you think I could?" The eager light came into her eyes—and then, just as quickly, died. "Oh, no. I couldn't leave the twins."

Mom protested but that only made Kate more stubborn. She couldn't leave the children. They needed her. Something might happen. Her place was with them, at home.

It infuriated me. I knew why she wouldn't go. The children were the only thing she had and she had built their care and responsibility into a tremendous, exaggerated importance so she wouldn't feel the lack of interest in her life. She had centered herself in them—going to a dance, having fun outside this house, might make her restless, might make her see some of the things in life (Continued on page 102)

“The way it is with us”

The Carsons don't always agree. Things that make Jack laugh make Kay cry. But about important things—like happiness—they feel exactly the same

TO LOOK at us, you wouldn't think it would work.

I'm a sentimentalist. I cry easily, and all I have to do is to look at our baby daughter lying in her crib to burst out all over with goose bumps.

Jack—that Carson man I married—is different. There's the original Laughing Boy.

At every Big Moment since we met, it's been the same. There we are—face to face—I swallowing hard to hold back a gush of tears, and Jack rocking with laughter. Yet, somehow, nobody gets mad at anybody. Through some miracle wrought by those little fat gods who look after people in love, our being such opposites makes being together all the nicer. “All concord's born of contraries,” as Ben Jonson said, and

By MRS. JACK CARSON

that's the way it is with us. Comes the Big Moment. Jack looks at me and stops laughing. Once or twice I've caught *him* with his eyes filled with sentimental tears. I look at him, and laugh out loud. It's wonderful.

It's been wonderful since August 21, 1940—that was our wooden anniversary that just whizzed by.

That August twenty-first five years ago was one of those Big Moments I'm talking about. Jack and I had been engaged since Christmas Day 1939, and I had thought of nothing, dreamed of nothing since, except our wedding.

I picked the place—a romantic little chapel in the Hollywood hills. We had

agreed on the hour—exactly seven p.m.

Then I had concentrated on dressing for the part. It was to be an informal ceremony with just our two families as witnesses, but nevertheless I wanted to look like a bride. So I had my dressmaker contrive a little Juliet cap with a shoulder-length veil dyed the same shade of royal blue as my gown. And Jack ordered the bride-iest bouquet he could find, pink tuberous begonias and lilies of the valley.

I arrived at the chapel a good hour before the ceremony was to start. The minister was there; so was my matron of honor, my good friend, Mrs. Ronald Buck. So, indeed, were all our invited guests. But there was no sign of the best man—or the *bridegroom*. At five minutes of seven, still no bridegroom. Those quick tears began to gather in my eyes. At one minute of seven, in bounced Jack, laughing like crazy.

“Had to go back for the license,” he said.

We were married at seven o'clock, just as we'd planned. Except that I was trying hard not to laugh at Jack's flushed and breathless face. And Jack, once the solemn words he was hearing began to sink in, was trying not to let me know that two fat tears were about to plop down on the altar rail.

Later, when we were on our way to the Bucks' for our wedding reception, Jack explained what had happened.

Jack was working in a picture at Universal. The director had been very generous—he could have one day off in honor of getting married. We had talked it over and decided the day *after* the wedding would be more fun.

But it was a close thing. Jack had got off the set at six-twenty—in costume and full make-up. And the wedding chapel was a good twenty-minute drive from the studio. Dave Willock, who was to be our best man, was waiting in Jack's dressing room with his wedding clothes. He tied Jack's shoe laces while Jack scrubbed the grease paint off his face. They left the studio and headed over the pass toward Hollywood at twenty minutes of seven, with just enough time—at a sensible rate of speed—to get to the chapel by seven.

Germaine Catherine looked like Churchill, too!





"We're not really such opposites, I guess," Kay Carson admits. "We just show our feelings differently. We fell in love, actually, because we were so much alike."

Half way into town Jack nudged Dave, who was driving.

"Guess where the license is?" he said.

"In your dressing room," groaned Dave, as he made an illegal U-turn in the middle of the boulevard.

Our honeymoon got off to the same kind of a start.

The day Jack proposed to me we got together on one thing: we would buy a little house and furnish it (never, of course, going there together before the wedding—that was the sentimentalist touch) and have it ready to begin our life together.

The little house was waiting, lights glowing merrily from the windows, that night when we drove away from the Bucks and headed—for home.

Our fond mammas had put everything in readiness. The icebox was full of bacon and eggs—and champagne. Our clothes were already neatly arranged in the bureaus and closets. My

filmiest negligee and Jack's pajamas were laid out neatly with our slippers. And—and here was the hitch—a perfect little fire had been laid in the fireplace in the study.

This was August, remember—hot—even in California.

"Oh, Jack," I cried, looking at the neat little pile of logs, "we have to sit by the open fire to have our champagne. We have to."

"Won't it be a little warm, softy?" he wondered.

But I insisted.

As a result we had our champagne sitting outdoors in the patio—while we waited for the house to cool off.

We were both laughing.

But the Biggest Moment of all was when our first baby came. Johnny arrived in October, in 1941, and had to wait three and a half years for his little sister, Germaine Catherine (because we had to have a Kit Carson in the

family) who joined the family last March twenty-third.

I think, for a woman, that week in the hospital after her baby is born is the happiest time of her life. I know I have never felt so close to heaven on earth as on those two occasions in my life. You feel so *wanted*, so important—I don't suppose there is any moment when a wife feels closer to her husband.

I ran over with tears in a steady stream for the first few days after Johnny came.

"Oh, Jack," I would glow, after my husband came back to my room after looking at his son through the plate glass front of the hospital nursery, "isn't he beautiful? And he looks just like you."

"He looks just like Winston Churchill," he answered. I guess he thought it was a dangerous moment for an anti-sentimentalist.

And I found (Continued on page 82)



As big

By

ENSIGN DENNIS DAY,

U.S.N.R.

War service put a temporary halt to the success Dennis Day's voice had earned for him. But perhaps by the time you read this he'll be on the air again, singing for his ever-growing audience.

DO you feel different? Don't you feel just a little safer? Doesn't it seem to you that now it's all right to take a good look at tomorrow and make plans—even rather elaborate ones about sending two-year-old Johnny to college some day and about the house you'll want to buy as soon as you can save enough? Doesn't it seem to you that it's possible now to think of things like that—peaceful things, good things—without bitterness or fear or cynicism?

That's the way it seems to me. Every once in a while, those thoughts come over me with a terrific wallop and I feel as big as the world. And I think that's right. All of a sudden—no, not so suddenly, after all, because it took many lives and much sorrow to get us to this place in history, but fast enough when you reckon in centuries—I am, in a way, as big as the world. And so are you. As big and as strong, because now hundreds of millions of us, all over the world, have joined our hands and our hopes into a positive instrument for peace, for betterment and for the maintenance of human dignity and

decency, for hopeful human progress.

Maybe, being in the Armed Forces myself, the Conference in San Francisco hit me harder than it did lots of civilians. I'd have given a good deal to have been one of the lucky guys sent to the Conference. I was busy doing my job for the Navy—but that didn't keep me from listening to and reading every scrap of news that came through.

I don't worry about politics, as a rule—I say, let the fellows who know about it wrestle with it, and I'll stick to my singing. But you couldn't feel that way over something as big as this.

As I look back on it, the big thing that stands out in my mind is that, disputes or no disputes, we got the Charter for the United Nations Organization. And I think that we, the people, you and I, and the hundreds of millions like us throughout the world, had a little something to do with getting the Charter.

But, it seems to me that having got this World Organization which makes us strong—together—and safe—together—

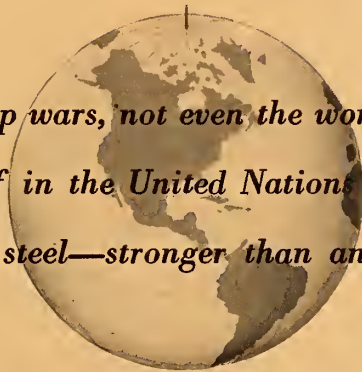
and hopeful for the future—together—we can't just go about our own, individual, little affairs and forget about it. It seems to me that this is no document to stick in some Congressional Library or historical museum. It seems to me that every one of us ought to know what it says it stands for—and then, every one of us has to make sure that it's put to work to get us what it was meant to get us—peace and security for a long time to come.

If you join a union, or a club, or a lodge, one of the first things you do is read the by-laws of that organization—to know where you stand and what you're entitled to get. If you're married, maybe you and your wife go over them together—so you both know where you stand.

The way I see it, we've all joined a great, big union—the biggest and most important one in the world. We all have everything to gain, if the by-laws set up in the Charter are carried out. And we also have everything to lose, if they're not—our safety, our homes, our countries, our freedom and, in the end, probably our lives.

as the World

Words alone can't stop wars, not even the words: It must not happen again! But our belief in the United Nations Charter can make those words stronger than steel—stronger than any of the causes of war



There's been a lot of talking back and forth about the Charter. Most of it is for the whole idea. Some of it is against. And in all the talking there's a lot of confusion. I think if everyone were to read the Charter and stop trying to get what's in it second-hand, as it were, there would be much less confusion about it. You can get a copy by writing to the Women's Division of the Democratic National Committee, Mayflower Hotel, Washington 6, D. C. It isn't any highly technical or legal document. It's as clear and direct as our own Constitution—and as necessary for all of us to know and understand and fight for.

In fact, President Truman, in his address to the delegates after they had signed the Charter, compared it to the document that started this country on its way to becoming a free and independent nation. He said:

... "The Constitution of my own country came from a Convention which—like this one—was made up of delegates with many different views. Like this Charter our Constitution came from a free and sometimes bitter exchange of conflicting opinions. When it was adopted, no one regarded it as a perfect document. But it grew and developed and expanded. Upon it there was built a bigger, a better, a more perfect union.

"This Charter, like our own Constitution, will be expanded and improved as time goes on. No one claims that it is now a final or a perfect instrument. It has not been poured into a fixed mold. Changing world conditions will

require readjustments—but they will be the readjustments of peace and not of war."

That last is important to remember, I think—that there is leeway for change.

When you read the Charter, you begin to get a very different picture than you got while the Conference was going on. You see not the conflicts, except to see how small some of them really were when compared with the mighty issues on which there was agreement right from the start. And you see, when you read the whole Charter, how just and fitting are the agreements that were reached, even on the issues over which there was some argument.

First, look at the Purposes and Principles of the World Organization. This is important, this statement of principles, because the entire rest of the Charter can only be judged on the basis of whether it carries out these purposes, or not. I think I'll give them to you exactly as they appear in the Charter.

1. To maintain international peace and security, and to that end: to take effective collective measures for the prevention and removal of threats to the peace and for the suppression of acts of aggression or other breaches of the peace, and to bring about by peaceful means, and in conformity with the principles of justice and international law, adjustment or settlement of international disputes or situations which might lead to a breach of the peace;

2. To develop friendly relations among

nations based on respect for the principle of equal rights and self-determination of people, and to take other appropriate measures to strengthen universal peace;

3. To achieve international cooperation in solving international problems of an economic, social, cultural or humanitarian character, and in promoting and encouraging respect for human rights and for fundamental freedoms for all without distinction as to race, sex, language or religion.

I think I ought to point out here, to you women, that something unique appears in this paragraph—unique, that is, in a historical document. The word sex has been included. It should interest every woman. Because, whether we like it or not, no matter how free-minded we have always thought ourselves to be, and how emancipated we have considered American women, the truth is that a very large percentage of the people in the world—including many women—still consider this to be strictly a "man's world," and in lots of places in the world women are still made to realize that every day of their lives. And I'm not thinking only of the Kinder, Küche and Kirche of the Nazis, although that was the most violent expression of it.

This business of real equality for women (which, incidentally, doesn't mean that they have to "wear the pants in the family," because if there's real equality everything is share and share alike and a couple of sensible people divide up the work that needs to be done in a (Continued on page 79)

Part of me

*Unfulfillment shadowed all of them: Frances
and Charles, and Myra. It was up to one of them to
do something about it . . . and one of them did*

THE STORY:

IT'S HARD to live in the same town with the man you love—the man who's married to another woman—to see him day after day, and know that you have no part in his life. It's hard, but you can stand it, and manage never to let him know, by so much as a tiny gesture, how you feel toward him. I know, because I did it. Charles couldn't have suspected how I felt, because, knowing that there was nothing I could do about it, I did nothing. But where Bob was concerned, I felt that I *had* to do something—I couldn't let that wrong go unchallenged. Bob was Charles' son—his and Myra's. Myra had married Charles years before, "on the rebound," as they say, shortly after the man to whom she was engaged had been killed in an accident. Now Bob was twelve, and in my class in school—I was a teacher. And there was something terribly wrong with Bob. He wasn't good in his studies; yet he was a bright boy. His deportment was terrible, he was often late; yet he wasn't a bad boy, or even a careless one. It was Myra's fault, I knew—Myra, who was trying to bring up her energetic, mechanically-minded, real-boy son in the image of her poetical, artistic sweetheart who had died so long ago. The main point of contention was Bob's music—Myra forced him to take piano, forced him to practice, when it was obvious that he never would and never could—and would never want to be—a musician. And yet there was so little I could do—only the small things of talk-

ing to the boy, trying to encourage him to do some of the things he wanted to do, trying to help him to enjoy his life a little more. And in doing those things, I came in closer contact with Charles. There was the time we three, Charles and Bob and I, made a snowman, and Myra caught us at it, and sent Bob in to do his practicing. That was the first time it occurred to me that Myra might be noticing my interest in Charles. I imagined that she watched me out the window as Charles and I stood looking at each other after Bob went in.

But if Myra had seen, and had read any meaning into what she saw, she gave no sign. The winter went on . . . Christmas holidays, and Bob with a strange combination of presents: a pair of ice skates, a volume of Shakespeare's plays, a football, a Beethoven sonata on phonograph records. Really, I thought, it would have been comic except that a boy's life was being warped out of shape. And I remembered that for three Christmases before this one, there had been no Charles at home to see that he got the ice skates and the football.

Bob gave me a Christmas present. He brought it over early Christmas morning, while Mother and I were having breakfast, and stood by, beaming and watching me unwrap it. A harness, in red leather, for Seamas. "I know it isn't exactly a present for you," he said sheepishly, "but he does need one."

"It's lovely, Bob," I enthused. "And I'm so glad you got it. My conscience has been hurting me because we've been letting Seamus run around in that

old collar. Now wait a minute—I have something for you."

I'd given a lot of thought to that present, before settling, finally, on an ant city—a tall glass box, partly filled with sand, in which you could see a community of ants living, tunneling, working. "Gee!" Bob said, in reverent joy. "Gee, Miss Wilson!" But then his face fell, and he stepped back, silent. I knew what he was thinking—it had occurred to me too, and I had prepared an answer to it.

"Would you like to keep them down in our cellar, Bob?" I asked. "Maybe your mother wouldn't like them in your house—she might be afraid they'd get loose."

My own mother, standing by, said grimly, "And well she might!"

Bob threw her an apprehensive glance, and I laughed and said, "They won't—we'll keep a close watch on them, won't we, Bob?"

"Oh, you bet!"

So that was settled, and Bob went down to fix a suitable place for his new pets. Mother, clearing the table, was silent—silent for so long that at last I said, "You don't really mind having the ants here, do you? It means so much to Bob."

Mother's eyes, still bright and sharp behind her spectacles, softened. "And to you too, I expect."

"Yes," I said quietly. "To me, too."

Mother laid the dish she'd just picked up back on the table. "Frances—I don't mean to interfere. But—I don't want you to be hurt. When you interfere in a neighbor's affairs . . ."



Then it happened—what I had dreamed so often. And it was heartbreaking, for each kiss was a farewell.

She was right, of course, and the knowledge of her rightness made my voice harsh. "Bob's not just a neighbor's child—he's one of my pupils. Doesn't that give me a responsibility toward him?"

"Maybe." She picked up the dish again, her face sorrowful, absorbed. "Only— Well, it's your business, dear."

My business. But it was Bob's, and Charles', and Myra's, as well as mine—and one day, as winter drew to its end, I was forced to realize that.

Bob had a project for spring. He had decided that it was time for Seamas to begin his duties as watch-dog. Instead of being shut up every night in the garage, he was to have a house outside, in the corner of the back yard, where he could "keep an eye on things." And Bob was busy building the house, which was to be rather an elaborate affair.

Perhaps he had grown careless. Perhaps he had skipped his practice period on the piano so often, when he came home from school and found Myra away, that this particular afternoon he felt too safe, and took it for granted that she was out instead of calling up to her room to make sure . . .

I don't know. I only know that I came home a little after four and found the back yard empty, Seamas standing disconsolately beside the beginnings of his new house, and a hammer and saw lying on the ground, as if dropped there hastily.

"**W**AS Bob over?" I asked Mother, and she gave me a strange look.

"Yes," she said. "He was, but Myra came over and got him. She looked . . . mad as hops." The homely phrase gave me a sudden, frightening vision of Myra as she must have been—the pale face paler than ever, except for two bright spots burning on her cheeks, the black eyes tortured with anger. Strange that I could imagine her so plainly, because I had never seen Myra in a temper; but it was as if I had always known that fires were banked far down below the icy pride she showed the world.

"I wonder what's the matter," I heard myself murmuring, trying with words to quiet the clamor of dread inside me. It was unreasoning dread, I thought reassuringly: even if Myra were angry at Bob, for some reason, what had her anger to do with me? Nothing, of course. But the feeling was there, the apprehension, and when the front door-bell rang, I knew it was Myra.

She stood on the porch, hatless, her black hair gleaming, a coat thrown around her shoulders. And her face was as I'd known it would be.

"No, I won't come in," she said. "I just want you to know—I've forbidden Bob to come over here any more."

"You've— But why, Myra?"

"As a punishment. He's been lying to me. He's supposed to practice for an hour after he comes home from school. I thought he did—I thought I could trust him—even when I was out. He always told me he'd practiced," she added, naively unaware that she could not have trusted Bob so very much if she had always taken the trouble to question him.

"Oh. But—" I began. She went on as if I hadn't spoken.

"Today I was up in my room, resting. I have a frightful headache," and she pressed one narrow, long-fingered hand against her temple. "I waited—I thought Bob might be late getting home from school. Finally I got up and looked out of the window—and there he was, in your back yard, hammering and sawing on that ridiculous dog-house! . . . I've told him he's not to come over here again, ever. I'm sorry, Frances—no doubt you meant well—but ever since you got that dog Bob's been getting harder and harder to manage. I don't want him working with tools, either—suppose he should cut his hands, or hit one of them with a hammer?"

It would release him from prison, I wanted to say, but I was frightened, I didn't dare. Instead, I tried to soothe her, and at the same time to plead Bob's case. I told her I knew how she felt, and that Bob had been very wrong to lie about practicing—"But I'm sure if you talk to him, make him promise not to do it again, that will be punishment enough. He loves Seamas so much, and enjoys doing things for him— And he's very careful with the tools. I've watched him."

She shook her head. "No. No. My mind's made up." Abruptly, she turned and went down the steps.

I shut the door and leaned against it, my knees suddenly weak and shaking. The woman was insane, I thought—

and corrected myself quickly. No, not insane, but ruled by an obsession. Perhaps it was the same thing. I didn't know. I couldn't really think clearly and consecutively, anyway; there was room in me only for emotion. A torrent, a whirlpool, of emotions, anger and pity and love, all boiling and stirring together.

She was cruel, cruel! She wanted to cut Bob off from all normal, boyish pursuits, chain him to a piano. She'd already robbed him of friends his own age; I'd seen how he was unable to meet other boys and play after school. I'd tried to give him a substitute—not a very good one, I admitted, only a dog and a chance to build with his hands and my own friendship (the friendship of an old maid schoolteacher! I added bitterly). But even that poor substitute, she had taken away from him.

Well, she must not be allowed to do it. I would talk to Charles, I would make him see . . .

I stopped short. Because there was nothing I could tell Charles, I saw, that he did not know already.

I had felt something of Myra's cold force, while she stood in the doorway telling me Bob had been forbidden to visit me again. She had cowed me, made me afraid to say what I thought. I supposed, in the same way, she imposed her will on Charles. He had his little victories—the football and the skates at Christmas—but on something that Myra considered vitally important, could he win? Could he insist that Bob

Bob had a project for Spring. He had decided that Seamas must begin his duties as a watch-dog, with a house outside in the back yard.



be allowed to come here, build his house for Seamas? Would he even try?—since technically Bob, having lied, was in the wrong and deserved a punishment of some sort. But not this sort—not this horrible sort!

Just then I remembered the ant city, and giggled hysterically. It was Bob's own property, but Myra would certainly never let him have it—and here I was, with it to worry about too!

I took a deep breath and fought to get control of myself. Going back to the kitchen—"That was Myra," I said. "She's forbidden Bob to come over here again. She says it's because he lied to her about practicing on the piano—but I think she's always resented the good times he has here."

Mother nodded. "I wouldn't be surprised," she said. She didn't add, "I warned you about this," for which I was grateful.

Bob wouldn't look at me, the next morning when he came into my class-

room. He sat down at his desk, and produced a book, and buried himself in it. Spelling, geography—they were the two subjects we took up before the mid-morning recess, and throughout the recitation periods Bob just sat there, withdrawn and silent. I didn't ask him to recite; I wanted to talk to him first.

The recess bell rang, and I dismissed the class. Bob bolted for the door, but I was too quick for him. "Bob," I called. "May I see you for a minute?"

Reluctantly, he turned, moved against the outward-flowing tide of children, came to my desk. "Yes, Miss Wilson?" he said.

I hated what I had to do. But in long hours of lying awake, the night before, I'd come to see there was no other way I could help him. I couldn't advise him to fight, to defy his mother. So the only course left was to show him the benefits of patience—benefits that I myself, in my heart, could only doubt.

"I just wanted to tell you," I said pleasantly, "that I'm sorry you can't come to see me any more. Seamas will miss you—and so will I, Bob." He looked down at his feet; with the toe of one shoe he was kicking, lightly, the toe of the other. He gave me no help.

"But I'll take care of your ant city for you," I went on painfully, "and I imagine that pretty soon your mother will decide you've been punished enough—"

HIS head jerked up. "She won't!" he cried, fixing me accusingly with those eyes that were so like Charles'. "She won't—you know she won't! She doesn't want me to have any fun—all she wants me to do is pound that damned piano—"

"Bob! You mustn't swear!" I sounded shocked, and I was—not at his profanity, but at the depth of misery and hatred in his voice. "Your mother only wants what's best for you—she's spent a great deal of money on piano lessons for you, and naturally she doesn't want to feel it's been wasted."

"Well, it has been wasted—every cent of it! I can't play, I'll never be able to, because I hate music. And Mom knows it, but she doesn't care. I don't even like to listen to it!"

There was no possible answer for him, but I tried to find one. "You won't always feel this way about it, Bob. When you're older, you'll be glad you know how to play—I know, because when I was a girl I hated to practice too, but now—"

My voice trailed away, because he was looking at me in disillusionment. I felt stripped, shoddy, before that candid gaze. I had failed him, and my failure was mirrored in his eyes. I was talking nonsense, and it hurt him, because he hadn't expected to hear nonsense from me.

"No," he said quietly. "No, Miss Wilson," and turned and walked out of the room, leaving me with shame for company.

I got through the rest of the morning somehow, and I remember being grateful that it was Thursday, because Thursday afternoon was the regular time for my class to go downstairs, the girls to the domestic science room, the boys to the manual training workshop. It would do Bob good, I thought, to spend some hours down there, familiar and comfortable among the smell of fresh wood—and it would give me a chance to hink, to decide what I should do. I went down to Charles' office as soon as school was over for the day, perhaps I could see him there, talk to him, plan some course of action that would help Bob . . . I would have done it, easily and naturally enough, with the parent of any other pupil—the only difference was that I happened to love Charles. It was becoming impossible for me to see him, talk to him, without giving myself away.

I was still undecided when decision was forced upon me.

The basement manual training workshop was just under my classroom, and through the windows, open for the brief warmth of the early spring day, I could hear (Continued on page 62)



INTERMEZZO

Lyric by ROBERT HENNING

Music by HEINZ PROVOST

Andante

Like the dream you dream to - night, That fades from sight when dark-ness dis - ap -

accel.

pears, May - be you will van - ish too, The mo - ment when to - mor - row's dawn ap -

a tempo

pears, So, my love while stars a - bove In Heav - en's blue are soft - ly

beam - ing and gleam - ing, Then I'll live in the glo - ry of your love.



PATRICE MUNSEL, glamorous coloratura of CBS's Family Hour, is only nineteen—the Metropolitan Opera's youngest star. But more important than her youth is the fact that Patrice is altogether "made in America"; musical training in her native state of Washington, and in New York City, gave her magnificent voice the polish that in 1943 won for her one of the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air. A scant few months later, her debut in the Metropolitan's "Mignon" stopped the performance for seven minutes, and the career of one of our most exciting singers was under way.



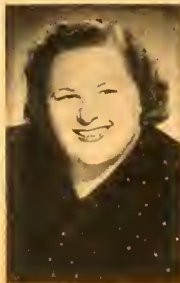
Still with us is that problem of conserving sugar. Here are some almost-sugarless desserts to help you outwit the shortage with all the taste-tempting artistry of a master.

SUGAR SAVERS

COLD days are just around the corner, so let's turn on the oven and get ready to enjoy our favorite dessert, cake—rich, delicious homemade cake as tantalizing to the nose as to the taste. To be sure, the demands on our sugar will continue to be heavy, so heavy that each one of us will have to make the very best possible use of our share, but that need not keep us from cake baking, for this month's recipes have been created especially so that we may eat our cake and have our sugar, too. In place of granulated sugar, they make use of brown, currently more plentiful, and corn syrup and honey. One recipe which specifies white sugar evens up the score by using no shortening at all, and even the fillings and frostings use a minimum of sugar, or none at all. But here is an essential point: these recipes depend for success on method as much as on ingredients, so be sure to follow each one, step by step, exactly as it is given.

Fudge Nut Meringue Cake

Advance preparation: Have shortening at room temperature. Grease 13 x 9 x 2-inch pan, line with waxed paper and grease again. Start oven for moderate heat (375 degrees F.). Sift flour before measuring.
 Measure into sifter
 2 cups sifted cake flour
 1 tsp. soda
 ¾ tsp. salt



By
KATE SMITH

**RADIO ROMANCES
 FOOD COUNSELOR**
 Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night show, heard over CBS, at 8:30 EWT.

Measure into bowl ½ cup vegetable shortening.
 Have ready
 ¾ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 ¾ cup corn syrup or honey mixed with 1 cup milk
 1 teaspoon vanilla
 2 eggs, unbeaten
 3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
 1 cup coarsely chopped nut meats
 Mix or stir shortening (by hand or with electric mixer at low speed) just enough to soften it. Sift in dry ingredients. Add brown sugar, forcing through sieve if necessary to remove lumps. Add half the liquid, vanilla and eggs. Mix until all flour is dampened; beat for 1 minute. Add remaining liquid, blend, then add chocolate and beat for 2 minutes longer. Add nuts. (Count only the actual beating time. Or count beating strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon or beater frequently.) Turn into pan and bake at 375 degrees F. until done, 25 minutes. Let cake remain in pan and while still hot cover with

Meringue Topping

2 egg whites
 Pinch salt
 ½ cup sugar
 ¼ tsp. almond extract
 ¼ cup chopped nut meats
 Beat together egg whites and salt until foamy. Add sugar gradually, beating after each addition until well blended. Continue beating, after all sugar is added, until mixture will stand in peaks. Add almond extract. Spread lightly over hot cake in pan, sprinkle with nut meats and bake at 375 degrees F. until lightly browned, 10 minutes. For thicker frosting, double.

Sugar-Saving Quick Cake

Advance preparation: Have shortening at room temperature. Grease two deep 8-inch layer pans, line bottoms
 (Continued on page 101)

SATURDAY

Eastern War Time

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Time	Station	Program		
		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		
		8:00	NBC	Home Is What You Make It		
		8:15	9:15	CBS	The Garden Gate	
		9:30	CBS	Country Journal		
		9:30	NBC	Adventures of Archie Andrews		
		8:45	9:45	CBS	David Shoop Orchestra	
		9:00	10:00	CBS	Give and Take	
7:00		9:00	10:00	NBC	Teentimers Canteen	
		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	NBC	Alex Drier	
		8:00	10:00	11:00	ABC	Harry Kogen's Orchestra
		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 Dairy		
		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		
		1:00	CBS	Grand Central Station		
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC	Mess Call		
		1:00	MBS	Luncheon with Lopez		
		1:15	NBC	Music for Your Mood		
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS	Youth on Parade		
		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	Football		
		1:00	2:00	CBS	Of Men and Books	
		2:00	ABC	Football		
		2:15	CBS	Adventures in Science		
		2:30	CBS	Carolina Hayride		
12:00		3:00	CBS	The Land is Bright		
		3:00	MBS	This Is Halloran		
		3:30	CBS	Syncopation Piece		
	2:30	4:00	CBS	Report from Washington		
		4:00	ABC	Saturday Symphony		
		4:15	CBS	Report from Overseas		
		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		
		5:00	CBS	We Deliver the Goods		
2:00		5:00	NBC	Grand Hotel		
2:00	4:00	5:15	MBS	Sports Parade		
2:30	4:40	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	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	Hank D'Amice Orchestra
		6:30	MBS	Hawaii Calls		
		6:45	ABC	Labor, U. S. A.		
		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	7:00	NBC	Our Foreign Policy	
		7:00	MBS	Music for Remembrance		
		7:00	ABC	Jobs After Victory		
		7:15	ABC	David Willis		
		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 Singler		
		8:00	ABC	Gang Busters		
		8:00	NBC	Life of Riley		
		8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS	Viva America
		8:30	MBS	Symphony of the Americas		
		8:30	NBC	Truth or Consequences		
		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	The Whisper Men		
		5:30	8:30	9:30	NBC	Boston Symphony
		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	Hossier Hop		
		10:00	NBC	Judy Canova		
		10:15	CBS	Report to the Nation		
		7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC	Grand Ole Opry
		10:30	ABC	Hayloft Hoedown		
		10:45	9:45	10:45	CBS	Talks

Introducing LUM 'n' ABNER

Chester Lauck



Norris Goff

FROM the time he was a youngster in grammar school in Allene, Arkansas (where he was born), Chester Lauck has always had an eye to business.

At this early age, he conceived the idea of making money by opening a hot dog stand, where he sold hamburgers and popcorn to the kids in school. Then there was his strawberry business, adding tidily to his allowance.

The Laucks moved to Mena, Arkansas, when Chester was ten. It was then that he met Norris Goff, and they became close friends.

When Chet was sent to the University of Arkansas, Tuffy Goff arrived to continue his educational activities, and the friendship was resumed.

Throughout the years, Chet and Tuffy had amused themselves and their friends by presenting amateur skits—mostly of the blackface variety. They were particularly adept at mimicry, also, and their quick mastery of the dialect and mannerisms of their Ozark friends and neighbors proved vastly entertaining to their audiences.

From the beginning, Chet and Tuffy had exhibited a flair for ad-libbing. This inspired them to create the characters of Lum and Abner, who have since endeared themselves to the American public and particularly to their fellow Arkansans.

In September of 1926, Chet married Harriet Wood, and in 1928 their first daughter, Shirley, was born. Later, Nancy and Chet, Jr., joined the family.

The Laucks live in a spacious 18th Century Early American house in the heart of Beverly Hills. Many lovely antique pieces are scattered throughout the maple-and-chintz interior.

As in his youth, Chet is still engaged in various business ventures. His spare time, when not before the cameras or broadcasting over the radio, is spent in traveling, to keep an eye on his scattered interests.

IN GRADE school, Norris Goff met Chester Lauck, and earned his nickname of "Tuffy"—he could hold his own with the older boys in Chester's gang.

Tuffy was a stocky, happy-go-lucky chap, with a sly, quiet humor which he managed to conceal for the most part under a cloak of assumed seriousness. He had no burning ambition, as his father realized when he vainly attempted to interest him in the grocery business. If there were a feminine companion available for an afternoon movie, Tuffy was conspicuous by his absence. Tuffy began to settle down, however, after his marriage to Elizabeth Bullion, in August of 1929.

Both Tuffy and Chet enjoyed dialect skits. Someone at radio station KTHS, Hot Springs, had heard a program at the Lions' Club and gotten in touch with the president of the club, who was none other than Chet, who organized a blackface act and sent for Tuffy.

But they found the air was dark with blackface acts. Chet and Tuffy decided a show about people in the Ozarks might go over. "I guess I'll call myself Lum," said Chet, because he hadn't ever heard of anyone by that name. Tuffy paused a moment, then remarked he knew an old man named Abner. So Lum and Abner came to be. By 1933, they had begun their network broadcasts from Chicago; by 1940 they were in the movies.

The Goffs, with their two children, Gary, aged eleven, and Gretchen, aged five, now live in a stream-lined Swedish modern farmhouse in Encino, California. He loves to putter around the place—cleaning his guns, talking over the back fence, visiting with the neighbors. The family bursts into laughter when he mentions his "office." It contains an impressive filing cabinet and a large desk, which Mrs. Goff insists contain nothing but fishing tackle and old boots.



AFTER A YEAR AT OUR LONDON EMBASSY—Mary Anne Braswell shares a "reunion-cake" with three British airmen. Soon after graduating from the University of Georgia she received her Diplomatic Corps assignment. Her work was "fascinating and exacting" she says. Air raids, celebrities, robot bombs—and "getting engaged" to an American officer from Boston were all part of her London adventure.

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



She's delightfully poised—with glinty-chestnut hair, alabaster-smooth skin

*Mary Anne Braswell to wed Edwin P. Cushman,
U.S. Army Officer*

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Braswell of Athens, Georgia.

HER RING

3 steps of diamonds flank the handsome center diamond. The band is platinum.



THE first day Mary Anne was in London she met her officer fiancé-to-be... at a luncheon club near the Embassy!

She's *another* engaged girl with that "soft-smooth" Pond's look!

"I surely do depend on Pond's Cold Cream," she says, "it has the nicest way of making your face feel *especially* soft and clean. I wouldn't be without my Pond's for anything."

Twice every day Mary Anne uses Pond's Cold Cream—like this:

She *smooths* the silky-soft cream well

over her face and throat and pats rapidly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues it all off.

She *rinses* with more Pond's Cold Cream, plying her white covered fingertips round her face in quick little circles. Tissues off. This is "extra-care," she says, for extra cleansing, extra softening.

Why don't you use Pond's Cold Cream her way? Every morning, every evening and for in-between time clean-ups! It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Get a *big luxury jar* that lets you dip in with both hands!



A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont · The Lady Morris · Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle · Lady Louis Mountbatten · Mrs. George J. Gould, Jr. · Princess Xenia.

R
R

Stop tearing your hair!



"NOW... I'm curling my hair the safer, pleasanter way with 'EASY-LOCK' Curler"

Now you can "curl up in comfort" with the wonderful new Easy-Lock curler. No snagging or cutting your hair...no tiresome fumbling. Just a twist of the wrist and then snap—it locks almost automatically, one-handed!

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"Gaylord EASY-LOCK CURLERS"
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS
HOLD-BOB bobby pins • hair pins

A Letter For Betty

(Continued from page 27)

deep, hurting ache. Her face was as young and attractive as Jim's—and she had a great capacity for friendliness—but she wasn't using it. There was something about her that shut out friendship. She closed her face the way you lock a diary.

ONLY when I talked about the machine and how she would use it in her work could I get her excited. I thought then that she was determined to have a career and that she had shut away other desires, but that was hard to believe. She was far too young and attractive. I was convinced of that, but I had no proof until I read a sad little note which wasn't meant for me.

Here's the way it happened. Because Betty was so excited about that teletype, she wanted to practice in every spare minute she could find. I told her to signal the practice board at the telephone company, and that I would disconnect her machine so that she could practice. That "disconnect" was what confused her. She took that to mean that anything she wrote wouldn't go through the machine—that she could just sit there and type the way you do on a typewriter and that no one would see what she wrote. But that isn't the way it worked. What she wrote on her machine was transmitted to my machine at the telephone company.

I was amazed when she poured out her emotions in writing—but I know why she did. You can keep things bottled up inside of yourself just so long and then you've got to let them come out. Some girls confide in their parents or their best friends. But other people—sensitive people who hate to talk about their troubles—pour out their emotions in another way. Betty poured hers out in writing. One day I was amazed to see a jumbled, heart-crum-

pling message come into my machine—a message that read something like this:

"Don, my darling, how could you do it when I loved you so? Every dream I dreamed when you were over there was about you and our life together after you came home. How could you marry a girl in England and bring her back here—here to the life we had planned for us? I'll never get over it—never—and Don, Don, Don—I loved you so."

I didn't know what to do. I knew that Betty would be embarrassed if she knew that her pathetic little confession had come over the teletype to my practice board. But I didn't want her to write any more. This was like reading someone's private mail—only worse. A letter is intended for at least one other's eyes. This was like a personal diary—intended for no eyes but Betty's. I finally knew that I would save her embarrassment if I said nothing. There wasn't anything to do but keep still. But I did a lot of thinking. This, then, explained Betty's cautious wariness. She was on her guard against hurt.

I don't know when it was that I got the idea of bringing Jim and Betty together. It was one night at dinner, I guess, when I studied Jim's closed face and was struck by the similarity between his personality and Betty's. I wondered why I hadn't thought of bringing them together before. They were so right for each other—so attractive and clean and young. The whole thing looked like a "natural." So the next day I invited Betty out to spend all-day Sunday with us, and I encouraged Jim to stay home.

I don't know what I expected. Certainly not that they would fall into each other's arms. But I expected more than cool politeness and almost a complete lack of interest. Try as I would, I



Information Please experts Kieran, Fadiman and Adams oil up the cash register for another NBC season.

couldn't seem to get them to see each other. They were courteous and pleasant but detached.

"People have to work things out for themselves," I told myself, but I was disappointed that my Cupid's part had failed.

I didn't give up though. All that month I tried to bring them together as often as possible. But they were so wrapped up in their own personal tragedies that they didn't see each other at all. Finally, I hit upon a sure-fire idea. I had tried to point out their attractions to each other, but they had remained indifferent. Now I decided to try something else—to sell them on the idea that they *needed* each other. I decided to tell each of them the other one's story.

That night I told Jimmy about the confession Betty had poured out on her teletype machine.

"Why, the poor kid," Jimmy said, "what a rotten break." He was thinking of her as a woman for the first time. "How could the big heel do anything like that to Betty? She's a grand person."

The very next noon I called Betty and took her to lunch. And during the noon hour I told her what Marybelle had done to Jim.

"I'll appreciate anything you can do to make Jim happier," I told her, "because he needs a friend so terribly." Then I added my master's touch. "Of course, he'll never fall in love again—but you could have fun together." I said that so that she wouldn't be afraid of becoming involved in another emotional upset.

MY LITTLE campaign worked. The next time we had dinner together—Jim and Betty and I—they actually looked at each other. I could almost feel their awareness of each other growing. And by the time we got to dessert, they didn't even know I was at the table. Oh, what a sense of power I had that night after I had shooed them off to the movies. I sang "Always" as I did the dishes (soulfully, too, if you please) and I enjoyed each tender note of it. I felt like a puppet master who had known how to pull the right strings. But my puppets weren't dolls—they were Jim and Betty—my two favorite people.

In the following weeks I dreamed of floating white veils and orange blossoms and Lohengrin. Because now Jim and Betty were together a lot and they were discovering how much they enjoyed each other. They hiked together on crisp, red-and-gold autumn days—they danced together at purple-lighted Shadowland Ballroom—they sang together in the moonlight.

And, then, suddenly it was all over. It just stopped. No longer did Betty call to say, "Tell Jim to pick me up at the station, will you, Dorie—I have to work late." And no more did Jim race to the phone to dial Betty's number and say, "Hi, Bets—how about the show at the Strand?"

No one told me what happened. Suddenly, Jim's face was tight and closed up again and he asked me not to bring Betty to the house any more. I couldn't ask him why. He wouldn't let me.

"Please, Doris," he seemed to convey without saying a word, "Let's don't talk about it."

Betty didn't tell me anything, either. In fact, she avoided me. When I called her at KWMT, she dismissed me coolly and finally—and her voice was as strained as Jim's face.



All is Forgiven!

When the day arrives—and it will—that Fels-Naptha comes home from the wars, let's hope that the greeting in your household will be '*all is forgiven!*'

This famous soap is still 'seeing service' far from home. A large part of the output of the Fels Plant is assigned to special duty in the four corners of the world.

Most women have been understanding and patient about this absence of an essential item in good housekeeping, even though it has made the family laundry an unaccustomed burden. They know that good soap is part of the superior equipment furnished to our fighters.

To all these good-natured, patriotic women we make this promise: when its present obligations are discharged, Fels-Naptha Soap will be back—unchanged—ready to resume its familiar job of making homes bright and washes sweet and white.

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Just You and I...in all Chicago



"Wonderful to be with you again," you said—"I've dreamed of your soft hands." I thought thankfully of Jergens Lotion. Jergens supplies the beautifying moisture that helps keep my hands soft.



We'd meet at the Pump Room Saturdays. "I know these soft, smooth hands," you'd say. Just imagine a wife letting her hands get rough! Jergens Lotion hand care is so easy.



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Your hands, too, have protection against roughness, with Jergens. Two ingredients in Jergens Lotion have such "know-how" in helping hard-

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For the softest, adorable Hands, USE

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At first, when they stopped seeing each other, I lay awake at night figuring out little schemes to bring them together again. But I was almost afraid to meddle, now. The responsibility of dabbling in the lives of persons you love is too great for anyone except a god. And I'm not a god—I'm just plain Doris Corwin, an unmarried woman, who loves to sit back and look at romance. I made a vow to pin my lips together and "let the molasses run."

One night, however, when Jim and I were talking about his future, I couldn't resist asking him about Betty.

"What about Betty, Jim?" I asked point-blank. "You were hitting it off so well for awhile."

"A man-woman relationship doesn't keep going along one straight road," he explained. "It goes forward or it stops."

"You mean you either get married or you don't," I suggested softly.

"Yes—and I never will marry," Jim said emphatically. "I had one love affair—and that was enough for me—I'll never marry," he repeated, "and neither will Betty. She told me so."

"Then why not go on seeing each other?" I suggested.

"Because we can't tell. One of us might go 'all out' again. And neither of us will risk another hurt."

Now I understood what had happened. Both of them were terribly afraid of being hurt again. So they had built up this crazy defense. They had tried to use reason instead of emotion this time. Together, they had gone over their whole situation logically. And they had come to the conclusion that they must stop seeing each other before one of them was hurt.

I tried to explain to Jim how silly he was.

"Can't you see," I argued, "how superior Betty is to Marybelle? She's intelligent and kind as well as pretty and appealing. She's your kind of person—the kind of mother you want for your children."

The demand for

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"She's wonderful," Jim admitted. "Then why not let yourself go?" I urged. "What difference does it make?" "I couldn't take another emotional upset," Jim explained. "I don't know—maybe it was the war or being away or being hurt—but, anyway, I'm kind of shot. Another crack on the jaw and I might crack up. That sounds weak, but that's the way it is."

"But maybe she loves you," I said, determined to insure his happiness. "You'll never know unless you ask her to marry you."

"She'll never fall in love again," he stated emphatically. "She told me so. She said you can't repeat an emotion like that. She gave all of her heart to Don—and there isn't anything left to fall in love with. She said she was *wrung dry*."

"Bosh," I said.

It was so clear to me—the outsider—what had happened. Two kids with too much pride—two swell young people who had taken a big crack from life and had crawled under a shell. I began to see that I had been wrong in trying to bring them together. I should have seen that there was too much fear in this relationship. If only one of them had been hurt the other one would have had the courage to fight for love—to break down the other's reserve. This way, both of them were afraid. Neither of them was strong enough to combat their mutual fear. Their previous disappointments were stumbling blocks to love. And I couldn't remove those blocks.

BUT once again Fate played into my hands and into the hearts of Jim and Betty. Fate came in the guise of a teletype message from KWMT—another heart-felt note which Betty wrote in the privacy of her own little office in the traffic department. I wasn't prepared for that note when Betty called from KWMT and asked me to disconnect her machine so that she could practice. Immediately, I set the machine for practice and in just a minute her message came through to my board. At first it was just routine practice material. "The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog." That kind of stuff. Then, to my amazement, a letter came through—a note that Betty believed she was writing for her own eyes and no one else's.

These are the words which appeared on the paper in my machine:

"Jim, my darling:—

I'm lonely again—but not for Don—for you. That love I felt for Don is all gone. The ache is all gone. It's as if it had never been. You can't know what that means until you get over Marybelle. And, perhaps, you never will. Because she's still in your heart. That's why my heart hurts today. I seem doomed to fall in love with the wrong person.

Oh, Jim, darling, you're everything I want out of life—and I do love you. I pinned my dreams on Don because I was young and romantic and hungry for love. But this is different. This time I fought love, but it came, anyway.

That's why I must stay away from you, my darling. I can't be your friend when my heart cries out for your love."

That was all, but it was enough. Now I knew that Betty was in love with Jim—terribly in love with him without his knowing it. After the machine

Dearly-desired Kisses



Q. How do some girls attract kisses?

A. Their skin is like satin—so smooth.

Q. Just my luck—I have dry skin.

A. This One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream is just made to help you.

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Fills your skin's daily beauty-needs fully—like a "treatment." For all types of skin. Wards off threats of dry skin. How simple! Just use Jergens Face Cream—but regularly—

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stopped, I sat in the telephone office looking at the big letters printed on the paper in front of me. This new knowledge excited me but scared me, too. Betty no longer dreamed of Don. She loved Jim. But I didn't know what to do about it. The fact that I alone knew of Betty's change of heart seemed to increase my responsibility.

I tore the message out of my machine and placed it in my purse. If only I knew that Jim loved Betty. Then everything would be simple. I could show him Betty's note and let them go on from there. But I didn't dare to intrude that far. I couldn't risk bruising Betty's pride in this new way.

That night when Jim and I were eating I brought up Betty's name.

"Betty's working hard," I said casually. "She practiced a long time this afternoon."

"She's smart and knows what she wants," Jim said, and his quiet face told me nothing.

"Yes, she knows what she wants," I repeated.

"She's the career girl type—she's got brains," he went on.

"SHE has brains," I agreed, "but she isn't the career girl type. She's young and soft and warm."

"She's pretty all right."

"Jim," I began hesitantly. Then I plunged right in. "What if you knew she was in love with you?"

Jim's face wasn't closed now—it was eager and responsive and warm.

"Why—do you mean that—" and then he interrupted himself, and his face got tight again. "She isn't. She told me she couldn't fall in love again."

"Words aren't everything," I insisted.

"Betty's through with love," Jim said finally. "We discussed that thoroughly. She's had her taste of love—and so have I. You see where it got us!"

"But, Jim," I argued, but he wasn't listening. He looked back at me before he walked out the door. "Don't go getting any romantic notions in your head," he said. "Betty can't see me for dust."

After he had gone, I sat quietly for a long time pondering this knot in the love affair I had started. In spite of what Jim had said, I believed more than ever that he and Betty were meant for each other. I smiled when I remembered his face when I had surprised him with a statement about Betty's feeling for him. I was sure that Jim wanted Betty's love—but he was afraid to talk to her about it for fear of being hurt. That's what I wanted to believe, but I couldn't be sure. Suddenly, however, I knew that I couldn't stop now that I had gone this far. I had to see this thing through. And I knew immediately what I must do. Some way I must get Betty's teletyped note to Jim. I had to take the chance even if it might mean embarrassment to them. I knew that they needed each other desperately, and that their coming together would be *right*.

I took the note to the drug store and mailed it to Jim by special delivery. He would believe that she had typed off the note and sent it to him because she loved him and wanted him to know about it. Whether this would please him I could not know until I watched his reaction to the letter.

I didn't get up when the doorbell rang at 7:30 the next morning. I lay very still and listened while Jim went to the door and talked to the postman and went back to his room. I suppose I must have prayed while he was reading that letter. I know I cried.

Isn't it funny how footsteps can have

meaning? Jim's steps when he ran back down the stairs weren't pounding steps or heavy steps or short steps—they were *happy* steps. And by the time they reached the telephone and I heard the dialing, I knew that everything was all right.

Betty said afterward she didn't know what hit her when Jim said, "And I love you, too, darling." But she didn't object much, I guess, because when Jim hung up, he called up the stairs in a voice that was happier than it had ever been in the days of Marybelle, "Put on an extra plate this noon, will you?" And, then, he added in something like wonder, "Gosh, she loves me."

I really put out a banquet that noon, but I might as well have had peanut butter sandwiches for all they cared. They wouldn't have eaten ambrosia. They just looked at each other. Nothing else existed.

I suppose they won't notice me until after the wedding, they're so wrapped up in themselves. Of course, they don't expect an "old maid" to understand what they're feeling, anyway. But I can imagine how they feel just from watching their two, young faces glowing now, and alive.

I've got a funny idea about their love affair. I think it's going to be better than if they'd never had disappointments before. This way, they've made up their minds it's got to work—and they're willing to put every bit of effort they can muster into making their marriage a success. They're willing to work every day to make their life together rich and satisfying.

Of course, secretly I feel pretty smug about the whole thing. Just having had my finger in it gives me a sense of power. But I didn't get as big a thrill out of playing god to their love affair, as I did out of being so close to a real romance. Somehow, watching their romance unfold made up for that phase of my life which I've always missed.

Even though it hasn't come to me personally, at least my life has been brushed by it; and it's enough for me that, because of me, that bright, exciting richness came true for the two people I love best.



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STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
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MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE

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39¢ *Plus Tax*

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At any store which sells toilet goods

Part of Me

(Continued from page 47)

not really listening, its faint, busy hum, a sound compounded of saw-rasp and hammer-stroke and the hiss of planes and the shuffle of boys' feet. Suddenly the familiar sound was gone; there was a silence in which I could feel shock, and then an excited babble of voices.

In a few seconds, I was at the door of the room. But there I stopped. Mr. Aiken, the manual training teacher, was jealous of his rights; he would not care to have another teacher rushing into his domain. Besides—why was I so sure something serious had happened? I was nervous and edgy, that was all. I forced myself to return to my desk, but my whole body seemed to be listening—listening to the complete silence that had followed the first excited burst of talk.

Then, without warning, the door opened and Mr. Aiken and Bob came in. Bob's face was gray-white; he looked as though he would faint. He held his right hand clasped in his left.

"Miss Wilson," Mr. Aiken said, "Bob's hurt his hand. I've looked at it, and I think—" He hesitated. "I think he'd better be sent home."

"Oh," I said. "Oh—yes, of course. I'll take him." There was no surprise in me. As soon as I heard the change in the timbre of the sound from downstairs, I had known it would be Bob.

Mr. Aiken nodded. "You'd better take my car. And I'll tell Miss Colton." Miss Colton was the principal.

"I'm all right," Bob said. "I can go home by myself." But even as he spoke he swayed, and sat down abruptly on the nearest desk.

"Here's the key," Mr. Aiken—spare, middle-aged, his mouth grim—stood near the door. In a low voice, he added, "You'd better see that a doctor looks at that hand. I think one of the fingers is broken. He smashed it with a hammer. And—" He gave me a meaningful glance, as if he wanted to tell me more. There was no time, though; not now. I put my arm around Bob, helped him up and led him outside to Mr. Aiken's car. My own hand was trembling so much I could hardly insert the ignition key in the lock.

A finger broken. A finger on the right hand. Broken. Myra. . . .

BUT she behaved well. Her eyes widened in agony when we came in and I explained that Bob had hurt himself with a hammer, and one hand went to her breast, pressing there as if to stifle pain—that was all. No hysterics, no reproaches. She made Bob lie down, and telephoned the doctor, and then she said, "Thank you for bringing him home, Fran. I can take care of him now, until the doctor comes."

It was dismissal—but in any event, I had to get back to the school; the boys and girls would be coming up from shop and domestic science, and I would be needed. More than that—Mr. Aiken was there, and he had something he must tell me.

He came in after the class had gone, and he told me. "That boy," he said. "I happened to glance at him just as he brought the hammer down on his fingers. And Miss Wilson—he did it on purpose. I'd swear to that."

A hard knot of tension that had been inside me for the past hour relaxed. Knowing, being sure, was less painful, somehow. I took a deep breath.



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I SUGGEST MEDS!"

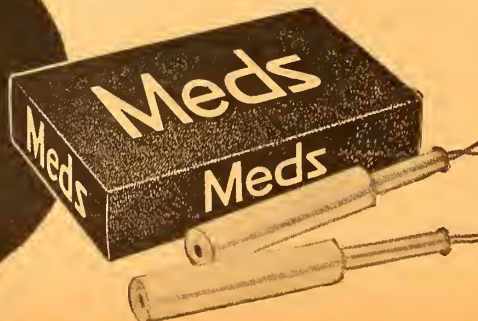
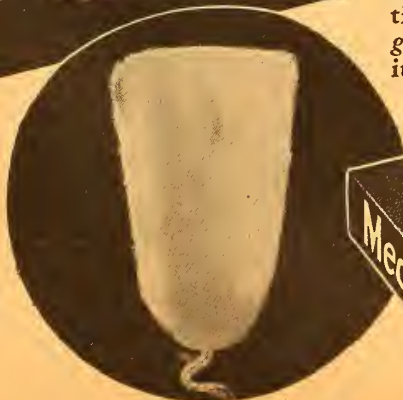
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FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS
Economy package
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Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much *more*, so much *faster!* Extra protection for you!

Meds' fine soft COTTON can absorb up to three times its own weight in moisture! The scientifically-shaped insorber expands *gently* and *comfortably*—adapting itself to individual requirements.



Because of these dainty, carefully designed applicators, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!

"Yes," I said. "I thought he must have. Thank you for telling me."

Mr. Aiken gave me a baffled look. "You thought—? But why should a kid do a thing like that?"

"His mother's trying to make a pianist out of him," I explained wearily. "He hates it."

"He must hate it an awful lot!"

"He does," I said. "He does, Mr. Aiken."

He went out, shaking his head, and I mechanically did my few routine schoolroom chores. So, after all, I must see Charles. He had to know, and he would have to decide. Before leaving, I looked at myself in my pocket mirror, applied rouge and lipstick—but not from vanity. From some inner feeling that I should give his eyes something pleasant to see, to balance the hard things his ears would have to hear.

I HAD never been in his small office over the National Bank building before; I hadn't even known that Lillian Plumm was his secretary. She had been one of my pupils the first year I taught, and now she was nineteen, a year out of high school. Seeing her there, listening to her politeness as she greeted me, I felt suddenly very old and tired, and it didn't help when she said doubtfully, "I don't know whether or not Mr. Lane can see you right now—he's just signing some letters and then he's very anxious to get home."

"Tell him I'm here, anyway," I said shortly, "I think he'll see me." So Myra had called him. I was glad; there would be that much less for me to tell him.

"Oh, yes, of course!" I heard his voice, deep and strong, from the inner office, and then he was at the door, holding out his hand—smiling, but with shadows in his eyes. "Fran—it's good of you to come down here."

And so good to see him, I thought as I went into his book-lined private office. So very good, even though I must hurt him.

"I've come about Bob," I said, sitting down. There was no use in beating about the bush, trying to find an easy way to tell him.

He nodded. "Yes, what happened? Myra called me, but she couldn't tell me how he'd hurt himself. She's pretty upset, of course."

"Bob—hurt himself on purpose, Charles. So he wouldn't have to play the piano any more."

His face, always lean, seemed in that moment to go thin and gaunt. Two deep, vertical furrows appeared between his eyes, and I realized with a kind of dull horror that he was angry. "You must be mistaken, Fran," he said harshly. "Bob would never do a thing like that!"

"I'm not mistaken, Charles," I told him. "The manual training teacher saw him, and told me. And I'd guessed, even before then. Yesterday. . . ." I heard my voice, like the voice of someone else, going on to tell him how Myra had forbidden Bob to play with Seamas any more—neither knowing nor caring whether Myra had already given him her version of the affair—and of Bob's outburst to me that very morning in school. I seemed to be listening to myself with Charles' ears; I seemed to feel, in my own heart, how he tried to keep anger from ebbing away because he knew that when it was gone nothing but conviction would be left. Conviction that every word I said was the truth.

"He's not meant to be a musician,



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A perfume made of all the things you love . . . adventure, mixed with mystery, a dash of gayety and carefree laughter. Enchanting perfume for enchanted hours!

Perfume, \$6.50; \$3.50; \$1.10
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McCullough

New!...

the "Embracelet" that says,

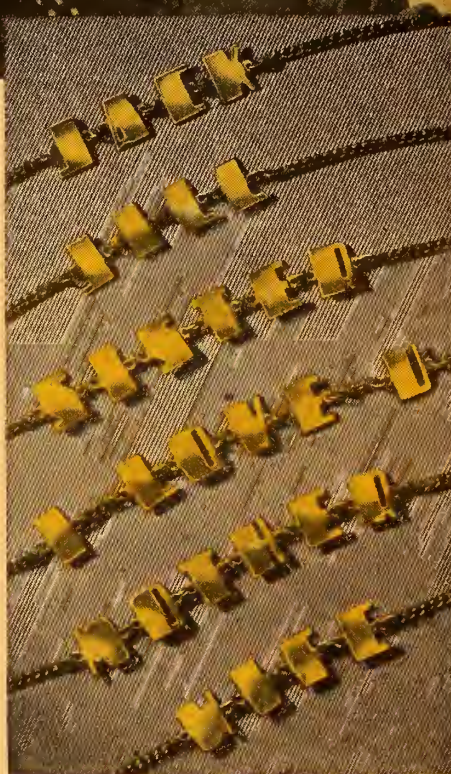
"I love you!"



Instead of tying a string around her finger so she'll remember you, tie an "Embracelet" around her wrist—a stunning, stylish URISCRAFT bracelet that carries your name in ten Karat gold letters on a ten Karat gold chain! Or thrill her by selecting an "Embracelet" with her name on it. Either way, you're sure it spells LOVE! And either way, be sure it's a URISCRAFT "Embracelet"—hand-finished by New York artisans—priced to give Cupid a helping hand—and so new it's actually making fashion news!

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Charles. Forcing him to play the piano is like—it's like trying to make a desk out of woolen cloth, or a suit of clothes out of wood. It can't be done. You'd only end up with something quite useless. And Bob—he'll grow up into something useless, too, unless he's allowed to do the things he's fitted for, the things he understands and likes. He's a fine boy, a wonderful boy, but he's being warped, twisted out of shape—"

Charles held up a hand, palm toward me. "I know. I know." He let the hand fall again to the flat desk-top, staring at it with lifeless eyes. After a silence he said, "You're right, of course. I'll have to help him—I should have helped him sooner. I've been a coward. But when a man makes a mistake, the consequences never seem to end. You can't cope with them without undoing the first mistake. And that's not so easy."

He raised his eyes to mine, and I felt myself lifted, weightless, on a long breath of suspense—not quite sure of his meaning, hoping, uncertain. "What was your mistake, Charles?" I whispered.

"MARRYING Myra." And as if the two words had been a key unlocking all that he had kept hidden in his heart, he rose from his chair and paced the floor, talking swiftly. "I knew when we were married she didn't love me—not in the way she'd loved Kinkaid. I thought it didn't matter—she'd forgot him, I could make her happy. So I persuaded her. It was my doing, all of it—she tried to tell me we were making a mistake, but I swept her off her feet, I wouldn't listen to her. . . . We were married, and Bob was born. And because I knew by then I couldn't take Kinkaid's place, couldn't ever take it, I felt sorry for her, and ashamed. I let her have Bob. I gave him to her. Oh, we never talked about it, and I don't know if she realized, but it was as if I'd signed away my rights to him."

He stopped, bending over me. "Do you know what I mean? I'd wanted to give her so much, and I'd failed. She didn't love me. That put me under a kind of obligation, and the only way I could pay it was to give her Bob, all for herself. Pretty horrible, wasn't it?—because I completely ignored the fact that Bob was going to grow into a person, a human being—not something to be given away like a consolation prize!"

My eyes were so filled with tears I could hardly see him; I reached out blindly and caught his hand. All my love for him welled up into a flood of pity. "Oh, my dear!" I said, not caring now how I revealed myself. "My dearest!"

Then it happened—what I had dreamed so often. I learned how it was to be in his arms, to feel his lips on mine, to hear his voice whispering broken words of love. And it was beautiful and heart-breaking, because each kiss was a farewell.

There was no need for us to explain things to each other. We knew we were in love, and we knew there was nothing in the world we could do about it. Myra might give him a divorce—no doubt she would—but that wouldn't solve Bob's problem. Bob's only hope now was to have his father with him, fighting for him. Though it meant my own happiness, I would never take Charles away from Bob.

I pushed him gently away at last. "I'd better go," I murmured. "And you ought to get home."

"We can walk there together!"

URISCRAFT



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"And have everybody in town guess, by looking at me, that I'd just been kissing you?" I asked, forcing a shaky laugh. "No thanks! As it is, I hardly dare face Lilian Plumm."

"I'm not so sure I can, either," he said wryly.

All the same, we did, both of us; and we went downstairs to the busy small-town street corner, and said a polite goodbye there. I wouldn't go home just yet, I said; I had some shopping to do. . . .

I haven't the faintest recollection of what stores I went into—or if, indeed, I went into any. My consciousness, my whole being, was filled with the memory of his kisses—with that, and the knowledge that we might never kiss again.

Coming home at last, my eyes were drawn irresistibly to Charles' house, as if the mere sight of it could tell me what was happening inside. But the wood and glass of its front were inscrutable; it was a house, and nothing more.

I had to tell Mother, as matter-of-factly as possible, what had happened to Bob. She hadn't seen me bring him home, but she'd seen the doctor come and go, and she was understandably curious. One fact, of course, I kept to myself—that his injury had not been an accident.

"My goodness, Myra must be throwing a fit at the idea of anything interfering with Bob's piano-playing," Mother was saying—not without relish—when the telephone rang. I picked it up carelessly; the last thing I expected to hear was Charles' voice, saying, "Can you come over, Fran? Myra wants to talk to you." His tone was completely flat, unrevealing.

"Why—yes, of course," I said. "Right away." And then, because I wanted to know before I faced Myra, I asked, "How's Bob's hand?"

"The doctor doesn't think any bones are broken. He's going to have it X-rayed tomorrow."

That should have relieved me, I thought as I let myself out the front door. But it didn't. If one of Bob's fingers were broken, there need never again be any question of his playing the piano—but if it healed Myra must somehow be convinced that she was wrong. And Charles was the only one who could convince her.

CHARLES opened his door for me, and looking at him I thought that this must be how he appeared in the courtroom, fighting with all his power to win a case: all the lines of his face stern and sharp, his head lifted as if in challenge. He took me into the livingroom, where Myra sat erect, her hands clasped tightly in her lap, bitter resentment in the dark pools of her eyes.

"Will you tell Myra how Bob hurt his hand?" Charles asked me.

She turned her head away from me as I began to speak; all I saw was the still whiteness of her profile. She might have been a statue, not a woman listening to the story of how her son had tried to maim himself rather than continue the kind of life she had ordained for him.

And when I had finished there was a silence, until Charles said with a curious gentleness:

"Do you believe it now, Myra? Or do you want me to go up and get Bob out of bed, and ask him to tell you?"

Her only answer was a slow shake of her head from side to side.



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"Don't you see, Myra," Charles pleaded, "how unhappy you've been making him? All his trouble—his bad school work, his sulkiness, his fits of temper—they're the result of being pushed into something wrong for him."

Again she moved her head, this time in acquiescence—dream-like, stricken, as if the last props of her existence had been pulled away.

"Then you will forget about his music, Myra?" Charles' voice rose on a note of eager triumph. "You'll let him live a normal boy's life—choose his own friends, run and play in the afternoons, have his pets if he takes care of them properly? It isn't much to ask, Myra?"

Myra's lips twisted. "No?" she said. "It isn't? Not much to ask me to give him up?"

"Nobody's asking you to give Bob up. But he's my son as well as yours."

"Your son? Yes. But he can't belong to both of us, Charles." She stood up suddenly, flinging her arms wide. "A child can only belong to two people when they love each other. Don't you know that?" she said mockingly.

Charles caught his breath. "Yes," he said. "I know it."

The room was charged now, like a countryside before the lightning comes. I took a step toward the door. "I'd better go—" I said uncertainly.

"Don't go," Myra cried. "Why should you go? This is your affair too. Because you love Charles, don't you?"

She didn't fling the question at me. It was not an accusation. Yet even if it had been, I think I could still have said, as I did: "Yes, I love him."

"And he loves you, I know. So, in a way, you belong in this family discussion, Frances."

"Myra—please." Charles moved toward her, but she held out a hand against him.

"Oh, I'm not jealous," she said wearily. "What right have I to be jealous of you, Charles? You did your best, but we should never have married. If you want a divorce, I'll give you one."

Charles' face blazed with hope—but only for an instant. Almost together, both he and I cried, "No!" And he said, "And let you keep Bob? I'd never do that!"

For this, we saw, was her bargain. She would sell us our happiness at the price of Bob's. It was the one bargain neither of us could accept.

Her eyes went from one of us to the other, questing, searching—like the eyes of something trapped.

"That wouldn't do, Myra," Charles said more quietly. "If Fran and I love each other, there isn't much we can do about it. We'll go on as we have, you and I—but you must let Bob grow up in the right way. You must."

And then, while we watched, the strength went out of Myra. She looked past us both, into some future only she could see, and she said:

"No. I couldn't. You're right, you're both right. I knew, deep down inside, that I was making him unhappy. I didn't do it because I wanted to. I couldn't help myself. Something stronger than I am—" She raised her hand, her slender, long-fingered hand. "You can have Bob too. You and Frances."

In the stunned, incredulous silence, I felt tears brimming in my eyes. How she must love the boy, to give him up like this! I made a silent vow, that her love must not be wasted—that I would take it, and transmute it, and give it back to Bob as nourishment to make him strong.

"Myra," Charles said huskily, but she interrupted.

"Don't say anything," she told him with a wan smile. "Not now. You'll make me feel sorry for myself, and I mustn't. I'll go away, Charles—to some city. I've always wanted to. A city where I can hear music, and live a different kind of life. I'd like to start over again. And you need a new start, too. Maybe, after a while—I could come and see Bob, or you'd let him come visit me?"

"Of course," Charles said, while I stood silent, dazed by the glorious vista that was opening out before me.

Myra turned to me, her face neither friendly nor unfriendly—controlled, impossible to read. "You'll be good to Bob," she said quietly, "and he likes you. Goodbye."

"Goodbye." Soundlessly, my lips formed the words, and she left us, walking with the cold dignity that I will always remember as being peculiarly Myra's. I didn't see her again, and perhaps I never shall.

She left the next day, for Reno, and two months later, on the day after the last day of school, Charles and I were married. We are together, Charles and Bob and I . . . and Seamas, and the ants in their city. School is starting again next week, and Bob will be in Miss Grierson's class, the seventh grade. But she will find him no problem, because there is love in his home.

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To the End of the Journey

(Continued from page 21)

crinkled around his eyes. "No," he said, "go on. I like to hear you talk." And at that a warm, comfortable feeling spread all through me. I had been talking too much, and another boy would have been bored, but it seemed that even my faults pleased John.

Still, when we said good night, I refused to let him take me home, refused to give him my address. I was explaining that it was against the rules when Philip came up to us, caught part of what we were saying. "It's no good, Johnny," he said. "Beth won't go out with soldiers." She says they all have girls at home."

John laughed. "She may be right at that. I've got a girl at home. Her name is Mary Lou Walters and I kissed her once at a Hallowe'en party in sixth grade and once when I went away. She writes to me, sometimes once a week and sometimes once every three months, depending on how busy she is with her dates: Now, Beth, is it all right for me to see you again?"

"At the dance next Friday," I said firmly.

John just grinned. "You'll see me sooner than that."

On the way home in the car with the other hostesses, I disciplined myself sternly, tried not to think about John, tried to put down the unreasonable happiness welling within me. I didn't want to fall in love now, and certainly not with a boy I'd met at the center. Other girls in Corona had—and one of the boys had gone back to the fighting and had been killed, and another had been sent home and had found that his home-town girl was far more important than she had seemed during his stay in Corona, and another had met a new girl in England. . . . And sometimes the girls themselves made promises that, they discovered later, they had no wish to keep. The times were too uncertain. You couldn't be sure of anything, even of your own feelings.

But I couldn't stop being happy. I awoke the next morning to a day of drizzling rain and fitful wind, and still it seemed to me the most beautiful day that had ever been. I whisked through the Saturday cleaning with an efficiency and a cheerfulness that both surprised and gratified my mother, and I dressed myself as carefully for the Saturday shopping as if I'd been getting ready to go out on a date. John's eyes had told me last night that I was pretty—and that, somehow, meant that I must be pretty all the time. I was cheerful about the routine of shopping, too, about waiting in line at the meat counter, and walking an extra block in the rain for the home-baked bread Father liked, and about the pushing, steaming crowds in the supermarket. And then, halfway through my shopping at the supermarket, I ran straight into John.

"Next Friday," he scoffed, as he took the handle of the cart from me. "I told you I'd see you sooner than that."

"I don't know how you did it," I said breathlessly, finally. "How did you know where I'd be?"

His grin widened. "You told me."

I stared in astonishment, and then I remembered telling him the night before that I shopped on Saturdays, telling him about the bakery and the supermarket. "You see," he said, "there's no getting away from me, Beth. Where do we go from here?"

John went home with me that afternoon, and carried in the boxes of groceries, and listened to the ball game with Father, and became, so far as my parents were concerned, one of the family. That surprised me—that Mother liked John immediately, and showed it. Usually, she was cordial, but a little reserved toward the young men who came to the house. "You've plenty of time, Bethie," she'd say. "There are lots of boys in the world." That night, when Mother recklessly softened a whole quarter-pound of butter to go



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with the brown bread we always had for Saturday supper, I was sure that she wasn't going to remind me that there were lots of boys in the world.

After supper John and I went to the movies at the neighborhood theater. He held my hand firmly all through the picture and all the way home. At the door, he lifted it, palm up, and kissed it. "Thank you, Beth," he said. "The whole day's been wonderful. It was like being home again—only better, because it was with you."

"I had a lovely time," I began—and then I stopped, stiffening. John had put his arms around me, was bending his head to kiss me. And he must not—not because I didn't want his kisses, but because I wanted them too much. I turned my head away, stood rigid in his arms. "Too soon?" John whispered. "Much too soon." I sounded sharp and prim.

There was his grin again, the warm, crinkly little grin. "Anything you say, honey—just so it doesn't mean I can't see you. How about tomorrow? Philip and I thought we'd hire a car and drive out to the country. . . ."

THAT was the beginning, the Sunday John and Philip and I went to the country. It was a day as beautiful as the preceding one had been dreary—all sunshine and smiling skies and the rich, damp fresh smell of black earth. We drove for miles with the top down, shouting at each other over the rush of wind, laughing, intoxicated with the swift motion and the feeling of freedom.

"Good to be driving again!" Philip shouted. "Like peacetime, only there isn't so much traffic."

"Peacetime," I thought achingly. This

was what I wanted when the war was over, to be driving with John down a highway like this. With John. . . . I might as well have spoken aloud. John put his lips close to my ear and whispered, "We'll take a lot of trips after the war, Beth. The country around Maple Falls is beautiful."

We stopped the car on a side road, tramped through the woods, raced across fields that were soft and springy under the warm sun, and flung ourselves down, panting, on the bank of a small stream.

"Tired, Beth?" John asked.

I was, but I wouldn't admit it. "Not at all. I'll race you back to the car."

"We'll walk back to the car." Philip's tone was so positive that I looked at him in surprise.

John laughed. "I told you he looks after me, Beth. I had a bad case of sunstroke in Iran. I got over it, but I had spells of amnesia a couple of times afterward, when Philip found me walking around not knowing what I was doing. It was an after-effect of the stroke, the doctors said, and they told me I'd be all right if I took care of myself."

"But he doesn't," Philip put in. "He even had a touch of it when we landed down south here. I tell you, the man needs a nurse until he learns to slow down."

I looked from one to the other in consternation. The weather was unseasonably warm; I was thinking of the long drive out of town with the top down on the car, of the race across the fields.

John reached over and took my hand. "Don't let him scare you, honey. I'm all right, and I do take care of myself more than he gives me credit for. I'm grateful for the times he's helped me

out, but he's got no call to spoil your day—"

My day wasn't spoiled. I was concerned about John, but we drove back to town with the top rolled up, and when we reached home it was Philip, with his fair skin and his light hair, who was sunburned, and I who was tired. Tired, and wonderfully happy. I'd had a whole long, perfect day with John; even if I never saw him again, it would be something to remember.

That was the sort of thing I told myself often in the weeks that followed. I saw John nearly every night, sometimes alone, sometimes with Philip, sometimes in a foursome with Philip and another girl. And every night I told myself that I must not depend upon his calling me the next day, that I must not fall in love with him. John would certainly be sent away eventually, and I didn't want to be left as other girls had been left—not quite sure of his love for me, not quite sure of my love for him.

And then, suddenly, John and Philip were talking about returning to active duty. I thought that they were joking at first, because the subject came up so casually, when we were in a restaurant one night, having a snack after the movies. "You're in luck," Philip was saying. "They'll never send you to the Pacific. You'll probably be teaching at a nice cozy school right here at home."

John shook his head. "I wouldn't like that. I'll never make a teacher. I'll put in a bid for Alaska first."

"Alaska!" Philip hooted. "You're a couple of years too late, son. Besides, you won't have anything to say about it. You'll go where they tell you—" Coffee spilled as I set my cup back

on its saucer. They were serious. "How—how soon do you expect to go?" I asked.

"Maybe a week," said John. "Maybe ten days. It's not at all certain, Beth."

I wasn't reassured. A week—ten days at the most—and then he would be gone! I'd known all along of course, that John would have to leave Corona, but I hadn't expected it to be soon. Why, we had hardly any time left at all. . . . We said good night to Philip at the restaurant, and then John and I walked home—silently, because for once we didn't seem to have much to say to each other.

At the door I held out my hand. "Well . . . goodbye," I said. I'd meant to say good night, but the stiff, heavy words came out of their own accord.

"GOODBYE?" John repeated. "I haven't gone yet, honey. And besides, I'm coming back."

"You are?" I said doubtfully. John laughed, and the laugh broke on an odd note of tenderness. "I am," he assured me, and then he put his arms around me, and I lifted my lips for his kiss.

"You kept me waiting a long time," he said finally, huskily.

I nodded against his shoulder. "I was afraid."

"Afraid! Of what?" I didn't know, now. Held close in John's arms, all of my doubts and hesitations seemed silly. "I mean," I said, "I wanted to be sure."

He looked at me gravely, searchingly. "Are you sure now?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "Very sure—"

And I was. I was happier that night than ever before in my life, too happy to sleep. Dawn lighted the windows

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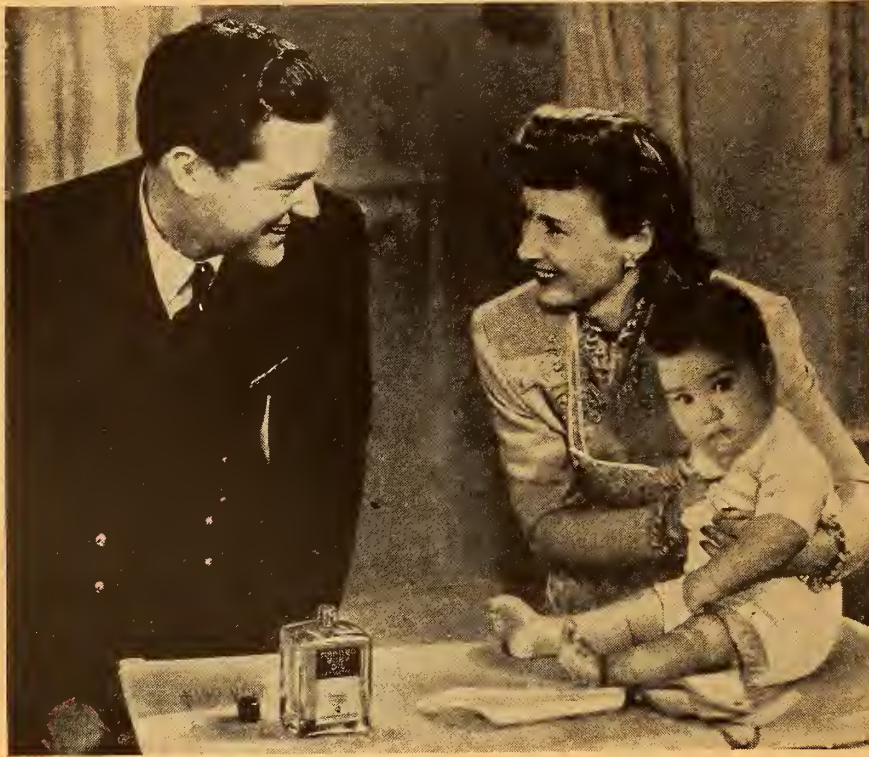
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while my mind was still racing ahead, spanning the future. John was going to call me tomorrow—today; I would be able to see him all next week, and then we would be separated for a while, but after that we would be together all the rest of our lives. . . .

But John didn't call me that day. Instead, in mid-afternoon, there was a telegram from him, sent from a little town outside Corona. Got *unexpected pass to go home*, it read. Took noon train. Back Monday. Philip with me. I love you. Wait. John.

I laughed a little at the superfluity of the last word—as if I wouldn't wait forever for him!—and then I cried a little because the first sight of the yellow paper had been unnerving, and then I decided that I was glad he'd gone home, even though it meant I would have to spend the week-end without him. He would have tried to get home before this if it had not been for me. And I was glad that Philip had gone with him—whatever John said about not needing anyone to take care of him, I feel better for his having Philip's company on the trip.

I wasn't even particularly disturbed when he didn't return on Monday. Transportation was uncertain these days, I reminded myself, and it was entirely possible that John had been unable to get a train. On Tuesday I had a letter from him, explaining that his father was selling some property and that he wanted John there for the transaction. "I'll be back Thursday, for sure," the letter went on. "I'm sorry it can't be sooner, but I owe Dad whatever time he wants. My pass expires Friday, so we may have only a few hours together, but at least it will be long enough to ask you to marry me."

I treasured that letter, reread it dozens of times in the next two days. And then, on Thursday, John did come back to Corona—late, after I'd almost given up hope of hearing from him. Mother and Dad had gone to bed, and I was in my room, putting my hair in curlers, when the doorbell rang. I snatched the curlers from my hair, belted my robe around my waist, and ran to the door, knowing that it would be John. For a long moment we just clung together, and then I led him into the livingroom. He was laughing and apologizing at the same time. "What you must think of me!" he mourned.

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"I swear, honey, I'm not always this undependable, but I couldn't get back sooner. You see, most of Dad's property is in my name as well as his—" "I know," I said. "I'm glad you had a chance to go home."

"I am, too." He hesitated, reached for a cigarette. "There was the family, and the business to be taken care of, and I wanted to see Mary Lou, too—"

My heart stopped for a second, and then went on beating calmly. In the space of that second I'd reminded myself that John loved me, wanted to marry me, and that a Mary Lou couldn't come between us now.

"I told you about her," he continued. "We grew up together, went around together when we were in high school and for a couple of years afterward. There never was any understanding between us, unless it was, when I joined the Army, that we were both perfectly free. She wrote to me when I was overseas—friendly letters, and I wrote to her—friendly letters. My only reason for wanting to see her now was to tell her about you. If you'd ever lived in a small town, Beth, you'd understand. There'd never been anything sentimental between us—but the town thought there was. Her parents and my parents and all Maple Falls took it for granted that we'd be married some day. That's why I thought it was fairer to her that she should know about you before anyone else did, just in case she should be hurt—"

"Was she?" I asked softly.

I THOUGHT that John frowned uncertainly, but the expression was gone in a moment, and he shook his head. "If she was, she's a wonderful actress, from the way she wished me happiness. Of course, there's no reason why she should be. She always was pretty and popular, and she always had more boys calling her up than she had time to see."

I relaxed against his shoulder, feeling a distant envy of Mary Lou for the years she had known him, wondering if she had been in love with him, wondering how she could have helped loving him. If I were the most beautiful and sought-after woman in the world, I told myself, I would still want John.

That night was the last we saw each other for weeks. The next day John and Philip and some of the other boys who had come to Corona with them were sent to a relocation center, where John remained after Philip and the other boys were returned to active duty. "They're all Pacific-bound," he wrote "and I'd give my eyeteeth to be with them. I know I'd hate it, and I'd probably be a dead loss once I got there, but I still felt I missed the boat when they went off without me. Having you to keep me company is all that makes up for it—"

Having me to keep him company—that was a little joke between us, a very precious joke. Even with half the country separating us, we didn't feel far apart. There was—or we imagined that there was—a kind of telepathy between us so that each guessed sometimes what the other had been doing before a letter arrived to tell it. Once he began a letter, with loving irony, "I suppose you already know, sweetheart, that I helped out in the Quartermaster's office this morning. . . ." I laughed at that, but there were other, more important things that I did know, or sense, beforehand—such as when John was going to call me long distance. The first time was the day that



ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Life for mothers is not too easy at best. Anything that lightens the job is good for both mother and baby. That is one reason, I'm sure, that has contributed to the amazing increase in the use of prepared baby foods.

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CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
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the news of victory in Europe electrified the country. Our office closed early that day, and I came straight home and stayed there, refusing to go downtown with Mother and Dad to watch the celebration, sure that John would try to get in touch with me. And he did call me, and we had our own private celebration over the wires, with John saying over and over again in a marveling voice, "I can hardly believe it, that it's half done. Sometimes, over there, I thought it would never end." Later, when the papers printed the point system for discharging Army men, I thought, "John may be one of them. John will be one of them—" and that night John telephoned again, to tell me that he thought that he would be discharged. "Don't count on it," he said, "but I've points enough, and the doctors here seem to think it would be a good idea. I haven't told Mother and Dad yet, and I'm not going to until it's definite."

Still, I wasn't at all prepared for the call that came in the middle of the next week. My heart soared as I heard the operator making connections, and then died within me at the sound of John's voice. Something was wrong, terribly wrong. I could tell by the way he spoke my name. "Beth—?"

"Yes, John."

THERE was a silence, and then, "Beth, Phil's missing."

I said the first thing that came to mind, sharply, rudely, as if he had told an outrageous lie. "I don't believe it."

His voice was stronger now; he sounded relieved. "I don't either. It could happen to anyone but Phil. He always comes out right, somehow."

"How did you hear about it?"

"I had a letter from his mother. And that's partly why I called—I was wondering if you'd write to her, tell her that you feel as I do, that he must be all right. And tell her what a swell time he had in Corona. He wrote to her about you and me, and I think she'd like to hear—"

"Of course," I said. "What's her address?"

He gave it to me, and then he said hastily, "There are other guys waiting for the line, and I've got to call my folks and tell them to write, too. They liked Phil a lot, and they'll know what to say to his mother. Honey, I love you; I'm so glad of you—"

I hung up with a stormy mixture of feelings—sick dismay and disbelief over Philip, and, deep within me, a stubborn selfish joy that John had turned to me for reassurance, that he came to me with everything, good news and bad. *I'm so glad of you*—I went to sleep that night repeating those words as one would rub a talisman.

You see, in the bottom of my heart I was still afraid. It was as if John's love were a priceless, irreplaceable thing that had come into my possession, and every sign of it—the ring he'd sent me, his letters, his telephone calls—were so many locks securing it. And yet they weren't enough. It wasn't that I didn't trust John; it was that I didn't trust fate, wouldn't trust it until the day we were married and could really begin our life together. Until then, I had only an option on happiness, and I went through the days as tense as a strung wire, praying for John's discharge, trying to face the possibility that it might not come through.

And then suddenly it was all over—the hopes and the fears and the tension and the uncertainty. It happened as un-

expectedly, as wonderfully, as prosily as John's meeting me outside the supermarket when we'd first known each other. I got off the streetcar one morning and crossed the street to go to work, and there was John on the sidewalk, waiting for me. "I thought I'd catch you," he said. "I called the house, and your mother told me you'd left for the office—" And then I think he kissed me. I was so excited that I still don't remember. I know that I stood staring at him endlessly, clinging to his hand, while people streamed by us on their way to work. Then we turned into the nearest drugstore where we took a booth and ordered coffee and went on holding hands and looking at each other. Then John said, "Can we get married today?"

"Today?" I repeated stupidly. It was impossible, but I knew that we could, and would.

"Yes—if we get married this morning, we can make the noon train, and be in Maple Falls by tonight. You see, my folks don't know yet that I'm a civilian. And I had a wire from Dad saying it was urgent I got home as soon as possible—something about the business, I suppose. I didn't stop for anything. I just climbed on the bus for town, and found there was a train leaving right away for Corona, and took it. I'd like to get married and get home—sort of get the fireworks over with all at once, so we can begin just plain living."

Perhaps it wasn't a very flattering way to speak of our wedding, but I knew what he meant. I was as anxious as he to begin just plain living—the ordinary, day-to-day living in which war and separation and uncertainty had no part.

We were married that morning. There was a waiting period in our state, but it was waived because of John's uniform and because Mother and Dad caught some of our excitement and were as insistent about an immediate ceremony as John and I were. Mother and I packed my bags while Dad called the clerk's office and our church, and we caught the noon train with seconds to spare.

We didn't talk much on the journey. There weren't any words for the way we felt. Once John said, "You haven't stopped smiling all day."

"Neither have you." Then I added, "You must be tired after riding all last night. Why don't you try to sleep?"

"Change over and sit beside me, and maybe I can."

So I left my seat opposite him for the one beside him, and he fell asleep holding my hand, his head on my shoulder. I sat and watched the sunlit fields go by without really seeing them, and for no reason at all felt like crying every time my cheek brushed John's hair, and said to myself over and over again, "It's happened. It's really happened. We're married, and we belong to each other forever and ever. . . ."

Maple Falls was even smaller than I had expected—a patch of dark green trees against the lighter green of the fields, pierced by the white of a church steeple. The station at which we descended was hardly more than a shed built over a platform. A thin, bent figure in a faded blue uniform, trundling a baggage truck, came around the corner; he beamed and started forward at the sight of John, halted when he saw me.

"Hi, Larry!" John called. "You're the first to meet Mrs. John Dorn, Junior.

Is Mac around to drive us up?"

The old man stared, and swallowed, and finally stuttered, "M-Mac's sick today, Johnnie—"

"Never mind," said John cheerfully. "We'll walk. I'll come by later for the bags." But after we were out of earshot of the station he said, "Now what do you suppose is the matter with him—he looked as if he'd seen a ghost."

"Surprise," I ventured.

He shook his head. "I've never known old Larry to be so surprised that he couldn't talk."

We crossed the town's one main street, deserted now at the dinner hour, walked up a hill to a residential section of comfortable-looking white houses, sheltered by tall old trees. I hung back a little as we turned in at one of them, and John tightened his grip on my arm. "Come on, honey. There's nothing to be afraid of."

If I'd known then how wrong he was, I think I would have run straight back to the railroad station. Never, as long as I live, will I forget the scene that greeted us at John's home. He knocked on the door, then pushed it open, gently pushed me in ahead of him, calling, "Mother! Dad! Caroline—"

They had just finished dinner. John's father sat in the livingroom, reading a newspaper. Beyond, in the dining-room, his mother and sister, Caroline, were clearing the table. The three of them froze at the sight of us. "This is Beth, my wife," said John. "And this is John Dorn, civilian, honorably discharged. Shall I get the smelling salts?"

The flippant remark hung in the air, echoing horribly, through an eternity of silence. Then John's father rose, slowly. He held out his hand to me,

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but he looked at John, spoke to John. "Well . . ." he said. "Married . . ."

Mrs. Dorn moved into the living-room, not as if she wanted to come but as if an unseen hand forced her. "Oh, John—" and then she stopped.

I stood there, fighting panic, telling myself that they were only shocked. But it was more than that. Everything was all wrong and I knew it.

Her words broke up the dreadful tableau. Mr. Dorn cleared his throat and said, "Well—sit down, sit down—" and Mrs. Dorn took my hand briefly, tried to smile. "You'll want to rest," she said. "You must rest after your trip. I'll take you upstairs—"

I followed her upstairs to a large airy room, a guest room, by the neat, unused look of it. "I hope you'll be comfortable," she said, and then she turned and went out.

I stood, stunned, where she had left me. I felt sick, and my legs were as weak as water, but I couldn't sit down—not on the Dorns' chairs; I couldn't lie down—not on the Dorns' bed. They didn't want me; I couldn't sit down—that their feeling was even stronger than that. They wanted me out of the house . . . and the next best thing was shutting me away up here while they talked to John. I didn't understand. It wasn't like them—not like the warm-hearted, open-hearted family John had told me about.

It seemed hours that I waited, conscious of the murmur of voices on the lower floor, hours until I heard John's step on the stairs—heavy, dogged steps. I opened the door, and he let himself in, shut it after him. And his face—his face was paper-white, his eyes stricken. "Sit down, Bethie—"

I took a step toward him. "Your family," I said thinly. "They don't like me—"

He shook his head heavily. His voice sounded dragged out of him. "It— isn't that. It's—Mary Lou. They expected me to marry her. She's going to have a baby. She says it's mine."

In the face of this tragedy, has Beth the moral right to fight for her husband, for her happiness? Be sure to read the second installment of this story of a real-life problem, in December RADIO MIRROR, on sale Friday, November 16.

THIS IS A UNIFORM!



It doesn't look like the uniforms you've been seeing on our fighting men, because this small bronze insigne is the uniform of the honorably discharged veteran.

The man who wears it in the lapel of his civilian suit may bear a visible wound, or a wound you cannot see, but in every case it speaks of suffering and sacrifice endured on your behalf. Learn to recognize the Honorable Service Emblem as instantly as you do a uniform, so that to every veteran you meet you can give the respect and consideration he deserves.

COVER GIRL



Even if Joan Edwards hadn't been born into show business, a girl who looks like that—and sings like that!—would have found her way to the top.

By ELEANOR HARRIS

FOR four years now, every time you twirled your dial to CBS's Your Hit Parade, you've had the pleasure of listening to Joan Edwards' smoky voice singing you the latest songs. Sometimes you've heard her with Barry Wood, Lawrence Tibbett, and one-and-only Frank Sinatra . . . but you've always heard her. Before that, she sang for a year with Paul Whiteman, and she's also been on the Ford Symphony Hour, Duffy's Tavern, Pursuit of Happiness, The Gulf Show, and her CBS series, Girl About Town.

Joan always intended to be in show business, though—because when she first peered out at the world through the bars of her crib, what did she see about her? That's right, show business! Her father is one of New York's leading music publishers; her uncles Leo and Jack Edwards are two ASCAP songwriters; another uncle, Gus Edwards, is a famous name in the comedy of the theater; and her aunt, Dorothea Edwards, was one of the foremost singers of her day.

Joan grew up, luckily, to be one of the most eye-catching girls a soldier ever whistled at. At sixteen she noted in her mirror that she had enormous melting brown eyes, very, very blonde hair, a mouth as big and fascinating to the male animal as Lauren Bacall's, and a figure that went with the mouth. There was nothing fragile, nothing breakable about what Miss Edwards saw in her mirror—just an eminently good-looking young woman whose appearance would make (and was to make) any man's eyes brighter.

Armed with this appearance, then, and with twelve years of piano training from George Gershwin's teacher, Raphael Samuel, she set out to be—a concert pianist!

We will make no attempt to explain this disparity between Joan's striking



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Hair Appeal



Leaves hair softer, silken
gleaming with natural lustre

entertainment-world beauty, and her highbrow aims. We'll just hurry along with what happened: for ten dollars a week, she played the piano on local New York radio stations, doing one show a day. Meanwhile, she also attended Hunter College. This went on for a year, and then Joan sat looking in her mirror and decided that maybe a voice would be becoming—both to her looks and to her piano! So for two more years she sang as well as played on local radio stations. This dual performance won her several appearances with Rudy Vallee's show—as a result of which she was offered her own radio show with NBC.

Enter Paul Whiteman. He decided she should be star singer on his show, and forget the playing and orchestra leading for a while. Hence Joan's year with Whiteman, subsequent appearances with nation-wide shows—and her eventual record-breaking four-year stint with Your Hit Parade.

She met and married a musician (of course). He is Julius Schachter, one of America's topflight violinists. Judy Ann Schachter was born to them in October, 1943, and is (of course) already a Conover model, pint-size.

The busy Schachter family lives right now in a big apartment on West 57th Street in New York City, which they had a melodramatic time in pinning down to a lease. It entailed taking the landlord to dinner every single night for eight weeks. "But we finally won him over," Joan explains now—and, at any rate, they finally moved in to their present home. It boasts six rooms and three baths; its dark-and-light paneling is set off by chintz drapes; and its inmates dash into it like homing pigeons at 6:00 P. M. every evening, and sit down to dinner exactly fifteen minutes thereafter—thus proving what an influence subway-rushing can become!

In this bit of Paradise Joan and Julius play gin rummy whenever they are alone evenings, which is almost never. Usually the apartment is jammed with friends—mainly Joan's high school and college chums who have subsequently married doctors, dentists, and lawyers. Despite this influx of the non-musical world, most of the Edwards-Schachter parties wind up musical—with Joan and Julius at various instruments and (once in a while) with Joan's two musical friends Frank Sinatra and Barry Wood singing. Late in the evening, everyone joins Joan in her come-what-may midnight snack.

That evening snack is as regular a part of Joan's day as the fact that she eats salad at every single meal except breakfast. Aside from salad, her diet consists almost solely of spaghetti and steak (when she can get it). To the rest of the world of food she turns up an indifferent nose.

As to what you'd notice most about her own bedroom, it would undoubtedly be her dozens upon dozens of perfume bottles. Also her enormous closet, filled with dressmaker-type suits—never mannish; and with slick evening gowns—never slinky; and over half of both tinted yellow.

In her dreams of the future lies Hollywood, naturally; but if that one doesn't come true she won't be despondent. Because she also has another dream: a house on Long Island, in which she and Julius will live surrounded by four children, two boys and two girls. All of whom, it is quite apparent, will march down the highway of life armed with musical instruments, smiles, and a garland of success.

As Big as the World

(Continued from page 43)

home, or job, or community, according to their abilities, talents and desires) is a subject in itself and we won't go into it here; but I did want to note it because it is so very important.

To get back to the statement of principles, the last one is:

4. To be a center for harmonizing the actions of nations in the attainment of these common ends.

The rest of the Charter is devoted to the setting up of the bodies within the United Nations Organization which will carry out these purposes.

Membership in the Organization is open to all peace-loving nations, who will fulfill the obligations they assume toward one another when they sign the Charter. All member nations retain their sovereignty—that is, they don't sign away any of their freedom, as long as their free actions don't hurt any other nation. And they are all members on an equal basis.

Some of the obligations the members assume are: that they will not use aggression against any other nation; that they will settle their international disputes by peaceful means; that they will not try to interfere in the political independence of any other nation; that they won't help any nation against which the United Nations is taking preventive or enforcement action.

THE Charter calls for the setting up of four main bodies—the General Assembly, the Security Council, the International Court of Justice and the Secretariat—with such subsidiary bodies as will be necessary to carry out the purposes of the United Nations Organization.

The General Assembly will be the largest body in the organization, each member nation being represented on it and each nation having one vote in its decisions. The Assembly will discuss any and all matters that fall into the scope of the Charter. It will make recommendations to the other bodies in the Organization and it will always be kept advised of the activities of the other bodies.

The Security Council will be a small body. It will have eleven members. China, France, the Soviet Union, Great Britain and the United States will be permanent members—for a very good reason. They, between them, have the greatest resources, the greatest potentialities for military power and the greatest industrial power in the world. But—and this is important—these five nations, even if they voted in a block on any issue, still could not dominate the Security Council. The other six members will be elected by the General Assembly. And each member nation on the Council will have one vote. Seven votes are necessary to pass all measures.

One of the obligations all signers of the Charter assume is to have certain air, land and sea forces ready for taking action against any nation that tries to settle a dispute by using force. However, the Charter does not say that American men, willy-nilly, will be sent into battle at the first sign of trouble. The Military Committee will decide the swiftest means of deploying troops in each case. There is also nothing in the Charter that says nations can't defend themselves if they are attacked. In fact, it makes a special point of saying that any action taken by a

Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont

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1-Minute Mask

makes skin
look clearer...
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Right away, your complexion looks clearer... fresher! Feels smoother! And your make-up goes on evenly. Clings!

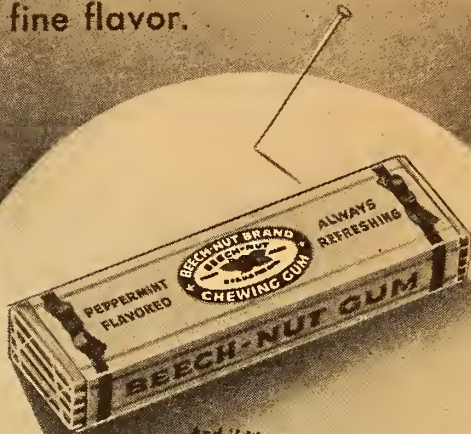
Grand powder base...

Use your Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, too! Just smooth on a light film—and leave it on. Not greasy! Not drying! "It holds make-up beautifully," says Mrs. du Pont.



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**Trouble-Saving, Time-Saving Tip
From Other Busy Mothers**

Best-known home remedy you can use to relieve miseries of colds—is to rub warming, soothing Vicks VapoRub on throat, chest and back at bedtime. Results are so good because VapoRub

Penetrates to cold-irritated upper bronchial tubes with special, soothing medicinal vapors.

Stimulates chest and back surfaces like a warming poultice.

Then For Hours VapoRub's special action keeps on working. Invites restful sleep. Often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone!

Only VapoRub gives you this special penetrating-stimulating action. So be sure you get the one and only VICKS VAPORUB.

HOLLYWOOD GLAMOUR! ORDER BY MAIL!

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\$3 Pr. • WE PAY POSTAGE AND ALL TAXES

Rich, silverplated earrings. Two initials or your name (up to 9 letters)! For yourself or personalized gifts!

YOU MUST BE SATISFIED or your money will be cheerfully refunded. WE PAY POSTAGE!

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Please send me _____ pairs of Starlet Earrings at \$3 pair, postage prepaid, tax included.

PRINT name or initials desired on separate sheet of paper.

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nation in self defense will not be considered a breach of the peace.

As a subsidiary body, under the General Assembly, the Charter also calls for an *Economic and Social Council*. This Council, to consist of eighteen members elected by the Assembly, will work to create the kind of international cooperation in economic and social matters which will promote throughout the world

a. Higher standards of living, full employment, and conditions of economic and social progress and development;

b. Solutions of international economic, social, health and related problems; and international educational and cultural cooperation; and

c. Universal respect for, and observance of, human rights and fundamental freedoms for all without distinction as to race, sex, language or religion.

It's impossible in this short space to give you everything that's contained in the Charter. After all, in one way or another, it encompasses practically all of living in the whole present-day world.

And, like all good Constitutions and by-laws, the Charter includes provisions for Amendments and specifies that a General Conference can be called at the request of two-thirds of the members, at any time, to examine whether the present Charter is fully meeting the needs of changing times and events.

AS I said in the beginning, I feel very strongly about this Organization which we, as a nation, have joined. I feel especially strongly about it now, since that new weapon of destruction, the Atomic Bomb, has been perfected. Now, more than ever before, we need to work together with the other peoples of the world, for peace and cooperation and friendship. What has been discovered by one group of scientists can be worked out by other groups of scientists. We've got to make sure that there will never be any need to use this great, incredibly powerful force for evil and destruction. We've got to make sure that this tremendous new power is harnessed for the good of men—not for their enslavement.

And the United Nations Organization is the way. President Truman, in his address to the delegates, put it much better.

"... You have created a great instrument for peace and security and human progress in the world.

"If we fail to use it, we shall betray all those who have died in order that we might meet here in freedom and safety to create it. If we seek to use it selfishly—for the advantage of any one nation or any small group of nations—we shall be equally guilty of that betrayal.

"The successful use of this instrument will require the united will and firm determination of the free peoples who have created it. The job will tax the moral strength and fibre of us all."

Sure, I feel as big and strong as the world, now. And I want to keep on feeling that way. It's a good, safe way to feel. That's why I slap down any talk against the United Nations that I happen to hear. And that's why I wish that every other citizen of these beautiful, rich, big United States would read the Charter from the first word to the last and defend it as I defend it. I'd like us to stay this way, big and rich and beautiful—and at peace with the world—and this is the way.

Look Close -- there's magic here!

— an easier way to clean your pots and pans



Don't throw that blackened pan away! Burned-on food and stubborn scorches melt away at the magic touch of S.O.S. No other cleanser quite like it. Just dip, rub, rinse—burned-on food goes, shine comes!

You can use your best tea towel to dry a pan shined with S.O.S. It's that clean—that bright. Try S.O.S. once—use it always. It cleans, it scours, it polishes in one simple operation. Quickly, easily—dullness goes, shine comes!

Look for the YELLOW and RED package



If this is you—tied to the sink—lady, S.O.S. cuts motions and minutes from sink work. Soap in the pad cuts grease. Handy shape gets into corners. Try S.O.S.—grease goes, shine comes!

Women everywhere name S.O.S. "first choice"—the *one* cleanser they need to cut grease, to remove stains, scorches, or crusted food, and to make dull aluminum shine like new. We're sure *you'll* like magic S.O.S., too!

S.O.S. the magic cleanser of pots and pans

The S.O.S. Company, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A. • S.O.S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

R
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Does your Daughter dare *approach marriage--*



without first knowing about these *Intimate Physical Facts?*

Mother! It's your solemn duty to tell your daughter how important douching often is to feminine cleanliness, health and marriage happiness.

But first make sure *your own knowledge* is just as modern, up-to-date and scientific as it can be. And it will be if you tell her about ZONITE for the douche—how no other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested is *so powerful yet so safe* to delicate tissues.

Smart Young Women No Longer Make This Mistake

Certainly no well-informed mother would even think of telling her daughter to use weak, homemade mixtures of salt, soda or vinegar. Because these DO NOT and CAN NOT offer women the great germicidal and deodorant action of *modern ZONITE*.

Yet despite its great strength ZONITE is positively *non-poisonous*, non-irritating, non-burning. It contains no creosote, phenol or bichloride of mercury. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without risk of injuring delicate tissues.

Principle Discovered By Famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's *so powerful* no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that ZONITE will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE that ZONITE immediately kills all *reachable* living germs and keeps them from multiplying. Buy ZONITE *today!*

FREE!

{ For frank discussion of intimate physical facts—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. 503-VV, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

The Way It Is With Us

(Continued from page 41)

I could laugh too. The baby *did* look like Churchill. (Confidentially, all new babies do. Germaine Catherine did, too!)

We're not really such opposites, I guess—we just show our feelings differently.

We fell in love, actually, because we were so very much alike.

We met, as you meet most people when you're working in Hollywood, because our jobs brought us together. I was singing with Meredith Wilson's orchestra on the Signal Carnival, as well as on the Eddie Cantor show. When Mr. Cantor moved his company to New York for ten weeks he obtained a leave of absence for me from the Carnival.

I heard in letters from my friends while I was away that the Signal show had a new master of ceremonies, a budding young comedian new on the Hollywood scene, Jack Carson. We met, of course, when I returned—and we had the same enthusiasms, particularly golf.

IT WAS an easy step from golf-talk to a golf course, and soon Jack and I were spending a lot of our time there.

It wasn't until Jack proposed that he found out that his golfing partner was a deep-dyed romantic with a sentimental streak a mile wide.

I said yes when he asked me, but I cried. Because I was so happy, I said. He couldn't get over it.

The next day we went shopping for engagement rings. I didn't want one of those elaborate Hollywood rings—a topaz or a star sapphire as big as a marble. I wanted a diamond, and I wanted it to look—well, engaged. Jack laughed at me, but as it turned out he liked the ring I liked, a not-too-big but perfect blue-white diamond in a graceful platinum setting.

Married people are going to stay that way, I think, even a sentimental idiot and a Laughing Boy, if the husband and wife have exactly the same idea about what constitutes a perfect day. Some people like to sleep until noon, you know, then have breakfast on a tray and read the papers. Others like to be up and doing. Jack and I gave ourselves this simple test soon after we were married.

We were up at six, made a big pot of black coffee at home, then headed out in our car with the top down—out to the ocean and then down the coast to Laguna.

After forty miles in the open air we were ready for a real breakfast. We stopped at one of those white-tiled counter places, Riley's Waffle Shop, and ate crisp waffles with eggs on the side, and drank gallons more coffee.

Then we went on down the coast to San Clemente. We took a hotel room, then headed for the golf course—and played our customary thirty-six holes. Then a shower, a dry martini, and dinner at Victor Hugo's, whose great plate glass windows look out over the open sea.

"This," I said, as the waiter brought the small black coffee, "is what I would call a perfect day."

I couldn't have been happier if I had been crying.

"Me too," said Jack. And he was too satisfied even to joke about it.

So I guess things are going to work out for the Carsons.

Somewhere, Someday

(Continued from page 25)

that time or weather couldn't change. Outside of getting my railroad reservations there wasn't much to do. I forgot about the New York trip and plunged into the pre-Christmas inventory.

Nobody has to have the Christmas season explained to them. In these times, Christmas has been more hectic than ever, and it was no wonder that I felt knocked out when the rush was over at the Bon-Ton. It was Christmas eve and I took a taxi home, turned on the water in my tub and relaxed in the thought that it would be another year before I'd be put through such rigorous work again.

I heard the bells of midnight tolling in nearby churches as I climbed into bed, and the folks in the next apartment were raising their voices in some kind of home-made carol as I dropped off to sleep. I could have felt sorry for myself at that moment, for I was pretty lonely; but you get used to those things when it happens to you year after year. The next morning I celebrated Christmas with my canary, Homer. And his cheery chirping gave me confidence.

Somehow, I compared my life to that of the canary; he was caged in like me. Maybe he wouldn't like the freedom he dreamed about if I set him free. Maybe it was all an illusion.

I was not completely alone that Christmas Day. My brother called me from Cleveland to wish me a happy holiday, and his two youngsters sang to me on the telephone. In the afternoon my neighbors had me over to their apartment for an egg-nog, and in the evening I went to the City Theater where the local stock company presented a special Christmas play.

It was on returning to the Bon-Ton the day after Christmas that I really felt bluest. The letdown after the hard work, the new responsibilities of my job and the reaching of the Christmas sales peak was nerve-wracking. Everybody seemed bored, and the store was practically empty except for those people who came back to exchange presents that were not suitable. I'd rather not dwell on the memory of the first few days of the year; they were something to forget.

FINALLY I closed up my desk at the Bon-Ton one night knowing I wouldn't be back at it for a full week! The thought was as exhilarating as a spring breeze and when I looked in my bedroom mirror that night I imagined I had grown ten years younger. The next day I was New York bound like a school girl going to her first prom. I was comfortably bedded in an upper berth, the only accommodations available, but very grateful for even that.

I never did learn to sleep well on a train. Maybe it was because I never did learn the camaraderie of the railroad. I couldn't strike up a conversation with a fellow-traveler. I didn't feel at home, so to speak, sharing the washroom with a lot of other people. And the rocking motion of the car always played on my imagination, made me think the train was going to bounce off the tracks at the next sharp turn.

And that brought me up to date, brought me back to the realization that the story was ended. No, it wasn't ended. The chapter was ended. I was rushing through the night in the direction of New York. It was hard to think

Ann Dvorak

REPUBLIC
Pictures Star



Overnight... YOU'LL HAVE LOVELIER HAIR

Convince yourself with one application of
this Famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment

Many of Hollywood's most beautiful stars use this overnight 3-Way Medicinal Treatment. You, too, can make your hair look lovelier, more glamorous, with an overnight application. Glover's will accentuate the natural color-tones of your hair with clear,

sparkling highlights—freshened radiance—the soft, subtle beauty of hair well-groomed. Today—try all three of these famous Glover's preparations—Glover's original Mange Medicine—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Use separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon!

Your Hair will be Lovelier with

Glover's

with massage for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!



FREE!

Send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, with complete instructions for Glover's 3-Way Treatment, and useful FREE booklet. "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

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Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packaging and postage.

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Give your face and neck this **COMPLETE 'BEAUTY-LIFT'**

Treatment takes only 8 minutes



Famous Homogenized Facial Helps Skin Appear Firmer, Fresher, Smoother With Each Application—

After the ravages of summer sun and wind—your skin deserves *special* attention. And you'll be delighted to learn that now, right at home, you can give yourself a remarkable 'beauty-lift' which works *wonders* for face and neck.

All you need is this *one de luxe* cream—Edna Wallace Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream—famous for its *super-lubricating* qualities.

Directions So Easy! Results So Divine!

Briskly pat Hopper's Facial Cream over face and neck. (Follow arrows in diagram.) Leave on about 8 minutes. Or overnight if you prefer.

Notice how Hopper's leaves your skin feeling so *satiny-smooth*. Notice how your skin appears *firmer*, so *delicately textured* with almost a *baby-freshness*.

The reason Hopper's Facial Cream is so *ACTIVE* and lubricates the skin so *EXPERTLY* is because it's *homogenized!* Use nightly to help maintain exquisitely lovely, *natural* skin beauty thruout the years. Also an unsurpassed powder base for dry, contrary skin. All cosmetic counters.



**For Enlarged Pore Openings and
To Help Loosen Blackheads**

You'll find Hopper's White Clay Pack very effective for this purpose. It's also marvelous to help clear away ugly, faded, dried-up 'TOP SKIN' cells.

Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S** **HOMOGENIZED**
FACIAL CREAM

For free advice on care of your skin write Beauty Consultant, Room 2205, Affiliated Products, Inc.
22 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

any more, and finally my eyes and my brain were closed for the day. The next thing I knew the sun was shining on my face. I peeked out the side of the curtain and saw what I decided must be the Hudson River practically at my elbow.

The river was half full of ice and there was a splendor about the scene that made me want to sing. I dressed quickly and went into the dining car for breakfast. In two hours we were coming into Grand Central station and the zippiness of the New York winter morning pepped me up enormously. I hurried up to the Commodore Hotel and registered for the convention, was assigned to my room, and then I started out on the thrill I had been looking forward to—a morning of window shopping.

Nothing ever gave me a greater joy than walking down Fifth Avenue, looking in the shop windows, comparing the displays with those we had in Worth City. Here was the last word in decoration. The displays of linen goods in a New York store really made my heart beat faster. Silly? Not when your whole life is wrapped up in your work. I loved every window I saw and I made copious notes of prices and fabrics.

BACK at the hotel I took my favorite diversion—a bath. Then I went up to the special convention room and made myself known to the trades people who had come from all parts of the country to discuss various problems of our business. The representatives of the biggest stores were there, the big manufacturers were there, salesmen from all over and buyers of linen goods from every state. The big room hummed with excitement and the first session started with a discussion of future orders and how they could be handled.

I didn't mind it a bit when I had to take a seat far over on one side of the room because from that point I could see the faces of most of the men and women I knew. And this, my first convention, made me a little shy.

The chairman was making his opening remarks, the welcome to the convention. My eyes were upon him for a minute, then they strayed to the center of the oval room and stayed there. Barnsley Geller! He was looking straight ahead at the speaker but he must have felt my eyes on him. He turned his head slightly and looked right at me. What do you do in a case like that? You smile, of course, and pretend you're a bit surprised. You raise your eyebrows to show you're surprised; and all the time you know in your heart that you're not the least bit surprised.

You know darned well you're not surprised because 'way back three months ago you knew Barnsley Geller would be at that convention when you suddenly made up your mind to go to it. And throughout the meeting you try to concentrate on the speaker, but there is something else that keeps crowding into your consciousness. There is almost a feeling of elation as you glance at his profile from time to time; you feel triumphant, and a little bit surprised at yourself. Wilhelmina Snyder doesn't usually do things like this, and you wonder if Barnsley Geller planned it, too.

Of course not! Barnsley Geller is a dyed-in-the-wool bachelor. He might be friendly with Wilhelmina Snyder because she's the new buyer for one of his accounts. (Continued on page 86)

To Grace Your Face... **HALO PEARLS**

***PEARLS**

* Simulated

Imagine! A Thrillingly Lovely 16-inch
HALO *PEARL NECKLACE
With Sterling Silver Safety Clasp

YOURS **\$298** TAX INCLUDED
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A Halo String of Beauty Is a Joy Forever

There is something about a string of pearls that helps a lovely lady put her best face forward! So, if you have longed for the elusive beauty and charm which pearls inspire, and have heretofore permitted a price you couldn't afford to stand in your way of pearl ownership, you'll welcome this opportunity to acquire an exquisite Halo strand of extravagant beauty at a truly low affordable price!

A Few Pearly Words of Wisdom Why Halo Necklaces Are Preferred!

- Halo Beads Are Uniformly Perfect
- Halo Beads are Enduringly Lovely
- Halo Beads Are Coated with a Pearl Essence that is the Essence of Liveliness
- Halo Safety Clasps are Sterling Silver
- ... and Halo Necklaces Cost No More

"Wear At Our Risk" Money-Back Guarantee of Satisfaction

We want you to be as proud and pleased to wear a Halo necklace as we are to have made it possible. That's why you can wear it for 5 whole days at our risk after the postman delivers yours. Then, if you are not delighted with it, if you can bear to part with it, if you can give up the praise and compliments that its wearing has brought you — simply mail it back and we will refund your money cheerfully — and that's a promise!



You'll say

**NEVER BEFORE
SO MUCH
PRECIOUS
BEAUTY
FOR SO
LITTLE COST**



So smart
2 and 3 Strand
Halo Chokers
with Velvet Ties

Flattering
1, 2 and 3
Strand Halo
Necklaces with
Matched Bracelets
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Mail This Coupon Today

**Ideal For
Treasured Gift Giving!**

Halo *Pearls For All Occasions

- ★ 1-strand 16" Halo Necklace—Sterling Silver Clasp . \$2.98
- ★ 2-strand 16" Halo Necklace—Sterling Silver Clasp . 5.98
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- ★ 2-strand Halo Choker with Velvet Ties..... 5.98
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- ★ 2-strand Halo Bracelet—Sterling Silver Clasp..... 2.98
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- ★ Assorted Size Halo Earrings on Sterling Silver..... 1.49

Above prices already include tax

LUXURIOUS SATIN-LINED JEWEL BOX INCLUDED



NATIONAL NOVELTIES - Dept. N-12 My Total Order
608 South Dearborn St. - Chicago 5, Ill. Amounts to \$ _____
Please rush Halo *Pearls in Gift Box as checked off below. If not deli-
ghted after 5 days I may return them for money back without question.
I understand prices already include tax which you are paying.

- 1-Strand 16" Halo Necklace @ \$2.98
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- Halo Button Earrings @..... 1.49
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- Small
- Medium
- Large

Mark Earring Size
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"The Touches of Her Hands, and the Delight"—James Whitcomb Riley



We bet the lady never "touched" household Drudgery!

Housework can make your hands look like anything but a poet's dream. Rough, red, older-looking than *you* are. So be *sure* to use Pacquins Hand Cream twice daily to help give your hands a "young-skin" look.



Ask your Doctor or his Nurse about . . . how they keep their hands in good condition in spite of 30 to 40 washings a day. Harder on hands than housework! Pacquins Hand Cream was originally formulated for their professional use. Here's the secret—it's *super-rich* in what doctors call "humectant"—an ingredient that helps keep skin feeling soft, smooth, supple!



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

(Continued from page 84) That's all, and no sense kidding yourself. But he did seem pleased to see me. I had to admit that.

And he seemed more pleased when the business session ended and he came over to shake my hand. It was as though we were old school friends, meeting again after many years. I looked fine, he said. How was my trip from Worth City? Was I staying at the Commodore, too? I liked it when he said "too." That meant he was staying there. And when we all went in for cocktails he accompanied me. That was just as it was planned. But I denied it to myself. I pretended it was all a fine surprise.

Now cocktails are something I had always avoided. Nothing wrong with them, mind you. But somehow my background did not include that phase of sociability; besides, somebody told me they put on weight and that was something I had to avoid. I had some ginger ale and I watched Barnsley order a scotch and soda. I couldn't quite make up my mind about him until a minute later when a boisterous salesman from a linen company brushed past us and spied Barnsley.

"Why, Geller, you old rascal," he roared as though he had discovered a three-legged bird. "Geller with a drink in his hand. Say! This must be an occasion. I never thought I'd live to see the day. . . . Hey, Ned! Tom! Look what I found. Geller having a drink."

IN AN instant there were four or five men around us, laughing and kidding Barnsley. He seemed composed but I thought I detected a hint of patience in his demeanor, as though he were used to being kidded by his rivals among the salesmen. And I noticed he wouldn't take another drink although the men tried to force one upon him. The conversation grew livelier all the time and finally the men asked Barnsley and me to join them at dinner.

Now that was where I made my mistake, I guess. I said I had made other plans for the evening, which wasn't true. At any rate, the upshot of it was that Barnsley went off with the crowd and I went to my room.

For a little while I puttered around, finding small things to do, trying to make up my mind whether I was hungry or not. Then I put on my coat and went out. I couldn't stand being in that room alone any longer. I went down in the elevator and walked out on Lexington Avenue, looked for a place where I could get dinner.

I don't know how long I walked, but eventually I found a little Italian restaurant in the fifties. The place was crowded and I was lucky to get a table.

"Madam is alone?" the waiter asked significantly.

"Yes, alone." I never felt lonelier than at that moment. The conversation of the cocktail crowd at the convention still sounded in my ears and I wondered where Barnsley and his friends had gone. I wanted to be with them, not alone in a restaurant with a lot of strangers. This wasn't what I planned at all. I hardly ate my dinner, and when I had a chance to pay the check I got out and took a taxi back to the Commodore.

The hotel lobby was crowded with more strangers. I didn't see one person from the convention and once again I felt left out of things. I went to bed.

Despite the depressing night before, I felt better in the morning. The meetings were spirited and educational for

me. I saw Barnsley for a few minutes and again in the afternoon meeting he talked to me.

"Enjoying yourself?" he asked.

"Oh, wonderfully," I fibbed.

He said he was "keeping himself busy," and I wondered whether he meant in a business way or otherwise. I was on the verge of confessing I had had a very dull evening the night before, but of course I didn't. We made small talk about the convention and then a woman buyer from Indianapolis broke into our conversation and, believe me, she monopolized it. I didn't get a word in edgewise.

That night I went to a radio broadcast at CBS—I'd written ahead over a month ago for the ticket, and I'd been pretty excited about it. But when I took a cab over to CBS, on Madison Avenue, and stood around with the people who were waiting for the studio doors to open I felt isolated. I was all alone.

I almost jumped out of my skin when someone touched my elbow and said, "Miss Snyder!"

IT WAS Barnsley, looking as though he'd discovered a gold mine. His eyes were bright with surprise at finding me there and I guess my expression reflected the same emotion. We laughed happily for a moment, and talked about the show we were going to see. But the man with Barnsley—he was a radio man for some advertising agency—kept pulling impatiently at his arm, trying to get him away to meet someone he saw across the foyer, and so he left me, saying he hoped I'd enjoy the show.

To tell the truth I didn't enjoy it as much as I might have if I had not met him. My mind kept going back to Barnsley, and I wondered who he was with by now. Maybe that buyer from Indianapolis, I mused unhappily.

So when the program ended I walked out to the street with the rest of the people and looked for a cab. My heart sank lower when I saw how the weather had changed. It was pouring rain and the night was raw. Cabs were mighty scarce.

Then Barnsley and I met again and he held my arm and led me to a taxi that seemed to come from nowhere. "I'll drop you off wherever you want to go," he said.

I was just about to say I was going right back to the Commodore when I noticed the cab driver's name on that little card up near the roof. Malcolm Ray was the name, and I thought it mighty strange for a cabbie. And Malcolm took any words I might have had in my mind right out of my mouth.

"If I kin suggest a place for youse folks," he said with a broad Brooklyn accent, "leave me take you to The Eagle's Nest. Foist Street and Tenth. There you will find good eats and besides you won't get clipped. But I'm only suggestin' it, and you don't have to do what I say."

Barnsley looked at me with his mouth wide open. Then he laughed and asked the driver to tell him more about The Eagle's Nest.

"It's really an erster house," said Driver Malcolm Ray, "but the music's good if youse two want to dance."

Many's the time I recalled that conversation with the Brooklyn cab driver and I always pictured him as a kind of Brooklyn cupid with a Brooklyn bow and arrow. It was as though he were pushing us into something we really wanted to do in the first place. Barnsley asked me if I felt adventurous, I

Mother of 3 becomes a PIN-UP BEAUTY!



You would hardly have picked Edrie Beal for a pin-up girl when the snapshot below was taken. But what a difference (right) when she had completed the DuBarry Success Course!

How Mrs. Edrie Beal of Fredonia, Kansas, got a bathing-suit figure and how her Navy husband got the surprise of his life.

"Many times before," says Mrs. Edrie Beal, "my Navy husband had written from the Southwest Pacific, asking for something special, and I had hurried it off to him. But this time it was a stopper. 'Send me your picture in a bathing suit,' the letter said. 'I want my own pin-up girl.'"

"I looked in the mirror—at that thick waist and heavy abdomen. No! I simply couldn't bring myself to stand before a camera. But neither can you refuse a far-off husband any wish in the world. It was New Year's! Time for resolutions. If I didn't have a bathing-suit figure, I'd get one!"

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The Present with a Future

said I did, so we went to The Eagle's Nest.

The Eagle's Nest, we discovered, was one of the unusual places that visitors to New York rarely find. It was clean and cheery, even though the murals were slightly outlandish. Some ambitious artist had mixed colors at random, ornamenting the walls with a brush that must have been used for house-painting. Everything about the place made us laugh: the "good music" cab driver Malcolm had told us about was a three-piece organization which included a banjo player who never stopped grinning, the proprietor was an enormous fellow who told us he had been a ship's cook for seventeen years. But the biggest surprise was that Malcolm came into the place with us and introduced us to the proprietor.

"THIS is me brother-in-law, Chink Moiphy," he said, pointing a thumb at the mammoth host.

"Chink can really rattle them pots. And his ersters is out of this world."

Chink beamed and said he'd be glad to try for us, and if we wanted some spaghetti on the side it would be no trouble.

Barnsley never lost that amazed expression. He agreed it would be nice to try the "ersters," but suggested that maybe we could have something warming on such a cold night. We settled for a bottle of sauterne that went with the meal.

There were not many people in the place, just a few other tables were occupied; but there was a sociability about the atmosphere of the little tavern that brightened our hearts. And all at once things started to happen. A man from another table came over and

introduced himself to us. He said he and his wife were celebrating their tenth wedding anniversary and he'd like us to drink a toast to their wedded bliss. Then the amazing band began to play and everybody began dancing. Chink Murphy, the proprietor, raised his voice in song; and everybody joined in.

Barnsley took my hand and led me to the tiny dance floor. There wasn't much room for fancy stepping, but that was satisfactory to Barnsley and me. We waltzed to the strains of the funny little band and loved it. It's funny how everybody thinks his or her dancing is the best; and we were no exception to the rule. Maybe it was the lift of the wine, maybe it was the genuine conviviality of the people around us—surely it was the fact that Barnsley and I were dancing together for the first time.

My heart and soul were singing and there was only the consciousness that such enjoyment would have to end to bring me back to reality from time to time. And it was at such times that I'd rest my head on Barnsley's shoulder as we danced.

We didn't talk much, but once I startled Barnsley by asking him what his folks called him when he was a little boy.

"They called me Barney. Why?"

"Because my folks always called me Willie."

He stopped dancing for a moment, looked into my eyes.

"Willie Snyder. Why that's wonderful! From now on I'll call you Willie."

That was the moment I had been planning for all those months in my subconscious. As I looked into his eyes I saw something that brought us closer,

tore down all the barriers I didn't want. "O.K. . . . Barney," I replied.

I suppose if I had dramatic talents I could have capitalized on that moment's mellowness, but other factors came into play. The band began playing "Good Night, Ladies," somebody threw a light switch that brightened the tavern for a minute, then another that darkened it. People began filing out to the street, and we went along with them. The last thing I heard as we stood on the sidewalk was Chink Murphy calling out: "Come again, folks."

Then we were back to reality. I began to shiver in the night air. We walked a few blocks before we got a taxicab and I regretted it wasn't our good friend, Malcolm Ray, driving. Barnsley had his arm around the cushion of the seat and I couldn't feel it with my head. I felt sad again. I tried to recapture the enjoyable atmosphere of the little tavern but as we got farther away from it it seemed as though we were leaving something I wanted very badly, something I had dreamed about for all my life.

Barnsley was silent for most of the ride back to the hotel, and I didn't utter one word. We both seemed engrossed in our own thoughts, and maybe it was just one thought. I knew, and I imagined he knew, that we had found something together in that little restaurant; and when the proprietor had closed the doors it was as though he were ending the only exciting chapter in two very dull lives.

He squeezed my hand just once as he left me at the elevator. He smiled a smile that was perplexing. He said he'd see me in the morning.

I didn't sleep right away. Too many

thoughts were crowding my brain, thoughts that carried the past in unhappy procession. I could see Worth City with all its smallness, its confinement; and, although I knew that every place of living can be walled in by your own designs, I believed that Worth City would never be a happy place for me again.

WHAT was wrong with Worth City? A better question would be: What was wrong with me? I didn't know the answer to that one. But I did know that any self-examination of my personality would expose the deficiency in my life. That was it, I had a deficiency of romance just as another person might have a deficiency in her diet. And the heartbreaking thought was that everything was near to me, yet so far.

In the morning I covered the turmoil within me with a smile; and my cheeriness was easier because he was not there to talk to. I wondered why he didn't attend the final session of the convention, and I couldn't believe his absence had anything to do with the night before.

It was not until late in the afternoon that I met him in the elevator. He had a new look in his eyes and he touched my hand as I stood next to him. He asked me if he could come to my room, that he wanted to talk to me for a few minutes. I said yes, and again I covered the excitement that pounded my heart with a smile.

"Today I saw New York," he said when he took a seat near the window of my room. "I saw the Battery, and Central Park and some kind of art museum. I walked and I rode in taxicabs and in the subway. I saw millions



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of people, and I asked myself a hundred questions."

He took his eyes from the window and looked at me.

"Every question I asked myself involved you," he said. "I was floundering like a drowning man, and suddenly I knew I had to come back here and be with you."

I didn't say anything but I knew he was still floundering, just as badly as I was; but it takes a person in distress to recognize another's problem. That made it easier for me. I encouraged him with my eyes and he went on.

"Willie... we're supposed to go to the Waldorf Roof tonight... guests of the convention. Willie... I don't know what's wrong with me, but I don't want to go to the Waldorf Roof." My heart was laughing then.

"You, Barney. You want to go to The Eagle's Nest, don't you? You found something there last night, Barney. I found it, too. We both found it, so we have to share it."

He was laughing happily, then. And he was putting his arm around my shoulder. I was telling him I had to make myself ready if we were to go to dinner. He was telling me to hurry, not to bother about getting dolled up.

"But what would Chink Murphy say if I didn't powder my nose, Barney?"

No one would take us for children, but who could deny our youthful spirits? It wasn't time or people or cities or countries that made people happy. It was something else that ran like a deeper river in life and for the first time Barney and I were experiencing it. His eyes were like a college boy's, his embrace just as confident.

"It will only take me ten minutes to get ready, Barney."

"Then what?"

"Then The Eagle's Nest."

"Then what?"

"Then back to Worth City tomorrow."

"Then what?"

I refused to answer, but he knew and I knew that we would be together from that day on. His job and mine would be joined, and maybe I wouldn't have any job but be the wife of Barnsley T. Geller. It was looking ahead, way ahead.

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As Long As We Love

(Continued from page 31)

how very much I'd rather have you with me."

Those next few weeks were like living in the middle of dreams from which you never woke up. Some of them were nightmares—when Sara told her mother that she wasn't going to marry Jack, and the wedding was called off, and the presents sent back, and the whole town talked and talked as if it had nothing else in the whole world to talk about; some of the dreams were sweet—the times when I could be alone with Sara, and for a few minutes we could forget Jack, and her mother and father, and the town's wagging tongues.

It was harder for Sara than for me. Jack knew, I think, from the start, and certainly Sara's parents suspected, that if I had never come to South Chester, the wedding would have gone off as scheduled. Perhaps some of the town gossips had their suspicions, too, but nothing they could come out in the open with. I had it out with Jack—I had to, to clear the air. I couldn't work side by side with him, in the store his father had left to both of us, with a lot of suspicions and hard feelings like a wall between us.

"DO YOU want me to get out?" I asked him point blank one morning. "Would you like me to clear out of town, Jack?"

He put down the gradient into which he was measuring drugs, and shook his head slowly. "No—no, Alan, I don't. I can't break up our whole lifetime of friendship, and the partnership Dad wanted us to have, because of something that wasn't your fault. Nor Sara's fault, either. I don't want you to leave, not even if—if you marry Sara."

We shook hands, then, and it cleared the air a little, at least as far as the store, and Jack and I, were concerned. But it didn't help any with the town, or with Sara's parents. And it didn't help to settle things between Sara and me, either. Sometimes I'd get angry, and feel as if she were bending over backwards trying to be fair to everybody—she went out with other men in town, too, for one thing.

"We'll have to wait and see," she'd tell me, over and over. "If we're really in love—well, that's worth waiting for, isn't it? And I've got to be sure, Alan—don't you understand? I thought I was sure before, with Jack. I've got to be sure!"

But in the end it was Sara who came to me, Sara who said, "Let's get married, Alan—now, right away! I can't stand it any longer. I can't stand the way mother looks at me, or the way conversation begins to buzz the minute I leave a store, or walk down the street. I can't stand to keep meeting Jack accidentally—oh, I can't stand any of it another minute." She laughed ruefully. "We might as well give them concrete fact instead of speculation to gossip about, Alan. I—I'm ready to marry you, if you want me."

If I wanted her! There simply weren't any words to tell her how much I wanted her. So we went off to Fulton and were married quietly in the office of a Justice of the Peace there. And we had two wonderful, crazy-happy weeks of honeymoon. And now it was over, and I lay on the bed watching Sara as she fixed her hair, getting ready for the trip back to South Chester.

So we smiled at each other in the

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mirror and said, meaning it, "As long as we love each other, nothing else can ever matter."

Well, it was worse than either of us thought it could be. For one thing, there is a housing shortage in South Chester as there is everywhere else, and we had to move into the apartment Jack and Sara had leased for themselves and which was furnished with the things her parents had given them as a wedding present. It was an attractive little place and ordinarily I would have been crazy about it. But moving into it, using the things that had been intended for Jack and Sara to use, made me feel like an interloper. If you know what I mean, it was sort of like wearing a dead man's shoes. Here I was living in the place he'd planned to live, married to the girl who, up until a little while ago, he'd planned to marry. It bothered Sara, too, but there was nothing we could do about it. There was no other place to live.

AND for another thing, I had to see Jack every day at the store. I felt apologetic toward him, yet I knew apology or pity was the last thing in the world he wanted. Poor guy, he hadn't done anything to deserve losing Sara and yet he had, and he'd had to face the gossip and the curiosity all alone while we were away. He told me with a sort of bitter humor that business had been better than ever the weeks we were gone—people were coming in to buy things they didn't need just to see how he was taking it. It was impossible for us to be natural with each other; all the old companionship we'd had as kids was gone. I'd start to tell him something Sara had done or said the night before, or to talk about her in the way any new husband would about the wife he was crazy in love with—and then I couldn't. It seemed too cruel. Jack said that he hoped we would always be friends, the three of us, but that right now he didn't want to see Sara. "I know you two couldn't help what happened," he said, "but—well, I need a little time to get used to it." I knew how he felt. After that one time, we didn't talk about it any more.

But the worst thing of all, and the thing that hit Sara the hardest, was the attitude of her family. Especially her mother. "She says what we did was terrible and unforgivable," Sara sobbed in my arms the night after she'd been to see her parents for the first time. "She says you're a—a no-good, that no decent man would do what you did, and—and she said our marriage couldn't last."

I comforted her as best I could. I said her mother was naturally hurt and shocked but that she would get over it in time and that we'd prove to her that our marriage not only could last but would be a wonderful one. I knew it had been pretty hard on Mrs. Ansell. She had always been crazy about Jack; the families had been friends since he and Sara were babies. You couldn't really blame her for not liking me.

"But she and Daddy won't even come to see us," Sara cried. "They don't want to see you."

"They'll get over it," I promised her. "And remember, darling, what we said: as long as we love each other—"

She threw her arms around me and held me close. "Of course, darling. It doesn't really matter. Only—I wish they'd be more reasonable. I want them to know you and love you as I

know you and love you."

Everybody in town was talking about us, of course, and watching us. South Chester hadn't had a scandal like that in years: Sara Ansell jilting the man she'd been engaged to for years on the eve of the wedding was bad enough, but marrying his cousin whom she'd only known a few weeks really capped the climax. I could feel the whispering everywhere I went, no matter what I did. Customers in the drugstore looked at Jack and me curiously as if they constantly expected us to get into a fight. All of them seemed to be sizing me up, to see if I really were a devil with horns who had lured a sweet, innocent girl away from a fine guy like Jack. Once, old Miss Higgins, Sara's maiden aunt, came in to have a prescription refilled and refused to let me wait on her. She insisted that Jack fill it. After she left, I laughed and said, "You'd have thought I was going to put poison in the bottle." But it really wasn't very funny.

I seemed to be living all the time in a state of tension. I had to be extra-careful of everything I said and did, around Jack especially, but also around everybody else. As Sara said, "It's as if the whole town were watching to see our marriage break up so they can say 'I told you so.'" When Sara and I were alone together, it didn't matter so much. We could forget everything and everybody else. But whenever we went out together to see some of her friends, or had them at our house, the tension came back. It was as if we were always trying to prove how happy we were together so that they would stop whispering among themselves that "it couldn't last." And whenever Jack's name was mentioned inadvertently, an embarrassed hush would fall over the group. Nobody could be natural and easy.

AND of course, during the days when I was at work, Sara had her mother to contend with. The Ansell's still hadn't been to see us or had us over to see them, though Sara had seen her parents alone. "If you'd just give Alan a chance," she pleaded with her mother. "If you'd just see him and get to know him!" But Mrs. Ansell was set against me; she said I had behaved dishonorably. And she made a point of seeing Jack a lot as if to show the town whose side she was on. Well, I could understand how she might not like me for what I had done. Her refusing to accept it was what made me mad because it made it so hard on Sara. I could always tell when she'd been over to her mother's because she'd be so depressed when I got home.

Then one day Jack and I had an argument at the store. It was, of all things in the world, about what to put in our display window. Under ordinary circumstances, we might have mildly disagreed about it but it wouldn't have been anything the least important. That day, out of the long strain, it got magnified out of all proportion and each of us found ourselves angrily telling the other that he not only knew nothing about running a pharmacy but about anything at all.

All of a sudden, right in the middle of the argument, I stopped and said as quietly as I could: "We're acting like a couple of kids, Jack." Then I took a deep breath. "I'm sorry for all that's happened—you know that. It's been tough on you but it's been tough on Sara and me, too. Would you rather I sold my share in the store and just

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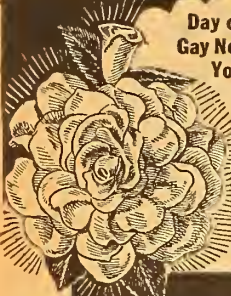
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cleared out? Sara and I could go get started somewhere else—"

Jack looked at me for a long time and then he slowly shook his head. "No," he said. "And I'm not just being noble or anything about it. I really need you, Alan—you've had a lot more experience than I have. I want you to stay—I mean that. And I'm sorry about today. Let's forget it. . . ."

So we shook hands and tried to forget it. But it stayed with me all the rest of that day, and rankled. On the way home to dinner that evening, I suddenly wanted a drink. I needed it. I'm not much of a drinker ordinarily, but that was a time when I felt I had to have one.

I stopped at a bar, but I didn't have one. I had five whiskies in quick succession, and when I left there I was feeling fine. I knew I was drunk but I didn't care. I'd go home and get Sara and we'd go out and have ourselves a good time and forget all the stuff that had been troubling us. Let the rest of the world go climb a fence. Sara was all I wanted or would ever want.

I had a little difficulty with the steps up to our apartment. I stumbled a couple of times, but I was feeling too happy to care. I began to sing a song we'd sung in the Navy and I threw open the door with a bang.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansell were sitting there in the livingroom with Sara.

"So they've finally come to see us," I remember thinking. "We'll take 'em along with us and do the town—we'll take everybody along. . . ." And I started over to greet them.

ONLY I forgot about the rug. That little rug that sometimes slipped on the floor Sara kept so well polished. Well, it slipped that time. And I ended up prone on the floor at Mrs. Ansell's feet. I thought it was one of the funniest things that had ever happened to me in my whole life. I sat up and began to laugh. I laughed and laughed, mostly, I remember, at the expressions on their faces. They looked so surprised.

Then I heard Mrs. Ansell say something that sounded like "Disgusting!" And Mr. Ansell got up and said they'd better go. And after a while there was nobody there but Sara and me, and she was crying and I was beginning to get sober.

What she was saying made me soberer than the black coffee I drank or the cold shower I took. "Here I work and work to get them to give you a chance," she told me furiously, "and what happens the very first time they come to my house? You come home falling-down drunk! Now they'll never forgive you. They'll think I've married a drunkard. And maybe I have!"

I knew how she felt, but I thought she was being darned unfair. "It's not as if I came home drunk all the time!" I told her. "This is the first time I've had too much to drink in years, and believe me it will probably be the last. But how was I to know they were coming tonight?"

"How could you? How could you?" she kept saying over and over.

I got mad. Here was Sara blaming me for everything!

We had our first quarrel that night. It was a bad one. All the resentment, the little doubts we'd had, came out in our anger and we said things that hurt. I can't remember all we said and I don't want to because it was the kind of quarrel that shakes you way down inside. About four o'clock the next morn-

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ing, we made it up. Or, at least, we thought we did. We went to sleep in each other's arms, swearing it would never happen again. But it was only half a reconciliation.

It was as if all the little doubts and frictions had, by being forced into the open and expressed, become big and basic ones. Instead of being put away somewhere in the faith that we loved each other and could surmount any difficulty, now the question "Is our marriage a failure?" came right out and had to be looked at. I felt as if I were constantly living with that unspoken question, trying to find the answer, weighing with new values everything that happened. Sometimes, when we were alone together I could again lose myself in loving Sara and forget everything else. But other times I couldn't. We both tried hard, but it got to be like a barrier between us.

Sara finally persuaded her parents to come over and see us again. We tried hard to make the evening a success, but it was a flat failure. I apologized to them for being drunk when they came before, and they said they understood but they didn't. Mr. Ansell and I tried to talk naturally together but I felt all the time he was looking at me with suspicion and deciding I really wasn't a fit husband for his daughter. And his wife was even worse. Her hostility made me feel I was doing and saying everything wrong. When they left I felt they thought even less of me than before.

THAT night we had another quarrel. Oh, rather, it was the same one; it just got started differently. Sara accused me of being rude to her parents and not making enough effort. I said I hadn't been rude but that I couldn't stand being looked at like a criminal on parole who might murder somebody at any minute. And that led to other things that maybe we didn't mean when we said them or maybe we did. It's hard to tell when you're that unhappy. We didn't make it up in each other's arms that time. Sara cried herself to sleep and I lay for a long time looking at the darkness and wondering where everything that had seemed so wonderful had gone. All the closeness that we'd had from the moment we'd met—where was it now? We couldn't have been mistaken and yet—and yet look at us now, poles apart and saying bitter, hurting words. If we could only manage somehow to get back to what we'd had at first. If we could just shake off South Chester and all the people in it. . . . That was how I got the idea of going to the cabin.

I told Sara about that idea at breakfast the next morning. Her family had a shack up on the shore of one of the big lakes in our part of the country where Sara had spent the summers in her childhood. She'd told me about it many times and said how happy she'd been there and how she wanted us to go sometime so I could see and share what had meant so much to her.

"Next week-end's Labor Day," I said to Sara. "Why don't you try to find out if your family plans to use that shack of theirs you told me about over the holiday? If they're not going to use the place, why couldn't we go up there, just the two of us, for a couple of days? We could take supplies and—well, it would be sort of like our honeymoon all over again, when we didn't worry about anything except how much we loved each other."

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for a long time. "That's a wonderful idea! Maybe up there, away from everyone, we could—we could—" She stopped, but her eyes said what she couldn't find words for.

"That's what I thought, too," I told her. And when I left to go to work I felt better than I had for a long time.

Sara asked her father about it, and he gave her the keys. He and Mrs. Ansell weren't going to use the place, he told her—they were going up with Jack to the Howells' cottage, which was about ten miles beyond their own. When she told me about it, I knew she was feeling sorry that we couldn't all spend a family holiday together, the way other families do, and in a way that dampened our enthusiasm a little.

Sara and I started out early Saturday morning and, from the first, things seemed to go wrong. We had trouble with the car, and we were hot and tired when we finally got to the shack. It was a rough little place—just one big room, a big porch, and a kitchen—flimsily put together; but it was attractively situated up on a high hill overlooking the lake. The day was breathlessly close and by the time we had unpacked the car, taken the heavy wooden shutters off the windows, swept the floor, made the beds, put away the supplies, washed the dishes and made the place livable, we were hotter and tired than ever. Maybe we were both counting too much on what this little vacation might do for us, the miracle it might bring to pass. Maybe we were both trying too hard and were nervous and over-tired. Anyway, for whatever reason, we couldn't seem to relax with each other and none of the closeness we'd expected once we were alone together was there at all.

Almost as soon as we got settled in, Sara brought up the subject of our leaving South Chester for a while. She'd been thinking about it a long time, she said.

"If we could go away and you could get a job somewhere else, Alan! Then in a year or so, when people have had a chance to forget about us and when the family and—Jack have gotten more reconciled, we could come back and everything would be better."

I slowly shook my head. "If we go, it will have to be for good," I said. "You can't get yourself established in



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one place, throw it all up, go get yourself started some place else and throw that up, and then come back to the first place again. Uncle Jack left me half the pharmacy. If I sold my share, I couldn't buy it back whenever I wanted to. It wouldn't be fair to Jack. Besides, it takes time to get started as a pharmacist—"

"Oh, I didn't mean anything like that. I meant if you could get a job doing something else for a while. Anything. Just temporarily, until we felt we could come back, after all this had blown over."

"But, Sara, I want to be a pharmacist. That's my business—what I've been trained for. I learned a lot in the Navy about helping people—it's important to me."

"Is it more important than my happiness?" she demanded. And, before we knew it, we were quarreling again.

It doesn't matter now what we said. I guess none of it was very reasonable. Not only the strain of the last weeks but the awful disappointment that what was to have been a second honeymoon had ironically turned out like this—all the accumulation of it made us bitter and resentful toward each other.

"If you really loved me," she said finally, "you wouldn't want me to go through any more of what I've had to stand since we got married!"

"NOW wait a minute, Sara. You're not the only one who's had to stand it. I've had Jack and your family and practically the whole darn town against me from the start. Remember how we said that as long as we loved each other, it didn't matter what other people said or thought or did? We said our love was enough. You seem to have forgotten about that."

She began to cry—almost hysterically. "Then we were wrong! It's not enough. If it is why do we quarrel all the time like this?"

I just stared at her, and I could feel the anger mounting in me. The anger and the hurt. What she had just said hurt me more than anything else that had ever happened. Our love was not enough—that's what she'd said.

I got up. "Maybe you should have married Jack Howells as you planned," I said, and went out and slammed the door.

Hardly knowing what I was doing, I walked down the hill to the lake shore. I have never felt lower in my life. I sat there a while, looking out over the water without seeing it. Everything in the world seemed to have gone to pieces between Sara and me, and I didn't know what to do or say to make it come right. I didn't even know if I wanted to do or say anything. Some people, I told myself bitterly, make mistakes when they get married. Maybe we were two who did. It looked as if everybody else were right and we were wrong: our marriage wasn't lasting.

I don't know how long I sat there, feeling like that. But suddenly I noticed how still everything had gotten. Not a leaf stirred and there was something strange in the air—a sort of electric feeling. I looked across the lake, and there was a big, gray-greenish cloud that seemed to cover half the sky. It was going to storm. That was all we needed, I thought savagely, to make this weekend perfect—a bad storm.

I got up to go back to the cottage, and before I was half way up the hill the wind started. It began with just a few gusts but by the time I reached



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the shack it was like a big hand pushing at me. Sara met me at the door.

"It's going to storm," she said worriedly. "Sometimes they're bad here. Maybe you'd better run the car around to the back where it will be more protected." While I was doing that, she began to get out the shutters we'd just put away. "We'll have to board up the windows," she called.

The wind came harder and harder as we struggled with the heavy shutters. The sky was completely overcast now with that ominous gray-green, and for the first time I began to get a little worried. If the wind got any stronger against our flimsy little cottage, no telling what might happen. As we got the last board in place the rain came like a torrent. I grabbed Sara and half-carried her inside.

"Oh, Alan," she said, "I'm scared. Once when I was little—"

"It'll be all right," I said with an assurance I certainly didn't feel. "We're safe here. We'll get the fire going and be cosy and warm."

It was then we heard the sound of a car struggling up the hill. We ran to the door as it reached the top. Through the pelting rain we could see Mr. and Mrs. Ansell and Jack fighting their way toward us.

As they reached the house, Jack panted, "Storm caught us on the way to our cottage. Mind if we wait it out here?"

"Come in!" I cried. "Come in."

THE three of them were soaked to the skin even in that short distance from car to house. In the flurry of finding them dry things to put on and trying to get the fire started I forgot for the moment that this was the first time Jack and Sara had seen each other since the day we were married. I looked over at them. She was helping him into an old sweater she'd found somewhere and they were both completely un-self-conscious. "Do you think it's going to be one of the bad storms?" she said in a worried undertone to him. I caught Jack's eye and, ever so slightly, shook my head. Jack gave her a reassuring pat on the shoulder. "Oh, no," he said lightly. "It just looks bad at the moment."

Mr. Ansell had knelt down beside me at the fireplace and we were trying to get the fire going as rain trickled down the chimney. In a whisper, he said: "I'm afraid we're in for it. We sometimes get storms here that are almost like tropical hurricanes—it's the wind that's the worst. This is an old house and things might get kind of dangerous. We've got to keep Sara and her mother from being alarmed, and we've got to keep any of the windows from being blown out to avoid any suction inside the house. Did you get all the shutters up?"

I told him what I'd done and he nodded. "You and Jack and I had better go around and see that everything is battened down tight."

Mrs. Ansell was out making coffee for all of us on the old wood stove in the kitchen. I knew she was worried but she tried not to show it. "Something hot will make us all feel better," she said and smiled at us.

Jack and Sara's father and I tried to make everything as secure as we could. We propped things against the back and front doors to keep them from blowing inward and we watched the windows. The wind was like nothing I have ever heard. You could feel the house shake every now and then as if

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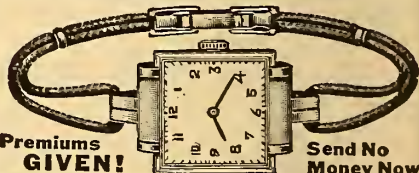
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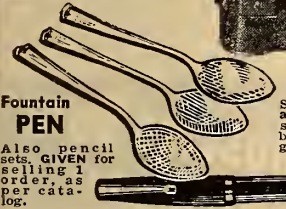
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it were about to be torn right off the ground. It was completely unprotected, up there on its hill. It wasn't a good spot to be in, and we all knew it.

We drank the hot coffee and Sara told a funny story she'd read in the paper and we all laughed. I was proud of Sara. She was badly frightened but she wasn't going to let anybody know it if she could help it. I noticed how she kept close to me. She touched me now and then, on the hand or the shoulder, and it was not only as if she were seeking solace and protection from being near me but as if she were saying, "Don't worry, darling. We're together."

Small branches and all kinds of debris kept hurtling past the house as if caught up and thrown by a giant force, and an old tree, about fifty yards away, went down with a mighty crash. Suddenly, the wooden shutter over one of the front windows was ripped away from its fastenings and went sailing off like a straw in the wind. The next instant, the window had blown in.

"Close up the opening!" Mr. Ansell shouted. "Use a mattress off one of the cots!"

Jack and I grabbed up the mattress and stuffed it into the opening. It wasn't much good and one of us had to hold it in place against the strength of the gale, but it was the best we could do till we could find something better. I turned around. Mrs. Ansell was standing there and blood was dripping from a gash in her arm.

"**THE** glass," she said. "The flying glass—"

I helped her over to the other cot and made her lie down. Then while Sara hovered over us, I put iodine on the cut and bandaged it as well as I could. It wasn't deep enough to need stitches, but the blood was hard to stop and I knew it hurt like the devil. Mrs. Ansell didn't say a word. She just got sort of white and clenched her teeth and let me do what I had to. When I'd finished, she looked up and tried to smile. "Thank you, Alan," she said. "It's a good thing to have someone who knows about medicine in the family."

Suddenly I realized what was happening. There were the five of us trapped there. Each of us had hurt the others in one way or another. And yet, facing the common danger, we'd all forgotten about the hurt and the antagonism and had united in a common cause and helped each other. During that long, timeless hour we had all known the house might go at any minute and yet we'd tried not to let the others suffer our fear. We'd each thought more of the others than of ourselves. It was the warm togetherness that people who are close should have, and which we five had never experienced before.

I looked at Sara and found her watching me. In her eyes, I read the same thing I was feeling and a lot more besides. At that moment, she looked more beautiful than I'd ever seen her. I went over and, in front of everybody, put my arms around her and held her close. We didn't say a word. We just held each other.

Then I thought of Jack. He and Mr. Ansell were at the window straining to hold that old, soggy mattress in place, but they both smiled at me. And I felt like going over and shaking hands with both of them.

I don't know how long after that it was that the storm began to die down. Thinking back on it now, it all seems

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like a nightmare. Because there was a time when the whole house trembled so that I instinctively grabbed Sara and put her behind me as if that would protect her if the roof went. That was the minute Jack selected to whistle, "How Dry I Am," and we all laughed hysterically. But I remember the panic I felt when I was saying inwardly, "Nothing must happen to Sara! Nothing must happen..."

Finally it was over. It went almost as suddenly as it came. We went out and looked at the damage. Trees down, debris all over the ground, a corner of the porch gone. But the house had stood through it all.

We worked on the cars to get them started, and then we all got ready to go back to town. While we were standing there in the wet-smelling night, about to say goodbye, Jack said, "It's been quite a party. But before we leave, there's something I've got to say to the host and hostess."

He turned to Sara. "I know now you were right—about you and me, I mean. We didn't really love each other—we were just used to each other. I've known that for a long time but I never could bring myself to admit it. Hurt pride, I guess—or something. Anyway, I wished you luck and happiness once before. But now I'm doing it again and this time I mean it from the bottom of my heart."

SARA reached up and kissed him on the cheek. There were tears in her eyes. "Thank you, Jack. I'll always thank you for this."

Jack put his hand out to me. "I'm sorry, Alan. I didn't make it easy for you, I guess. But—I'm mighty glad you stuck it out and that you're still here and that—I—well—" He looked as if he didn't know how to say any more.

I grinned at him. "We'll name the first boy after you," I said.

Mrs. Ansell moved up beside Jack. "I've got a speech to make, too," she said to me. "I want to apologize, my dear, for the way I've acted. It's been hard on all of us, but we've made it unnecessarily hard for you, I know, and—well, I want to say that I'm proud to have you in the family, and—and I hope Little Jack makes his appearance very soon. Being a grandmother would be about the nicest thing that could happen to me." Then she blushed as if she were about eighteen, and kissed me.

"That goes for me, too," Mr. Ansell said, throwing his arm across my shoulder.

It was so darned good—to feel the way we all did then, I mean. It was as if, somehow, the storm had cleared away a lot of things—all the things that kept getting in our way and keeping us from knowing each other. As if, at last, we'd got down to fundamentals, got past all the little petty dislikes and the whisperings and shakings of heads, to the things that really mattered.

They got into the car then, and drove off. And I took Sara in my arms. She clung to me, half-crying. "I'm so sorry—Alan, I'm so sorry. It was wrong, what I said about love not being enough. It is enough—only you have to learn about love, the kind of love you live through the years with..."

I kissed away the tears, and the lump in my throat was so big I couldn't say much of anything. Just, "Let's get in the car, honey, and drive home, and see if we can catch up with that elusive second honeymoon of ours!"

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Sugar Savers

(Continued from page 50)

with waxed paper and grease again. Start oven for moderate heat (375 degrees F.). Sift flour before measuring. Measure into sifter

2 cups sifted cake flour
2 tsps. double-acting baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
¾ cup sugar

Measure into bowl ½ cup vegetable shortening

Measure into cup ⅓ cup milk 1 tsp. vanilla

Have ready

½ cup corn syrup 2 eggs, unbeaten

Mix or stir shortening (by hand or with electric mixer at low speed) just enough to soften it. Sift in dry ingredients. Combine milk and syrup. Add half the liquid and the eggs to dry ingredients. Mix until all flour is dampened, then beat for 1 minute. Add remaining liquid, blend, then beat for 2 minutes longer. (Count only the actual beating time. Or count beating strokes, allowing 100 to 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon or beater frequently.) Turn into pans and bake at 375 degrees F. until done, 25 minutes. Between layers and on top spread

Easy Fluffy Frosting

1 egg white
Pinch salt
½ cup corn syrup (light or dark)
½ tsp. vanilla

Beat together egg white and salt until stiff enough to stand in peaks. Pour syrup in fine stream onto egg whites, beating constantly, and continue beating until mixture reaches spreading consistency. Add vanilla.

For variety, bake Sugar Saving Quick Cake in a 10 x 10 x 2-inch pan (350 degree oven, 30 to 40 minutes), let it remain in the pan and while still hot cover with

Praline Topping

⅓ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 tbl. sifted cake flour
3 tbs. melted butter or margarine
1 tbl. water
⅓ cup finely chopped nut meats.

Combine ingredients and mix well. Spread, a small quantity at a time, over hot cake in pan and bake in 350 degree oven for 5 minutes. Cook and cut cake in pan.

Old-fashioned Sponge Roll

¾ cup sifted cake flour
¾ tsp. double-acting baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
4 eggs, unbeaten
¾ cup sugar
1 tsp. vanilla

Grease 15x10-inch pan, line with waxed paper to ½ inch of edge and grease again. Sift flour, then measure. Combine baking powder, salt and eggs in bowl, place over smaller bowl of hot water and beat with rotary beater, adding sugar gradually, until mixture becomes thick and light-colored. Remove bowl from hot water. Fold in flour. Add vanilla. Turn into pan and bake at 400 degrees F. for 13 minutes. Quickly cut off crisp edges of cake. Turn out onto cloth covered with powdered sugar and remove paper. Spread with Vanilla Filling and roll. Wrap in cloth and cool on rack, then cover with Bittersweet Chocolate Coating.

For vanilla filling use one package prepared vanilla pudding.

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The Two of Us

(Continued from page 39)

she was missing. I could have understood it if she and Tom didn't love each other, trust each other, so completely. Or Mom hadn't been there to look after Michael and Peter.

No, she had accepted narrowness and now she was afraid of even peeking over her prison walls.

Johnny and I went dancing. And it was a shock, perilously sweet, to find such delight in having a man's arms around you. I hadn't realized that his nearness would bring this suffocating tide rising into my throat. I wouldn't have believed that a man's voice humming a tune, off-key, in my ear could make my heart tremble and plunge in my body.

"Johnny—Sergeant Johnny—" and to save myself I couldn't keep from lingering over his name—"how did you known white camellias would match this dress when you brought them?"

"I didn't," he said, smiling down at me. "I was really thinking of how they would look in your hair—the white flowers against your red hair." We were at the edge of the dance floor now and back in the shadows. It was the work of a second to unpin the narrow long corsage. I bent my head and felt his fingers as they fumbled in the thick wave brushed back from my forehead, sensed their tenderness and pride as he adjusted the spray to his satisfaction.

Too late I saw my danger. It was only when his fingers brushed my cheek, when I heard his low whisper "There!—little darling!" that I realized how fast and far we had been moving in the three days I had known him. And it was my fault. I had done nothing to check this growing intimacy.

We found our table and quickly, shakily, I turned the conversation to impersonal things, all the things girls and boys since time began have talked about when they're afraid to talk about themselves. Had Johnny been to the amusement park yet? What movies had he seen recently? Had he read that article in last Sunday's paper about—? But somehow our talk drifted from things to people—and from people in general to ourselves in particular.

"**YOU'RE** so intense, Mary Ellen," Johnny said, and his face was sober. "You sound as if you were rushing into life with your chin up and banners flying. Why do you fight so hard against fate?"

"Fate? —phooey!" I answered inelegantly. "I'm not fighting life. All I want is to find my place in it where—"

"That's easy," he interrupted. "A woman's place—"

"If you say 'A woman's place is in the home,' I'll scream, Johnny Sutton! Maybe it is. I think home-making can be a lovely profession for a woman. But that's not what men mean when they say that. They say it patronizingly as if pushing a vacuum cleaner or polishing a floor were all the poor dears were good for, and as if they were afraid women might find some interest, as well, outside those four walls."

Johnny only grinned at me and got up, seizing my hand.

"Come on—they're playing 'Home, Sweet Home,' I want one more dance with you. Next Saturday is a long way off."

I went into his arms with a feeling of

intoxication. Next Saturday!—that meant he was taking it for granted that we would be seeing each other again! I knew then that I wanted to see him, to dance with him, to talk and argue with him, more than I had ever wanted anything in my life.

And while we danced and his arms held me tight and close under the artificial blue moonlight of the muted spotlights above the dance floor, an exquisite, hurting sweetness welled up inside me until I thought I couldn't stand it. Until I had to move away from him, slightly, so that his strong body could not touch me.

It was late and the house was dark when we came home. We lingered for a moment on the steps and Johnny's face was gloomy.

"Do you mean I can't see you for a whole week except after you get through work at the theater? Can't you take a vacation, Mary Ellen?" He hesitated for a moment, and then plunged on. "I—I hate to think of you working there. You look so darn cute in that uniform and it kills me to think of other men looking at you and trying to date you."

I felt myself stiffening in anger.

"THAT'S a horrible thing to say!—men looking at me! Girls are working in uniforms everywhere—in gas stations and running buses and in the Army, too. Do you think it will be any different when I'm a secretary and wearing dresses? It may not seem like much to you, but it's my job and I like it."

"Mary Ellen!" He was so alarmed that he gripped my shoulders, hard. "I'm sorry—I only wanted—I guess I'm just jealous. I guess when any man falls in love he feels like shutting his girl up in a castle so that no one else can look at her."

The silence that fell between us then was a hushed and waiting thing, alive. When a man falls in love! We looked at each other in startled, heart-caught awareness—the twinkle in his eyes changed to a kindling, burning glow—my own pulses had stopped beating. And then he was holding me, kissing me with a desperate hunger.

This is it, I remember thinking as his mouth closed on mine. This—this glorious tide that trembled through my body—this is the purpose and the meaning of being alive. This was the meaning of those restless, Spring-drenched days that had sent my feet wandering, tramping the hills, until my body was tired and I could sleep. This was the Unknown that dragged me from my bed on nights of harvest-moon to sit with my forehead pressed against cool panes, my heart aching with the beauty of it—and with an unnameable longing. This was the end—and the beginning. Johnny was not just another boy I had met. His arms around me belonged there and my lips under his answered his love. Then there were no more thoughts—they were swept away in the wave of feeling.

"Johnny—" I whispered, when I could finally get my breath—"I love you so much—and I'm so afraid our love will hurt us—" I couldn't go on. I couldn't put my fears into words.

"Hurt us?" He was perplexed. His hands trembled in my hair. "How could anything so wonderful hurt us? It's all so plain now—no more wondering, no more searching. Just us, from now on. The path is so clear, all marked out for us by all the other people who have fallen in love and got married



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and lived out their lives together." His voice was sure and confident and I lost my confusion in the tenderness of his kisses.

In the days that followed my love grew and grew. It was Johnny who filled my every waking thought and my last sleepy day-dream at night. When I found him waiting for me outside the theater, the dark streets took on brilliance. We lunched together in the cafeteria near the business school and my fingers would fly over the pot-hooks I scrawled in my stenographic notebook as I watched the hands of the clock inch to noontime.

Our coming home every night took on the air of a party. Mom outdid herself to feed Johnny on his favorite midnight snacks and Kate took to having a nap in the middle of the day so she could stay up and chat with us.

I could see how much these family gatherings meant to him.

"When the war is over, we'll have a home like that," he told me over and over again, with a longing that showed how much he had missed being one of a real family in his childhood.

But I wondered. Couldn't he see the pathetic emptiness that lay behind the warmth of our house—an emptiness that was only banished by his own presence? Couldn't he see the frustrations, the narrowness of Mom's life and of Kate's? Hadn't he seen the pleading in my mother's eyes when she hinted that Johnny and I should make our home with her after the war, when we were married?

I tried to put it into words but it was impossible. I loved my family so much . . . I couldn't discuss them.

"WHEN you come back," I would protest, lightly, "I'll be working in Purdy. I'll have a real job that will be worthwhile. We will have a home, Johnny, but you needn't think I'll just be sitting there waiting for you to come in nights. We'll be partners, you and I, and when evening comes we'll have all sorts of interesting, real things to tell each other."

"And what do you plan to do with Johnny, Junior? Put him in a filing cabinet while you sit in your office taking dictation?" he asked, the teasing twinkle coming into his eyes again.

"I can't seem to make you understand." Hopelessness tinged my voice. "Being a mother is a full-time job—yes. But children grow up. Nursery schools are wonderful things, where children can learn to get along with others, in rooms planned specially for them—with toys they can't break—without a mother always snatching things away and saying, 'Mustn't touch.' A home never stays the same. Children grow up and leave, conditions are different—I want to grow and change with them. I want a chance first, before there are children, to find out what I can do. I want to be in the swim of things, have outside interests of my own so that I'll never be useless or dependent, not stuck away on the side-streets of my husband's life."

But the meaning of my words seemed to have escaped Johnny completely. He pulled me into his arms in a fierce gesture of love, burying his face in my hair.

"I don't think I can stand it, Mary Ellen." His voice was muffled. "It's so darned sweet—and so far away—our getting married and having a home and children—" his kiss was hungry on my lips.

There were only ten days left of his

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furlough when I realized that Johnny was hinting at our getting married right away. And the thought terrified me. I wasn't ready for it—neither of us was ready for marriage when our hopes pulled us in different ways. It was a trap and we would be blundering into it without planning, without understanding. It seemed to me that the old ways, the old rules of married life were what Johnny thought he had found in loving me.

A wife who devoted herself exclusively to his comfort and the care of his children—who borrowed, repeated, all her ideas from her husband—who quoted his opinions on all subjects—who spent all her time and energies within the walls of her home. I remembered Johnny's words: "When a man falls in love he feels like shutting his girl up in a castle" and again "the path is so clear, all marked out for us. . ."

But I didn't want that path. It seemed to me there were new rules—ones that women had fought for—and they should not be relinquished. Women had shown they could take responsibility in war-time work and do it well, that their minds were intelligent and their use in life something more than housekeeping and child-bearing.

If only I didn't love Johnny so much! The thought of perhaps being separated from him with only this glimpse for both of us of what love could be like, with the promise when our hands touched of what the reality of love could be—that was unfair, unnatural. I wanted us really to belong to each other. I wanted our letters to have tenderness and remembrance and promise to read between the lines . . . something to hold and cherish and come back to.

But marriage, to Johnny, with his passion for fatherhood, meant a home and children. And I wasn't ready for either—not on his and my Mom's terms.

It was on a Saturday when Mr. Tut-hill, who ran the business school, called me into his office. When I left in fifteen minutes I was walking on wings. I could hardly wait to see Johnny, to reach our appointed meeting place near the old quarry, to tell him my news.

"... the job is yours," he said." I was so excited I failed to notice Johnny's tense stillness. "I'm to start work next week for the Doorne Tool Company in Purdy. Mr. Tut-hill said I had the best record of any student in the school and I was 'eminently qualified' for the position. Oh, I'm so excited!"

"You mean you won't be here when I come back? I can't picture you any place else, somehow. I had thoughts of seeing you for the first time, coming out of your kitchen door, looking for me—with your Mom standing behind you with her apron twisted in her hands, like she always does when she gets excited—" he was stumbling slowly over his words, trying to give me the picture—"I had dreams of walking to

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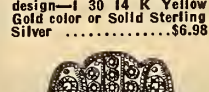
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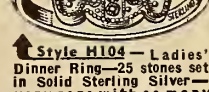
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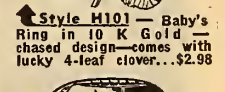
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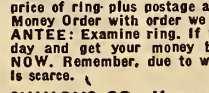
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the park with you and stopping to speak to everyone—"

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"Mary Ellen—honey—let's get married. Right now. I have a feeling you're slipping away from me. I can't be thinking of you in a strange place. I won't know what your thoughts are or who your friends are or what you're doing. Let's get married, darling."

"Not now, Johnny—" I said in a low tone, hardly able to speak over the pain. "Not now—don't hold me back."

When he spoke again his voice was harsh and terrible. "You're hard. It doesn't matter to you how I feel, or how I need you or your Mom needs you. I don't think you are capable of loving anyone."

His words were like knives, twisting in my heart. Hard! When the very core of being inside me melted at his touch, when I wanted nothing in the world so much as his happiness! The shock of his words, the sight of his cold, implacable face looking down at me, made me dizzy. I hardly knew the thoughts that were rushing through my head, the need that seemed so overwhelming to prove him wrong.

"HOW can you say that—that I'm not capable of loving you?" The words were torn from me. My hands were on his shoulders, entreating. "I do love you. Not for protection or security or safeness the way some women love." Now I was being swept away by the forces unleashed in me. It all seemed so clear—the only way I could prove to Johnny that I meant what I said. It was a way I had never before even considered, that an hour ago I would have rejected as horrible—unbelievable—but now it seemed right. Not only right, but joyous and brave.

"I can't marry you now, Johnny, because I won't be like Kate. If I were your wife you wouldn't let me go to Purdy. You'd be tortured with jealousy, you'd be wondering where I was and what I was doing. You'd grow to hate me. Or, if I stayed home I might hate you for putting me in prison. These are things for us to think out and work out and study, when you come back, so that our marriage will be beautiful for both of us." It wasn't I who was speaking; it seemed to be someone else—someone caught up in my love and hurt and driving need to be loved by Johnny. "You don't have to marry me, my darling. I can be yours, if you want me. I'm not afraid ... because love is bigger than a ring or a ceremony. And I won't let it turn into a meal ticket."

The silence between us grew and grew, after I finished speaking. And slowly—sickeningly—the exaltation of sacrifice that had so filled me began to ebb away. What had I said?—what had I done to make Johnny stare at me as though I were a stranger? My hands dropped from his shoulders; I remember taking a step back in sudden fear.

It came so quickly I hardly knew what had happened. The sting, the feeling of his hand striking my cheek was nothing—nothing to the white-hot

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anger that was smouldering in his eyes. Nothing to the betrayal I saw there.

"If I'd wanted that—I'd know where to find it! I was asking you to be my wife! I said you weren't capable of loving anyone and now I know it!" He was gone, raging down the quarry hill, hardly looking where he was going.

He had slapped me. But I hardly felt it. It was nothing to the brutality of what he had said. I sank down on the ground, too numb, too horrified, to cry.

What had I done? Slowly my own words came back to me with a terrible distinctness. And slowly the courage and the pride that had gone into their saying fell apart and only the cheap shabbiness remained. I hadn't meant it that way. It had seemed so right, so natural. I had wanted to give myself to Johnny to prove to him how much I loved . . . without any demand for security.

My thoughts swung like a pendulum, striking against pain and confusion, against hurt and bewilderment. New rules—new ideas—I had said. But there was only one rule, as old as time itself. A man and a woman brought together in their love, facing life together, honorably and courageously. What did it matter if one took an inferior place? What did it matter if the partnership were unequal? What more could a woman want than a man's love and protection and her place—no matter how small—in his life?

SUDDENLY my home seemed to me a wonderful place, a refuge. I got to my feet, almost running. I remembered the affection there had always been between Mom and Dad, between my brother-in-law and Kate. What was the secret these women had that I didn't? Was it something that enriched their lives instead of emptying it, as I had supposed? I wanted to run home and find that secret, to find the satisfaction it seemed to me they had found.

But when I reached home I couldn't find the right words to ask. Mom was in the kitchen, rocking slowly back and forth in her old, worn-out chair, her strong, stubby fingers expertly shelling peas. I kept my back to her so she wouldn't see my distressed face and pretended to need a glass of water at the sink.

"Mom—" I began, hesitatingly . . . "Mom, what are you thinking about? What did you and Dad talk about, all those years you were married?"

"Think! Talk!" Mom sniffed a little and settled back in her chair. "That's the trouble with you, Mary Ellen—with all you modern girls. You think and talk too much. What you need is a good husband and a family and you won't have time to think about anything but getting three meals a day and keeping the socks darned. Thinking doesn't get you any place—"

I had heard all this before and now I left the room, not even caring that I was being impolite. That wasn't the answer I wanted.

Besides, what was the use? What was the purpose in finding out where I had been wrong—when there was no hope of ever making things right again for Johnny and me? He wouldn't come back. He would never want to see me again. I had thrown away the wonderful thing we had and it was lying now in the mud.

I dragged myself to the theater the next night but it was an ordeal. In spite of myself I couldn't resist a hopeful start every time a khaki-uniformed figure swung through the outside door.

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But it was a hope that died and that pained, more and more, in the dying.

The box-office had closed and there was nothing more for me to do but to watch the cooling system and the sound; to check on the lounges for carelessly-dropped cigarettes; to smile politely at the townspeople I knew and to ask them if they had enjoyed the show. And, finally, nothing else to do but stand at the head of the aisle and watch the last reel of the show.

"Mary Ellen—" as if in a dream I heard the low, urgent voice behind me. And dreamlike I turned—to find Johnny standing there, his coming so noiseless on the thick lobby carpet I hadn't heard him.

"Oh—Johnny—" my voice broke. From the corner of my eye I could see the manager, Mr. Birne, come out of his office and lean against the staircase, watching me. It wouldn't do for me to be seen talking to Johnny.

Johnny saw my look and slipped quickly into an aisle seat near the back. My heart was pounding so that I was sure everyone in the theater could hear it. I couldn't go stand by Johnny's seat to talk to him, nor could he stay in the lobby with me, but I knew that if I walked slowly down and slowly back a few feet, we might be able to whisper without being caught. I moved into the dark aisle, trying to look as if I were making a mental survey of vacant seats.

AS I passed Johnny, he caught my hand, and I bent over to catch his words. "Mary Ellen—I don't know what to say, except that I was wrong. I—I slapped you! And you were just being sweet and brave and . . ." The whisper died out, and I backed away quickly, as a man scrambled across Johnny's legs, and out into the aisle, while Johnny got hastily to his feet to let him pass.

Johnny slid back into his seat, and the whisper came again. "But it wouldn't do for us, honey—not for us! The way I feel about you is the way a man feels about his wife—marriage is for us, sweetheart, and nothing else. Marriage—for always."

Heads were beginning to turn. Quickly I snapped on my flashlight and pretended to be looking for some lost object under the seats. This was dreadful! These were the things that should be said under the blessing of the moon, or close to a blazing fire in a shadowed room—not here, in the impersonal darkness of the theater, with a hundred people within hearing! And yet it never occurred to me, and apparently it didn't to Johnny, that we could wait a little. It was too important—no matter where we were, these were things that we had to say to each other now. Seconds were precious—they couldn't wait.

When we had been silent for a moment, our neighbors' attention was diverted from our love scene back to the one that was being played on the screen. But I couldn't keep still, couldn't stay away from Johnny.

"I know, I know," I whispered to him. "That's what I want, too—to marry you now, anytime, if you still want me, Johnny. I don't want a job. I won't go away!"

He twisted in the seat until his face was very close to mine. "That doesn't matter, honey—the job, I mean. I discovered that today. You'd be just as much my wife, just as real to me, if you were in Purdy, or here, or in—Timbuktul! It's you—that's all that matters. Having you. What you're doing,

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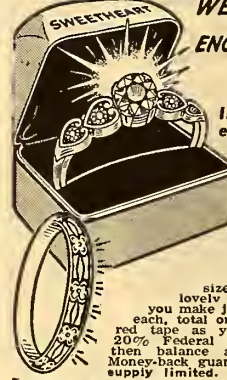


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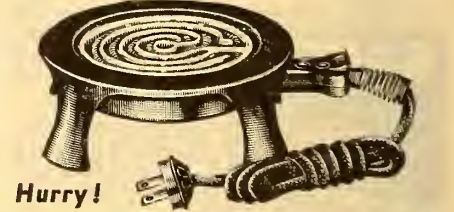
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or where you're doing it doesn't count at—"

"Shhhhhhh!" That was the woman in front of us. And heads all over the theater were turning. As quickly, as quietly as possible, I fled up the aisle.

Fortunately the picture was almost over and I could spend the next few minutes in the dressing room, changing out of my uniform. Fortunately—because I was too happy to stand still, too crazy with joy to remain at my post at the head of the aisle, too excited to really care what Mr. Birne thought or anyone else. I wanted Johnny.

We walked home, our steps echoing softly through the silent, sleepy streets; barely a light showing through any of the curtained windows to tell us there were still folks up and keeping us company. We didn't need people. There were the stars and the soft, shaded pool of the street lamp—and we had each other.

"I love your town, Mary Ellen, but without you in it it would be just houses and concrete and people living here I didn't give a darn about. And the same goes for your home—without you it would seem almost empty. If you go to Purdy then that will be home to me—because you are there."

"You really want me to go?" I asked, wonderingly.

HIS face was serious when he spoke and thoughtful. "I spent the day with Mrs. Gray—the woman I told you about who works in the war factory in Purdy and whose son is wounded. He was my friend overseas. She talked to me today." His hand groped for mine and found it. "She's been working ever since the war started and she told me, if it weren't for her son being in danger and then being wounded, this would almost be the happiest years of her life. She's useful and needed and she's doing a big job. She's alive. I saw her home. It isn't as neat and pretty as yours, but it has everything to make it a home. Comfort and warmth and space for fun and the little fixings that show it's a place where you can really enjoy yourself. I found out today you can't pour people into a mold and make them stay there. Big things are going on and both men and women have their place in them."

I could hardly believe this was really Johnny talking . . . saying the things I had always wanted him to say. This was the real meaning of love, I knew then—not imposing your will on the one you love, but loving him so much, or her so much, that you couldn't help but come around, sooner or later, to the loved one's way of thinking. Provided, of course, I admonished myself, that you meet him half way! And so I turned my face up to his, and my heart was singing.

"And I discovered, Johnny, that looking after a man, wanting to do things for him, is not a sacrifice. It doesn't put me in an inferior position. Wanting to do things for each other is a part of the way we love each other."

He stopped me then. Stopped me with his mouth on mine and his arms around me, holding me so tightly we seemed like one person and not two. And welling inside me was that trembling tide, made doubly precious by the anguish we had known and the danger we had just passed . . . the possibility that we might have lost each other and never again have known this feeling. And this kiss was like a pledge and we stayed that way for a long, long time. . . .



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What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 11)

around trying to get over another new program idea, which he's keeping a secret for the time being.

* * *

When Hollywood citizens speak of a movie as a quickie, they aren't always kidding. Harvey Harding, more familiar to you as a song star on Mutual than as a movie actor, reports that not so long ago, he went through the shortest life span in history—anyway, in the history of movies. He began working in this quickie movie at 9 A.M. one morning, playing the part of an eighteen year old boy and died, aged 78 in the script, at 3 A.M. the next day.

* * *

Hugh Studebaker, who plays Dr. Bob on Bachelor's Children, sometimes feels as though he had taken the Hippocratic oath when he first started on this job. He's been playing Dr. Bob for ten years, now. And it's no accident that Studebaker sometimes feels as though he were really a doctor. Bess Flynn, the writer of the show, patterned Dr. Bob after a well known pediatrician who is a personal friend of hers and many of the incidents, illnesses with which Dr. Bob is called upon to deal, are real life stories which she's gathered from her friend.

* * *

The finish of a radio program is always a source of great relief to the participants. The strain is over and no matter how it went, it's over. Expressions used by radio personalities are indicative of the tension they've been under. After the finish of a Truth and Consequences broadcast, for instance, Ralph Edwards invariably says, "Okay, boys—wrap it up." Jay Jostyn, Mr. D.A. to you, always wipes his brow and says, "Well, that's another." And maybe he's got a right to that "sweat on the brow", because he's one of the very few radio actors who insists on memorizing every script. Kate Smith's first words after the show is off the air are, "How did it go?" And two seconds after the final note of his broadcast, Danny O'Neil says simply but expressively, "Whew!"



Jerry Wayne, bobby-soxers' delight, has his own new variety show *Fridays*, CBS.

The sidelines of radio people are very interesting. Take Nathan Van Cleave, the musical director for This is Your FBI and star of his own show, Variations With Van Cleave. His sideline is not only interesting—it's lucrative as well.

Van Cleave wasn't satisfied with the recordings of his broadcasts and, in experimenting with new methods of making them, perfected new types of recording needles and devised new ways of measuring wave lengths and of cutting records. He also developed a way to reduce the vibrations of motors used in recordings and reproductions, and, in the process, created new tools. Many of these tools were utilized in the war effort.

* * *

Jerry Wald is always being compared with Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman. Personally, we think he's due to be



Frances Greer of the Metropolitan is singing star of MBS's *Music for Remembrance*.

called the Dorothy Parker of the clarinet. He's very fast on the snappy comeback and the neat phrase. He's the one who originated the crack that he hated "Brass that was louder than it was funnier". The piece of doggerel we like best though is, "I hate drummers who rush, announcers who gush, musicians who lush and swooners who mush."

* * *

Here's a public spirited man. Delcavare King, board chairman of the Granite Trust Company in Quincy, Mass., has bought three hundred copies of Norman Corwin's "On a Note of Triumph", the special program that Corwin wrote for V-E Day. The books are being distributed to all the members of the U. S. Senate and to servicemen in King's home town.

Our hat's off to Mr. King. It's our feeling that everyone in the country ought to read and re-read Corwin's script. That way, we'd keep before us always the things that need to be done to have a permanent peace.

* * *

Sometimes you can find that you're able to do too much. Tony Barrett, for instance, who specializes in accents on



Cornelia Otis Skinner teams with Roland Young for the new NBC *Johnny Presents* show.

the radio, recently found himself with two parts in the same show. That would have been all right. But he had to play two kid gangsters—one with a foreign accent and one that was a "Dead End" type—and for three solid pages of the script he had to talk back and forth to himself, shifting from accent to accent.

* * *

GOSSIP FROM ALL AROUND . . .

Ralph Edwards has bought Groucho Marx's home in Hollywood and will remain on the west coast. . . . Dick Todd has been signed to a five-year contract by the sponsors of the Hit Parade. . . . Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians are working in an MGM movie, titled "No Leave, No Love". . . . Goodman Ace. Easy Aces star, is now doing the scripts for the Danny Kaye show. . . . Ed Wynn retired from radio because of ill health. . . . Sinatra will probably settle permanently in California, too, provided his sponsors okay the idea. Frankie says it's better for the kids out there. . . . The American Forum of the Air, over Mutual is in its 18th year now. . . . Charles Irving, narrator on CBS America in the Air was made an honorary chief by the Chippewa Tribe of Indians in Minnesota. The name given him on his recent trip out there is Chief Haha Ota, which means Laughing Boy. . . .

* * *

THOUGHTS FOR THANKSGIVING

. . . that this year, we can really be thankful . . . that this year, maybe the large percentage of our boys will be home to celebrate the holiday with us . . . that this year, Thanksgiving Day should be an international holiday, not only an American one. For all over the world, the guns are still, the destruction has stopped, the people are turning their minds to building, not tearing down, the children don't cry out in the night with fear, terror of death-spitting darkness, the men and women are able to plan for the future . . . that this year, the peoples of the world are beginning to learn how to live and work together in peace and decency . . . that this year marks the beginning of a new era among men on earth, the era when peace will be the concern and the precious possession of all people, to be guarded by them, to be built by them, to be developed by them—together—into liberty for all men and equality for all men and hope for the world.



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Fresher charm—appealing new softness—come to your skin with your *first* cake of Camay! Yes, new loveliness comes as quickly as that, when you 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!

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Twenty—love! Ellen an art student, Jack in the Army Specialized Training Program, they meet and find happiness in tennis, swimming, lively sports. About her pink and white, Dresden-perfect skin, Ellen says, "I care for it with Camay—for with the first cake I used, my complexion sparkled clearer and fresher."



Moonlight—and Home! Ellen's thoughts turn to days ahead. "I want to keep 'just married' happiness. And to keep my Camay complexion, I'm staying on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." For *your* new beauty, pat on Camay—so mild *it cleanses without irritation*. Rinse warm. Add a COLD splash for oily skin. Repeat night and morning.



—the former Mary Ellen Nelson,
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