

# Radio Mirror

JANUARY

15¢



EILEEN  
BARTON

# Just One Cake of Camay and your Skin is Softer, Smoother!



For romance, win a softer, smoother complexion. You can—with your very *first* cake of Camay—when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had fresher, clearer, softer skin. Even younger-looking skin!

## MRS. MORTENSON'S STORY

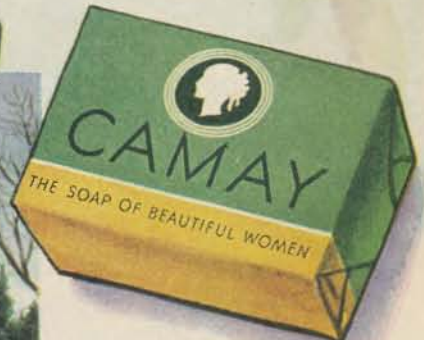


**Rocking chair romance.** Engaged, the happy light in Helen's eyes is matched by the glow of her complexion—clear, smooth, radiant. "My skin responds to Camay care," says Helen. "Really, my very *first* cake of Camay brought the livelier sparkle that a girl wants in her complexion."

**Singin' in the snow,** and planning a "honeymoon holiday" every winter. "Bob and I want to stay young," confides Helen. "I like to hear his compliments—and to keep them coming, my complexion *stays* on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." For your lovelier Camay complexion, follow the instructions on the Camay wrapper.



MRS. ROBERT MORTENSON  
the former Helen Ann McManus of Newark, N. J.  
Bridal portrait painted by *Bolegard*



Be saving—with everything! Make your Camay last—it's made from precious materials.

# "Finally got yourself a man, Honey?"



**CUPID:** What a couple! Coldest little romance since the Ice Age! Mister Frozen Face and Miss Poker Face! . . . Sis . . . don't you *ever* smile?

**GIRL:** Smile? *Me?* I—

**CUPID:** Marshmallow, don't you know that even plain girls get dates if they go around gleaming at people? Try it, Sis! You—

**GIRL:** Hold it, Little One. I can smile, yes. Gleam . . . No. Not with my dull teeth. I brush 'em like clockwork, but they just won't gleam.

**CUPID:** Hmmm. Any "pink" on your tooth brush lately?



**GIRL:** But—

**CUPID:** "But," *nothing*, Baby! That "pink's" a sign you'd better *see your dentist!* And in a hurry!

**GIRL:** *Dentist?* I haven't got a toothache!

**CUPID:** Dentists aren't just for toothaches, Dear. Yours might say that "pink's" a sign your gums are being robbed of exercise by soft foods. And he might suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

**GIRL:** But what about my *smile?*

**CUPID:** Plenty, Precious. Because Ipana not only cleans your teeth. With massage, it's designed to help your gums. Massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help them to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean brighter, sounder teeth. A smile that gets you a date with somebody besides that Fugitive from a Snow Shovel. Try Ipana, Angel, today.



## For the Smile of Beauty

## IPANA AND MASSAGE

# Radio Mirror

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ON THE COVER—Eileen Barton, of NBC's Teen-Timers Show. Color Portrait by Salvatore Consentino, Valcour Studios. Miss Barton's robe from Franklin Simon Inc., New York City

RADIO MIRROR, published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., Dunellen, N. J.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO: 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. (Executive, Advertising and Editorial Offices). O. J. Elder, President; Carroll Rheinstrom, Executive Vice President; Harold A. Wise, Senior Vice President; S. O. Shapiro, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Director. Chicago Office: 221 North La Salle St., E. F. Lethen Jr., Mgr. Pacific Coast Offices: San Francisco, 420 Market Street, Hollywood, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Lee Andrews, Manager. Reentered as second-class matter March 10th, 1945 at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: U. S. and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland, 2 years \$3.60; 3 years \$5.40. Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, 2 years \$5.60; 3 years \$8.40. All other countries, 2 years \$7.60; 3 years \$11.40. Price per copy, 15c in the United States and Canada. While Manuscripts, Photographs, and Drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first class postage and explicit name and address. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking unnecessary risk. The contents of this magazine may not be printed, either wholly or in part without permission.

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

# Your Cold...

the plain truth  
about it

*Can you avoid catching cold?  
And if you do catch one is it  
possible to reduce its severity?  
Oftentimes—YES.*

IT IS now believed by outstanding members of the medical profession that colds and their complications are frequently produced by a combination of factors working together.

1. That an unseen virus, entering through the nose or mouth, probably starts many colds.

2. That the so-called "Secondary Invaders", a potentially troublesome group of bacteria, including germs of the pneumonia and streptococcus types, then can complicate a cold by staging a "mass invasion" of throat tissues.

3. That anything which lowers body resistance, such as cold feet, wet feet, fatigue, exposure to sudden temperature changes, may not only make the work of the virus easier but encourage the "mass invasion" of germs.

#### Tests Showed Fewer Colds

The time to strike a cold is at its very outset . . . to go after the surface germs before they go after you . . . to fight the "mass invasion" of the tissue before it becomes serious.

The ability of Listerine Antiseptic as a germ-killing agent needs no elaboration. Important to you, however, is the impressive record against colds made by Listerine Antiseptic in tests

made over a 12-year period. Here is what this test data revealed:

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

This, we believe, was due largely to Listerine Antiseptic's ability to attack germs on mouth and throat surfaces.

#### Gargle Early and Often

We would be the last to suggest that a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is infallibly a means of arresting an oncoming cold.

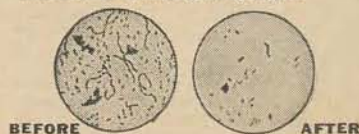
However, a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is one of the finest precautionary aids you can take. Its germ-killing action may help you overcome the infection in its early stages.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY  
St. Louis, Mo.



**Germs reduced as much  
as 96.7%, in tests.**

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



AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

# Your Public



*Singer in the limelight:  
Jo Stafford's private audiences  
rate the same meticulous  
grooming as do professional dates.*

**T**HOUGH you may not be a celebrity, you have a public which is just as real as the star-making public which watches and listens from the other side of the footlights. It's a public made up of the people who see you in a day's time—the people you work and play with, strangers who pass on the street, shopkeepers, the grocer, the laundry man and most important—your family and the man in your life.

To all of them, you're in the limelight.

And what's the formula for getting your share of rave notices? We asked Jo Stafford, who, in her busy stage and radio career, knows a thing or two about competition and how to please the public eye. "When people see you for the first time, it's your general appearance that makes perhaps the biggest impression. If you flop, most people don't forget very soon." Selling yourself to the public isn't

easy for it calls for attention to many details—keeping clothes spotless, pressed, hair gleaming from frequent brushing and shampoos. And you can't stop there. You must learn more about good posture and be consistent in your efforts to keep tummy in, head high and proud, hips tucked under. (The gal with good carriage *always* is noticed!) You must search till you find a make-up that sticks by you—foundation, powder, lipstick and mascara that really make you look young and fresh and lovely—but not ready for the first row of the chorus. You must analyze and improve on your best features, discover your most becoming type of clothes in the colors that become you too. (The man in your life can often help—so get his suggestions!)

**Radio Mirror**  
**Home and Beauty**

If you do your own nails, learn to do them well so that you'll never need to be seen with polish chipped. By using your hands more carefully, gracefully, you can cut down on manicure accidents.

Of course, when there's housework to do, breakfast to get and children to hustle off to school, no one expects you to look ready for a party. But glamor does begin at home the moment you wake up. Try at least to look clean and neat. Brush your hair and teeth, wash face and hands and apply a little lipstick. In a fresh, neat apron or housecoat you can face your private public.

Then later when you have to go out, look your best even if you're only going to the grocer's or to air the baby. The day you think you won't see anybody and dress accordingly will be the day you'll meet your most critical friend, an old rival, or someone who really counts.



Hold this moment softly in your hands...this moment so dear, so near to heaven.

And be glad your hands are such an endearing part of you - kept lovely by Trushay.

Creamy, flower-scented Trushay is different from other hand lotions.

Use it to give your hands a fragrant

softness. But use Trushay, too, in a special way...the "beforehand" way. Before you wash a dish, before you tub a garment, smooth on Trushay. It guards soft hands, even in hot, soapy water.

Remember always to use Trushay... whenever wherever you need it.

**TRUSHAY**

The  
"Beforehand"  
Lotion



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Before a CBS broadcast of the spine-chiller *Suspense*, guest star Peter Lorre tells Mrs. Peter Lorre what he has in mind for the trembling victims.



Former film actress Helen Mack is producer of CBS's Monday night comedy show *Beulah*, in which dialect specialist Marlin Hurt stars.



## WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS

**A** NOTE on inflation, just to show you what it can be like. Not long ago, up at the American Broadcasting Company's office, we were shown a copy of the *Shanghai Times*, an English language daily newspaper published in that city and which was forwarded to his home office by Frederick Oppen, the correspondent.

It wasn't the news in the paper which was so interesting. That was all quite old. It was a bit of information appearing on the front page, at the extreme right hand side of the top of the page, where we usually read "3c" or "5c," the price of the paper—the price on this one was \$500.00.

Just a sample of the inflation prevailing in China.

Cheery note to welcome the boys. Since the day when the hospital ship U.S.S. *Dagwood*—yes, named after Blondie's husband—pulled into San Pedro Harbor to be greeted by Jeri Sullivan singing from a blimp hovering over the ship, the Navy has set aside one of its largest blimps for the sole purpose of meeting ships bringing GIs back to Los Angeles.



Elaine Rost started her radio career as a singer, now acts in *Just Plain Bill*.

The Anything Can Happen Department. Not long ago, Bobby Hookey confided to Don Lowe, the announcer on his program, that he'd like to own a soda fountain all his very own. A few days later, Bobby's mother got a letter from a soda fountain company telling her that arrangements were being made to install a miniature soda fountain in her home as soon as materials were available. Now, Mrs. Hookey reports, Bobby and his friends are making daily visits to the corner drugstore to learn the business of shaking up the drinks.

\* \* \*

There's a cute story—a sidelight—attached to Hildegard's being invited by President Truman to sing at the White House. A car was sent to pick up the singer, but none was sent for her accompanist. Hildegard arrived at the White House, expecting to find her pianist there. Since he hadn't arrived, she phoned his hotel and told him to come over at once.

He rushed out and scrambled into a cab and told the driver where he wanted to go. The cabby was a trifle flabbergasted. In twenty-six years as a Washington hackie, he had never had a fare



who was going to the White House. Both passenger and driver were exceedingly nervous. When they reached their destination, the pianist tumbled out, wiped a sweaty brow and dashed in. The cab drove away.

It wasn't until hours later that the accompanist realized he hadn't paid for the fare and that the cabbie forgot to ask for it.

\* \* \*

The good old Postal System always comes through—even if it is late. Raymond Gram Swing has a card to testify to that. The card is from a listener commenting on Swing's broadcast about Churchill's visit to Turkey, about Mussolini's speech and Hitler's failure to show up for a speech. The card was mailed February 5, 1943 from Cristobel, Canal Zone, and was stamped "held by Office of Censorship." So, if you've been waiting for letters from men overseas, letters which they say they've written—hang on—they'll turn up one of these peace days.

\* \* \*

Sometimes interviewers ask rather silly questions—we don't know why, except maybe they'd like to be a little different and get a little way out of the general groove of where were you born and how did you come to be whatever you are. Nevertheless, when one interviewer asked Dennis O'Keefe, who plays Jim Lawton on the Hollywood Mystery Time show, what it takes to be a successful radio detective, we can't blame Dennis for thinking it was kind of a dumb question and treating it that way.

Dennis gave some silly answers in rapid, almost doubletalk. Then because it was time for him to go on the air and he had to cut the session short, he looked very solemn and said very seriously, "There seems to be only one real essential." And the interviewer bit and said, "And what is that?" To which Dennis replied on the run. "You have to be able to read."

\* \* \*

It's always gratifying to know that



Evelyn Knight is the blonde, beautiful song star of CBS's Powderbox Theater.

## THE *Countess of Carnarvon*

An exquisite ballerina, the former Tilly Losch is one of today's most beautiful society favorites. Unbelievably bright blue eyes accent the creamy loveliness of her skin. "Three or four times a week I have a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream," the Countess says. "It makes my skin look brighter . . . smoother!"

# 1-Minute Mask

**makes my skin  
look brighter  
and smoother!**



The lovely Countess of Carnarvon—she's delighted with Pond's 1-Minute Mask

## Try the Countess' new beauty mask—today!

Cover your face—all but your eyes—with a cool, white Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on for one full minute.

The cream's "keratolytic" action loosens and dissolves tiny bits of dead skin and imbedded dirt particles! After one minute, tissue off.

Your complexion is "re-styled"! It feels softer, finer-textured! And it looks so different—clearer, *brighter!* Now your make-up goes on with smooth new glamour. Looks fresher . . . *longer!*

### Light, silky powder base . . .

Pond's Vanishing Cream is light . . . ungreasy—an ideal foundation! Just slip a fingertipful over your face—and leave it on. It smooths . . . it protects . . . it holds powder tenaciously!



Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

# ANN DVORAK

Republic Pictures Star



Overnight...  
LOVELIER HAIR  
FOR YOU!

## Try 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!

# Glover's

with massage for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

### FREE TRIAL!

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."



Guaranteed by  
Good Housekeeping  
a DETECTIVE OF  
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

GLOVER'S, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 551, New York 1, N. Y.  
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.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... Zone..... State.....



After four years of answering "Coming, Sergeant," Ezra Stone, the original Henry, is back on CBS's Aldrich show.

work you've been doing has been of some use. Bernard Person, CBS newscaster has been working almost exclusively in Dutch in the Shortwave Department during the war. This was almost strictly a one-way job, without any knowledge of whether what went out over the air was heard by the people for whom it was intended or not.

Recently, just as the news tickers were reporting that Dutch censorship on outgoing telephone calls had been lifted except on calls to Germany, Austria and Japan, Bernard's phone rang and he found himself talking directly to Radio Omroep Nederland in Hilversum, one of Holland's best known radio stations. Person had been chosen for the first trans-Atlantic call from the station. And this is what he heard: "You have become well known in The Netherlands. Through your shortwave broadcasts during the war years, you've put heart in many a Dutchman living in a mental prison." Bernard says he couldn't have been more thrilled if they'd handed him a medal.

Ed Begley is a very versatile actor, but probably his best known characterization—and, incidentally, the one he likes best to do—is the soft-spoken, philosophical Chinese detective, Charlie Chan. He comes by his very authentic, sing-song intonation for the part in a very authentic manner. As a boy, Begley worked as a cook's helper in the kitchen of a New Haven hospital. The chief cook there was a Chinese and Begley picked up the speech mannerisms from him, not even suspecting that many years later he would make use of them.

Here's an interesting little note on Begley, besides. He's so busy, sometimes, that it's impossible for him to cover all the rehearsals for all the shows on which he works. When that happens, he isn't worried about his performance because he can do a part on a moment's notice. And he doesn't have to worry about the rest of the cast not being able to rehearse without him either. He has an agreement with his brother, Martin, who is also a radio actor, that whenever either one of them can't make a rehearsal, the other stands

CBS merger: Les Tremayne (Thin Man) and Alice Reinheart (Life Can Be Beautiful) will marry any day now.



in for him. That's what you call real team work.

One of the few radio stars who is a little afraid of his morning mail is Jay Jostyn who plays Mr. District Attorney. It seems that every day's mail contains at least five letters from listeners who assume that he holds a position half-way between J. Edgar Hoover and the U. S. Attorney General. He is asked to intercede in all kinds of situations and the net results of this seeming campaign on the part of listeners to force him into a King Solomon role have made Jostyn a very philosophical man. They have made his secretary a nervous wreck.

To save herself a lot of time and worry, she has mimeographed a batch of form letters to be forwarded to the proper authorities. The letters explain how the complaints came to Jostyn in the first place and ask that said complaints be attended to, please.

Get ready to welcome Red Skelton back to the airwaves. He's due any day now—if by the time this appears he hasn't already returned.

Red was released from the Army in September and has been away on a well earned vacation with his wife. He spent most of his time in the Army doing his comedy acts for troops in the United States and Italy and for six months he was aboard ships entertaining troops en route between the U. S. and Europe. He was released from the service after being hospitalized for three months at Camp Pickett, Va., recuperating from overwork while entertaining the troops.

We're pleased to hear that the Eternal Light broadcasts are to be continued. The program has made outstanding contributions to a general understanding of the fine work in science, literature, music, education and democracy that has been done by Jews all over the world. NBC and the Jewish Theological Seminary of America are to be commended for continuing this series which has done so much to combat anti-semitism—and by combating



Keenan Wynn, screen comedian, fought off Charlie McCarthy's quips on several of Bergen's NBC Sunday shows.

that has been effective in showing how all prejudice against all minorities is basically the same thing. Good luck for the New Year to all the men and women responsible for making this the fine program it is.

\* \* \*

Do you feel as good as we do about hearing Norman Brokenshire back on an important spot on the air? The Theatre Guild of the Air made a wise choice in him—that's a nice voice he's got there—and poise—and good sense in the way he says what he says. Remember him back when his familiar "How do you do, everybody? How do you do?" was a kind of signature?

\* \* \*

SMALL TIDBITS OF STUFF FROM HERE AND THERE. . . House Jameson, of the Aldrich Family and sundry other shows, is busy these days fitting his radio schedule in with his theater engagement. He's playing the lead in "Mr. Cooper's Left Hand" on Broadway. . . Paul Lavalley has just finished a book—his first—dealing with the scientific approach to music. It's all based on a mathematical formula. Should be on the stands any day, now. . . Dr. Frank Black, NBC musical director, is branching out. He's written the score for a musical comedy, "The Duchess Misbehaves," which is due on Broadway one of these days. . . Jo Stafford is in Hollywood, working on a picture for Paramount. . . A new book of Norman Corwin's will be on the stands early in January. It's called "Untitled and Other Radio Plays." Incidentally, "On a Note of Triumph" has already sold 45,000 copies. . . More authors—Sud Cassel, radio actor, has also written a book about his eight month tour of the South Pacific. He's having trouble thinking up a title. . . A few anniversaries. . . Portia Faces Life—for the sixth year; Lowell Thomas has been an analyst and newscaster for fifteen years on the air now; Stella Dallas, the strip show about a mother's great love for her daughter, is entering its ninth year. . . Again—a very Happy New Year to all of you and happier listening than ever before. . .

## Are you in the know?



### How to belittle a too-big foot?

- Wear shoes with instep interest
- Choose cut-out toes
- Shun fussy, light-hued shoes

To "shorten" king-size tootsies, mind all three admonitions above. Choose shoes with a bow (or suchlike) at the instep. Go in for open-toed, sling back types. But not for you the over-elaborate light hued models—they make your foot conspicuous. Be as cautious in choosing sanitary protection. Remember, Kotex is the napkin that is really inconspicuous, for those flat tapered ends of Kotex don't show. . . don't cause revealing outlines! And Kotex' special safety center gives you extra-special protection. That's why there's no need to worry about accidents.



### Is this the technique for a—

- Water wave
- Pin curl wave
- Finger wave

You, too, can set a pin curl wave! Starting at forehead, moisten small strand of hair with water or wave lotion. Hold strand taut . . . wind "clockwise" in flat coil from ends to scalp, and pin flat. Alternate the winding direction of each row. It's smart to learn little grooming aids. And to discover, on problem days, how Kotex aids your daintiness, your charm. Now, Kotex contains a deodorant. Locked inside each Kotex, the deodorant can't shake out—for it's processed right into every pad, not merely dusted on! A Kotex safeguard for loveliness.

### Should you let him pay your way if—

- It's a pre-arranged date
- You meet unexpectedly
- You never saw him before

Whether you meet him at the movies or the "Marble Slab," go dutch—unless it's a pre-arranged date. He may not have the moola to spare. And you don't want to embarrass him. Know the right thing to do at the right time. At "those" times, you're always at ease when you choose the right napkin for comfort. That's Kotex! Because Kotex has lasting softness—different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing.



A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX NAPKIN  
AT NO EXTRA COST . . .



More women choose KOTEX  
than all other sanitary napkins

## Back Talk about HAIR



This season the accent's on the rear view of your hair-do . . . so keep that back hair smooth as honey and neat as a button.

If your page-boy gets straggly between settings, try rolling up those stubborn ends on strong, firm-gripping bob pins every few days.



That means DeLong Bob Pins, of course. They're made of a special quality steel, the kind that doesn't lose its taut springiness . . . they really do have the

## Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out

You'll never be satisfied with wishy-washy bob pins, once you've used DeLong's dependable products.

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

Meet Me At Parky's is an invitation to meet Betty Jane Rhodes, David Street, and Opie Cates at NBC's mythical beanery, Sundays at 10:30 P.M. EST.



## FACING the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

*Trombones, tomato plants, and band tours keep bandleader Tommy Dorsey a very busy man*

**E**DDY DUCHIN should be out of Navy Blue by the time you read this. Eddy was with the Third Fleet and saw the historic Jap surrender in Tokyo Bay. Friends here report that Eddie plans to return to the keyboard and bandstand which is good news for all popular music lovers.

Your old friend, Lanny Ross (remember the famed old radio Showboat?) headed the first all-soldier show to play for our occupation troops in Yokohama, Japan. Lanny is a U. S. Army Major.

Lt. Wayne Morris, film star, who covered himself with Navy glory, spent his first night in civvies dancing to Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra.

Look for film star Jane Wyman to develop into a popular singer of stature. At George Jessel's Hollywood party I heard Jane perform in a sultry, smooth style, accompanied by Meredith Wilson.

Dinah Shore and her husband, Corporal George Montgomery have become such camera enthusiasts that they have torn out what was once the bar of their home and converted the space into a photographer's dark room. Neither George nor Dinah drink so they won't miss the bar.

Larry Parks, a promising young actor, has been assigned the role of Al Jolson in the film biography of the mammy singer. However for the song numbers, Jolson's actual voice will be used on the sound track.

Frank Sinatra had a most embarrassing experience the day I saw him in Hollywood. He forgot the words to his song, "The House I Live In" and then couldn't find the song sheet. He had to hum the missing lyrics.

Blonde Shirley Mitchell who plays Barbara Weatherby on the hilarious Joan Davis show on CBS and Joanie's

bandleader, young Dartmouth grad Paul Weston are having an off-the-air romance.

\*\*\*  
 Ginny Simms had a memorable opening night on CBS when she debuted her new show. Sponsor presented her with a costly diamond clip. Her show received glowing notices. But her new husband, Bob Dehn, couldn't enjoy the fun. He was refused admittance to the broadcast studio and had to hear his de-lovely on the car radio.

\*\*\*  
 RCA-Victor have signed two promising new vocal groups, The Murphy Sisters and The Ginger Snaps.

\*\*\*  
 Jean Sablon, the French Bing Crosby is due back on the air soon after serving a lengthy hitch in the Free French Army.

\*\*\*  
 Freddy Martin and Guy Lombardo have worked out a deal that should please residents of both coasts. Guy will play in the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles two months each year while Freddy shifts to Guy's permanent camping grounds, New York's Hotel Roosevelt, for a similar period.

\*\*\*  
 Burl Ives, radio balladeer of American folk music, makes his movie debut in Fox's "Smoky."

### T. D., LTD.

There's more to leading a big-time, big-name band than waving a baton. Ask tireless Tommy Dorsey, trombone titan. 51 assorted musicians, singers, song pluggers, lawyers, accountants, and managers are on the expansive Dorsey payroll. They are all vitally necessary to keeping the divers Dorsey interests spinning productively and profitably 52 weeks a year.

I had some difficulty pinning the bespectacled, good-humored Tin Pan Alley tycoon down during heated rhythmic sessions in New York's barn-like but bustling 400 Club, first stop on an extended Tommy Dorsey band tour. "You'll have to excuse me for all these interruptions," T.D. said apolo-



The old Southern touch makes a hospitable spot of Dinah Shore's NBC Open House.



### ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Think of the improvements that are helping modern mothers raise healthier babies. For instance, wider knowledge of infant nutrition, strict care in sterilizing babies' utensils, and — not the least — the introduction of prepared baby foods.

*Mrs. Ivan Gerber*



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getically, wiping away at one time two beads of perspiration and a pair of song writers, "but the day just isn't long enough to get all the things done."

That rugged evening Tommy spent half his time on the bandstand grinding out the sentimental and swing music that has made his orchestra practically a jazz institution. Off it, Tommy talked to me, his manager, a man who wanted to sell him new bandstand racks, a soldier who had penned a new ballad,



Mrs. Hyatt Robert Dehn, singing to her new husband, sounds just like Ginny Simms.

and to his wife, patiently waiting for supper with her busy batoneer.

"Things have sure changed from the days when my brother Jimmy and I had a band together," recalled the squire of syncopation, "then it was simply getting in the hot licks and avoiding arguments."

Tommy could afford to get nostalgic about that band. It made some sort of musical history. Bob Crosby was the singer. The late Glenn Miller glistened his trombone side by side with Tommy. Ray McKinley slashed the drums, and Jimmy Dorsey tooted the mellowest saxophone in town. But there were so many individual styles and strong opinions that the unharnessed combination broke up with each man forming his own band. Both brothers developed wonderful bands with Tommy hitting the high spots thanks to a memorable version of "Marie." Those were the hectic days of brotherly feuds but new-found prosperity has made the two brothers closer friends.

Tommy admits his activities today are on a big business scale but insists it is impossible for him to pare them down.

"Look, I didn't really start to make dough until a few years ago. By that time the taxes were very heavy. 90 per cent of what we now make goes to Uncle Sam. If we don't keep working at a zillion things, we're in the red."

Tommy points out that other music leaders like Lombardo, Waring and Kostelanetz probably rolled up fat bank balances before the tax increases.

"And," he added for strong good measure, "I like action. I can't keep still. I don't know how to relax. If I haven't got at least one tune grinding away in the juke, I'm an unhappy character."

I asked Tommy to give me a rough-

cut agenda of his multi-activities.

The band itself, backbone of all operations, includes 16 musicians, 5 singers, including the uniformly lovely Clark Sisters, Stuart Foster, arranger Hugo Wirtelhalter, and two bandboys who take care of miscellaneous chores.

On the business side there's band manager Dave Jacobs, secretary Cy McArthur, and personal mentor Arthur Michaud.

Tommy's band is now on a tour of hotels, theaters, and ballrooms. They still have their regular Sunday show and on tap are sixty new phonograph records to be cut.

With brother Jimmy he is soon to make a new film, their own independent production entitled "Two Men and a Horn," which will be released around April 1.

And, finally, there's the Dorsey music firms, Embassy Music and Dorsey Brothers, Inc. One is ASCAP, the other BMI. Some fifteen more people are engaged in these activities. The firms have produced two recent smash hits, "I Dream of You" and "I Should Care."

Because Tommy requires only five hours sleep, usually retiring at 6 A.M., and waking at 11 A.M., he can cram



Baritone Nelson Eddy and musical director Robert Armbruster of CBS's Electric Hour.

plenty into a twenty-four-hour day.

When in Manhattan, mornings are devoted to checking on mail, answering a stubborn telephone and helping his second wife, MGM starlet, Pat Dane, conquer domestic problems. Like many another American couple, the day I saw Tommy he and his wife were without any domestic help.

"Pat swore to me she could cook."

"Can she?" I asked.

"Well," Tommy replied guardedly, "I'm still alive."

After a noonday brunch, Tommy hustles to his office in the busy Brill Building on Broadway to discuss business details with his various associates, marks time until he joins his band at the club.

With slight variations, this routine remains the same whether he is on the road or on the west coast. Hotel suites substitute for offices.

Tommy scored a personal hit in the film "Thrill of a Romance" but it also gave him an added problem; answering fan mail about his children.

"That was not my kid in the picture

but an actress. Now everybody wants to know if my kids are going to follow in my tired footsteps."

For the record, Tommy has two children, Marion, twenty, who is married to a Richmond, Virginia's judge's son, and sixteen-year-old Tommy III, better known as "Skip" who is attending Hotchkiss Prep.

"Neither of them pursues music as a career. They aren't crazy—like their old man."

## NEW RECORDS

(Each month Ken Alden picks the most popular platters)

**ARTIE SHAW** (Victor) Artie's version of the new hit tune from the flicker, "State Fair" called "That's For Me" and it's certainly for all of you, 'specially the way Hal Stevens lyricizes. From the new Fred Astaire film, Shaw weaves a welcome waxing of "Yolanda."

**FRANK SINATRA-XAVIER CUGAT** (Columbia) Spain and Hasbrouck Heights make a surprisingly happy partnership as swoons and maracas tinkle out "My Shawl" and "Stars In Your Eyes." A double feature bargain.

**CHARLES SPIVAK** (Victor) Spivak's slick trumpet shrills out "You Are Too Beautiful" and for good measure adds the new London importation, "Just a Little Fond Affection."

**JOHNNY MERCER** (Capitol) The prolific Mr. Mercer masters the classic Stephen Foster's "Camptown Races" and then reverses himself with the spicy new one, "Surprise Party."

**BENNY GOODMAN** (Columbia) B. G. turns out another top platter with "Paper Moon" and "Gonna Love That Guy." Ginny Simms (Columbia) does a neat trick with the same tune and on the turn-a-bout is a dreamy chanting of "Till the End of Time."

**HISTORY OF JAZZ** (Capitol) Here are two volumes for jazz collectors, discing history-making versions of the best instrumentalists like Teagarden, Singleton, Mercer, Leadbelly, and Bauduc.

**TOMMY DORSEY** (Victor) First issue of the bright new tune from the next Bing Crosby film, "Bells of St. Mary's." It's called "Aren't You Glad You're You" and though it's reminiscent of "Swingin' On A Star" you won't mind.

**HARRY JAMES** (Columbia) "Autumn Serenade" coupled with "A Long, Long Time" makes for a disc treat aided immeasurably by Kitty Kallen's pretty pipes. The latter tune is also available with Stan Kenton's rendition (Capitol).

**DAVE ROSE** (Victor) Rosey-versions of two new music portraits by the conductor himself. "Nostalgia" and "Sweet Spirit" won't have the same success as "Holiday For Strings" but will do until something better comes along.

**KATE SMITH** (Columbia) Sound, singable versions of two new ones, "Some Sunday Morning" and "Dearest, Darling" by one of our great singers.

**DUKE ELLINGTON** (Victor) When you tire of the musical cliches of most of our organ grinders try an Ellington. Whether it's this new one made up of "Every Hour on the Hour" and "Time's a Wastin'" or an old platter, you will feel musically refreshed.

*"The Hand of little employment hath the daintier sense—"* William Shakespeare



**"Little employment"? These days?— Don't be silly, Willie!**

Nowadays, it's polish and paint . . . scrub and scour till your hands are scratchy and rough and unromantically red. Protect your hands with snowy Pacquins Hand Cream. Pacquins helps give your hands a dainty "young skin" look.



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# COVER GIRL

By  
**ELEANOR HARRIS**



At eighteen, Eileen Barton has  
already sung herself into fame.  
Before acquiring her own NBC  
show, she sang with Sinatra.

THE average Miss Eighteen-Year-Old's top dresser drawer is full of dance programs, sweaters, and her high school diploma—the history of her life. But not eighteen-year-old Eileen Barton, who graces the cover this month. Her top dresser drawer could be full of clippings beginning when she was three years old, and ending this morning. Right now, she has her own NBC coast-to-coast radio program, Teen Timers Show, which you can hear every Saturday morning—where she's singing, acting, and m.c.-ing the entire show! And she's keeping it moving at a pace that many an older, more experienced master of ceremonies would be delighted to achieve.

What's more, after 15 years in show business, she doesn't look like a sophisticated career girl at all. She looks like any pretty redhead who has brown eyes, a slim figure that's five feet two inches high, and who weighs one-hundred five pounds. Around home, she usually wears bright plaid slacks, a matching plaid jacket, a loud sweater, and brown moccasins—with copper pennies stuck in the moccasin-flaps to show that she's a Sinatra fan. (Silver pennies, as anyone knows, mean that you're for Crosby!) To look at her, in other words, you could never tell that she has soared to being Sinatra's featured singer for seven months. But she has, nevertheless.

She lives at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City, in a big room with a lot of Eileen Bartonisms about it. For instance, there are two huge trunks in the middle of the floor, full of clothes and partly opened. They've been that way for six months now, ever since she moved in—"I haven't enough closet space," she explains. Also there for six months are two unopened cola bottles, used as book-ends for a row of books on the desk. But it's her clothes that you feel are slowly filling up the entire room—sweaters in boxes piled in corners, dresses in suitcases stacked under the windows, costumes on hangers clinging to door hinges and light fixtures. Her handbags she keeps under the bed!

But this room is just her temporary New York home. She also has one in California—a whole houseful of rooms near Frank Sinatra's house at Toluca

Lake. It's white stucco, bungalow-size, and almost completely furnished—the finishing touches are now being put on it by Mother Barton. Meanwhile Father Barton (Ben by name, and in the music publishing business) and daughter Eileen are waiting impatiently for Mrs. Barton to hurry East again and establish them in a New York home.

However, living out of trunks isn't new to Eileen by any means. Her parents were popular vaudeville actors, and the only reason Eileen was born in Brooklyn was that the senior Bartons were playing there at the time. From then on, baby Eileen traveled with them—literally sleeping in a trunk. She gave her first performance at the age of three in Kansas City, singing "Ain't Misbehavin'"... and at once she was in show business on her own. She joined Ted Healy and his Gang immediately, in New York City; and by the time she was six she was a veteran actress who went briskly into her first radio show with the Horn and Hardart Children's Hour. From there it was easy (at seven!) to sing eighteen songs a week over WMCA, meanwhile guest-starring with the Rudy Vallee and Eddie Cantor shows. And then she jumped easily into a long contract with Milton Berle on the Community Sing program.

But came, as it must to all children, the Awkward Age. Eileen promptly retired from show business to attend the Professional Children's School, the Marken School, and Julia Richman High School (where Lauren Bacall once studied also). When the Awkward Age was over, Eileen left it behind like a wet bathing suit. She vaulted right into a year's work as Nancy Walker's understudy in Broadway's smash hit "Best Foot Forward." And the minute the show hit the road, Eileen left it to hit New York's top night clubs as a singer—a singer who had never had a singing lesson, let us add.

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the Broadway musical hit  
"Follow The Girls." Here, too,  
Peter Pan bras share the spotlight.



**PETER PAN**  
BRASSIERES · GIRDLES



She sang at La Conga and the Greenwich Village Inn in New York City, and then she trekked West to Hollywood to sing in "Slapsy" Maxie Rosenbloom's famous night club. Then the dream of any girl singer's life came true—Frank Sinatra heard one of her recordings and said, "I'd like that girl for my radio program." That, of course, did it. For seven months Eileen sang and acted with Mr. Sinatra, who is one of her best friends as a result. As Sinatra fans know, anything besides Sinatra on a program of his is usually impatiently endured, while his avid listeners wait hungrily for the next song sung by The Voice. But Eileen didn't have that effect on them—they liked her too. Sinatra fans became Barton fans too, and divided their enthusiasm between the two. And that, it must be admitted, is a history-making episode. Then she had the featured singing spot on CBS's Let Yourself Go, with Milton Berle . . . and then came the Teen Timers Show which is all Miss Barton's very own, at the age of eighteen.

She is the right girl in real life for any Teen Timers Show, what's more. Her friends are any teen ager's dream-friends: Frank Sinatra, Dave Rose, Peggy Ryan, and the Town Criers . . . not to mention her two special boy friends, the boxing twins Harvey and Moe Weiss—who are now in the Army, and who have both won the Betty Grable and Lana Turner boxing awards in the Pacific. Her best girl friend, Pamela Walker, is also a prize-winner: she won the silver cup for having the biggest Frank Sinatra Fan Club in the whole United States.

With all of these things in life, Eileen should be the happiest girl in the world. She owns a brand new gray convertible, a huge collection of brightly colored clothes (she leans toward Kelly green and shocking pink—and winces away from black), and a voracious appetite. Her idea of Olympian food is spaghetti, banana ice-cream, and cold home-fried potatoes, eaten right out of the pan they were cooked in. She wears leg paint instead of stockings, never puts hat to head, and has several passions: for drawing pictures in pencil, for doing the "Lindy," for going to the movies, for hearing records, and for entertaining at Army shows. Also, she reads. "I spent two of the most interesting months of my life reading Forever Amber," she grins now, "and some day I'll finish a swell book I began almost a year ago—The Fountainhead!"

But even the luckiest girls in the world—and the most hard-working and deserving girls in the world—sometimes don't quite achieve, all at once, everything they want. Even Eileen has a few heart's-desires that she's had to put in abeyance for a while. A dog is one—that will probably have to wait for the California establishment, New York apartment-owners not taking kindly to anything besides people living in their apartments. A brother is another unfulfilled wish. And the third, says Eileen wistfully, is "I want to act in Hollywood movies."

Well . . . we don't know for sure about the dog, and we can't guarantee the brother, but with all that red, vivid hair, with those clear and lively eyes, with all that young exuberance that makes her personality crackle and her voice lilt . . . cheer up, Eileen. By the time you're an old lady of twenty-two, you may have that wish! And probably all the others, too.

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Reality was pain, for Linda. And yet she couldn't go back to her dreaming

# All my dreams

**Y**OU can tell a lot from a woman's hands. You can tell whether she is nervous or calm, careless or fastidious, insincere or straightforward. Linda Martin's slim, long hands with their pink, oval nails reflected her whole personality. Frail but not weak. Talented but not strenuously ambitious. Restful hands—sensitive, and a little bit afraid. They twisted the radio dial now in search of companionship to blot out the loneliness in the little vine-covered house on Pine Street.

When the radio was on, Linda didn't feel alone. Warm voices, familiar voices which came into this room day after day, drowned out the little cry in her heart—the faint little cry that came from regretting that she was set apart from the world, at twenty-two.

Not that Linda was an actual shut-in. Dr. Phillips allowed her—in fact, he encouraged her—to go out for a short walk every day. But Linda seldom left the house unless Julia was with her,



because Julia worried so if she went out alone. Linda hated to worry Julia about anything—Julia, who worked long hours each day at the radio station. Julia, her sister, two years older, as aggressive as Linda was retiring.

Julia's hands told a lot about her personality, too. Strong but not cruel. Energetic but not nervous. Kind but not soft. Julia was Linda's one contact with the world outside—the bustling, striving, busy world she had forsaken after that frightening heart attack which followed a siege of rheumatic fever. Ever since that attack, Linda had stayed at home in the little house where she had grown up with Julia. And Julia had been the breadwinner, working her way up from file girl in

the continuity department to secretary to the program director. Now, since their parents were gone, the little house belonged to them, and with Julia's salary and the insurance money, they managed all right.

LINDA wasn't unhappy staying at home—not really. She played the piano quite well, and she enjoyed that. She could do light housework, so she kept busy every morning. And, of course, she had her radio friends—hundreds of voices she knew intimately after years of constant listening. Then, too, Linda had the world outside—because Julia brought it to her. Every night Julia came home from downtown with news from the very inside circle

of radio, which was more exciting to Linda than anything else in the world.

"I love to think of you down there—actually putting those programs on the air," Linda said one time.

Julia laughed. "But I don't get them on, darling. Producers do that—and writers and actors. I'm just a plain stenographer."

"But you hear them plan a program before they ever even write it, and you type the programs—and, well, you're on the inside."

"I don't know what happened to Girl of Today this afternoon, and you do," Julia reminded her. "You really know more about radio than I do—because you have time to listen."

Linda always took time to listen to

Girl of Today, because of all the programs on the radio, that one was her favorite. Linda loved Dinah Marsh who was Girl of Today—loved her husky, low voice and the exciting life she led. Loved her almost as much as she loved Julia. Dinah was very real to Linda—and so was the man who loved her, Brent Carlton.

Linda lay on the couch listening to Brent's deep, masculine voice now—lay quietly on one side as she always did, enjoying this late afternoon show.

"Dinah, marry me," Brent whispered and his voice was urgent. And Linda could feel a strange, pulsing warmth envelope her entire being.

"Marry him, Dinah," she whispered to her radio friend. "You'll always be

sorry if you don't—because there isn't another man like him in all the world."

"Whether I marry you now or not, I love you. Remember that, darling—always," Dinah said softly in her intimate, exciting voice.

"I love you," Linda whispered the words to herself. And now, she wasn't thinking of those words in connection with Girl of Today. She wasn't thinking of the girl, Dinah. Nor of the girl, Linda. She knew that she never would say those words to any man—she was withdrawn from the world in which men lived, and laughed, and fell in love. No—she was thinking of the girl, Julia. That kind of adventure, impossible for her, was possible for Julia—attractive, vital Julia who enjoyed life so thoroughly. Sometime, some day soon, a man with charm and intelligence would whisper those three magic words to Julia. "Please make him come soon, and let him be nice," Linda whispered to an unseen occult power—and she meant that soft, scarcely-spoken prayer more than she had ever meant anything in her life.

THEN Brent was talking once more. He was saying to Dinah, "Somehow, I didn't think anything as wonderful as you would ever happen to me. I thought the wonderful things happened to other people—but not to me."

"Why, he's just like me," Linda thought. "I always think of the glorious, exciting things as happening to other women—to Julia. But never to me."

Then, for the first time, she thought of love coming to her—of a man like Brent Carlton whispering softly to her, "Linda, my darling, I want you."

Her lips parted now, and her eyes grew strangely bright, and her heart beat until she could feel its pounding all through her body. Her heart, with its rapping reminder. And the dream went away because she knew it could not be. For the first time, the loneliness of the little house pressed around her. And the knowledge that her life must go on this way for always made her wearily sad.

At the end of the fifteen-minutes, Linda turned off the radio and mentally pulled down the curtains on her melancholy. She busied herself preparing a simple casserole dinner for Julia and her. By the time her sister came up the front steps, laden with groceries, brimming over with news, Linda's strange afternoon mood had disappeared.

Conversation at dinner concerned radio, as it usually did, with Linda giving the latest developments in all of the daytime serials, and with Julia telling the problems and triumphs of the staff of KCTU. Tonight, Julia brought news of two new exciting radio shows to be produced locally—a War Loan broadcast, featuring the famous pianist, Bela Menson, to be fed to the network in another week; and a series of shows to be broadcast from the Veterans' Hospital, the first one scheduled for this very night.

"You mean the boys in the hospital

will go on the air over KTUC tonight?" Linda asked with interest.

Julia nodded. "Yes, but they won't tell their names. They'll just tell the kind of work they did before the war and what they'd like to do when they get out of the hospital."

"But how can they do anything? I mean, aren't most of them badly handicapped?"

"That's the whole point of the show," Julia explained, her eyes shining. "The radio station wants to help them get jobs—all of them. Each boy will tell what he's able to do. I mean, he won't have to get up and say he's lost a leg. He'll just say, instead, that he's handy with his hands and would like work in a dental laboratory, or something."

"Why, that's wonderful," Linda said with enthusiasm. "What a marvelous break for some of those boys!"

"That's what Mr. Palmer thinks," Julia agreed. "Everybody at the station thinks it's a swell idea."

Both of the girls were sitting by the radio when the new show from the veterans' hospital came on the air at eight-thirty that night. They were quiet, tense—waiting. They were excited, as they always were before a new local show—perhaps they were praying a little—hoping that this new program would be a success. Tonight Linda was more excited than ever before when she had silently wished a new program luck. Tonight, she seemed to be expecting something—waiting for the curtain to go up on an entirely different phase in her life. She seemed to be reaching out to someone, waiting to welcome a new radio friend to her circle of acquaintances.

And then the show was on the air, and she was listening to his voice—a new voice remarkably like Brent Carlton's. A voice that was vibrant and warm and seemed to be carrying a message straight to her. Because this was the voice of a person; handicapped for life, yet a voice that was unafraid. And the words he spoke gave her hope and courage and an elated happiness.

"The world says I'm handicapped," the veteran said, "but I don't agree. Oh yes, I have a physical disability—but that won't hold me back when I live in a country with people who love freedom, and friendship, and fun. Before the war I was a photographer's assistant. What happened to me overseas won't make me any less capable in that work. So that's what I want to do as soon as I get out of the hospital tomorrow—I want to get a job with a photographer—not because I want help because I'm handicapped, but because I feel that I am trained and qualified to handle a job doing developing, and because I want to begin earning my own living again just as soon as I can."

"What a marvelous radio personality," Julia said thoughtfully.

"What a marvelous person," Linda corrected quietly. "He's ambitious, courageous—everything."

"And didn't he sound happy?" Julia asked.

"A physical handicap doesn't make you unhappy," (Continued on page 60)

*John was gay and exciting and fun, adept at manipulating conversation so that both the girls could talk.*



# Christmas Day with One Man's Family



Christmas 1945 . . . for every family, a special solemnity and a special joy  
illuminate with new vigor the old, old meaning of the beloved holiday season

*From the first stolen glimpse of the tree, to the last radiant smiles above rustling paper and ribbons, the Barbours keep Christmas in the old, traditional way*

**O**UTSIDE the holly-wreathed bay window of the Barbour home daybreak snuffed out the stars. The fog drifted, wraithlike, and through it the first faint rays of dawn kindled another star—in the window—that brave, age-shabby, tinsel star on top the Barbours' Christmas tree.

Downstairs, shadows still darkened the rooms. The stairs creaked a little, settling themselves for the coming of The Day.

Overhead it was quiet. Well—almost. You could hardly count snores as a disturbance. Like the ones, measured, slow, dignified, that came from behind this door. . . . The satisfied sounds of a head of a household who has gathered most of his brood around him once more. Not that Father Barbour would admit to those snores.

"Eh? Certainly not!" he had denied to Fanny only the other day. "I never snore! Sleep like a log—always have."

But there's the proof.

Not a sound down this hall where Cliff and Irene slept quietly, dreaming of Sky Ranch. In a nearby bed seven-going-on-eight Skipper lay awake, but tensely, careful to make no noise. A blanket kicked off is soundless and his baffled thoughts can't be heard out loud: *Gee—you s'pose it'll be there? You'd think they'd know what a fellow wants without a fellow . . . oh, gee . . . maybe . . . I shoulda come right out . . . a real superZoomermodelairplane! . . . gee . . .*

Dreams held court over the others—over Teddy and Betty and Paul and Dan and Hazel—and overhead in Paul's old studio, Betty's three little girls slept with smiles pinking their cherubic faces.

But there were sounds behind one particular door. Muffled ones, it was true, but unmistakably there were movements and whispered voices and, once in a while, a little scuffle.

"Don't make so much noise, Pinky!" Hank expostulated. The two boys huddled on the bed. Not so much for warmth—more in the nature of conspirators. "You know Grandmother said we couldn't go downstairs before eight!"

"Heey! That's the middle of the morning. By the time people wash their faces and stuff their breakfasts, it'll be time to go to church. There won't be *any* time for presents!" Pinky was aghast at this incomprehensible indifference of grown-ups on Christmas morning. "Besides, to the first landing of the staircase isn't 'downstairs.' It's just—well, it's—it's neither upstairs nor down—it's inbetween—come on, Hank!"

Having thus somehow cleared up the question of boundaries, Pinky crept through the hall and slid carefully down the banisters to the broad landing, Hank

following. From here the two adventurers could see the mistletoe hanging from the chandelier of the hall below and even catch a tiny glimpse of the livingroom . . . a breathless view of one sweeping ornament-laden Christmas tree branch. Excitement mounted in the boys, making their very toes tingle.

"Hey! I heard you! . . . I heard you! Is it Christmas yet?" The door at the top of the hall was flung open and nine-year-old Margaret bounced out.

Hank and Pinky looked at each other in resignation. Ordinarily they would have ignored their sister, but right now they weren't too sure that they belonged where they were. After all, the family had been awfully definite about that "no downstairs" business.

"You'd better be quiet," they warned her. "It isn't eight o'clock yet. Here—you can get between us and then you can see something."

Margaret was surprised at the sudden friendliness, but she was no one to question favors.

"Oh, dear," she wriggled, "I can only see one corner of one package. It looks like the one from my friend, Cynthia Marlowe. It has a fancy wrapping paper—" this last, grandly, tossing her head.

"Oh, foo! Cynthia Marlowe—she's not so much. Snooty—stuck-up—"

"She is not! She's sophisticated!"

"Stop teasing Margaret, Pinky." A new voice broke in over their whispers. Behind them, Joan had stolen up.



*Behind the divan: Irene (Janet Walden); Clifford (Barton Yarborough). On the divan, Betty (Jean Rouverol), with Mary Lou (Irene Raddatz) and Elizabeth Sharon Ann (Susie Rouverol Black); Paul (Michael Raffeto), with Janie (Karen Pike); Hazel (Bernice Berwin). At the tree's right, Father Barbour (J. Anthony Smythe); Teddy (Winifred Wolfe). Seated, Joan (Mary Lou Harrington) and Mother Barbour (Minetta Ellen). On floor, Margaret (Dawn Bender); Skipper, Pinky, and Hank (played by Henry Blair, Dix Davis, Conrad Binyon). Sundays at 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.*

Usually Joan, although the same age as Hank and Pinky, considered herself more grown-up than her twin cousins. But Christmas has a way of reducing people to their right age, especially when they are children. Joan was no exception. Now her eyes shone in her soap-scrubbed face and she clutched her warm flannel robe around her with fingers that trembled with excitement.

Seconds—minutes—went by. Fingers of light were streaking the horizon outside the hall window and the streamers of holly draping the fireplace, the big red bell over the front doorway, emerged sharply now against the white woodwork.

And then—just when waiting was becoming intolerably painful—

"Well . . . I see you've established a beachhead!" It was Mother Barbour and her eyes twinkled as she looked down on them; her mouth could not stay in the firm line it attempted. "By rights, I should send you scampering right back to bed—it's not half-past seven yet. But . . . as long as you're up and dressed—but, mind you!—only one peek as you go by the livingroom. March right into the kitchen and get some hot breakfast inside you or you'll all be sick by the time we have the tree!"

The four trailed behind her, submissively, overjoyed to be out of their restraining perch. Obediently they each gave one peek at the package-laden tree and then hurried into the kitchen, their eyes like saucers and their faces aglow, chattering like magpies.

They had barely finished their hot chocolate before the others began clattering down.

"I know it's early and we were all up late, but somehow I just couldn't sleep—" Teddy pleaded; when Mother Barbour scolded her.

"Same here," laughed Cliff, tossing a freckle-faced, tousle-haired Skipper into a chair at the big table, and stealing a spoonful of the hot cereal placed before his son.

There was expectation, the thrill of waiting, there in the big, warm kitchen, but no one would have thought of making a move. Not until—

"A Merry Christmas, everyone." The greeting was as sedate and conservative as the tall, erect, white-haired figure who spoke from the doorway—but there was a fine smile in the grey eyes.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS, FATHER! MERRY CHRISTMAS, GRANDFATHER! Merry Christmas, everybody!"

The day had officially begun.

It was only a moment before they were all grouped around the tree in the livingroom, with Father Barbour in his favorite armchair and his favor-

ite grandchild, Margaret, at his knee. The others grabbed chairs or sat on the floor—that is, those who were composed enough to sit at all.

To Pinky and Hank fell the role of porters. It was their job to call out the names and distribute the packages, handling them oh-so-carefully. The system even worked well, for a while, until the boys could simply no longer resist grabbing for their own presents.

"Mrs. Clifford Barbour—Aunt Irene, that's you. . . . Grandmother, it jiggles—I'll bet it's perfume. . . . it's from Uncle Jack—see the APO postmark, Aunt Betty! . . . stop it, Hank!—you can't open yours yet. . . . *oh, we three kings of Orient are; bearing gifts we . . .*" caroled the twins, as their hands made devastating inroads on the pile of packages under the tree, their tongues never still, their cheeks as red as fire, their eyes popped in excitement and with the strain of being careful.

"Oh, Hazel—you shouldn't—it's much too much—!" this from Betty, holding aloft for all to see the quaint peasant blouse, still creased from its package.

"Hm-m," said Paul, watching her pretty, flushed face, "in that—no one would ever believe you were the mother of three infants, Betty."

"It's not perfume. It's that wonderful spice-and-herb set I've been wanting for the kitchen," Mother Barbour exclaimed joyfully about the package that "jiggled."

"Dan!—the boys are simply overcome!" Hazel's hand sought that of her new husband. "Catcher's mask—mitt—baseball bat—now they won't always have to be borrowing." She tilted her head backwards under the sprig of mistletoe Dan was holding and kissed him, while the family looked on and laughed, affectionately. For a stepfather, Dan was tops.

"What about you, Father?" Cliff looked up from the rattle he was showing his baby niece, Mary Lou.

"Eh? Oh—Margaret is taking care of me. Very good care. Now—what were you saying, Margaret, about Christmas and changes?" Under cover of the happy tumult about them, he and his grandchild had been having one of their conversations. Now, very carefully, he took the new initialed handkerchiefs from her hands, pretending to examine them—but his keen eyes were searching the small, troubled face before him.

"It's like this, Grandfather. Cynthia—that's Cynthia Marlowe, my special friend—she said her family thinks celebrations like ours are awfully old-fashioned. When I visited them last week-end, Mrs. Marlowe said Christmas just meant everybody saw relatives

they didn't like once a year and everybody was bored and ate too much and acted like children and gave each other things nobody really wanted. They said civilization was getting streamlined and Christmas was a hangover from me—from mee-dee-val times. *They're being sensible, this year.*"

"Streamlined!" Father Barbour's lips straightened in disapproval. "And just how do they intend to modernize Christmas, pray? Are they wealthy people, Margaret?"

"Oh, no! Mr. Marlowe is always fussing about something he calls their 'bujjit'. But you should see their house, Grandfather! A friend of Mrs. Marlowe is an interior decorator and she helped her fix the livingroom so it looks like a picture. You can hardly tell it's supposed to be Christmas, but it's all *very* sophisticated. There's an imitation shall-

"Chalet, Margaret. That means a house Swiss people live in."

"Chalet, then. It's all made of gingerbread and red and green frosting for the roof and the snow is all spangled. It takes up the whole mantelpiece over the fireplace. Of course," Margaret giggled, "they can't have a fire or it would all melt."

Father Barbour studied the earnest little face at his knee, as Margaret tore the string off another package. He couldn't quite put his finger on what was troubling his usually happy grandchild, but obviously a comparison between the Barbours' way of life and the Marlowes' had brought that tiny frown to her brow and that puzzled dissatisfaction to her voice. He comforted himself it wasn't too serious—at least, it wasn't spoiling her delight with the possession of a pair of roller skates.

Whatever it (Continued on page 72) 23



*"What were you saying, Margaret, about Christmas and changes?" Under cover of the happy tumult about them, Father Barbour's keen eyes were searching the small, troubled face before him.*

"BUT—you can't mean it!" I whispered, sickly. There was a thickness in my throat, and my wrists began to pulse. "Elinor, it's—oh, you can't!"

We were in her bedroom. The bedroom my half-sister shared with Hunt Parker, her husband, who had left the house only a few minutes ago. My thoughts dived, and scattered. She couldn't be serious!

"I do mean it!" Elinor said. Her round, babyish face looked different, suddenly. There was a new stubborn set to her soft lips, and around her jaw there was a hardness I'd never seen before. "I'm so unhappy with Hunt. Laura, nothing's right between us. Just because I made a mistake—" Her eyes dropped. The silence between us became huge and high, like a glass wall with splinters at the top.

A mistake. Elinor had made a mistake that cost me my heart. You see, I was engaged to Hunter Parker when she fell in love with him. Oh, it was a long time ago. Three mortal years. I pushed down the lonely, lost misery that always rose in me, remembering. I'd gotten used to it. The pain was all behind me—there was just this dull disillusion, now. That, too, would pass.

She began to sob, her bright head down on the chaise longue, her voice muffled and hopeless. "I know it's mean. But oh, Laura, Laura, it's not as though there's any other man, anything nasty and—cheap, like that. It's just—we aren't right for each other! We never have been. Only that time—that magic time—"

I set my lips. That magic time, when enchantment had lifted them, when the magnetism of that pull toward each other had been too strong for reason, or duty. . . . "Life's not all fire and stars, the way it is at first," I heard myself saying. "People settle down. It's calmer. Marriage, making a home."

"But you don't understand! There's nothing, nothing at all, between us!" She sat up, defiantly. "Sometimes I think Hunt's sorry for what we did! Sometimes I think it's on his conscience." Like knives her words ripped at me. "While he was gone I used to feel it in his letters. Asking about you. So glad when you began going with Paul Logan again. Now, when he's home, he watches you. . . ."

"Oh, no, Elinor!" I was sinking to the bottom of the pit I had tried so desperately never to tumble into.

The crazy pit of hope. Hope that Hunt hadn't really forgotten, that his feeling for my half-sister was only infatuation that would wear off.

Dizzily, I told myself, "But they're married. And I have Paul now. This can't be!" Out loud, as the bars of sunlight on the pink carpet waved and blurred in my eyes, I said "You just imagine these things, Elinor." I pulled myself together and went across the room to her. How little she was, and soft! Her shoulder under my fingers was delicate as a child's.

Elinor was older than I. She had been five when our mother married my father. But I was a big girl. Big, like Daddy. Brown hair, no glamor, just the frank open face, the blue eyes, the good wholesome smile he had. My hands had always been quick and capable, and my legs willing. When Mother was so ill, the year I was sixteen, I'd waited on her, run the house, done all the things Elinor wasn't strong enough to do. Somehow, after that, the family—Daddy and Elinor—leaned on me indefinitely.

"Such a good girl," the neighbors said. But it was Elinor who had the laughing boy friends and the parties. Not that I was homely, or without friends. But I worked—in the town library—and Elinor stayed home. I had no use for dance dresses and fetching bathing suits. Elinor got them.

I shook her a little, now. "You can't simply walk out on Hunt as though—as though he'd done something horrible!" I said. "Even though you're unhappy, you've got to give him a chance. Talk it over with him. Think about it. People don't break up a marriage like this!"

"But ours isn't a marriage! It isn't the way I dreamed of it, while I waited for him. I thought we'd have fun, when he got home. I thought we'd laugh together, plan things, do things." Her voice broke.

Tonelessly, I said, "Even waiting was romantic, Elly. All of a piece with the way you fell in love. The way you married. But now—"

"I'm leaving him," she cried stubbornly. "If I don't, I'll go crazy here." She pulled free of my hands. Wildly, she wrenched open a dresser drawer. "I just wanted to tell you. I'm going to my Aunt Norma's, in New York. I—well, I've written her, Laura. I'll leave a note for Hunt—and then I'm going to go!"

Her Aunt Norma was her father's sister, no kin to me at all. I didn't even like her. A thin, tall

*I'll never forget the imperious ringing of the bell, that night*



# *Prelude to Happiness*

*Do you truly know your heart's desire? Laura knew hers, knew deeply*

*and surely what meant happiness. And one day it was given to her*

A LEAVE IT TO THE GIRLS STORY





*Paul's eyes were dangerous. "You do know what you're doing," he said hoarsely. "This has gone far enough. I'll make you stop!"*

woman beautifully dressed with cold eyes and a sort of patient disgust with Mother, her brother's widow, who had married such an ordinary nobody as Daddy.

Now, seeking escape from Hunt, Elinor had thought of Aunt Norma. And Aunt Norma would see nothing wrong in a discontented girl leaving a husband only a few months returned from a war. . . .

My heart twisted, thinking of Hunt. He had been so happy, coming home! I saw again the way his big shoulders relaxed against the leather chair, the light from the lamp ruddy in his hair. "Gosh, this is wonderful, after foxholes!"

**H**UNT had had malaria, and there was still a faint yellow tinge under his tan from atabrine. The wound in his thigh had healed so perfectly he scarcely limped. But he had not yet gone back to his job of manager of the Bicket Auto Agency. "No rush," he grinned. "They've got nothing to sell except a few tired jaloppies."

Maybe it was because Hunt was home all day, because they were together so much, in this tiny house Elinor had furnished so prettily, that Elinor was jumpy. I tried once more—"Darling, if you'd only wait—when Hunt goes back to work—"

"Oh, you don't understand, Laura. You'll never understand!" She stood there, a small dressing case in her hands, and whispered, "You're good! You don't have these locked up dark places, eating into you. Even when we hurt you, Hunt and I, you—you were generous." She flung the case down and began blindly to stack hairbrushes and glass bottles and powder boxes into it. "You're what he needs, what he really wants deep down. That's why there's nothing for me. Night after night, he listens to the radio, reads the newspaper, sits! We never go anywhere but his mother's! I never dreamed it would be like that. I—I must leave!"

Hours later, feeling battered as though the cab that had taken Elinor to the station had run over me, I sank down on the bed in my own room. In some ways, this was like the first, strange pain that swept over me, the night I learned they'd gone off in Hunt's car and gotten married. The silence, the deep-down terror, my thoughts skittering. Something wrong, something terribly, shatteringly wrong. And I, helpless in the midst of it, lost.

How unprepared I'd been, that night three years ago! I loved Hunt so wholly. His big shoulders, the narrow, lean face, his eyes the color of steel, were my whole world. We had been going together a year, and his ring shone on my finger as I stamped books in and out of the library. We had been sensible, though, when he went into the service. "No swift marriage and all that unthought-out, unprepared stuff," he had said. "I don't want you following me around messy camps and living God-knows-how while I'm training."

So long ago. . . . I had trusted him utterly. "Whatever you say, Hunt." How could anything happen to such faith and love?

I'll never forget the ringing of the bell, that night, imperious in the empty house, and how I raced downstairs in a white robe. Through the glass upper-half of the front door Paul Logan's face peered at me.

Paul lived across the street. He and Hunt and Elinor and I had been friends since childhood. I stared through the glass. He looked so strange and grim! "What is it?" Alarm surged through me.

I thought of his father. He wasn't well. I opened

the door wider, tightening the sash of my robe, conscious of my long hair loose on my shoulders. I'd washed it, because Hunt was devoting tonight of his leave to his mother. "Do you want me to come across the street with you, Paul?"

I turned toward the livingroom, where the dark shape of the piano gleamed with reflected moonlight. As my hand reached for the light switch, Paul's fingers closed over my wrist. "Don't. Listen, Laura. I—they phoned me. I came to—"

"Who phoned you?" I turned, and I was very close to him, staring up, my hands moving upward as though to brace my face for something dreadful just ahead.

"Hunt," he said. "Hunt and Elinor." His arm was around me then, and his big body stiffened. "They were married tonight. I—I didn't want to tell you like this, but Elinor cried on the telephone. She said she couldn't face you, that's why she made Hunt go without warning you."

Even now, the moments that followed were blank. Disaster caught me so unprepared, it was as though a terrific detonation had deafened and blinded me. I must have dressed. I must have walked, and breathed. But I don't remember.

Paul was wonderfully kind. I remember riding around in his car, later, feeling nothing but the lack of feeling. I remember the time he bought me hot coffee at a roadstand. And the time he said, "Cry. You'll feel better. Don't hold it in, Laura. This is no time for pride."

But I couldn't cry. Something had died inside me, stiffening in death.

Paul Logan stayed with me, a comforting quiet bulwark at my side, all that night. By morning, I had worked it out a little. I must not go to pieces. I must hang on, and pull myself somehow out of grief. I must not cry, nor rail at Hunt and Elinor. It was not as though they had deliberately set out to wound me! Why, Elinor was my sister! How could they help falling in love, falling in love so madly nothing else mattered?

**I**T wasn't easy. But I got through that first day. And the next, and the next. One day at a time. But getting used to the fact that never again would Hunt's arms be around me or his lips on mine, took months.

Months when Elinor wasn't around, for the sturdy common sense Hunt had had for me didn't operate about the tiny bright-haired girl he'd eloped with. She followed him from camp to camp, living in auto courts, waiting for the few hours each week they could snatch together. Elinor loved it. The excitement, the feeling of being one with other girls living on borrowed time, as she was. The keyed-up laughter of camp towns, the color of uniforms, the special, swift little world of Army wives. Oh, she told me all about it, later. After she came back. After Hunt was shipped.

Paul was my safety-valve. Decent, wonderful Paul who moved into my life and taught me to smile again. He wasn't dramatic about it—he just came around. His red hair always standing up, his earnest eyes, his long, flat lips giving him a beaky, inquisitive look. And no man was ever gentler, in the matter-of-fact way that Paul had.

"A movie tonight?" It was more a statement than a question. And rides. And walks in the woods. Picnics as soon as Spring burst into bud. Dances, his strong steady arm around me, the music soothing in my ears.

Odd, to recall now that I'd had more gaiety, more "going places and doing things" after Hunt married Elinor than ever before.

Even the Boy Scout troupe of which Paul was the leader accepted me, grudgingly, as "Paul's girl." They showed me the badges they'd earned, and brought me their handcraft achievements. Twice I was allowed by the sober, (Continued on page 56)

*The story Prelude To Happiness was inspired by a letter sent to Leave It To The Girls, MBS's Roundtable of Romance. Directed by Martha Rountree, Leave It To The Girls is heard Saturday nights at 9:00 to 9:30, EST.*

# Light of the World

The unique daytime dramatization of stories from the Bible



*DANIEL*, the youth who came as a captive to the Court of the King of Babylon, has achieved there, because of his sensitive intelligence and strength of character, a position of great power. Jealous of the high honors Daniel has gained, a group of envious courtiers conspires to ruin and destroy him, and through their machinations he is thrust into a den of lions to meet his death. Only a single and invisible weapon protects him: his unflinching belief in his God. But this is protection enough. The beasts lie quiescent under the Power his faith has invoked; unharmed, Daniel emerges from the danger.

(Daniel is played by Bill Hollenbeck)



*JONATHAN, rescued from slavery by the beggar Hassan, has searched desperately for Elona, the girl he loves. After weary weeks he learns that she has become a slave at Nebuchadnezzar's court. Shocked and troubled to find her dancing before the King of Babylon, Jonathan determines to find a way to help her to escape; but because he himself is an escaped slave he must linger in the background, concealing his identity, until an opportunity occurs. Surrounded by suspicious enemies, Elona is not completely friendless; the little slave girl Tamara has more than once befriended her.*

*(Tamara is Judy Blake; Elona is Inge Adams; Jonathan is Richard Coogan; Nebuchadnezzar is Bernard Lenrow)*

AMYITIS, beautiful Queen of Babylon, is madly in love with the dangerous Captain of the King's Guards, PRINCE ARIOCH. As unscrupulous, as greedy for power as Amytis herself, Arioch pretends to return her love, meanwhile conspiring with her in a plot to seize the throne. But, discovering that her lover is secretly infatuated with Elona, the Queen's deadly fury is loosed against the lovely dancing girl; Elona narrowly escapes with her life from the fate that the jealous Amytis has decreed for her.  
(Arioch played by Carl Emory; Amytis by Jane Lauren)





Through the vast welter of intrigue and treachery that is the Kingdom of Babylon moves the lithe figure of HASSAN, the mysterious beggar from Persia. Swift, elusive, infinitely resourceful, Hassan has become leader among the beggars of Babylon. Though his own life is often precariously balanced above a dangerous abyss, Hassan finds ways to help others who are threatened. Both Jonathan and Elona owe their lives to Hassan, as do many slaves he has smuggled into Persia. (Hassan is played by Luis Van Rooten)

Written by Adele Seymour; supervised by an Advisory Board of Clergy; directed by Basil Loughrane; heard daily at 10:15 A.M., EST, on CBS.

# To the end of the Journey

## THE STORY

I MET John—and his best friend, Philip—in my home town of Corona shortly before the end of the war. And I fell in love with John, in spite of my previous contention that “all soldiers have girls back home.” John did, in fact, have a girl back home—Mary Lou—but he assured me that there was no engagement, not even an “understanding” between them. While stationed at Corona, John went home to visit his family at Maple Falls, and Philip went with him, partly because John wanted Phil to meet his family, and partly because Phil felt he ought to go along to keep an eye on John. You see, John had been a victim of tropical sunstroke while in service, and still had periods of post-sunstroke amnesia during which he acted quite normal, but after which he could not remember what had gone on during the brief attack. When John and Phil returned to Corona, both were sent away—John to a relocation center,

and Phil overseas to the Pacific Theater. And then V-J Day came, and John called to tell me two pieces of news—first, that Philip was missing in action, and second that he, John, was to be discharged within a few days. Very soon he was in Corona, asking me to marry him—and to go at once with him to Maple Falls, as he had had a telegram from his father urging him to come home at once—he and his father were business partners, and there was some trouble at the store, John presumed. And so we were married, and that same evening arrived in Maple Falls. But instead of the welcome I had expected from John's parents, I was greeted with shocked surprise. John's mother and father asked to speak to him alone, and I was shown to the guest room.

Soon, John came upstairs—to tell me that Mary Lou was going to have a baby, and that she said he was the baby's father. And it was possible, he said, because he had had one of his “blackouts” while he and Mary Lou

were together during the time that John and Phil had visited Maple Falls earlier. We talked for a while about what must be done, not only for Mary Lou's sake, but for the child's. And then John went away, to give me time to think. When he came back, I knew what my answer was—I would fight for my right as John's wife, and for our love—in other words, I would not di-

voice John, and I would fight any divorce or annulment proceedings he might institute against me. He was mine; I loved him; I would let nothing come between us.

And, next morning, I found that John was gone. He had taken the only way out—he had left Maple Falls.

**J**OHNS, GONE! I knew, without knowing how I knew, that this was his answer to my outburst of the night before, in which I had said that I would fight any action he might take to dissolve our marriage. What it amounted to was that he had left me.

I couldn't believe it. “But where—” I looked at his mother, who was taking her place at the table, at his father, who was buttering a bit of toast with deliberate thoroughness, as if nothing unusual had happened. “Where could

he have gone? Is he still in town?”

Mr. and Mrs. Dorn looked at each other, a glance that was the flicker of an eyelid, nothing more. “I don't know,” she said. “He didn't say anything to us—”

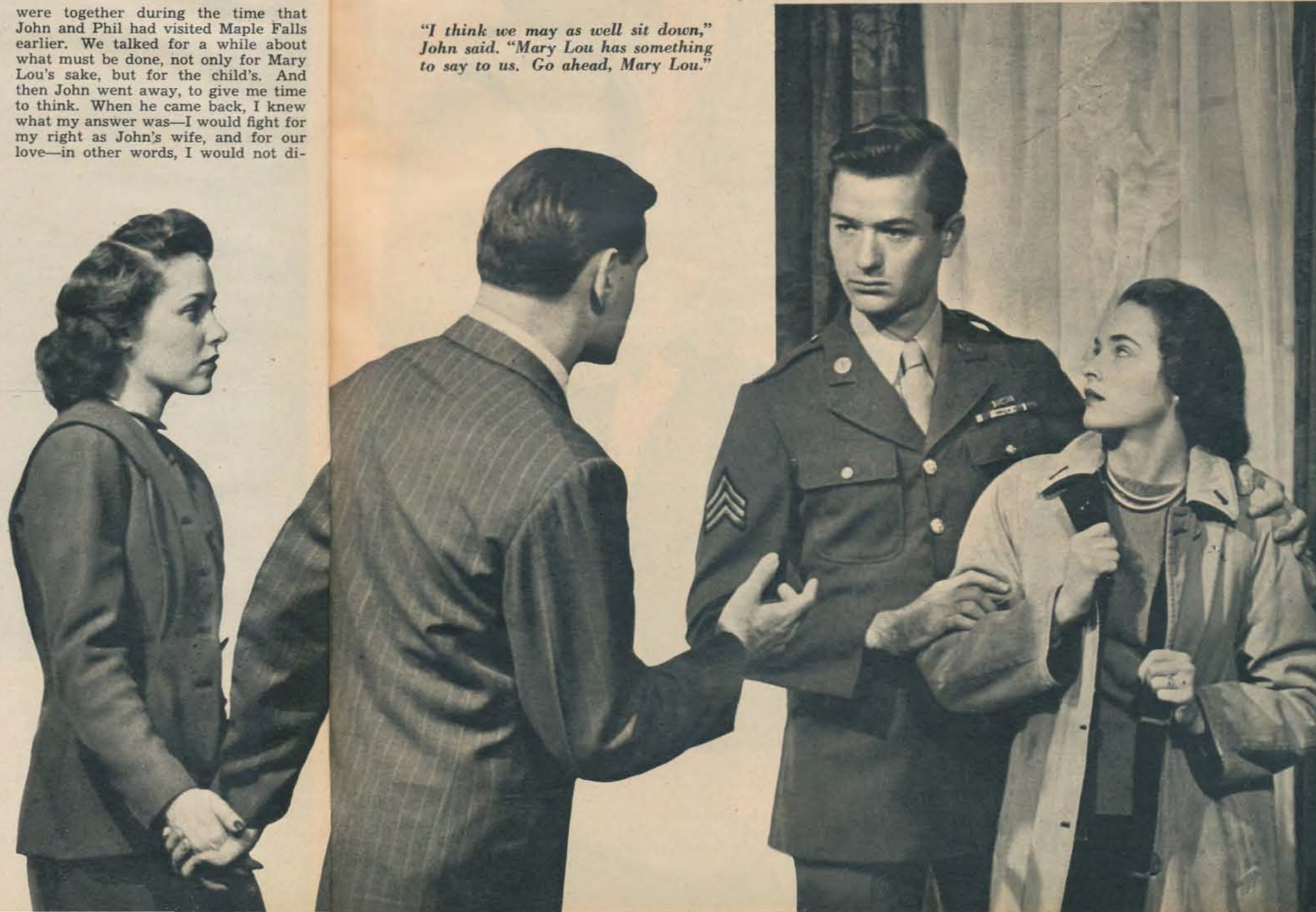
But I'd seen the glance, brief as it was, and all the pent-up hurt and resentment within me welled to the surface. “Perhaps he didn't tell you,” I cried, “but you do know! You just don't want me to know; you act as though I'd no right to know. You—you've been against me from the start, all of you!”

Tears stopped my voice. I could not, would not let them fall in the sight of these people who were my enemies. I jumped up from the table, ran upstairs, slammed the door of my room behind me. Flung myself down on the bed, I wept, tears of hopelessness and rage—

and remorse. Already, I was sorry that I'd spoken to the Dorns as I had. They weren't to blame for anything that had happened. They were hurt by it all, too, and distressed and terribly embarrassed. But it was true, I defended myself fiercely, that they did side with John against me, that they thought I ought to go back to Corona. Oh, they pretended to stay out of it, to keep to themselves, but secretly, they wanted me to be gone, so that John could marry Mary Lou. I felt it in their very courtesy, in their impersonal, guarded friendliness; they were only waiting for me to leave.

There was a knock on my door. I stiffened. I wouldn't answer, I thought; I wanted only to be left alone. But then the knock came again, and John's mother's voice said, “May I come in, Beth?” (Continued on page 75)

*“I think we may as well sit down,” John said. “Mary Lou has something to say to us. Go ahead, Mary Lou.”*



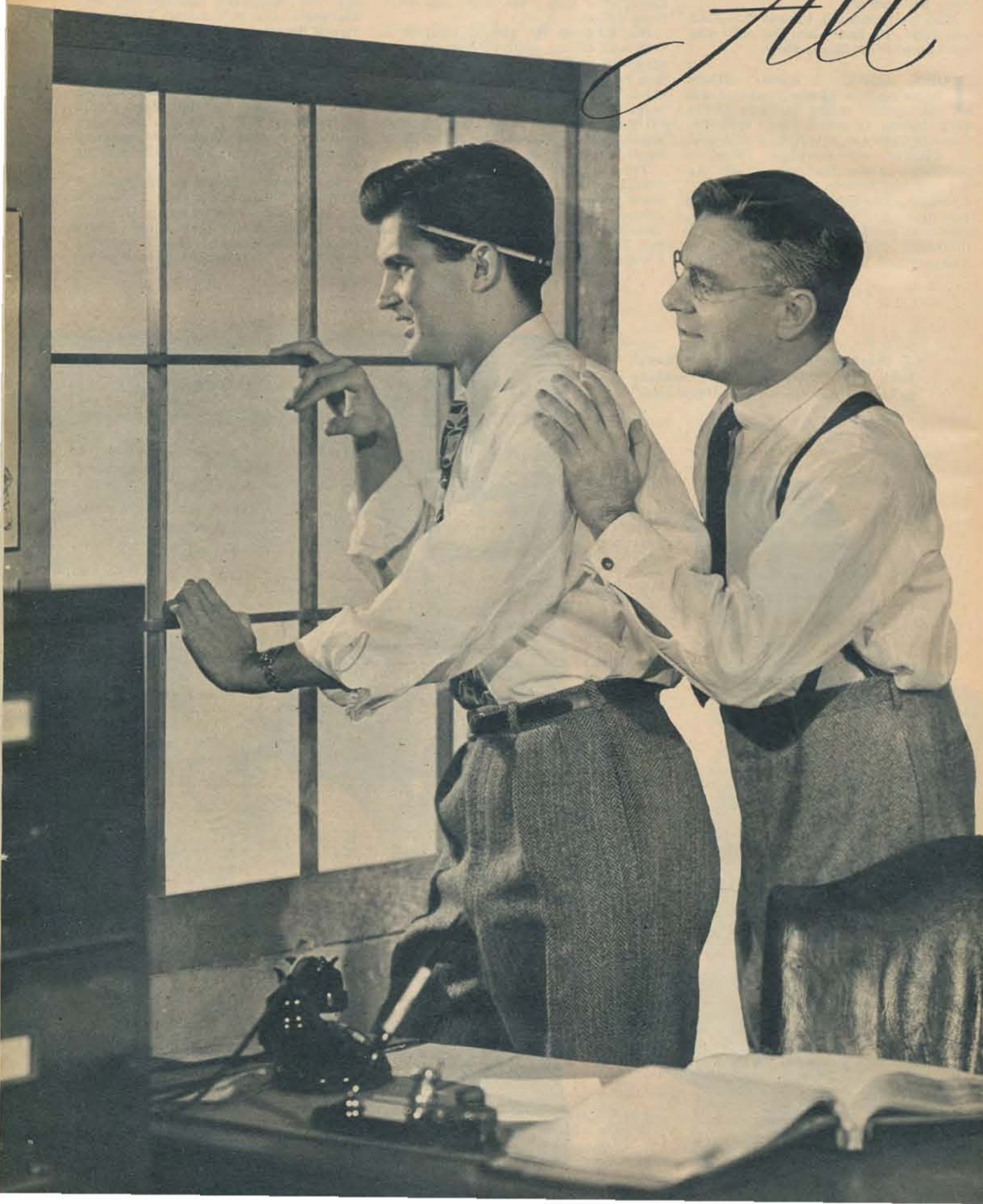
*Closing the door on happiness, Beth meant never to look back. But she couldn't lock the door; someone else held the key. Suddenly, strangely, it opened again*

A CASE HISTORY FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S FILES

To The End of the Journey was inspired by a problem presented originally on John J. Anthony's MBS program, Mondays through Fridays at 1:45 P.M. EST.

I could talk to John Collins; his advice was always sincere. But that morning I hesitated in telling him what was on my mind . . .

# All that really matters



**Y**OU can't mix girls with cost accounting.

That was something I didn't know until that morning, but I was learning it fast. Write down a long list of items in the proper columns of the ledger; everything from pennyweight nails to wheelbarrows; add them up and write off your discount, if Mr. Collins paid the bill in ten days, which he usually did. Then figure on the retail price for the item when it went on sale in the store.

Right in the middle of an invoice for delivery of a hundred feet of garden hose you see the girl's face. Pretty oval face. Hazel eyes that burn a kind of low flame when they look into yours. Olive skin that has to be kissed when you think about it. And you write down something silly, like: "Miriam Gardenhose, \$17.20, 2/10/net."

Bounce the pencil on the desk. Go ahead, Bill. Get up and walk over to the window. Look down Market Street and see if you can see anything. What do you see, Bill Brungard? You see Miriam Wagner's face. It's a smiling face with little wrinkles in the nose when the smile breaks out in the eyes. Without knowing it you try to make

the same kind of face and a deep sigh comes from your chest.

"Hey, Bill. What you moonin' about today? Got that statement ready? You remember we'd planned to run over to the paint factory, and it's 10:30 already!" It was Mr. Collins, my boss and proprietor of the County Hardware Company. He came over and stuck a pencil behind my ear, grasped my bicep in his big hand and pushed me toward the desk in the corner of the office.

"Let me look at you, Bill. Hey, why the dreamy look? Bet I can guess—It's that Wagner girl. Saw her at the country club dance last night, didn't you? Mrs. Collins said she saw you two spoonin' on the veranda. Hah!"

I liked John Collins. He was like a father to me, and yet he was my pal and my boss and a father confessor, too. We had things in common, although he was twenty-five years older than I. He had played football at Central High when he was in his teens; so did I. He had joined the Navy when the first World War broke out; I served a hitch in the second big scrap. John Collins had a head for figures, and math was also my favorite.

I could talk to John Collins because

I knew that if he gave me any advice it would be sincere and was offered with the hope that it would do me some good. Sometimes, however, he'd keep his thoughts to himself until he had figured things out; and after a week or so he'd come to me and say: "Look, mate, the wind's blowing the other way, now. Change your course and the deal will work out okay."

That morning I hesitated in telling him what was on my mind, but the grin on his face was inviting.

"You know Miriam Wagner, John?"

"Sure, since she was a baby. I know her pappy, too. Ed Wagner's credit manager for the slate works over in Delacroix. He belongs to the lodge. Spends all his spare time building rock gardens for himself. What else, Bill?"

"That's all, John."

He laughed loudly and put on his hat. "Come on, Bill. Your face is an open book. You've got it bad for the Wagner girl. Let's get over to the paint factory, and we can talk about it on the way."

I drove the truck while John Collins relaxed and smoked his pipe. He had a knowing look in his eyes, but he didn't bring up the subject of Miriam Wagner again. So I let the matter drop, too. John began on his favorite subject, Navy talk, as though he wanted me to forget Miriam for a while. It wasn't easy.

I enjoyed those conversations with John Collins. He told me about the Navy as it was run in 1919 while I furnished him with details about the present-day life of a seaman.

"One of my mates was sent up to the crow's nest for night watch, Bill. We were in the North Atlantic and it was so cold your breath would crackle . . . Know what I mean? . . . Anyway this pal o' mine was a sleepy sort o' guy who spent most of his spare time in the sack when he wasn't on watch. The gang warned him about falling asleep up there but it didn't do any good. He dozed and when his two hours were up they had to hoist him down. He was asleep . . . dead. Frozen stiff!"

John let the story sink in, then added, "But I guess you didn't have to worry about freezing down around those Solomon Islands, eh Bill?"

Solomon Islands! The name alone conjured up thoughts of days and nights of torturous weather as we rode the heavy seas that pounded the battle area. No rain for two weeks, and then a small typhoon that scared the day-

*Growing pains always hurt. Sometimes they hurt*

*not only the person who's growing up but all*

*the people who love him. Bill and*

*Miriam found out everything about that*

**A MY TRUE STORY ROMANCE**

*All That Really Matters was inspired by a story heard originally on My True Story, a program presented each weekday morning at 10:00 A.M. EST over the ABC network.*

lights out of the toughest of us. Terribly sick, shaking with fright, wounded men aboard who cried out in delirium—it was a nightmarish memory; and yet there was something fresh and clean and heartening about the life of a sailor that would always be good to remember.

You could talk to John Collins about death and disaster and the loss of your shipmates, and you understood each other's language; and you never mentioned the power of the sunrise and the rareness of the sunset and the richness of the nights at sea. You knew that John Collins and a lot of other Navy men had those things in their blood once they had a taste of it. The whiff of sea air would do it, or the clank of the sea hook, or the call to chow. You had it all the time even though you were out of the Navy for almost eight months; a civilian again, holding the job of office manager and accountant for John Collins and his County Hardware Company.

**YOU** had the feeling of nostalgia whenever you thought of life at sea, and you wondered why that was, for life in the Navy in your case was not easy. Gunner's Mate for a guy who saw plenty of action was a toughie, and the machine gun bullet scar in your leg came from a Jap who did one of the

suicide jobs at your deck. But you didn't think too much about the fighting phases of the Navy life; it was the unbounded sense of freedom you enjoyed. To a lot of other guys in your outfit, the Navy was a prison; to you, it was freedom.

I didn't listen very carefully to John Collins' conversation that morning. My thoughts seemed to be all mixed up; I thought of my job, my mother, the Navy and mostly about Miriam Wagner. I tried to put all those people and things together, but it didn't work; and I knew that, somehow, I'd have trouble working out that jig-saw in the future.

When we got back to the office that afternoon Miss Green, one of the saleswomen in the store, told me my mother had phoned. I called her at home and she said she was dying to see that new movie over at the Central Theatre.

"But, Mom," I started to protest, "I don't know what time I'll get home. There are some things I have to clean up down at the office. We're buying a big supply of paint . . . John and I want to shelve it and have it ready for the sale next week. I was going to get a bite to eat downtown and stick around. Why don't you run along to the movies and I'll see you later when I get home."

That conversation was typical of the way my mother and I talked to each

other. I felt responsible for her, felt it all the time, and yet I didn't have the courage—if you want to call it that—to come right out and say I was going to have a date with a girl, or try to have a date with a girl. Imagine that, a fellow who played football, who spent some time at sea, who could handle himself well in any kind of company, having a complex about his mother.

I tried to analyze the situation. On one hand I realized that I was the only one my widowed mother had in the world. I understood that she doted on me, that she thought the sun rose and set on my head, that she couldn't be like other mothers who had husbands or more than one son. And on the other hand I knew that I had my own life to lead, that some day I'd want to break those apron strings. I knew that she was disappointed because I was not going to the movies with her that night. Believe me, I felt a pang of uneasiness whenever I had to make a decision like that.

Mother had been terribly unhappy when I was away from her; her letters to me when I was in the Navy were proof of that. And I knew she was the very best mother a fellow could have. I thought of all those things, and right in the middle of the thoughts of my mother I thought of Miriam Wagner!

It didn't take me long to finish my work that evening. I ate a ham and cheese sandwich and drank a bottle of milk at about a quarter to eight. Then I called Miriam on the phone and asked her if I could come out to see her.

"Yes, Bill," Miriam said eagerly, "I want you to meet Dad. How soon will you be here?"

I said it would take me twenty minutes to drive to her home, but it actually took me about a half hour. Miriam was sitting on the porch of her house with her father and she called out to me as I stepped from the car. I answered her greeting and started up the walk when I noticed something, a slight action of her father's that punctured my enthusiasm. He glanced quickly at his wrist watch.

"This is Bill Brungard, Dad," she was saying, and I put out my hand to her parent. He was still looking at his

watch, and I felt just a little annoyed and embarrassed. When he shook hands with me it was, I thought, a sort of uncordial handshake.

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Wagner," I said.

"How do you do," he replied. "How long did it take you to drive out?"

I said I thought it took about a half hour, and he said he thought it would take more than twenty minutes. His remark, I knew, was a comment on my promise to be there ten minutes sooner than I had arrived.

"I know your boss, John Collins," Miriam's father remarked. His eyes were critical and his tone business-like. I thought he would sit down and talk to us for a while, but he picked up his hat from a nearby table and started down the steps.

"You'd better get some sleep tonight, Miriam," he said. "You were out pretty late at the club last night. I'll be back in an hour or so." He left us.

When her father had walked down the street Miriam led me to a big porch swing and we sat down together.

"Your Dad upset about something, Miriam?" I asked innocently. "He seemed sort of unfriendly."

"No, Bill." Her eyes were hiding something I didn't understand at the moment. "He's that way, Bill. He's not the friendly type, like you."

I had her little hand in mine and my other arm was around her shoulder. It was a protective feeling I had for her, and I liked it. Miriam was the dearest, prettiest girl I had ever known; and her closeness stirred me, made me forget about her father and all the other people in the world. We didn't talk much, just sat and watched the moon etched on the edge of the chimney of the house across the street, listened to the crickets chirping a farewell to summer. I could feel the occasional magic of her blonde hair as a wisp of it brushed against my cheek, and the scent of something she wore almost made me breathless. In the moonlight the tone of her skin was ivory; her lips were terribly inviting.

Miriam let me kiss her after a while. She knew I was in love with her, just as I knew her feelings about me. You can tell those things after you've been going around with a girl for several months, and you don't have to meet

her father to prove it. Speaking of her father, he came up the walk just then and Miriam and I stood up to meet him. I don't know whether he saw me kissing his daughter, and at that moment I didn't really care. He was abrupt in his greeting.

"It's getting late, Miriam," he said.

"You promised you'd get a good night's rest." He didn't say anything to me. I said goodnight to Miriam, and she said

she'd walk as far as the gate with me. "Don't mind my Dad," she whispered softly, holding my hand in hers.

"He doesn't like me, Miriam," I replied.

"Don't say that, dear. Don't make any snap judgments."

"He seems to have made one regarding me."

She turned up her face and I kissed her lightly. (Continued on page 66)



Miriam's father came along when I was kissing her goodnight,



and that didn't go over very well.



# Peace on Earth

I CAN'T think about Christmas this year without wondering what it will mean to my little son twenty years from now, when he is grown and has a Sammy of his own. Our first peaceful Christmas since 1940! It's hard to believe. And I wonder, somehow, how peaceful it really is for most of us.

Of course, everybody is happy that the war is over. But so many of us are still waiting for the war to be *really* over, and for our loved ones to be back with us to share this peace. And others of us must look into the future without hope because someone we loved will never come back.

Harry told me the other day about a Beechwood woman whose conversation he overheard on the bus. "They're going to draft Johnny—can you imagine?" she said, "Even though the war's over." She went on to say that no man of twenty with his future before him should have to go through basic training and be shipped to Europe or Asia or the Philippines or Japan—now that the war's over. Harry says she was quite indignant but somehow or other she didn't seem to be very much concerned about the woman who sat across the way from her in the bus and listened without making any comment. Everybody in Beechwood knows that this small, sad-eyed woman's boy Stephen has been on Guam for over two years and can't possibly be brought home unless a new young soldier can be sent to replace him.

There are a lot of women like the one Harry overheard. Their attitude seems to be that the war is over, and there's no reason for any further sacrifice.

If all of us behave this way on our first peaceful Christmas in four years, we cannot count on many peaceful Christmases in the future. Now that the nervous strain and fear of war has passed, it seems to me we ought to be able to face the real dangers of the peace without returning to the blindness that kept us unprepared and led us into this war in the first place.

The year of 1945 was probably the most momentous in the history of the world. Besides the decisive defeat of Germany and Japan we were awakened to the deadly danger of the split atom. Any woman who thinks about the happiness of her home must remember that in hastening the end of the war with this terrifying invention we have forever parted company with every delusion of isolation. When the atom was split the world was united. If we don't realize the truth of that, "peace on

Sacrifice, discipline, the truth that the world is one family—these things, learned in war, we must not forget in peace

By **JOAN DAVIS**  
of *When A Girl Marries*

earth, good will toward men" will become a mockery.

Good will toward men. . . . Does that phrase mean that on this Christmas we can dare to look upon our enemies with anything less than the hatred and anger they have earned by their brutality and hopeless egotism? It isn't easy so soon to think about our enemies in terms of "good will toward men," but once our stern justice has been established irrevocably in their hearts and minds we can again begin to remember that in the eyes of the Man whose birthday we celebrate they too are creatures who have erred, and that to forgive them is divine.

It's too early to forgive now. It's too early, with the pain of grief in the hearts of so many of us, to do more than remember that our enemies must still be policed. We all think that it should be done by the other fellow—just like the woman Harry overheard. But let's not, on this Christmas, forget that when the war was on the spirit of sacrifice was much easier to kindle than it is now when everybody wants to get back to peaceful pursuits.

On this Christmas let's remember that there is no more painful question to the man in uniform than the one I've heard so often here in Beechwood: "When is Jack coming back from overseas? Shouldn't he be back any day now—after all, the war's over, isn't it?" Our Army experts tell us that even years from now we will still need half a million men in our foreign

installations. Today, with the difficult job of occupying enemy land still before us, many men must sacrifice their convenience and comfort to you and to me. As we sit around our Christmas trees with thoughts of peace replacing thoughts of war, let's not forget those men, or how much pain we cause their families when we make thoughtless comments about their absence.

The old Pilgrim fathers made a law which prescribed arrest and punishment for anybody who celebrated Christmas. That's because they considered exhibitions of gaiety and happiness sinful. I hope that all of us here in Beechwood will decorate and light our Christmas trees, fill the cotton-covered floor with gaily-packaged presents for all the children and grown-ups, drink glög and toddies to our future and in no way imitate the strait laced Puritans of yesteryear. But I hope too that the shadow of the momentous years that have just passed will hang over us as a warning so that the abandon and foolishness of the same Christmas in 1918 will never return.

Those were the days when we carelessly turned our backs to the past and sought profit in isolation. That must never happen again if we are to hope for a long, long chain of peaceful Christmases.

In the last war we could think about oceans. Now there are no more oceans. If we cannot live in good will with our friends and even with our enemies, if we (Continued on page 71)



*JOAN and HARRY DAVIS, (When a Girl Marries, NBC, daily at 5:00 P.M. EST) are the kind of youthful Americans whose job it will be to watch carefully over the traditions of the past, so that they may hand them on, preserved and enriched, to their children. Christmastime is one of those traditions, and this year little Sammy Davis will have all the old-fashioned excitement—the mysteriously bumpy stocking, the breath-taking tree, false snow powdering its branches as white as real snow outside that makes a path for a holiday sleighride. And the silvery tinkle of sleighbells will mingle in Sammy's young memory with the turkey, the cranberries, the laughter, the fascinating, colorful makings of Christmas, the best-beloved of holidays.*

*There was a force in Andrea so powerful, so strong, that even when*

*she wasn't near it changed and shaped the lives of the two she so deeply loved*

ANDREA DENNING was the last person I'd ever expect to need help. She was so strong, so gay, so full of the joy of living that to be with her made you feel stronger and happier and more confident. And yet, here was her letter, saying that she was ill, asking me to come to take care of her and her house.

The letter reached me in July, when I was on vacation from teaching school in Sleighton. I was at my parents' farm at the time, spending the summer there simply because I couldn't afford to go anywhere else. "I won't pretend that coming here will be a holiday for you," Andrea had written. "The house is so big, and Mike is running himself ragged trying to do his work and to take care of me, too. Asid  from the fact that I need help badly and there just isn't any to be found here, I don't want to bring a stranger into the house at this time, and I want very much to see you."

Half suspecting a trick, I packed my bags and took the next train for Corinth, where Mike and Andrea lived. It would be one of the generous, thoughtful tricks Andrea had often played when we'd been in school together. We'd roomed together for four years, ever since I came in from the farm and Andrea came up from Corinth to go to Sleighton Normal School. And I don't recall Andrea's having even a cold in all that time. She was a big, breezy girl, with dark red-brown hair and a lovely golden skin. She finished school with honors, but I don't remember her sitting still and studying very much. It was easier to remember her in cap and mittens, coaxing me to go skating, or packing beach bags, both hers and mine, promising to help me with my homework if I would go swimming with the crowd. It was easier to remember her bounding into a room, saying breathlessly, "Look, Eileen, we've got to do something about that Flynn girl. She's going to flunk psychology unless someone coaches her. Now suppose I take her one evening, and you take her the next—"

And when we were through school, Andrea hadn't settled down to teaching, as I had. She'd gone back to Corinth and had married Michael Denning, a big, brown young man who looked amazingly like her. I'd never seen Michael, but Andrea had sent snapshots, and her infrequent letters were full of him, of their friends and the places they went. It's true that I'd heard from her

only a few times in the last two or three years, but then she had always been too busy to write very much. It was hard to believe now that she was really ill, hard to imagine her being quiet and still, taking orders from a doctor. It was much easier to picture her saying to her husband, "Look, Mike, we've got to do something about Eileen Judd. It's five years now since we got out of school, and every year she's not only refused to come to see us but I'll bet she's spent every vacation between Sleighton and the farm. One year the barn needs repairing and another year her brother's teeth need straightening, and of course everyone always looks to Eileen to pay the bills. Now suppose we send her the fare and tell her I'm ill, and then she just can't refuse."

And then, when I got off the train in Corinth on that hot summer afternoon, I didn't recognize Andrea. I recognized Mike, from the snapshots and because he was exactly as Andrea had described him—very tall, very broad, with his hat clapped carelessly on the back of his head and his tie a little askew. With him was a tall slim sallow woman whose eyes were too big for her thin face. Then the woman waved, and ran up to fling her arms around me, and I saw that it was Andrea. "Andrea!" I cried. "You look—" I stopped, too late. I'd been going to say that she looked wonderful, because that was what one automatically

thought of saying to her—but not now.

She kissed me and moved back a little, and grinned—and with the grin, she was really Andrea. "I look terrible," she said cheerfully. "You caught me on one of my bad days. Eileen, dear, this is Mike."

Mike's big hand closed over mine; there was relief in Mike's smile. For a second I saw myself mirrored in the pupils of his eyes, saw how I looked to him—dark and small compared to Andrea, but sturdy and competent. "So this is Eileen," he said. "You took a long time to come to see us."

Andrea answered for me. "It's her family, I've told you, Mike. There are dozens of them, and they're all crazy about her, and they all take advantage of her—"

I laughed, and protested that she was making me sound like a martyr, but I was glad of the opening to talk about my family, about my teen-age brother, Buddy, and my sister Meredith's babies. I made the story of Dad's trying to enlist in the Marine Corps when he was 'way over age last throughout the drive to the house. Inwardly, I was still shocked at the change in Andrea. She was really ill, not only in her body, but in her soul, too. There was a disturbing stillness about her and a shadow in her eyes, a shadow that deepened whenever she looked at Mike. And Mike—Mike's face, in repose, when he forgot himself, was enough to break your heart. There

Legacy



—  
Thanks for a  
wonderful party.  
Please let  
everyone stay as  
long as he wants  
to and have fun!  
Andrea

was a set, patient look about it, as if he had already suffered too much and was only waiting for another blow to fall.

Their house was a big old-fashioned one on an old-fashioned street, set in the middle of a wide lawn under tall old elms. It had belonged to Mike's parents and it was kept very much as it had been when Mike was a little boy . . . even the swings and the playhouse behind the garden in the back yard were painted and kept in repair, although Andrea and Mike had no children. Inside, Andrea had brightened the high-ceilinged rooms with gay chintzes, had filled the empty fireplace with summer flowers. The kitchen had been modernized with a porcelain sink and a gas range, and there was a large refrigerator, crammed to overflowing now with the cold dinner Andrea had prepared. "It's the last bit of work I'm going to do for some time," she remarked as we put the frosty dishes on trays. "Now that you're here, I'm going to sit back and let you do everything."

"THAT'S what I came for," I told her. "How long have you been sick?"

She answered carelessly. "Oh, I've been feeling low for three or four years, off and on. But it hasn't been really bad until lately."

Three or four years! And she had never written a line to indicate that anything was wrong. . . .

"That's why I sent for you," she went on. "The doctors told me that I ought to rest this summer. I'm going to the hospital in the fall."

"For an operation?" She didn't answer immediately, and it occurred to me that a person faced with an operation might not want to talk about it. "You'll be all right after that?"

Still she didn't answer. She was bending over the table, arranging a sprig of parsley in a salad bowl, and her face had an absent, dreamy look. Then she straightened abruptly, as if she had just now heard me. "Oh, yes. I'll be perfectly all right after that."

I went weak with relief. I had been terribly afraid for her, but now no one could have doubted the ring of truth in her assurance.

We were quite gay at dinner. As we talked about old times, about school, a faint pink came into Andrea's thin cheeks, and whenever she laughed, a smile lighted the somber depths of Mike's eyes. When we were ready for dessert, there was a laughing squabble over who should remove the plates. "You sit still," Mike ordered me. "I'll do it. You're company."

Andrea's eyes brightened, and she laughed happily. "Company," she said.

"Oh, Mike, isn't it wonderful to have company again—" And then she put her napkin to her face and began to cry.

Mike was beside her in an instant, gently urging her to her feet. Still crying, docilely as a child, Andrea let herself be led out of the room and upstairs. I followed them to the foot of the stairs, wondering whether or not to follow. In a minute or two Mike came down to the landing, leaned over the bannister. "Eileen," he said, "would you mind making a cup of hot tea? You'll find the tea and the pot in the cupboard nearest the stove—"

I made tea, fixed a tray with cream and sugar from the table. Mike met me in the upper hall, took the tray from me. "Come on in. Andrea's all right now. She wants to talk to you."

Andrea was resting on a chaise longue, bolstered with pillows. She smiled faintly when she saw me, stuck out her lower lip in imitation of a tearful child. Mike left us alone, and she drank her tea gratefully. "Thanks, Eileen," she said when the cup was empty. "I'm sorry I went to pieces, but that's what's bothered me most about being sick. I mean—Mike and I are alone here night after night, and we both love company, but I'm just not strong enough to have people in. It was a miracle, having another person at the table tonight, laughing and talking and having fun—"

I blinked, steadied my voice. Perhaps my own nerves were a little overwrought; perhaps I was tired from the trip; still, it was touching to be told I'd produced a miracle. "But it won't be for long," I said. "When you're rested and well again—"

She moved her head impatiently on the pillow. "Oh, yes, I know—" And then her voice faded, and the dreamy withdrawn look came over her face. "I wish," she said presently, wistfully, "that we could have a party while you're here. A really big party, like those we used to have when we were first married. Perhaps in September, because the weather is always beautiful then, and the garden will still be nice. We'd invite everybody. I want you to get to know everybody, Eileen. We have such wonderful friends. . . ."

After that, I felt easier about Andrea, felt less disturbed when I thought of the contrast between her as she was now and the girl she had been. Her breakdown at the table had been pure nerves, and I began to believe that much of her illness was nervous rather than physical. It would be a natural enough reaction for anyone as active as she had been to resent sickness, to fight against it and to feel hampered and inadequate because of it, until she hurt her own chances of getting well. I felt easier about my own job, too. Now that it seemed only a matter of keeping Andrea rested and cared for and contented, I enjoyed every minute of the long, busy day. The first thing in the morning, there was Mike to be got off to work—Mike, who lingered appreciatively over bacon and eggs and hot cereal, after months of snatching a bite in a downtown drugstore. Then there was the housework, and I liked that,

too, because never had I had such a house to care for. At home, on the farm, there had been so many of us, so many muddy boots going in and out, that the furniture never stayed polished, the floors never stayed clean long enough for you to admire the effect of your own effort. And the apartment I lived in during the school year—well, that was just an apartment, a little box of a place that had never seemed like home.

This house was different. It seemed to have a spirit of its own sometimes; it responded to attention. Its dark old

furniture gleamed after a polishing; the rugs lay sleekly along the floors and cushions fitted snugly into chairs as if to say, "We are well cared for. We will repay you by making you as comfortable as we can." And, quiet as the rooms were in the morning after Mike had gone to work and Andrea still slept, they never seemed stiff and un-lived-in. They had been lived in for too many years for that. I could almost fancy that they were only resting for a while, like Andrea. When she was well again, the house would be as it should

be—with friends coming and going, with children—dark, tousle-headed children who looked like Mike—playing in the devious, old-fashioned halls, in the playhouse at the back of the garden.

In mid-morning I took Andrea's breakfast up to her, and we planned the marketing together, discussed what was to be sent to the cleaner's, to the laundry. Then I shopped, and came back to have a late lunch with Andrea, and in the afternoons we read or rested or went on short walks when the weather wasn't too warm. Mostly, we

talked, and the talk was nearly always about school. I got our class year book out of the attic, and we spent hours poring over it, discovering treasures in the form of dance invitations and flattened favors and faded corsages pressed within its pages. Andrea never tired of looking at it, asking about this classmate and that, reminiscing. Often she settled down for her before-dinner nap still laughing over some long-forgotten incident, and I would go downstairs thinking that surely, when she could laugh like that, she was already on her way to getting well.

Then would come one of the best hours of the whole day, when dinner was on the stove, and the rich smells from the bubbling pots mingled with the cool evening breeze and the fragrance of the garden outside. Mike would come in, then, quietly, so as not to disturb Andrea. He'd stop to toss his hat into the closet in the hall, and then he'd come out to the kitchen to ask how Andrea was feeling. "Just fine," I'd say, and then I'd tell him all about our day, and he would listen and prompt me and prowl about the kitchen, pausing to spread a cracker with cheese, to dip an experimental spoon into the soup kettle, until I made a great show of starting after him and scolding him for spoiling his dinner. Then he'd grin and duck and take his paper into the living-room, and I'd turn back to my cooking, satisfied. It was worth a little pretense to see Mike smile.

You see, as the weeks passed, it was Mike I worried about, more than I worried about Andrea. I was sure that Andrea was getting better. She still had her "bad days"—days when she was white and crippled with pain, but they, I assumed, would continue until she was operated upon. But my own eyes told me that her color had improved and her cheeks had filled out a little, and—more important than anything else—the shadow came less often to her eyes.

But Mike lost weight, in spite of all my efforts at the stove. And daily his face grew more set in its despairing lines, as if he carried the burden of a hopelessness Andrea herself didn't feel. He hung close to Andrea, too, always seeking to meet her eyes, reaching out to touch her—almost like a little boy who was afraid that his mother might go away and leave him.

In the evenings when the dinner dishes were done, the three of us would sit in the livingroom for a while, and then Mike would follow Andrea up to her room while I settled back with some mending or a book. In a little while the murmur of voices from Andrea's room would stop, and her door would close, and I'd hear Mike's footsteps going to his room at the front of the house. For what, I wondered? He was up late every night, because there was always a light under his door when I went upstairs. Always a light, and never a sound from the room. Was he reading, or just sitting there, staring ahead at something I couldn't see? I worried about it, and I wondered, too, at the biting pain in my own heart whenever I thought of the lonely, unhappy man. (Continued on page 52)



*As we passed each other I felt his cheek brush mine, and then I was in his arms, his lips on mine.*

Legacy was adapted from the story "My Name Is Mary Smith," written by Eugenia Klein for CBS's Stars Over Hollywood, Saturdays, 12:30 P.M., EST.

# "One moment alone"

*Right from the start the Haymes romance has been a triangle: Dick, Joanne and the long distance operator*

**By JOANNE MARSHALL HAYMES**

*Helen Joanna hasn't traveled as much as her Dad, Mother, or big brother Skipper. But that suits her—she loves Hollywood!*

**W**HEN Dick Haymes tried to bounce up from New York City to Saratoga to see me when we were courting and had nothing but trouble on the trip—he took a plane, and was grounded, hired a car and ran out of gas, hitched ninety miles the rest of the way and got into Saratoga just in time to catch his train back to New York—he told me to think nothing of it.

"That's the way things happen with me," he said, "I'm the original hard luck kid."

I didn't believe a word of it, but I should have. That was a mild sample of the Haymes bad luck.

When we were married, we were broke.

When our first baby came, we were broke and homeless.

And when we found out a second baby was on the way, we were broke, and homeless, and Dick was sick and out of a job.

We stayed in love through it all—grew more in love, really. True love, for us Haymeses, fairly bloomed under adversity. And may I add, with fingers crossed, that I hope that doesn't mean that love will fly out the window with success—for things are looking up right now. What with Dick starring on his own show on the air, playing leads opposite Betty Grable in Fox pictures. And what—I pinch myself when I think of it—with *my* new contract with Howard Hawkes. The man who picked Lauren Bacall for stardom has picked me as a "find" . . . he says things look good for a career for me on the screen. Things are looking up indeed.

When I met Dick both of us were champing at the bit—waiting for the big break, the first one which is always so hard to get. Dick was soloist with





*With Dick Haymes starring in his own CBS show, and Joanne all set for a movie career, the Haymeses will have to revise their theory about love blooming in adversity.*

Harry James' band, and dying to try to make good on his own as a singer. I was dancing with the Samba Sirens at Copacabana, and dying to make good on my own too.

We met the night before the Sirens opened with Benny Goodman's band at the New York Paramount theater. Our whole troupe invaded the Lincoln Hotel where Harry James and his band were playing, and the whole band dropped by our table to smooch. It was a big night.

Dick and I shined up to one another right away, but we didn't have much chance to follow up on our meeting. Dick made records with the band in the mornings, broadcast in the afternoons, and sang at the hotel at night. And I was doing four shows a day myself. We did have dinner once or twice, but we were never alone.

Then the Sirens left New York for a road tour, and Dick and I tried to stay in touch by long distance.

Our show went to Boston, to the Ritz Carlton. Dick couldn't get up, but he sent his pal, Marty Clark, to ply his suit with me. Marty convinced me that

Dick was lonesome for me, so I flew into New York one Saturday night, and hurried back on Sunday. And—believe me, I was as surprised as anybody—when I got back I was engaged.

Dick and I finally had spent a moment alone.

I left Boston and went to Piping Rock—more romance by long distance phone. I had my engagement ring—otherwise I would have thought the whole thing was a dream. Not even Marty could get to Piping Rock to reassure me.

Saratoga was the next stop, for me. Dick was still in New York, and I told in the first paragraph what happened when he tried to get up to see me. When I got back to New York, Dick was in Maine with the band. We had been engaged for a whole summer, and spent less than twenty-four hours together. It was just a hint of what was to come.

September came and we were both in New York. Dick thought we'd never get a better chance to get married. I protested that we didn't have any money. It didn't matter, Dick said—we

could get it. So we made our plans—elaborate plans they were, too, for a couple of stony broke kids.

We were married on the morning of September twenty-first at the Eighty-sixth street Episcopal Church, with five hundred of our friends on hand to wish us well.

Mother had made my white satin wedding gown and long veil, and all of the gowns worn by my attendants. Helen Dillard's—she was my maid of honor—was blue velvet, and Shannon Dean and Alice Walsh, the bridesmaids, wore similar princess style gowns of gold and rose.

Dick was in full formal dress, split-tail morning coat and all—thanks to a rental agency, and a \$100 loan for the emergency from his boss—and best man—Harry James. His luck running true to form, Dick limped up to the altar to meet me. He had been struck by a passing automobile just as he started across the street to enter the church.

We were all very gay—borrowed money and Dick's skinned knee forgotten.

The wedding (Continued on page 65)



Frank Morgan's befuddled fun swings in  
behind this theme by John Scott  
Trotter, musical director of  
Kraft Music Hall, and Carroll  
Carroll, Thursdays at 9:00 P.M. EST, NBC

# HAIL! K. M. H.

HAIL, K. M. H. Hail rain or snow On - ward to

vic - to - ry For - ward we will go! — Tramp - ing on our ad - ver - sa - ry

like a daunt - less drom - e - da - ry tramp - les on his foe for -

ev - er! HAIL! K. M. H. Our mot - to fly!

Be brave and love each oth - er, Wear the old white tie, Like an eag - le

loose a - loft — Wave the pom - gran - ate and puce a - loft, — Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah! With a hey non - nie non - nie and a hah - cha - cha HAIL! K. M.

H. N. B. C.





*Off the ration list at last, cheese couldn't be more welcome. Protein-rich, it's a meat substitute. Or use it for itself as a meal's beginning, end, or tangy, delicious main feature.*

**G**OOD NEWS for gourmets was the recent removal of cheese from the ration list. There is almost no limit for the uses of this food favorite; a complete protein, as meats are, it provides the same nutritive values, and a variety of types and flavors ensures zest for even the simplest meals, for every course—from soup right through dessert.

#### Crispy Baked Eggs and Cheese

- 1 tablespoon melted butter or bacon fat
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup grated American cheese
- 2 cups corn flakes
- 6 eggs
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt
- Dash of pepper

Pour butter over corn flakes, add cheese and toss lightly to mix. Arrange corn flakes to form a nest in six sections of greased muffin pan; or use custard cups. Break eggs carefully, slipping one into each nest. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Bake in slow oven (325° F.) until eggs are firm, about 20 minutes. To serve, loosen with knife or spatula and lift out gently. Or bake in greased shallow baking dish. Place corn flakes in bottom of pan and arrange to form 6 nests. Break an egg into each. Serve with bacon or ham. For variety, place 1 tablespoon tomato ketchup or 2 tablespoons condensed tomato soup in each nest before adding eggs.

#### Lemon Cheese Pie

- 1 package vanilla prepared pudding
- $1\frac{3}{4}$  cups milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1 baked 9-inch pie shell

Place pudding powder in saucepan. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly.

*For every course—*

Place over medium flame and cook until mixture comes to a boil and is thickened, stirring constantly. Add lemon juice, lemon rind, and cheese. Cool. Turn into pie shell.

As a pepper-up for left-overs, cheese is almost indispensable, for delicious casseroles may be made from small amounts of left-over cooked meat and vegetables, rice, macaroni, and noodles. Here are a few appetizing combinations:

**Beef casseroles:** Use beef with white onions, peas, carrots, and gravy. Or beef with celery, rice, and tomato sauce.

**Veal casseroles:** Use veal with lima beans, corn, and tomato sauce in nest of well-seasoned spaghetti. Or veal with chives, sauteed mushrooms, carrots, potato balls or cubes, and gravy.

**Pork casseroles:** Use layers of pork, sweet potatoes and raw apple rings with a little cider or water (no sauce needed). Or pork with rice, thick raw onion rings, peas and tomatoes.

**Ham casseroles:** Use ham with cauliflower or cabbage. Or ham with string

beans, noodles and mushroom sauce. Or ham with corn and green peas.

**Lamb casseroles:** Use lamb with green beans, rice, a few raisins, and curry sauce. Or lamb with cubed turnips, peas, carrots, and gravy; make a border of overlapping slices of potato around edge of casserole and fill center with cheese topping.

Cut ingredients into cubes, strips, or slices. To bring out best flavor of meat, saute with small amount of minced onion in fat. Combine ingredients with well-seasoned gravy or sauce, using  $\frac{1}{2}$  as much sauce as total other ingredients. Bits of sauteed mushroom, green pepper, celery, tomato, or special seasonings may be added for extra flavor. Sprinkle with cheese topping. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes.

#### Cheese Topping

- 1 cup corn flakes or 40% bran flakes, whole or crushed
- 1 teaspoon melted butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup grated American cheese

Heat flakes in saucepan. Pour butter over hot flakes and toss lightly to distribute butter evenly. Put into bowl add grated cheese and mix lightly. Sprinkle as topping over small dish served in small casserole. For large casserole, double recipe.



**By**  
**KATE SMITH**

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







# SATURDAY

Eastern Standard Time

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Time	Channel	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 Arlen	
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC	Home Is What You Make It	
		8:15	9:15	CBS	The Garden Gate
		9:30	CBS	Country Journal	
		9:30	NBC	On the Sunny Side	
		9:45	NBC	Doc, Duke and the Colonel	
		9:45	CBS	David Shoop Orchestra	
		10:00	ABC	Galen Drake	
		10:00	CBS	Give and Take	
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC	Teentimers Show	
		10:15	MBS	Rainbow House	
		10:15	ABC	Club Time	
11:00	9:30	10:30	CBS	Mary Lee Taylor	
		10:30	NBC	Adventures of Archib Andrews	
		10:30	ABC	Bob Johnston, Vera Massey	
		11:00	ABC	Harry Kogen's Orchestra	
		11:00	NBC	First Piano Quartet	
8:05	11:05	CBS	Let's Pretend		
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC	Vagabonds	
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC	Smilin' Ed McConnell	
		11:30	MBS	Hookey Hall	
		11:45	ABC	Note From a Diary	
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS	Theater of Today	
9:00	11:00	12:00	ABC	Piano Playhouse	
		11:00	NBC	News	
		12:00	MBS	House of Mystery	
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	
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC	National Farm & Home Hour	
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS	Grand Central Station	
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC	Saturday Senior Swing	
		1:00	MBS	Luncheon with Lopez	
		1:00	NBC	Farm & Home Hour	
		12:30	CBS	Youth on Parade	
		1:30	MBS	Symphonies for Youth	
		1:30	ABC	Round-up Time	
		1:30	NBC	The Veteran's Aid	
10:30	12:30	1:45	CBS	Football—Ted Husing	
11:15	1:00	2:00	ABC	Metropolitan Opera	
11:15	1:00	2:00	NBC	Your Host Is Buffalo	
		2:30	CBS	Carolina Hayride	
		3:00	MBS	This Is Halloran	
		4:30	MBS	Music for Half an Hour	
		4:30	NBC	World of Melody	
		5:00	ABC	Duke Ellington	
		5:00	CBS	Philadelphia Orchestra	
		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	CBS	Quincy Howe	
5:15	5:15	6:15	CBS	People's Platform	
5:15	5:15	6:15	ABC	Harry Wismer, Sports	
5:30	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	
		6:45	NBC	Religion in the News	
5:55	5:55	6:55	CBS	Bob Trout	
		7:00	CBS	Helen Hayes	
		7:00	NBC	Our Foreign Policy	
		7:00	MBS	Music for Remembrance	
		7:00	ABC	Jobs After Victory	
		7:15	ABC	David Wills	
4:30	6:30	7:30	ABC	Dick Tracy	
		7:30	MBS	Arthur Hale	
		7:30	NBC	Noah Webster Says	
		7:30	CBS	The First Nighter	
		8:00	CBS	The Dick Haymes Show	
		8:00	MBS	Frank Singiser	
		8:00	ABC	Woody Herman	
		8:00	NBC	Life of Riley	
8:30	7:30	8:30	ABC	Man From G 2	
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS	Mayor of the Town	
		8:30	MBS	Cosmo Tune Time	
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC	Truth or Consequences	
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS	Ned Calmer	
		9:00	MBS	Leave It to the Girls	
		9:00	CBS	Your Hit Parade	
5:00	8:00	9:00	NBC	National Barn Dance	
		9:00	ABC	Gang Busters	
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC	Can You Top This	
		9:30	MBS	The Whisper Men	
		9:30	ABC	Boston Symphony	
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS	Saturday Night Serenade	
		10:00	MBS	Theater of the Air	
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC	Judy Canova	
		7:15	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	

# Legacy

(Continued from page 43)

And then one night, I knew why Mike troubled me so. On an evening late in August he came back downstairs instead of going to his room after his good night talk with Andrea. He sat down in the chair opposite me, saying abruptly, "Andrea's worried, Eileen. It's almost September and she's afraid—she's wondering if you're thinking of going back to school for the fall term."

The sock I was mending dropped into my lap; I straightened, aghast. "Oh, no!" I cried. "I don't want to go back—" And then my voice died in my throat, leaving the vehement words to echo in the room, and I sat sick and horrified at what I knew now about myself. I needed my job; it was natural that I should be thinking about getting back to it. But I hadn't, not once, and I'd scarcely glanced at the letters in which my family asked when I was coming home. And it wasn't only because I felt that Andrea needed me. It was because I didn't want to leave Mike. That was what lay behind all the concern and the tenderness he woke in me, and behind the warm, contented feeling when he came home from work at night, behind my love for the house itself, and—yes—behind the dream-children I'd peopled it with.

I BENT my head, afraid that I'd let him see what I'd just seen; I forced my hands to be steady as I picked up the sock and the needle. But Mike's eyes were resting reflectively on the sock where it bulged out over the darning ball, and when his glance flickered past mine, it was impersonal, almost blank. "That's good," he said. "Of course we'll make it up to you—make some arrangement. . . ." I shook my head mutely, not trusting myself to speak, wishing only that he would go away and let me be alone.

In a moment or two he did go; as soon as I heard his door close I fell back in the chair, covered my face with my trembling hands, trying to think, and being able to think nothing except that Mike must never know, and Andrea must never know, that I must find ways to avoid him, to avoid being with him. . . .

Ironically, in the next few days I saw more of Mike than ever before. I had to, because it was the week of Andrea's long-wished-for party, and I couldn't make all the arrangements and do all the work alone. Twice he came home early from the office to help with the heavy cleaning and to move furniture and to take me shopping for supplies. And in the end, although I was outwardly only friendly, I gave myself over completely, inside, to the exquisitely sweet, exquisitely painful happiness that swelled within me whenever he was near; I took the extra time with him gratefully, accepted the delight of planning and doing things with him, welcomed every moment of his easy, friendly companionship. It would be only for a little while, I told myself—why not enjoy it while I had it?

It ended on the one night of the party. The party was all Andrea wanted it to be, with the rugs rolled back for dancing, and the phonograph going continuously, and a steady stream of guests pouring into the house until they overflowed onto the porch and

the starlit garden. Andrea herself was radiant. Her eyes glowed; against her red-brown hair and her russet dress her skin was like candleflame. She was almost like the Andrea of the old days, except that the bright breeziness was gone; this new radiance had a more fragile quality. And, like the school-girl Andrea, she was bent upon seeing that everyone had a good time.

Several times, after everyone had arrived and I'd been introduced all around, I tried to slip out to the kitchen to see how the two women we'd hired to help out for the evening were getting along. Each time Andrea found me and dragged me out, laughing and scolding. "It's your party, Eileen. I want you to know everyone—" Toward the end of the evening she disappeared; I went to look for her and found her in her room. The russet dress was draped over a chair, and Andrea was in bed, sound asleep with her cheek pillowed on her hand and a little smile of contentment curving her lips. A note was pinned to the night lamp. "Thanks for a lovely party. Please let everyone stay as long as he wants to and have fun."

I unpinned the note, carried it downstairs with me. Some twenty minutes later Mike sought me out, asking anxiously, "Where's Andrea?"

"Sound asleep," I said, and I showed him the note, expecting him to smile over it as I had, because Andrea had had such a very good time and because she had been sensible enough not to overdo.

Instead, his face darkened. "Why didn't you tell me?" he demanded. "It's late enough for people to be going—"

I shrank back, too hurt and surprised to answer. He sounded as if he were blaming me—for doing exactly as Andrea wished.

That was one incident. A little later there was another, more revealing. I don't know whether or not Mike got the people to leave, but they began to go shortly after that. He was standing at the door, saying good night, and I was standing a few feet away, talking to some people, when a little blonde woman danced up to me. "Good night, Mrs. Denning," she said. "I've had a lovely time—"

IT was an understandable mistake. The little blonde woman had met neither Andrea nor Mike until this evening; she had come with some friends of theirs. But before I could explain, Mike's voice cut in sharply, "Mrs. Denning is upstairs. This is our house guest, Miss Judd." And curtly he bowed the woman out.

I went on talking to the people around me, but my face flamed and I was sick with hurt and anger. It was preposterous of Mike. . . why should he act as if I were trying to make the party too much mine, as if—yes, as if I were trying to take her place in even such a small thing as playing hostess after she had gone to bed? Even if, in my secret heart, I had wanted anything that was Andrea's, I hadn't let anyone know it. I was sure of that. I hadn't known myself until a few days ago how much he meant to me, and since then I'd been especially careful to be no more than friendly with him, had left every decision of any importance to Andrea. And, in my secret heart, I didn't want Andrea's

place, not in Mike's house nor in his life nor in his heart. I loved Andrea; she was closer to me than my own sisters, and it was as if there were two of Mike—the Mike who was her husband, and the Mike in my dreams, the Mike I loved. Perhaps, to be completely honest, it was because Andrea was ill and helpless and needed both of us that I felt no envy, no jealousy when they were together, when I saw their eyes meet and their hands touch in a way that shut the two of them away from all the world. It was like being in love with a movie star, someone I could see once in a while, whose voice I could hear, someone I could dream about—but who was utterly, forever, out of my reach.

The party marked a change in Mike's attitude toward me. I tried not to notice it, to act just as I always had, but I couldn't help knowing that he came home late each day from the office, so that Andrea was up and ready for dinner when he arrived and there was no need for him to stop in the kitchen and inquire how she was. At breakfast he hid behind the morning paper, and every evening the time the three of us spent together in the livingroom was shortened by a few minutes.

**I** TOLD myself that I was glad, and in a way I was honestly relieved that he seemed to have developed a dislike for me, to resent my presence in the house. Surely it would be easier to forget a man if you knew that he actively disliked you, if your every thought of him was turned back by the hard wall of his resentment toward you. Still, I had a hard time getting to sleep those autumn nights, and sometimes I would wake in the black dark before dawn, sick with dread of facing the day ahead of me . . . the weeks and the months and the years ahead of me.

And then one night I couldn't sleep at all. The weather had turned unseasonably warm for late September, and a full moon sent a clear white light streaming through my window. I turned for a while, and buried my face in the pillow, and at last I gave up and wrapped myself in some handy clothes, and crept quietly down the stairs and out of the house. I don't know what drew me across the garden to the playhouse, unless it was the instinct of a hurt animal, seeking a dark, close place in which to hide.

As soon as I'd opened the door of the little place I knew that I wasn't alone. Mike was there, his face buried in his hands, the band of moonlight from the small window just brushing the top of his dark, rough head. I stepped back, and he lifted his head, saying, "No—come in, Eileen," and he rose to give me the settee, the only piece of furniture there that was large enough for an adult. We had to stoop a little to avoid bumping our heads against the low ceiling, and as we passed each other I felt his cheek brush mine, and then I was in his arms, surrendering myself to his kisses. And it was my Mike who was kissing me, the Mike of my dreams, who loved me, who wanted me as I wanted him.

And then we were standing a little apart, but clinging to each other as if to brace each other against a force that threatened to be too much for us. "Eileen—I didn't want you to know—" It was a groan shaped into words.

Somehow, I found strength enough for both of us. I stepped back, out of

# Dream Honeymoon Comes True



**Home at last!** "Let's have that honeymoon, darling." The girls packed for me and tucked in my bottle of Jergens Lotion. "For soft hands," they said. The favorite way to sweet, soft hands. Hollywood Stars use Jergens, 7 to 1.

**Now more effective than ever**—thanks to wartime research. Jergens skin scientists now make Jergens Lotion even finer. "Hands feel softer," women said after testing this even more effective Jergens. "Protects my hands longer."



**Two people enchanted!** Loving women, remember—Jergens Lotion still contains those 2 ingredients so "special" for skin-softening, they're just what many doctors use. Now in the stores—this postwar Jergens Lotion—same bottle—still 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax). No oiliness; no sticky feeling.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

## JERGENS LOTION

Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research



It's new, thrilling . . . and so effective—

THE

# FLOATING FACIAL\*

for fresh make-up effects far lovelier than you may dream possible



#### MAKE THIS REVEALING TEST—

Remove one side of your make-up with your present "beauty" cream, the other with Albolene. Wet some cotton and wipe the Albolene-treated side. How clean the cotton stays! Then wipe it over the "beauty"-creamed side. See the telltale smudge from left-on dirt . . .

## \*ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY

on application—and a cream must liquefy to float off beauty-blurring impurities gently, effectively

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—and McKesson makes it

his grasp, and my own hands fell to my sides. My voice said calmly, evenly, "It's all right, Mike. It won't happen again, and Andrea will be well soon, and I'll be gone—"

His face was in shadow above the band of moonlight; I felt rather than saw the shock that went through him, felt it in the quality of his silence. It was a silence that grew, and pressed and pounded against my ears, and then somewhere in the midst of it Mike's voice was saying, "Don't you know? Didn't Andrea tell you? She isn't going to get well."

I felt as if I were falling from a great height through endless, empty space, through eternity . . . but then Mike was helping me across the threshold of the playhouse, and we were starting toward the garden with Mike's hand at my elbow, supporting me.

Mike was talking rapidly now, in a harsh, low voice. "That's why you and I will have to forget about tonight, Eileen. That's why I could cut my own heart out for the way it behaves when I'm with you, when I come home at night to find you where I want you—in my house, cooking my dinner . . . and in the evenings, curled up in a chair beside my fireplace. It's—it's cheating Andrea out of the little bit we have left of our marriage. Do you understand, Eileen?"

I didn't, really. I hardly heard him. *Andrea isn't going to get well.* He'd meant *Andrea is dying.* "It's impossible." I'd spoken aloud.

Mike understood. "I'd have said so, too, a few years back—that first year we were together. But, oh, Eileen, if you'd been with her as much as I have all the years since . . . We had so many doctors at first that Andrea got sick of them, refused to go to another one. And she didn't for a long, long time. That's why we didn't know about this thing, this cancer, until this spring, and then it was too late."

SO that was it, then. Andrea was dying of cancer, and this trip to the hospital wasn't for an operation after all; it was just a mercy-stop along the way for drugs to deaden the pain, to let her bear to live a little longer. I wondered now that I hadn't known before. So many things should have told me—Andrea's reluctance to bring a stranger into the house "at this time," her reticence in speaking about her illness, her constant harking back to the time when life had been as she liked it—sparkling and rich and full of movement. Everything about Mike was explained, too—the hopelessness and heartbreak in his face, his recent resentful attitude toward me.

And I understood what he meant when he said that we would have to forget tonight. We could plan no life together because if I claimed his love now when Andrea needed it most, her shadow would always be with us, reproaching us. And in our hearts there would always be the ugly feeling that we had cheated her.

We had reached the house; Mike was holding the porch door open for me. In the livingroom he drew me close for a moment, not kissing me, just holding me in a kind of pact of friendship and farewell. Then there was a sound, the merest whisper of a sound, but we both heard it. We started apart, looked up the stairs, and I could have sworn there'd been a figure on the landing, watching us. But the stairs and the landing were empty now, and there was no sound, no footsteps. We smiled

at each other in half-shamed relief. "It was nothing," Mike said. "Good-night, Eileen."

I went up to bed and to sleep, at peace for the first time in many weeks. It was as if, in refusing to accept the fact of our love, we had conquered it and ourselves; by rejecting it we had given each other strength to go on.

Andrea's voice woke me in the morning, calling my name. The whole of the night before came rushing over me, and I hurried down to her room, feeling at once sure of myself with the new sureness and terribly afraid. It was unusual for her to awaken so early, and if she had really been on the stairs last night, had seen us . . .

But Andrea was sitting up in bed, fairly beaming, looking like her old self again—looking as she had looked on the night of the party. "I feel wonderful this morning," she announced. "I'd like to come down and have breakfast with you and Mike. And then I think I'll go to the doctor. Poor man, he must be wondering what's become of me. Tell Mike, will you, Eileen? He'll have to take time off from work and drive me down."

I WENT to tap on Mike's door, my heart beating high with hope. Andrea looked so well, spoke so briskly . . . was it possible that he'd been wrong, or that I'd misunderstood him?

Mike hadn't been wrong, and I hadn't misunderstood. A few days after her visit to the doctor, Andrea went to the hospital. I packed for her that morning, and then when everything was ready we sat talking much as we talked every morning, about household affairs, about the drapes that were overdue at the cleaners, and which of Mike's shirts needed turning at the collar, and about where I might find an ice-cube tray to replace the leaking one in the refrigerator. And all the while I sat thinking numbly, "Can this be all? She can't go like this. There must be more to say."

It wasn't quite all. Andrea leaned forward suddenly, took my hand. "Eileen, will you promise me something?" I nodded mutely, and she went on, swiftly, as if she were pressed for time and had to get everything out. "Will you stay here, at the house, as long as Mike needs you? This thing—" and with a little gesture she indicated her wasted body—"is my fault. It began the first year we were married, when I was going to have a baby and I lost it because I went tobogganing when I should have been at home, taking care of myself. Mike didn't want me to go, but I insisted, and that's what started everything. He blamed himself in the first place for letting me go, and he's suffered more than I have for everything that followed. He loves active sports, loves getting out and seeing people, having people in, and he's been tied to the house all these years, taking care of me. I'm afraid he'll have a hard time readjusting himself. Promise that you'll stay and help, help him to get out and to meet people, to be Mike again."

I promised, tears overflowing in my heart, into my voice. But Andrea wasn't going to wait to see me cry. She pulled herself to her feet. "Call Mike," she said. "Tell him I'm all ready."

That wasn't the last time I saw Andrea, although I came close to wishing that it had been when I did see her again. Mike took a room in the hospital in order to be with her as much as possible, and I was alone in the

house for the next week or so. Then one night Mike called to say that he'd come out and pick me up if I wanted to visit Andrea. I said yes, but I think I knew even before I saw her that the visit would be only a gesture. There was very little of her in the thin white shell of a woman on the hospital bed, and what there was was smothered beneath layers of pain-killing drugs. She greeted me vaguely, as if I were a stranger, talked a little bit vaguely, politely. Only when I rose to go did she become herself for a second, and then she stirred a little, fixed her eyes upon me. "Remember," she said. "As long as he needs you—" Then her eyes closed sleepily, and I went out in the hall, where Mike was waiting.

Andrea died at six o'clock on a gray November morning. I heard the telephone ringing, and stumbled downstairs to answer. Mike's voice said, "Eileen—" and I said "Andrea—?" and then there was only silence, a confirming silence.

**T**HAT'S what I remember most about all that time, the silence, the stillness that weighted everything, that was almost a tangible thing in itself. Mike came back to the house, and there were arrangements to be made, and the funeral, and flowers, and notes that must be written, and friends coming to the house, but they were all surface things, and I dealt with them with the surface of my consciousness, while all the rest of me was imprisoned in the stillness, waiting, for life to begin again, to begin to keep my promise to Andrea, if Mike would let me.

Actually, I think that it was several days before he realized that I was there. He was like an automaton; habit alone kept him eating and going to work and returning to the house again in the evening. Each night, I went to my room as soon as the dishes were done. It seemed kinder to let Mike be alone. For all his obliviousness to outside things I felt that he was uneasy in my presence.

Then one night he stopped me as I started up the stairs. "Eileen," he said haltingly. "You've been—so good. It's time we made some plans—"

"Plans?" My heart stopped. I would have to fight now, to make him let me stay in the house, to begin to accomplish what Andrea had asked.

"Yes—what you're going to do. I want you to let me help if there's any place you want to go . . ."

"That depends on you. I thought you might want to go away for awhile . . . I could look after things here."

"Oh, no." He shook his head stubbornly, a little impatiently, as if I were being very stupid. "It depends upon you. Andrea said I was to look after you. She seemed bothered because she'd kept you away from your home and your work for so long, and she wanted me to be sure you got straightened out—"

And then it dawned upon me. I was being stupid. We both were. Andrea had known how we felt about each other, and she had been glad of it. Perhaps it had been a faint hope in the back of her mind when she'd written to ask me to come to Corinth. I whispered, "Oh, Mike—" and stopped, struggling for words. What I wanted to say was "Thank you, Andrea," but when the words came they were the words that had been dammed up inside me all these months. "Oh, Mike, I love you so!"

But I think Andrea understood.



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# Prelude to Happiness

(Continued from page 27)

considered vote of the troop to accompany them on hikes. "You take Indians," I heard one boy say to another, as I trudged with them. "They took their squaws on hikes."

Elinor had been home four months, and I was almost used to the sight of her wedding ring and the sound of her voice saying, "Hunt says—" when Paul asked me to marry him.

"I've always wanted you," he told me softly, there in the booth at the Camel Inn. "When you first started going with Hunt, I knew I hadn't a chance. That's why I never said anything. But Laura, we'd be happy." His eyes glowed. His fingers crept to mine across the cloth. "Give me a chance, dear."

Suddenly, warmly, I knew. This was for me. Paul, and the way his eyes cherished me. Paul, who had been so good, who thought of me first, who'd make me happy. We might not have ecstasy such as I had known on those summer nights with Hunt. There'd be no crazy, trembling lift of the heart, no mad-music eerie in my ears, with Paul. But there'd be the good, sweet things of life.

I lifted my eyes, and Paul's were waiting. "I'd be proud," I whispered. "Proud to be your wife!"

Yet now, here in my room, a tingle began. Elinor had left Hunt. That meant—that might mean—I got up and began to pace the floor—that might mean that some day, Hunt would . . .

Oh, no! Paul deserved better of me than this! But the insistent, yearning hunger that had never quite burned out, inside me, clamored and would not be still. After he got over this blow . . . Hunt might be my own again.

I couldn't sleep that night. If Elinor really meant the wild things she'd said—ly life in New York was rich for her, rewarding with excitement, electric with thrills, Hunt might turn to me again.

Only Paul and I were to be married in October. A few weeks . . .

It was barely day, the next morning, when Hunt Parker rang my doorbell. "I've been half crazy all night," he burst out, as I opened the door. "Elinor is gone! She took all her clothes—everything. And she left me this note—"

I looked at it, hardly seeing the words. "Sorry, but it has to be . . . We simply can't make a go of it . . . I'm unhappy, and if I am, you will be, too . . . I'm going to a perfectly safe place, so don't worry about me . . . If ever I change my mind, I'll let you know, but don't count too much on hearing from me . . ."

My fingers curled up in my palms. Hunt's narrowed, steel-colored eyes burned down at me.

"What did she tell you, Laura? Why did she do it?"

"Oh, Hunt—I don't know. I don't think she knows herself."

His head went down into his hands. "How could she, Laura—how could she? Oh, I know she wasn't too happy. We had our spats, and—" his voice trailed off.

"Let me make you some coffee." It was the only thing I could think of to say.

Blindly, he followed me into the kitchen. He did not seem to know what he was doing, or to taste the hot, strong coffee. "I knew she wasn't

happy," he repeated dully, "but to leave me like this. To leave me, without giving me a chance—"

I turned my face away, trying to tell myself Hunt was only stunned. When he thought it over calmly, he'd see Elinor was right. Empty, vain little Elinor who had expected the glittering fabric of romance instead of the sturdy reality of marriage.

After that first day—after the week that followed, when I kept expecting Hunt to tell me Elinor had written him, but he never did—Hunt grew to depend on me so that people noticed. In a town like ours, you can't keep much private. I said lightly to neighbors' questions, "Oh, Elinor needed a vacation." They didn't believe me. Not with Hunt looking gaunt and bereft, not with his own house dark while he sat with me in my house.

Paul was a problem, too. He felt sorry for Hunt. "Elinor was always immature," he said. "This is no way to settle anything." But he was not alarmed at my efforts to cheer Hunt up until three weeks had passed, and still Hunt was forever dropping in.

"Or if he's not here, you're running over there to see what he's doing," he said slowly. His eyes watched me, soberly. "He's not a child. You've done all you can."

I clenched my hands, after he'd gone. I had thought it over. I'd thought and thought, and all the thinking came to was that I loved Hunt, and nothing else mattered.

The next night, Hunt came early. The little leap of my heart, the spreading warmth, hit me again. "Have dinner with me downtown," he said, almost cheerfully.

"Oh, let's eat here," I urged. "I have steak and salad. Come along, Hunt. Set the table."

I remember leaning down to light the broiler, and how Hunt turned to me, the pink plates in his hand, a strange startled expression in his eyes

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as I glanced over my shoulder at him. "You know, this is how it never was with Elinor—" he murmured. "Domestic, calm and well, clear." He shifted the plates to his other hand. "She's your half-sister. She should have a little of the same—" His voice trailed.

We were sitting over our dessert when the bell rang. A guilty flare of fear spurted through me. Special delivery letter or wire from Elinor? It haunted me—she had said she'd write Hunt, yet she hadn't. Was she wiring me that she had decided to come back, that I must help her explain to Hunt? That was the measure of my insecurity, the half-acknowledged fear forever with me.

But Hunt was asking, "Paul?" "I guess so." Normality came back to me. Of course. It had to be Paul. I got up and went to the door. It was Paul.

"Come in," I said. "Hunt's here." He looked down at me. "I was sure he would be," he said evenly.

My face flamed. But I went back to the diningroom. Paul's footsteps heavy behind me.

The two men greeted each other. Then Hunt said, "Want to help us with the dishes?"

"I didn't eat, did I?" It was unlike Paul. But Hunt did not take offense. He grinned. "Can't blame you. Well, I'll do 'em myself, seeing as how I've deprived you of your girl's company."

"And not just tonight," Paul said. Oh, they mustn't fight, they mustn't!

A strange, puzzled expression came to Hunt's face. He stared at Paul. But he still said nothing. He took the plates into the kitchen, and Paul turned to me savagely. "It's not his fault! He doesn't mean to come between us! The guy's miserable, and you're her sister." He reached for me roughly, pulled me toward him. "Laura, do you know what you're doing?"

"Let me go!" His eyes were dangerous. "You do know what you're doing," he said hoarsely. "This has gone far enough. I'll make you stop!" His eyes searched mine. I wanted to tear my gaze away, but his compelled me. "Or are you still in love with him?" I felt the tremor that went through his hands and then he was saying, "That's it, isn't it? You love him yet. That's why you're doing this! You—why, Laura, you're trying to get him back, aren't you?"

Paul backed off. He gripped a chair. His face was gray. "You're doing a terrible thing, Laura. I can take a lot from you, because I love you. But this—I'm only human. And Hunt's only human." He pushed the chair away and straightened. "Think why you're doing it. Face it."

There was a footstep in the kitchen. Paul finished hoarsely, "You're playing with dynamite, Laura. You're loading a situation that could blow us all to bits. But you'll be hurt worst of all, Laura."

Hunt stood in the doorway, now. "Job's done," he said. He seemed unaware of any undercurrents. "I just remembered, I've got to phone to old man Bicket. He wants me to come back now that gas is free. Sales are looking up even on jaloppies." He added, "It'll give me something to do, anyway. Mind if I use your phone?"

Irrelevantly, I thought of how gay

Hunt used to be about his work, about everything. Always his broad back had been straight and eager for action, his voice laughing. Now as he went to the phone there was a bowed look to his shoulders. None of the old zest for life and competition bubbled in him. He was going back to work merely to have something to do . . .

**PAUL** said, suddenly, "Did you ever stop to think, Laura, if Hunt doesn't love Elinor—if there's actually a chance he still cares for you—he'd have left her, instead of her leaving him?"

That thrust went home. I whimpered fiercely, "Let me alone! Let me alone." Unwillingly, I added, "Hunt would never have left her. Never. And he does—"

I couldn't say that. "He does care for me. He does." My heart insisted on it, passionately. But I could not make the words push through my dry, closing throat.

Paul left while Hunt was still on the phone. And in the days that followed he did not phone me. I continued to see Hunt. All Evansville talked about it, and I didn't care.

After Hunt went back to manage the Bicket Auto Agency, I would drop in on my way home from the library. I asked him questions about his customers, about the cars he could get to sell. I tried to inject some gaiety, some of the old appetite for life, some of the pride in accomplishment, into Hunt. But he did not rise to enthusiasm. His work was merely something to make time go by.

There had been no letter from Elinor yet. I wondered frantically about that.

Then Hunt began drinking. I didn't know when he first started. I noticed

he ordered seconds and thirds when we were out together. And fourths. But the night I came to the Agency and a puzzled, almost frightened woman was edging toward the door as Hunt talked about a station wagon, I knew. My heart sank. Had I helped so little that Hunt was turning to that? I'd tried so hard! After the woman left, I asked him, trying to sound light and unafraid, "What are you celebrating?"

"What. Oh." He rubbed a hand over his hair. Funny, though his eyes glittered and the smell of alcohol was sharp, Hunt did not seem gay or exhilarated. "Celebrating not hearing from Elinor, I guess. Look here, Laura." He looked down at me pleadingly. "Don't you know where she's staying? Her address?"

From the depths of my stubborn hope, I brought up, "No, Hunt. I don't." And with that lie, I had sealed my course. Tonight, I'd tell Paul straight out I couldn't marry him. He wouldn't be surprised, and it would end his right to censure me. I'd get Hunt back. We'd be happy. He wouldn't drink any more. Elinor, in New York, was getting what she wanted. Why shouldn't I mold life to my own desire too?

Telling Paul wasn't easy. Though we had quarreled last time I'd seen him, though he hadn't phoned me, he did not help me by acting angry. He sat there, the same big, quiet man who had once helped me over a heavy hurdle, long ago, and he let me struggle on now. "It's not that I—I've changed about you, Paul," I said painfully. "It's just that I can't help how I still feel about Hunt. You know how I feel. You said you know." Desperately, I caught at straws. "You're not sur-

prised. You've been expecting—"

His eyes were unreadable. One thing I've always remembered. Paul did not beg. He sat there, taking it. In dignity, surrounded by a strength peculiarly his own.

"Oh, Paul, if I could force myself to feel for you what I feel for Hunt—" I cried at last. "But love can't be forced." "Love?" he said oddly. "Sure it's love, Laura?"

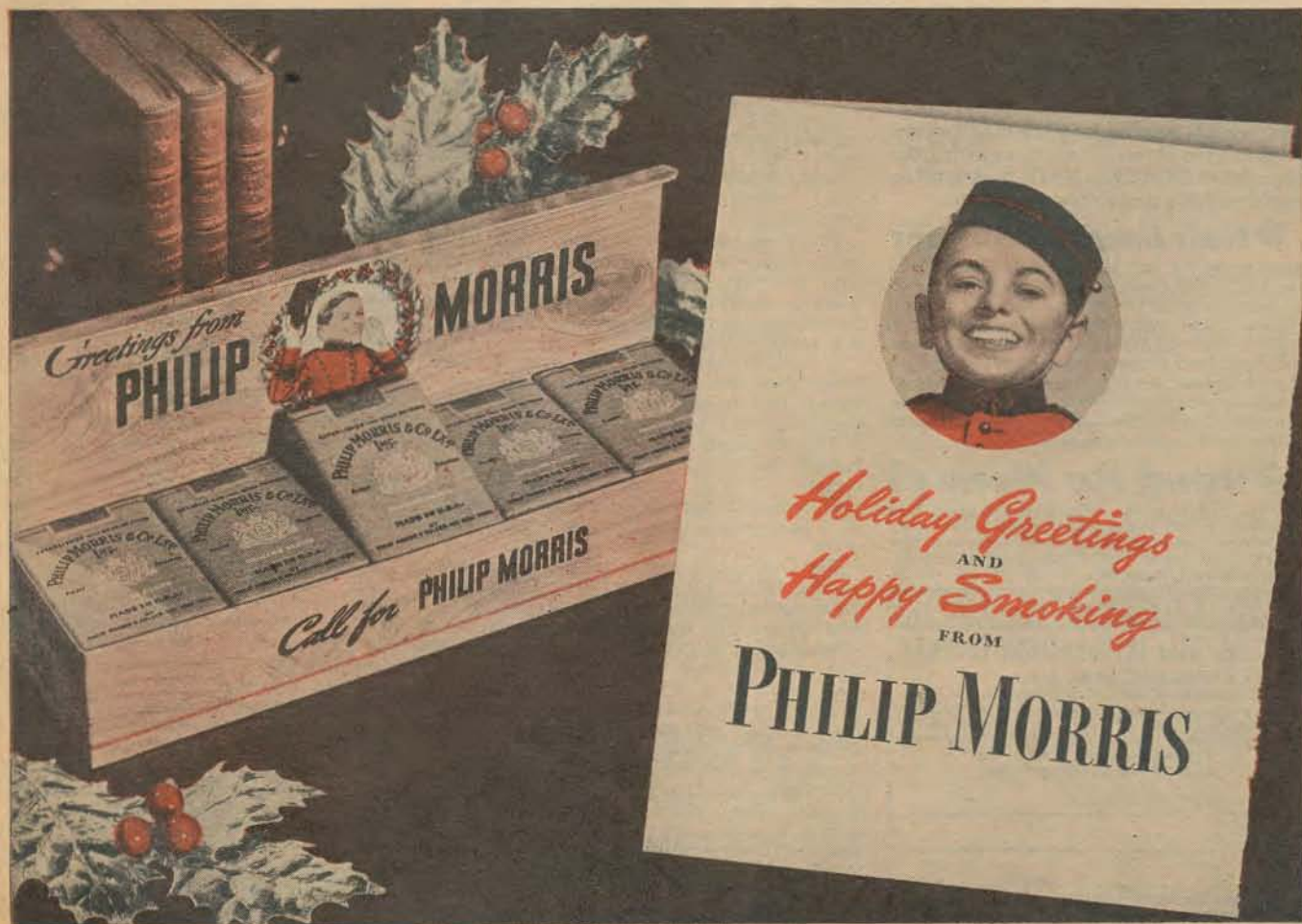
As though to make certain he heard, I repeated, "I love Hunt very much."

As Paul rose to go, a sudden memory came to me of the companionship we'd had. The deep understanding, the shared laughter. Being with Paul had nourished something inside me, almost like food, so strengthening and satisfying. Now I had only this drugged yearning, this love for Hunt. Only a frantic compulsion to get him back, get him back. Why, suddenly, must I feel unsure, as though I leaned on a swaying reed?

**I**D cut away the last ties that bound me, and now I must stand with Hunt, not alone like this. Maybe tonight, maybe tonight Hunt would see—realize. Tonight he might say, "When I'm free, Laura, will you marry me?" He might speak of the past, of the time before Elinor came between us, when we knew wonder.

Only, Hunt wasn't at home. I stood on the porch, after my breathless running through the dark streets, knowing that he had not been here since morning. Because there was a little pile of mail on the mat at the front door. Had Hunt left the agency to go somewhere and drink?

I stooped over the white envelopes, meaning to slip them one by one under



# All My Dreams

(Continued from page 19)

Linda said. "It doesn't have to. Sometimes I think I'm happier than a lot of people."

"But you're nicer than a lot of people," Julia said, reaching over to pat Linda's hand.

Linda turned and looked at her. "Julia, I think I'll write to him."

Julia understood. It's a funny thing about sisters who are very dear to each other. They don't need words for understanding.

This wasn't the first letter Linda had written to a radio friend. Two or three times a week she sent notes of appreciation to radio artists who entertained her. A word of thanks to a familiar personality—a word of encouragement to a radio newcomer—Linda wrote short letters like that often. But never before had she sent a note of such a personal nature. And she found the writing difficult.

"Dear Friend," she began—

"This is in answer to your radio message tonight. I don't have a job for you, but someone will—because you are courageous and ambitious and because you believe, as I do, that the world is good. You see, I, too, have a physical disability. But in spite of that, I have built a good life for myself, and I'm happy—completely happy."

She stopped writing and sat staring down at those last two words. *Completely happy.* And for the first time since she had become ill, she wondered if she really were happy—if she had built as full and rich and complete a life as she might have done. She ended:

"I shall be wishing you luck, and thinking about you a lot, and admiring you tremendously." She wrote quickly, and then signed her name and sealed the envelope.

All of the next day Linda found herself thinking of the veteran who had talked of facing life ahead with honest hope and courage. And, this day, when Brent Carlton spoke of love to Dinah on the Girl of Today program, Linda let herself dream of love's coming to her.

"I could give a handicapped person understanding and encouragement," she thought. "And I would be living a more useful life, too—I would be contributing to another person's happiness."

That evening, after she had scrubbed the potatoes and put them in the oven to bake for dinner, Linda sat at the piano and played, not softly in a minor key, but happily—a gay little tune that echoed in her heart. And when she flung open the door to welcome Julia at five-thirty, her eyes were sparkling—shining from the joy of being alive. And so were Julia's.

Julia's words came out in a rush, tumbling all over each other in excitement. "Guess what, darling. He came—the boy on the radio. And he liked your letter—and he liked you—and me, too—and he's wonderful."

Linda waited, outwardly serene, but inside, her heart was not calm. It was beating with anticipation—waiting for an answer to the questions which had been inside of it since last night.

"Is he nice looking? Is he as happy as he sounded? What's the matter with him?"

"He's handsome—tall and dark and

wonderful. And he's happy—gay and charming and witty. And—" Julia's voice was suddenly serious, "well, he's blind."

"Blind!" Linda repeated softly. *Blind.*

But Julia's voice went up again, and eagerness came back into her words.

"But it doesn't matter, Linda—really it doesn't. You don't even think about that, because he doesn't seem to. I mean, after the first shock—you almost forget about his eyes and the dark glasses. Because he's such a grand person."

"Did he like my letter, really?" Linda asked, almost shyly.

"He loved it—I know, because I read it to him," Julia said.

"Perhaps he'll write to me."

"Oh, he will—I know he will," Julia assured. "And he'll come to see us often. He said he'd stop at the station again tomorrow."

"Did anyone write about a job?"

"Two men—he was going to go to see them today!"

Linda smiled. "I'm terribly glad," she said softly, "but I knew it would happen that way."

Julia smiled with her eyes and her mouth and her heart. The little smile that curved her lips upward and put the shine in her eyes was the reflection of a captured memory—the memory of a meeting which was to affect her whole life. Linda saw the smile and realized its meaning.

"You liked him very much, didn't you, Julia?"

"Better than anyone I've ever met, and so will you," Julia answered. "Why, Linda,—with someone to help him—"

"Someone to help him." Linda knew that she could help him—help him because she understood a handicap, understood it because she had one, too.

"I'm going to bring him to dinner some night very soon," Julia said. "Then, you'll see for yourself."

The very next day Julia called to say that she was bringing home John Bronson, the veteran who was beginning a new life in his world of darkness—a life which would be rich and

full—a life which would be attractive to any woman who admired strength and courage and ambition in the man she married.

"Don't do a thing about dinner," Julia insisted. "I'll stop and get everything on the way home, and I'll get it ready when I get there. You just rest."

But Linda was too excited to rest. And, somehow, she wanted to prepare dinner for tonight's guest without Julia's help or even her knowledge. So that afternoon she walked to the store to buy tanga cheese for the top of the specially-baked potatoes she planned, and nutmeats to give her meat loaf a festive flavor. She bought olives and celery hearts and broccoli—all of the things her friends in radio serials served to their men when they wanted to entertain them pleasantly. And, then, she carried her purchases home and spent the rest of the afternoon preparing a banquet for her sister and a man she had never seen—for a man who would never see her—but who would look deep down into her heart.

They came—Julia and John—at six o'clock, and when Linda shook hands with the tall, dark boy—when she felt his strong fingers curve around her slim ones, she knew that she felt closer to him than she had ever felt to any man, or would ever feel again.

That evening was the scene of the most gala party the little house had ever known. After her first shock and concern about Linda's preparing the entire dinner herself, Julia deserted her role as combination nurse and mother, and gave herself up to the festive spirit. She served wine, some that was left from the Christmas before, and color heightened her beauty as it did Linda's. John was gay and exciting and fun and adept at manipulating the conversation so that both girls could talk of books and radio programs and people whom they admired and enjoyed. Linda was more excited than she had ever been before in her life, and she laughed often at John's little stories. His easy courtesy—his ready good humor—the white flash of his teeth when he laughed—those were the things that made John attractive—those were the characteristics that caused both girls to listen attentively to everything he said, that made everything important.

Linda, listening fascinated, forgot that he could not see her. Yes, Linda forgot that John was blind—but, fortunately, Julia didn't forget. A dozen times during the meal she assisted him without his knowing it. She pushed a fork closer to his plate—steadied his water glass when he served himself a roll—slid his salad plate closer to his dinner plate. When they finished dinner, she put her hand lightly on his arm and walked with him to the livingroom. She wasn't obtrusive—perhaps he wasn't even conscious of her concern—but in the most tactful possible way, she made him more comfortable and more efficient by concentrating on him all the time.

Julia insisted that Linda and John rest after dinner while she did the dishes, and the frail, slim girl, and the blind boy who had captured her imagination and wedged his way into her heart, went into the comfortable front room. Linda sat at the piano and played softly in the lamplight

(Continued on page 63)

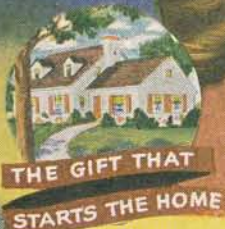
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UNLESS YOU  
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"That's beautiful, Linda," John said when she finished. "You have a real talent."

"No," she corrected, "but I love music—and I enjoy playing."

"Thank you for playing for me." John's voice was warm. "You're a remarkable person."

"Julia's remarkable. I can't do anything."

"You do enough just by being you, Linda," John told her softly, and she had again a feeling of closeness, of a strong current of warmth.

Julia came in, then, with more coffee for both of them, with an ash tray which she put on the arm of John's chair and a cushion for Linda's back.

"You'll spoil us, Julia," John told her fondly.

Julia laughed. "You're my two favorite people—why shouldn't I spoil you?"

John seemed to hate to say good-night. When he finally left about midnight, he said, "Julia will kill me for keeping Linda up so late, but I couldn't leave. May I come again?"

"Anytime," Julia said convincingly. "Stop in at the station tomorrow, and we'll plan another dinner soon."

"Please come when you can," Linda said simply.

And if John could have seen their eyes, he would not have apologized. Both of them, dark-eyed Julia and pale-cheeked Linda, were prettier than they ever had been before.

For the next three days Julia came in each evening bubbling with excitement. Each night she told Linda about John's stopping in to see her at the station, about his new job and his enthusiasm about it. And always she said, "He said to tell you hello, darling."

"He remembers me—he must or he wouldn't ask her about me," Linda told herself. "And I remember him, too—I'll remember him always."

On the fourth day, John came to the house in the afternoon. Linda was glad that he couldn't see her cheeks flush warm with pleasure at his coming—happy that he couldn't see her excitement, her love for him which must reveal itself in her eyes. For now—now that he stood here before her—Linda knew that she loved him.

"Come in, John," she said softly, as she turned and preceded him into the livingroom. Afterward, she knew that Julia would have helped John, guided him skillfully, unobtrusively through the short hall. But Linda was too excited to think of helping him. And he found his way, without trouble.

"Will you play for me, Linda?" he asked when they reached the small room. "I've remembered our being here together all week—and I'd like it again."

Linda played softly in the afternoon twilight and John relaxed in his chair.

"That's beautiful, Linda," he told her when she lifted her hands gently, and the last note quivered into silence. "May I come often?"

"I want you to come, John—when-ever you can," she answered, and the words as she said them were almost like a prayer.

John left before Julia came, and Linda found it hard to speak of his visit. A dozen times she started to tell Julia, but something like embarrassment—something that seemed to make her defensive—held her back. When, at the dinner table, she did mention John's visit, her voice was

strained. She looked away from Julia.

"John was going by and stopped to see me today," she said, making every effort to be casual.

Julia started to speak—then checked herself.

"Why, how nice of him," she said. That's all—nothing more.

But, often, you can tell more from the things someone *doesn't* say than from the things she does. Linda knew in that moment that Julia was in love—that her sister, whom she loved more than any woman in the world, was deeply in love with the only man she could ever care for.

The telephone rang shrilly, and both girls started to get up—then, both held back.

"You get it, Linda," Julia said kindly.

For just a moment, Linda was embarrassed, then she forgot Julia in her excitement.

"Hello," she said softly and felt the

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## FEBRUARY RADIO MIRROR

The Magazine of Radio Romances

### ON SALE

### Friday, January 11th

Transportation difficulties are still a problem, and we find that it helps lighten the burden if RADIO MIRROR goes on the newsstands each month at a slightly later date. RADIO MIRROR for February will go on sale Friday, January 11th. Subscription copies are mailed on time, but they may reach you a little late, too. It's unavoidable—please be patient!

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warmth steal through her at the sound of John's answering voice.

"Hello, Linda," he said. "I wanted to talk to you . . . that music of yours this afternoon was—it was something I needed."

"You must come often," Linda said and was conscious of Julia's personality in the room—Julia, who loved him, too.

"What about tomorrow night? Can I take you and that remarkable sister of yours somewhere tomorrow night? Any place except a movie?"

"Tomorrow night," Linda repeated. "Why, just a minute—we have tickets for a broadcast, but maybe Julia—"

She turned from the phone to talk with Julia.

"It's John, Julia. He wants us to go somewhere with him tomorrow night. Do you suppose you could get another ticket to that radio show? He loves music so, and he'd get to hear Bela Menson and get to see a network broadcast—and—"

Linda couldn't read Julia's face. It was restrained—closed.

"I don't know whether I can or not, Linda," she said. "All of the tickets are gone—and the Radio Theater only seats 300, you know. And for a special

show like that—I'm not at all sure—"

"Then you and John go," Linda insisted. "He'd love it, and I've seen shows like that before, and—"

"No," Julia said firmly. "Some way I'll get another ticket—tell him to stop by for us."

Linda's heart sang when she spoke again into the phone.

The next night at their early dinner at home, Julia and Linda talked about everything but John. Julia told of the elaborate plans the station was making for a reception to follow tonight's half-hour performance in Radio Theater, the auditorium used for special radio shows.

"You'll get to hear the great Menson," Julia said. "Perhaps, he'll talk to you about your music—maybe he'll listen to you play."

Linda smiled and shook her head. "I'll never be a great player—ever," she said. "I put those dreams out of my mind a long time ago. But I'll always love music and love to play—for my own pleasure." She did not add what was in her heart. "For my own pleasure—and John's."

John stopped for them in a cab the next night and they drove to Radio Theater, the little home-town auditorium built especially for public service broadcasts. Tonight it was charged with an electric excitement. Julia was swallowed immediately in a deluge of pre-broadcast details.

"Where's my extra script?" "Did you arrange to have this piano moved back for the broadcast tomorrow morning?"

"What time did you tell Menson to be here for rehearsal?"

"Where's the engineer's copy?"

Julia remained calm, solving problems as they were put to her, soothing with her efficiency the others who raced wildly around the stage. And even in this flurry of excitement, harassed by a nervous, exhausted program director, Julia remembered to make Linda and John comfortable. It was through her eyes that John saw his first network show. She stopped often beside his seat, explaining each step of tonight's rehearsal procedure.

Five minutes before time for the broadcast she whispered, "Now the program director is giving last-minute directions to the announcer. In just a few minutes the words on the wall will light up. They'll turn red and say, 'KTUC—ON THE AIR.'"

"I could have described all of this to him if I were kind—and thoughtful—the way Julia is," Linda told herself. "I've been to the broadcasts with Julia enough times to understand what it's all about. I could help him to see it, too. But I forget about it—I'm just so happy to be here beside him. And I forget that he's blind."

She could see how much John appreciated Julia's descriptions of the milling radio crowd. She could read delight and interest in his face each time Julia stopped with more information.

Julia came and sat in the seat they had saved at the other side of John.

"It's getting quiet—see," she whispered. "The doors at the back are closed—the emcee is standing in front of the mike on the stage."

The announcer on the stage, in an effort to relieve the tenseness of the audience and himself, said, "First on the program is a piccolo solo which we'll omit," and the crowd laughed—at ease. Then, the laughter died away,

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and nervous anticipation ceased—because the lights announced that they were on the air.

Julia and John and Linda sat quiet, listening—giving themselves to the music—stirring, exciting, professional music which thrilled Linda completely.

She sensed that John was enjoying the music, too, but she knew that his enjoyment tonight was different from his calm, relaxed enjoyment of the music she had played for him. Now he was absorbing more than the music—he was drinking in the excitement of radio—he had caught Julia's mood—Julia, who was stronger than Linda—stronger and more considerate and right for John.

**T**HE minute that the realization came to her that John and Julia were meant for each other, Linda knew that she had sensed this all the time. She knew that this sure knowledge of their complete rightness for each other had been tucked away in the back of her mind, staying back there because she had kept it there rather than face the truth. Julia, of course, was the woman John needed to become a whole, well-rounded personality. She could help him the way she helped Linda, in a hundred tiny ways every day. She would be John's eyes, she could excite his imagination, she could give him good living by actually contributing to their income. She would be the perfect wife for John, contented and happy and uncomplaining, just the way she had always been with Linda.

At the end of the first solo when applause rolled up all around them, Linda saw Julia bend close to John to whisper into his ear. She saw her touch his arm very gently and she saw John respond instinctively—saw him reach for her hand to cover it gently with his large one.

Suddenly, even though she knew the rightness of this combination, even though she wanted it to be for both of their sakes, Linda felt that she had to escape. Not only from the auditorium and Julia and John, but from life, itself.

For the first time since she had been partially invalidated, she cried out inwardly at fate. She gripped the arms of her seat in an effort to stifle the sob which tried to break from her lips.

"If I don't get out of here, I'll do something terrible—like cry," she told herself. Every minute of the broadcast she prayed for help, help to hold back the sobs which caught in her breast.

Immediately after the last number, she stood up and edged past Julia and John.

"Will you excuse me if I go home—I mean, if I don't stay for the reception—I'm tired—and—well," her words ended lamely. But she was out in the aisle—getting away. And, then, Julia caught up with her.

"Darling, what is it? Are you ill? What's the matter?" the older girl asked with honest concern.

Linda looked back and saw John's puzzled face—saw him trying to get to them, fumbling just a little. And she was ashamed.

"I don't mean to cause any trouble, Julia," she apologized. "I'm not sick—but I want to get out of here—I want to go home—please."

"John and I will take you right away, of course," Julia agreed.

The scream pushed up again inside of her, and Linda bit her lips.

"Julia, I want to go home alone. You and John stay and then come

home and tell me about the reception."

"Just a minute—I'll tell John to wait—then I'll help you get a cab," Julia said.

When the cab came and Julia was helping Linda inside, she said gently, concerned, "You aren't cross about anything, are you, Linda?"

Linda shook her head slowly, fighting back the tears.

"No, Julia," she answered, looking out of the other window, "I'm not cross. And please don't worry about me."

"I can't help it—when you act this way," Julia said. When the cab moved away, Linda was glad. Now she could lie back against the seat and cry. Now the pent-up sobs could come out.

In the little house, she bathed her tear-swollen face and then went to bed. But she didn't sleep. She just lay there, thinking through her evening and the future it forecast.

"This is what you've prayed for," she told herself. "You've wanted a man for Julia—a man to cherish and love her forever—a man who is fine and good and will bring her happiness. Now, are you too selfish to be happy for her?"

"After tonight, I won't let it bother me," she told herself. "I'll face this tonight—and then, afterward, I'll accept it and be glad for both of them."

But when she heard them come in—when she listened to their low voices and easy laughter, she knew that she couldn't stand by while they fell more and more in love.

**S**HE pretended to be asleep when Julia came into the bedroom to see her. And she felt guilty and ungrateful and mean at the emotion which shook her as Julia gently tucked the covers around her, reminding her of her dependence.

After Julia had rejoined John in the living room, and Linda lay once again listening to their muffled conversation, she kicked at the covers childishly as if by shaking them off she could free herself of invalidism.

Her thoughts shot wildly around in circles the way they do in the night, when you just think about your worries but can do nothing about them.

"I've got to get away from here," Linda repeated to herself over and over again. And then the questions rose up to torment her. Where can you go? What are you trained for? How can you work when you've never been trained or had any experience? And how can you think you're strong enough to hold a job, to support yourself?

Exhausted, she lay at last crying again—sobbing against the fate which had weakened her body, robbing her of independence. Some way, somehow, she must find an answer.

"Oh, Julia, forgive me this jealousy," she whispered softly in the night. "I love you as much as always—but I love him, too—I love him terribly."

Weak and feverish, she lay with her face buried in the pillow, too exhausted to cry, anymore. But still she had found no answer to the problem which confronted her—that problem of escaping from the two persons she loved more than she did life, itself.

Nothing in Linda's sheltered, dreaming life has prepared her for this agonizing problem. She faces a real world for the first time in the next installment, in February Radio Mirror, on sale at your newsstand January 11.

## "One Moment Alone"

(Continued from page 45)

was just as perfect as I had dreamed, and so was the big reception our mothers gave for us afterward. But the nicest part was our honeymoon—all alone, at last, on a farm in Lakeville, Connecticut. Harry had told Dick he could be gone for one day—but we stayed three. Who could blame us—after our months of staying in love by post and telephone?

We had rented an unfurnished apartment on East Forty-sixth Street for which we had wonderful decorating plans—but all we ever furnished in the six months we lived there was the bedroom. When we had parties our friends sat on the floor in the livingroom. The Haymeses did not get rich quick.

**A**FTER years of not getting rich as a soloist with a band, Dick in November quit his job to form his own orchestra. In December came Pearl Harbor, and all of Dick's instrumentalists were drafted. At this point—characteristically for us—my doctor told me we were going to have a baby.

Dick went with Benny Goodman's orchestra on the road, and I went to live with Dick's mother at Old Orchard Beach, Maine, to wait for my baby. Skipper was born on July twenty-fourth at St. Anne's hospital, and Dick quit again—this time to come home and see his son.

Next he signed with Tommy Dorsey—still unhappy and frustrated because he wanted to get out of the band business—and of course headed straight back across the country for Hollywood. I had had enough of being married to a man whose job kept him 3,000 miles away from me, so when Skipper was six weeks old we set out to follow him.

I will never forget that trip. I was alone with the baby on a train crowded with troops. I carried bottles back and forth through twenty cars to make Skipper's formula, and stayed up all night with him when he cried.

Dick met us at the train and drove us to the most beautiful apartment I had ever seen. It was bright with sunlight, and gay with flowers—and I sagged into a chair, Skipper still in my arms, not quite believing that we had a home at last.

"It's beautiful, darling," I said, then added, knowing my Dick, "but how much does it cost?"

The rent for the place was five hundred a month—and Dick's entire salary was just that. I cried then, for I had to go house-hunting—and I was too, too tired.

We moved from the swanky Morriston to El Cadiz—not so light or so cheerful—but within our means, and settled down, I thought, to domestic life.

There was nothing very domestic about it. Tommy and the band were making a picture at Metro-Goldwyn-

Mayer (in which Dick was disguised in a white wig and awkward George Washington pants and the less said about the whole thing the better) so that my husband was up before light and gone all day. At night, he appeared with the band at the Palladium.

I was tied to the house, caring for our tiny baby with no help—cooking, nursing, keeping house. Ah, glamorous, carefree Hollywood.

If this was life in Hollywood I didn't want any part of it. I rarely saw Dick. He never saw his baby, and he loved that boy.

I was terribly run down. I had weighed one hundred and twenty-seven pounds when we were married. Now with the hard work and the no fun, I struggled to hang onto ninety-eight pounds. Dick felt miserable, too—his nerves were on a rampage. We hired a "sitter" for Skipper one afternoon when Dick was free at the studio, and went together to see a doctor.

We were run down, all right. But that wasn't all. We were going to have another baby.

I suppose it would seem folly to more cautious people, but at this point I urged Dick to quit his job. Even if he could hang onto his job with Dorsey, sick and tired as he was, the salary he earned (matched up with Dick's expensive tastes, and his proclivity for buying elegant presents for Skipper and me) would never stand the strain of another mouth to feed. Worst of all, I was afraid that another year of the frustrating grind of working too hard at a job he hated would kill that talent that was in him.

**S**KIPPER and I packed off to New York and a furnished room. Dick, still not really well, stayed in Hollywood and knocked on doors—which nobody opened.

The rest of the story has been told. The break came at last—but the long way around. Dick had to come back to New York and make good singing in nightclubs before he could get an offer from the studios who had snubbed him beautifully as long as he was easily available in Hollywood.

By the time our Pigeon, Helen Joanna, was born on May 13, 1944, we were out of the woods and Dick had moved his family from their furnished room to a suite at the St. Moritz. After that, everything good happened—movies, radio, and Pigeon, best of all.

It sounds like a sad story with a happy ending, I know, but really it was fun most of the time—at least when Dick and I were together.

Our new house complete with swimming pool is more comfortable than the bare floors on Forty-sixth Street, but Dick's music was just as sweet before anybody bought it, and our laughter just as merry.



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# All That Really Matters

(Continued from page 37)

sensing that her father was watching us from a window of the house. I left Miriam and got into my car, drove home.

Being alone for a few minutes gave me a chance to think things out. I was annoyed at the cold reception her father had given me, and I wondered who he thought he was in taking such a snooty attitude. I had a good reputation in town; I was honest, worked hard for a living and had a good future ahead of me. Man to man, I believed I was every bit as good as Ed Wagner.

"He can go. . . ." I started to say aloud just as I drove up in front of my house. I saw a light burning in my mother's room and that started me thinking along different lines.

"You didn't work this late, Bill," Mother said when she came downstairs to the kitchen where I was raiding the ice box.

"NO, I went over to the Wagners' house for a while." I was on the verge of telling her all about Miriam's father, but something made me hold back; it was as though the problem was not for other ears, even my mother's. I asked her how she enjoyed the movie.

"I didn't go, Bill," she said, and there was a plaintiveness in her tone. "You know I don't like to go to the movies alone."

Again that uneasiness, that feeling of being possessed, came over me. I couldn't blame my mother, but on the other hand I didn't like it.

"I'm tired, Mom," I said. "Guess I'll turn in."

"Maybe we can see the movie tomorrow night," she suggested. And I said, yes, I guessed we could. She kissed my cheek and I went to bed. But I didn't sleep when I got in bed. For a long time I thought of the job I had, of the girl I had; and finally my thoughts turned back to my year in the Navy. Strong seas were pounding the decks, the air was salty and invigorating, gulls wheeled overhead as we watched the surf pound on some distant shore. I wanted to reach that shore for it was an island possession of my own. "Bill Brungard's Island. Bounded on the North, South, East and West by Freedom."

I had an idea what I wanted at that moment, so I made up my mind to get it. But I didn't know whether it would be accessible. I fell asleep.

Mom and I went to the movies the next night as per schedule, but the following day I saw Miriam again—took her out to dinner, in fact. Miriam and I enjoyed it, but I can't say as much for our parents—come to think of it, I wasn't in any position to speak for Miriam, either. But her father came along and caught me kissing her goodnight, and that didn't go over very well with him—you could tell by the expression on his face, although he didn't say anything at the time. And when I got home, Mom had a few precautionary things to say about getting too involved with a girl before you really get to know her, especially when you're just home from the Navy and haven't had a chance to look around—as if shopping for a girl was like shopping for a new suit!

The next day brought me a surprise. I was busy as the dickens all morning preparing the clerks in the store for the coming paint sale, and at noon I

walked over to the bank to make the cash deposit for John Collins.

"Say there, Brungard," I heard somebody say as I left the bank. And there was Miriam's father.

"I'm glad I ran into you," he said as he lit a cigar. We were standing on the corner of Main and Browning, one of the busiest intersections of town. "Had your lunch yet?"

I said I had not, and I didn't like him calling me by my last name. Mr. Wagner was just as tall as I, although not as heavy. He looked into my eyes with a determination that might have looked right on some overlord. "Let's go into Bellamy's," he said. We went into the restaurant together and he led me to a corner table.

He ordered some soup and a sandwich, and I did the same. He didn't talk at all while we ate, but I knew darn well what he was going to talk about when he was ready to talk.

"You and Miriam have been seeing a lot of each other," he finally said. "I know all about that, and believe me when I say I think it's all right that you do. You're all right, Brungard. I know you are. But I thought I'd have a little talk with you now."

"Before it's too late?" I asked, unafraid, reading his thoughts.

"Right," he said, and bit off the end of another cigar.

"You know she's my only child. Her mother died when she was a baby. I didn't have an easy time raising Miriam because it's not easy for a man to do it without a wife and a mother around the house. I've given Miriam all of twenty years, and believe me I've worked hard in those years."

"I don't see what that has to do with me," I asserted.

"It has a lot to do with you, Brungard. I know she likes you. I can see it in her eyes. But she's only twenty-one. I don't want her getting any serious thoughts in her head—not for a while, yet, anyway. She's the only one I have in the world. And she's too young to be getting serious with any young fellow."

I DIDN'T say anything for a minute, but I looked Miriam's father squarely in the eyes.

"Maybe Miriam has some opinion on all this," I said at last.

He looked at his cigar, considering deeply the words he was about to say.

"I had an idea you'd be sensible about this matter, young man," he said quietly, although his eyes were burning. "You pursue my daughter and I'll oppose you at every turn. There's something you don't know, and that is she'll obey me in the long run. I'll see to it that she does."

I knew I had to get out of there immediately. I didn't want my feelings to overflow and make me say something I'd be sorry for later; and the tension between us was such that just another word from either would have set fire to our emotions.

Back at the office, John Collins eyed me with concern.

"Anything I can do for you, Bill?"

"No, John. If I look as though a tin fish just hit my bow it's because I have a problem I have to work out myself."

"Your mother called, Bill. Just to remind you she expects you home early for dinner. She said something

about a movie tonight for you two."

"Okay, John. Thanks."  
I was all mixed up. For the first time in my life I knew what social complications were. The loveliest girl in the world pulling at my heart-strings, a mother who wanted my attentions and now the father of my girl moving into the picture to unsettle my plans, if I had any plans. I felt like breaking out, telling everybody they could go chase themselves off a cliff, doing what I darned well pleased. But how could I do that? How could I take an attitude like that?

What I wanted to know, I kept telling myself, was: "Who does my life, my happiness, belong to?"

And if I thought my problems were to subside it just showed how wrong I was. About a week later my mother asked me to go to a church festival with her, and I agreed to go along. I didn't have any idea events would tie me up in another, firmer, knot.

The occasion was an outdoor party on the lawn of the Chatsworth Estate where Mrs. John

Chatsworth, a wealthy church member, held her annual benefit for the local hospital. Hundreds of people were there and it was quite a social occasion for our town. I had just left mother with a friend of hers when I met Miriam.

It was a wonderful surprise and that first dance of the evening was probably the most enjoyable I'd ever had. When the music stopped for a minute I led Miriam over to my mother.

"This is Miriam Wagner, Mother.

You've heard me speak of her." The introduction was one of those things you do, knowing full well that each of the persons introduced already has a pretty good dossier on the other.

"I'm so glad you came back to me, Bill," Mother said. "I'm getting one of those frightful headaches. It must be my sinus coming on. I wonder if I hadn't better go home in a little while."

I was surprised, amazed. Only a little while before Mother had told me she was feeling wonderful, that she thought she'd have a fine time at the party. I said I was sorry, that I'd be glad to take her home any time. Then I saw the expression on Miriam's face and I hastened to add: "But I'll come back to the party as soon as I drop Mother at the house, Miriam."

Oh, I suppose a guy can get himself jammed up if he's not careful; but I should have known better than to say that to Miriam in front of my mother. All the way home Mother kept complaining about her headache and I felt like a Grade-A scoundrel when I left her at the door and turned the car toward the Chatsworth Estate again. And when I got there I found Miriam had lost some of her enthusiasm for the party. I knew there was something on her mind just by the way she talked with me. She didn't care

to dance any more, and after a while she said she'd like to go home.

"Your mother doesn't like me," she said after we had driven a few blocks. "Or maybe she doesn't like any girl her son has an interest in. . ."

I slowed the car near Ashton Park and turned off the motor.

"Now look here, Miriam," I protested. "You've just met Mother for the first time. She had a headache and she wanted to go home. . ."

Miriam laughed and there was a note of irony in her reply.

"You know, Bill, we women have an instinct toward each other. It's a stronger instinct than men have. Now I'm not saying your mother didn't have a headache. . . but I am saying she got away as soon as I came into the picture."

"Don't be ridiculous, Miriam. You imagine things."

She looked at me incredulously for an instant, then turned her head away.

"Take me home, Bill," she said.

I put my hand on her arm, and she moved away, twisting out of reach.

"Don't be mad, honey," I said.

"And look at the other side of the picture, will you? Your Dad doesn't exactly greet me like a long-lost son, either; when he sees me. In fact, he'd consider it a big favor if he never had to lay eyes on me again. But I just don't pay any attention to him, and—"

"Oh!" she cried, and I knew right then that she was in that stage that women get sometimes when they take the words right out of your mouth and twist them around to mean something

different. "Oh, so you don't pay any attention to him! Well, after all, Bill Brungard, he's my father, and he deserves first consideration from me, even if he doesn't mean anything to you."

"But Miriam, I didn't—"

She went right on as if I hadn't said a word. "You want me to consider your mother, but my father's a different story. Well, I'm glad this happened when it did! At least I know what you're like, now. All you care about is your mother, and that's that. Take me home, please."

I fought with myself for a moment. Partly, I wanted to shake her till her teeth rattled. And partly I wanted to take her in my arms and tell her I was sorry; but I have always been an advocate of fair play, and at the instant I thought Miriam was being unfair in her judgments. And above all, I resented the inference that I was a mama's boy, a guy who was led around by the nose. I turned on the ignition and started the car. We didn't speak all the way to Miriam's house and when we arrived she stepped out and said "good-night" coldly. I watched her run up the steps of her porch and heard her slam the door.

Who can describe the feelings of a fellow who believes he has lost the person dearest to him? My hopes for a happy future were swamped in despon-

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gency. Every exit from the predicament I found myself in was blocked by a personality who opposed my hopes and my dreams. My Mother: selfish, maybe; clinging to the only one she had in the world. But was that my fault? Mr. Wagner: determined, unyielding, governed by the belief that I was encroaching on his happiness. But could I help it if I loved his daughter?

Mama's boy! The connotation fitted me perfectly. I could hear other people in town besides Miriam saying that to themselves. Bill Brungard's a nice guy, but what a mama's boy! All at once a fierce reaction to the whole affair set in, and I was wild with anger. I slammed on the brakes of my car and strode into my own house. I hardly realized I had driven home.

My Mother was sitting up, waiting for me. Concealing my feelings as best I could, I started toward my room; but she caught up with me on the first floor landing.

"DID you enjoy yourself, Bill?" She detected my emotions. I knew that. "How long have you known Miriam, son?"

"All my life," I declared. "But I don't know her any longer."

Mother was taken back for a second, but she pursued the interview.

"Don't know much about her, do you?"

For the first time in my life I felt like shouting something cruel at her, but I controlled myself and put an arm around her.

"Look, Mother," I said quietly. "I'm taking good care of you and myself. Let me think things out, alone. I'm no kid, you know. Now I'm going to bed!"

The next day found me in a terrible mood. Men and women down at the office and in the store avoided me as though I might eat them up if they dropped a pin near me. John Collins kept away from me all day long until five o'clock. Then he shut the door in my office and sat opposite me.

"Take it easy, Bill," he said. "Whatever's eating you—and I have an idea what it is—is changing the color of your hair. Get it off your chest, if you want to; but for gosh sakes relax a bit. Now is there anything I can do for you, mate?"

I had to grin at him. Knowing he was at my side was all I needed, although I knew he couldn't give me any direct help.

"What does a guy do when all the odds are against him, John?"

He laughed and slapped my knee.

"Don't give up the doggone ship, son. That saying is as good now as it was a century ago. If you have something worth fighting for, then give it all guns and don't spare the engines."

I wasn't too sure I felt exactly that way about things. I didn't have the confidence in my future that John Collins seemed to have. He could sit there and laugh and tell me that everything was going to be all right. He could pat me on the back and say a lot of nice things meant to cheer me up but doing anything but that.

And John Collins must have sensed that his pep talk wasn't going over too well. After a while his face grew sterner, his voice quieter. He changed the subject to business things and we talked about the day's work until I got up and started thumbing through a file of accounts that needed checking.

"Wait a minute Bill," John said. "Let that go for a minute. I want to talk to you about something else."

I turned and faced him, realizing he had something important on his mind.

"I bought the paint works over at Delacroix today, Bill."

I was amazed, and I guess I showed it.

"Don't be surprised," he laughed. "That factory was something I've wanted for a long time, and I got it today at a good price. We take over immediately, and that's what I want to talk to you about."

He waved me into silence when I began to say something again.

"I'll have to get along without you for a while in this office, Bill," he went on. "You'll have to move over to Delacroix and start an audit immediately. I know you can handle that job well enough—and you can manage the plant for me. Miriam could go along with you, Bill..."

He was grinning again and I felt the excitement of the moment pumping new life into me. I put out my hand to him and he took it in his.

"Don't start thanking me, Bill," he said. "I'm lucky to have you to handle that end of the business for me, and eventually I suppose you'll be taking over completely. In the meantime..."

I let out a whoop and wrestled John Collins all around the office. He had a half-Nelson around my neck and I had him pushed up against a filing cabinet. We were laughing like a couple of kids. He pushed me away from him finally, and said, "Guess you'd better tell Miriam. After all, a girl has to have a little time to prepare for a wedding."

I couldn't wait to go out there. I'd phone her first, I told myself, and then take a run out. But as it happened, phoning was all I did.

"Listen, honey," I said, when she answered, not waiting for any preliminaries, "I want to get married right away. Let's just go ahead and do it—what do you say?"

WELL, maybe that wasn't a tactful way, or a romantic way to say it, but I was too excited to be tactful, or to wait for a moonlight-and-roses setting.

"You want to get married right away," she answered, from about ten thousand miles off. "You do. That's very nice. Who are you going to marry?"

"Now, Miriam, look. Let's get married—it's our lives. My mother will just have to like it, and your father—we'll you should feel the same way about him."

"Don't you 'now, Miriam' me, Bill Brungard. Have you forgotten the other night? If you have, I haven't." Apparently she hadn't heard a word I said past that, "now, Miriam—"

I took a deep breath. "Honey, for Pete's sake forget all that. This is serious—the most serious thing we'll ever do in all our lives. I'm asking you to marry me. Right away. Wait till I tell you the reason—"

Her voice cut into mine. "And I'm saying no," she said. "Right now, Dad's going on a business trip and I'm going with him." Her voice was very cool. "We'd better forget about each other, once and for all, Bill. The whole thing's a mess, and I want to get it out of my mind." And she hung up. And that was that.

I didn't know, literally, what to do. And when I'm in that state, I usually get in the car and just drive somewhere—anywhere. That's what I did then—drove up to State Park, left my car at the roadside, and walked into the woods. The park was a favorite spot of mine, a sort of sanctuary I had

visited throughout my boyhood when I wanted to think things out. A lonely bench near a little waterfall provided the proper setting for my mood. And there I sat down and considered the state of affairs.

My thoughts were mixed beyond control for a long while. I watched the autumn leaves falling to the ground, heard a bold squirrel scold me from a low branch. The setting sun was like the end of the world that day.

I had made a miserable try for happiness and had failed. I thought of my mother, realized she had never understood that I had gone away to sea a mere boy, had returned a man. I thought of Miriam's father, who didn't care who it was that Miriam loved, so long as the fellow failed. I thought of Miriam, plagued by her parent's selfishness to the point where she hardly knew herself.

And I thought of John Collins and his plan for my happiness, which was very obvious to me now, and which had also failed. And as I stewed in those unhappy thoughts a new kind of anger grew within me. In place of the feeling of defeat and inferiority which possessed me when Miriam turned me down I developed a righteous fury that made me want to fight and hurt somebody. I picked up a broken limb that had fallen from a tree and hurled it into the rushing stream before me. The stick whizzed through the air wildly before it crashed against a rock in the stream. I walked back to my car in the darkness, stepped on the gas and sped away in the direction of my home.

In my blind anger I didn't care how fast I drove that car and when I pulled up in front of my house I had such a feeling of futility I just turned off the ignition and sat there mooning. It was dark, then, and the air was cold and damp. I smoked a cigarette and pondered the very black future, a future without Miriam in it.

The next day was just like all the other days that followed with the ex-

ception that I told John Collins I would go to Delacroix, alone. His feelings were sympathetic, I knew; and he didn't mention Miriam's name to me again. It was as though a chapter had closed in my life and he was fatalistic enough to accept the facts. I didn't go into any details and he didn't press me for more information.

He merely said: "Okay, Bill, you go it alone and good luck to you."

I moved over to Delacroix immediately. Mother was shocked when she heard the news, especially when I told her I'd just be coming home for weekends; but once again I was coldly blunt in my explanation of the plans I had. I knew she wanted to go along with me, but that was impossible. I told her that before she had a chance to propose such a thing.

At Delacroix I plunged into the new job with a determination that was inspired by nothing more than the sharp disappointment of a young man who was face to face with something that every man fears, whether he admits it or not—living without the love he desires. Everything in my life was colored a deep blue. It was as though I lived in a vacuum of unlighted days and nights, as though all the sunshine that lighted the world was only a substitute for the real thing.

I worked from eight-thirty in the morning until six at night. I hardly took any time for lunches, and I guess the help over at the plant thought I was some new kind of slave-driver who set an example of working long hours.

In the evenings I went to my room over at the boarding house and locked myself in, read until I grew too weary to see any longer. At first I was determined to drive the thoughts of Miriam from my mind, but as the days went by it became increasingly difficult to do that. Little things kept reminding me of her; the pencil I used was a gift from her and I couldn't bear to get rid of it; the picture of her I kept in my

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

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1945.

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wallet until I couldn't stand to see it any longer, and had to hide it away in the leaves of a book. Little haunting memories of small things we used to do together. And the touch of her hand. And the sheer wonder of kissing her. Things like that aren't easy to forget.

Yes, I had a lot of time to think during those first few weeks at Delacroix. I didn't go home the first weekend, because, I told myself, I was still too upset to face a scene with Mom in which she cried because her baby boy could only come home week-ends, or in which she had a few things to say about Miriam that would only be salt on the wounds. I didn't go home the second week-end, either, for the same reasons, I guess, except this time I didn't bother to outline them for myself.

So, mostly, I just thought, in my free time. And it was sort of a new experience for me. I've always been an active sort of guy, the kind that makes up his mind in a hurry, and sitting around and hashing things over pro and con in my mind was something else entirely.

**I SAW** a lot of things more clearly, those long evenings. It was as if I went around and got in other people's minds, too, and thought as they did, and realized *why* they thought as they did. I saw all that was to be said for my mother's point of view, for instance, and for Miriam's father. Mom wanted me to be happy, and she wanted to be happy herself. Miriam's Dad wanted her to be happy, and he wanted to be happy himself. What neither of those parents had realized was that if we, the children were going to be happy, we had to be together, and that they, the parents, couldn't be happy unless we were. That parents are happiest in their children's happiness isn't just something you read in books—it's real.

And I saw, too, that Miriam and I had gone about things the wrong way. We hadn't tried to make my Mom or her Dad see our point of view, or see that their own happiness depended on our being happy. We just got mad at each other's parent, and then mad at each other, and that certainly didn't solve a darned thing or get us anywhere except being lonesome and heartsick.

Believe me, I was lonesome and heartsick—so bad that I was just about ready to go back home to Mom and the small comforts of her taking care of me and her good cooking, as long as I couldn't have Miriam to care for me and cook for me. Yes, I was ready to tell John Collins he'd have to find another man for the Delacroix plant—I wasn't a man who could think things through and act on his thoughts, but a little kid who called names and then ran home to Mama.

In that mood, one night, I decided I couldn't stand my own company any longer, and I took myself out to a movie that I didn't really see. And when I came home, there was a note under my door.

"Long Distance Operator 22 has been trying to reach you since eight o'clock," the note said.

I went back downstairs and grabbed up the telephone to put through the call. While I waited, I found that I was wiping the damp palms of my hands down my trouser legs—it was a physical reaction something like awaiting the battle hour aboard ship. Little beads of perspiration were breaking out on my forehead and my heart was pumping fast.

Then I heard Miriam's voice—very small, very gentle. "Bill? Bill—when I talked to you that night you called, it doesn't seem to me that I listened very hard to what you were trying to say. Bill—can you hear me?"

My answering "Yes" was as reverent as a prayer.

"And I thought—Bill, would you say it all over again? I'd like to listen, this time. I've been thinking—"

"I've been thinking, too," I told her, and I had to keep a tight rein on my voice to keep it from turning into a shout of joy. "Honey, where are you calling from—how far away?"

She said she was in a little town called Devon, about sixty miles from Delacroix, that she was in a hotel room waiting for her father to return from a business engagement.

"I can get a bus that will take me to Delacroix in about two hours, Bill. Will you wait up for me?"

Would I wait up for her? Would a guy who's been starving for the girl he loves wait two hours for her?

I said I thought I could endure it, and I heard her wonderful laugh—and then I said I'd wait until the end of the world if she'd promise to be there to meet me.

Those two hours couldn't have been very easy on the rest of the people in the rooming house. When I'm happy, I sing, and I'm no Sinatra. But finally it was time to go, and I was waiting for Miriam at the bus station on the stroke of midnight. I've never in my life seen anything so pretty as that big Greyhound as it rolled in. And then there I was, opening up my arms, and there Miriam was, flying into them, and everyone standing around and smiling at us in that gentle, sweet way people smile at a couple of kids so head-over-heels in love that it sticks out all over them.

**WE** got away from the bus station, and into a little all-night lunch wagon. I took Miriam's hand in mine, and turned her chin around so she was looking at me.

"You said you'd been thinking," I told her. "I have, too. And I sort of imagine we've been thinking the same thing. Most of all in the world, I want us to get married—right away. But we're going to go at it in the right way, this time. I'm going to drive you home, now, and we'll tell my mother Tomorrow morning we'll tell your Dad. If they see us together, and see how happy we are—well, they'll realize that our happiness will make them happy, too. If they don't see it right away, they will after a while—they will, in the end."

I don't know where the words came from, but there they were when I needed them—just the right words to clear up what I'd been thinking and what, if the expression in her eyes was any indication, Miriam had been thinking too.

She nodded. "I thought about those things, too, and I was so lonesome I knew just how you must be feeling. And finally—well, finally I couldn't stand it any longer, Bill. It just seemed silly of us to be thinking the same thing and wanting the same thing, and not doing anything about it. And so I called you."

I grinned down at her. I felt fine, now. "You're a regular mind reader," I told her. "Can you tell me what I'm thinking right now?"

She laughed before she turned up her lips. She knew I wanted to kiss her, just by looking into my eyes.

# Peace On Earth

(Continued from page 39)

cannot fulfill the promise of Bretton Woods and Dumbarton Oaks, and of the San Francisco Conference, we might better imitate the Puritans and punish the celebration of Christmas!

Whether he is called Santa Claus, Bonhomme Noël, Father Christmas or St. Nicholas, the spirit of the Yuletide comes only to good children. Father Whipper, who in the legend accompanies Father Christmas, is said to carry on his shoulder a basket filled with tiny birch rods, and he leaves one of these whips for every child who has been wicked during the year. This Christmas I think that Father Whipper will leave his whips for those of us who turn again to selfish ways and who forget what Scrooge in Charles Dickens' beautiful Christmas Carol promised to his spirit-guide: "I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present and the Future . . ."

We must remember the devastation and destruction of the past, the danger and challenge of the present and the hope of the future. We must remember that far away other Americans celebrate—soldiers and natives—Hawaiian children, under palm trees, in the heat of summer—Alaskan infants, in warm fur coats, during a few hours of daylight—natives of Guam under a tropic sun and of the Philippines where so many loyal natives have fought and died for their belief in themselves and Uncle Sam—there, too, homes are decorated in honor of the "American gift-time." We must remember that for security and life itself we are more dependent than ever upon the spirit of Christmas—because without good will among men and nations we cannot hope to survive the atomic dangers of tomorrow.

No, none of us can think only of his own happiness within the family this first peaceful Christmas. This year we wives and mothers must remember that *now our family is the world.*

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## Christmas Day with One Man's Family

(Continued from page 23)

was, the problem was Margaret's and Father Barbour knew he could only stand by to help when she wanted him.

He changed the subject. "Elizabeth Sharon Ann is certainly the most determined child I have ever seen. What do you suppose she's looking for?"

"It's Santa Claus. She's looking for him. Aunt Betty told her he would come last night and Sharon Ann is still trying to find him. Oh, there—" Margaret exclaimed in relief, as Betty swooped down on her child-detective and carried her to the safety of an armchair. "You know, Grandfather, I'm glad Betty is telling the babies that Santa Claus brings the presents. I know it's only a fairy story, but, even so, Santa Claus still seems real to me at Christmas time."

"Hmmm—pretty old-fashioned . . . Santa Claus. Not very streamlined," Father Barbour teased.

MARGARET blushed "That's not the same thing at all!" she said indignantly, but illogically. "Hey—watch out!" to Pinky who—finally relieved of his duties—was cavorting around the room, a baseball bat in his hands, a new homemade muffler knotted under one ear, a book perched atop his head, and a dog collar for Hi-De-Ho dangling from the end of the baseball bat. He tripped over Paul—fell headlong onto the sofa—and finally rolled over and over, ending up beside Skipper.

But Skipper!—Skipper was utterly oblivious to sight, sound or touch—he could only stare and stare again at his new real, super-Zoomer model airplane set!

It was finally over and the last present taken from the tree. A dazzled and happy family tramped in for the big breakfast—but not all the Barbours could remember their manners or even eat as much as they should; not all of them could relinquish a beloved new present, nor resist running back into the livingroom for one more peek. In fact, Hank had finally to be firmly admonished that even on Christmas, boys had to eat!

"Every bit of your egg, young man!" was Mother Barbour's last word. "We're all going to church and it will be a long time before dinner."

"Especially," Hazel seconded her, "since Dan and I and you and Pinky and Margaret have to run home first and change our clothes. We'll meet you on the corner of Oak Street, Mother—it won't take us more than a half-hour."

So it was decided, and when the breakfast dishes were finally cleared away the family scattered to make ready for the Christmas morning services. New ties, new gloves, new handkerchiefs were proudly, if a little self-consciously, donned and coats and dresses were brushed until they did their owners proud. There was even a little delay while Joan took instructions from Teddy in applying her very first nail-polish. Very pale-pink.

Indeed, the Barbours were a handsome family as they gathered on Oak Street and proceeded to church. Not even Margaret, in her new role of critic, could find anything amiss.

And when they all stood with the congregation to sing "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem," the eyes of Father and Mother Barbour met across the heads of the others in a silent message. There had been strains and troubles and pain

in their lives, but there had been much joy and happiness, too. Now their gratitude to Him welled up—for their children and grandchildren once more about them and for a world at peace. Mother Barbour's eyes grew misty—she couldn't help it. Boys were coming back from the war . . . there were other boys who would never come back.

The organ pealed. The wide church doors were opened; service was over. Progress up the aisle for the Barbours was slow because there were so many friends to wish a "Merry Christmas" and so many wanted to stop and chat; there was a young minister to be complimented for his fine service.

"Cynthia! Merry Christmas!" Margaret touched the arm of the blonde, smartly-clad youngster in front of her. "Where's your mother and dad?"

"Oh—hello, Margaret. Mother was too busy and Daddy couldn't come—the two girls drifted off to a corner outside, their heads close together as they talked.

When Margaret rejoined the Barbours, running ahead to catch up to her grandfather at the head of the little procession that was making its way home, she was thoughtful and distracted.

"Grandfather," she said at last, a little fretfully, "I want your honest opinion. Don't you think a Christmas tree all silver is nicer than our green one?"

"Eh?" Father Barbour wrenched his comfortable warm thoughts back with difficulty to the troubled note in Margaret's voice. "A silver one? Oh, yes—I've seen some. They're very spectacular, to be sure, but, somehow I miss that fresh piney odor about them. The silver spray seems to make them tame things, created artificially for artificial tastes. I prefer the breath of the outdoors that our own Christmas tree brings."

"WE-ELL, Mrs. Marlowe says the spray keeps the needles from dropping off and her carpet from getting messy. And Cynthia says it's 'positively dazzling!' She says she was allowed to go down and open her presents all by herself, so her folks could sleep." It was plain from Margaret's tone that she was awed by the maturity of a household where a child was considered old enough to open her own packages. "And she got some storybook records to play on their victrola and a doll from France that's so fragile it has to be kept under glass and dancing slippers and a rabbit-skin scarf." Poor Margaret—the glory of roller skates and a panda bear had been sadly eclipsed by Cynthia's magnificence.

But it wasn't envy that bothered Margaret, Father Barbour knew. It was, rather, the comparison between the homey, unpretentious Christmas of the Barbours and the sophistication of the Marlowes. This was the first time he had ever seen Margaret dissatisfied. He checked the stern words on his lips. This was something she would have to weigh and balance herself.

Now Hank and Pinky, as well as the rest, were glad they had forced themselves to eat that hearty breakfast. Otherwise, they would have been hard put to it to withstand the enticing odors, the cheery bustle in the kitchen, the crisp, delighted sounds of dinner roasting, baking, brewing, bubbling and steaming.

"Oh—" Paul groaned from the hassock where he was admiring Teddy's new sewing-kit—"this is almost more than human flesh can endure. Mother chased me out of the kitchen and she and Irene and Hazel and Betty are fussing around in there and every time that door opens I get weak from hunger."

"I know," Teddy sympathized, "Grandmother chased me out, too. They have Joan cracking nuts and Hank and Pinky whipping cream. It's a mad-house."

"That's an exaggeration," Irene protested from the diningroom doorway. Her cheeks were rosy from the stove heat. "We're all perfectly calm—although Betty *did* make twice too much dressing. Just be patient a little while longer."

SOMEHOW the time passed. Cliff helped, holding center-of-stage on the livingroom rug as he showed Skipper and the others how to put together the pieces of the model airplane. And, finally—at last—

"Dinner is served." Joan, in the doorway, bowed low.

The formal effect was somewhat spoiled by Pinky's yell over her shoulder—"Come and get it!"—but no one cared.

The table was a lovely sight. Bayberry candles were smoky purple spires on parade down the center; a festive arrangement of holly surrounded a pyramid of rosy-cheeked apples, tangerines and burnished nuts in Mother Barbour's cherished copper bowl. The candlelight made dancing prisms of color in the water goblets. Before each place was a bright-colored "cracker"—the kind that pulls with a glorious 'pop'—with a fortune inside.

To Father Barbour went a solemn warning: "Beware of marriage; you have the temperament of the perennial bachelor." Mother Barbour, whose greatest extravagance was a new hat every two years, found this: "Unless you want to lose the man you love, be more thrifty." Cliff laughed at them till he cried.

But his own hit the mark. It read: "Love of the outdoors is your guidepost in life; find a woman who will adventure with you," and he toasted Irene in tomato juice, for her courage and her love of Sky Ranch.

"What's the matter, Margaret? Afraid to read your own fortune?" Dan had noticed hers, unpoppped, in front of the girl.

Margaret tossed her head. "It all seems so—so childish." Even her tone was superior.

For a moment there was stunned silence around the table. Then the laughter roared and the teasing became so unmerciful that Father Barbour had to stop it, finally, with a peremptory glance at the offenders.

And did they eat! The turkey came from the kitchen, a plump royal bird crowned with parsley and bursting with stuffing . . . and left the room much, much later just a huddle of bones. The cranberries were chilled and tart, delicious with the sage dressing and the sweet potato balls. The two big bowls of peas looked too good to eat—their green mounds topped with a pat of golden butter. Crisp celery and olives and spiced peaches disappeared like magic from Mother Barbour's cut-glass dishes, and Joan's first culinary achievement, her molded vegetable salad, was a great success. Pumpkin pies—and mince pies—and custard for the little ones!

But it was the turkey, first and last,

that occupied the center of attention. After the fashion of good cooks everywhere Mother Barbour took the compliments demurely, asking anxiously if anyone didn't think it was just "the least bit dry?" But no one did—they thought it was the best turkey they had ever eaten.

"Each year," Paul muttered, as they left the table, "I promise myself I will eat sensibly."

"Oh boy!" Skipper flung himself onto the sofa. "I'm filled right—up—to—here!" and he measured graphically.

"Skipper . . ." his mother said reprovingly, "you needn't be so explicit. But," with a burst of honesty, "I know just what you mean. Now, while I help with the dishes, I want you to keep Mother in here. She isn't to do another bit of work today."

Mother Barbour's protests were overriden and, while Hazel and Irene and Teddy tackled the cleaning up, the others slowly recovered enough energy to play the games the Barbours adored.

"Indications!" Joan urged. "But she was voted down. 'Eh? Indications? What on earth is that? I'm too old to be learning new tricks.'"

"It's like Charades, Father," Clifford reassured him, "only different. You learn a whole set of signals to give your team an indication of what the title is, besides acting it out."

"I don't want to learn anything," Margaret protested. "It's Christmas Day." In spite of herself she was unable to resist that strong current that always swept the family into games and fun, into that strongly-cooperative spirit that knitted them so closely together. Father Barbour's eyes softened as they rested on her earnest face and sparkling eyes. He gave her braids a loving twitch and relaxed.

Charades it was. Teams were chosen. The honor system forbade anyone listening to the whispers that ran around the room.

DAN'S team led off and the handsome Irishman took the center of the floor.

"First word . . . first word . . ." Hank chanted, watching Dan's frantic motions . . . "it's a ship . . . no, it's the deck. *Deck!* Second word . . . timbers . . ." the others were bombarding Dan, at the same time, with hopeful ideas—"walls . . . house . . . leaves . . ."

"Deck the halls with boughs of holly, tra-la-la-la" sang Betty. And Dan subsided in relief, the first victory won.

"Oh, that was too easy," Cliff protested, through the cheers. "This time we will give you a hard one—you'll have to sharpen your wits quite a bit."

And it was a hard one. In spite of all Pinky's desperate acting—or, maybe, because of a hint—his team couldn't get more than a hint. They were completely baffled and at last they gave up.

"The Cricket On the Hearth!" Pinky told them, disgustedly. "Didn't you see me chirping and chirping—?"

"I th-thought you were a fr-frog." And Betty collapsed in her chair, weak from laughing.

The game went on and, presently, Teddy and Irene and Hazel joined the circle. Now it was Margaret's turn to take the stage.

"Home . . ." Hazel spelled out, feeling her little daughter's intent, hopeful eyes upon her. *But what was the rest of the sentence?* It had something to do, she saw, with all of them, with Dan and herself and the boys and Margaret, even with all the Barbours. Something very personal. "Home, Sweet Home?" she asked Margaret, cautiously. But the girl shook her head, her hand clutching

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at her dress in the vague region of her heart. At last she turned to her grandfather.

"Home is where the heart is," he replied instantly, and Margaret clapped her hands, crowing her delight. Under cover of the applause and the bustle that signified another player about to test his powers, she nestled on the floor against Father Barbour's knee.

"I knew you'd get it," she confided. "Wouldn't you think anyone would have guessed that? It's so simple."

"Simple?—yes it is, Margaret. But sometimes the simplest truths are the hardest to remember, the easiest to forget. That loving hearts make happy homes—just because it is so true and so simple, human beings forget. They become restless. Careless. Sometimes they begin to believe that possessions make a home, or a better neighborhood, or just that the welcome mat outside costs more than anyone else's. Or they think just the right number of people inside a home—whether or not you take any pains to cultivate their love—to work at being a family—that that could make a home."

FOR some reason, Margaret found she couldn't look at her Grandfather and his words made her feel guilty. It wasn't often he lectured her. Even now she couldn't be sure—nor certain just how his words applied to her. But they did. She knew that.

Twilight was closing in. Someone put a match to the kindling under the logs and the fireplace blazed with a cheery warmth. Chairs were drawn into a tighter circle. The game lost its interest. Paul left the room for a moment and when he returned he held a book in his hand.

"How about it, Father?" he asked, gently. "I was the first, you know . . . the first of your children to hear you read on Christmas night. I wouldn't want to begin the new year without renewing that tradition." Sons and daughters nodded their agreement, and the grandchildren settled themselves in anticipation. A sleepy Skipper, still clutching his precious Zoomer, climbed onto Clifford's lap.

Father Barbour started to read, but soon he let the book fall. He knew the story by heart and he liked to tell it in his own way.

" . . . they were three very learned and very wise men, but when their messengers came bearing tidings of the birth of the Christ Child, they became like children in their humility. They started their long and arduous journey, bringing with them the most priceless jewels, the most costly gifts of frankincense and myrrh, the most highly prized treasures of parchment and cloth and silks.

"These Wise Men knew their gifts were poor things compared to the real gifts they offered Jesus. The real gifts were the sincerity and humility and the love of humanity in their own hearts. They knew the Babe who was born had no need of their material things—that he brought to the world far greater gifts—the lessons of peace and understanding and brotherhood. But they gave what they could, in token of their feelings."

"Where did the Wise Men come from, Grandfather?" Joan asked.

"From widely different places. It was said that one was Caspar, the other Melchior of Babylonia, and the third Bathazar. But they were drawn together, even though their language, their beliefs, and their customs were different. They all sought the same

thing. Goodness. How to live together in peace and wisdom."

Mother Barbour looked up from her mending. Not even on Christmas Night were her hands still. "Couldn't you say that, today, the wise men of all the nations are still striving for the same thing?"

Father Barbour smiled at her. To himself he thought, *I suppose it's natural when two people like Fanny and myself have lived together so long, that our thoughts should follow the same patterns.* Aloud he said:

"Exactly. This year, right here in San Francisco, the representatives of all the nations came together to plan for a united world. We have come through a horrible war, brought about by man's inhumanity to man. Now, like the Wise Men of old, the people of the world are seeking to live together in goodness and in peace. And it gives this Christmas a still deeper meaning than ever before."

The telephone rang, its shrill note breaking into the thoughtful spell that held them silent. It was for Margaret and she excused herself.

Father Barbour went on, telling the old, familiar story to his listeners. Only to Betty's two sleepy oldest was it new.

" . . . and so then Joseph took Mary and the Child into Egypt to escape the cruel law of Herod. And they lived there. . . ."

He let his voice die away. Margaret had returned and from her manner, from the way she hesitated in the doorway, he knew that something important had happened. Father Barbour turned his head and looked at her. As if it were a signal, she hastened to his side, kneeling down, impulsively hiding her head in his lap.

"Who was it, dear?" her mother asked. The attention of the whole room was on that small figure.

MARGARET raised her head and she took a second before she answered. Then she blurted out: "It was Cynthia. It's a—a mean trick! She's all alone and she's feeling terrible and her mother and dad have gone out to a party and she has no one to play with and she says she 'hates Christmas!'" The enormity of anyone hating Christmas was conveyed to her listeners by the solemnity of her voice. Margaret went on—"she can't play her records because her Mother is afraid she'll damage the phonograph and all the rest of her presents are too big or too useful or they're the kind that someone has to show you how—and her Mother threw out her old rag doll she loves."

Margaret took a deep breath and looked at her Grandfather. "I know what you meant now—about home is where the heart is. And about it being something you have to work for, not just the right number of people to make up a family. Mr. and Mrs. Marlowe don't work at it—being parents I mean."

She was a little bit embarrassed now at having made a public confession and having been the center of all eyes. She mumbled under her breath—"I like our Christmas better'n any other kind."

"Of course, silly. Ours is the best, because we're a family," Pinky scolded her, but his voice was unusually kind to his sister.

"We're the Barbour family," Skipper piped up.

There was a chorus of approval, and then Father Barbour's quiet, sure voice came like a benediction:

"Like Tiny Tim—I say, 'God bless us everyone'."

# To the End of the Journey

(Continued from page 33)

"Just a minute," I said. I got up, smoothed my hair, rubbed my face with cologne. Then I opened the door.

Mrs. Dorn's face was grave and set, but her eyes were bright and two pink spots of determination flamed in her cheeks. "I think we ought to clear up this misunderstanding, Beth—"

I interrupted her. I didn't want to talk about it. "I'm sorry I spoke as I did, Mrs. Dorn. I didn't mean it. I was upset—"

She accepted the apology and put it behind us with a quick little movement of her head. "Of course you're upset. We all are. But I'm sorry you've felt, even briefly, that we're against you. It isn't a matter of taking sides at all, Beth. John's father and I have been very careful not to do or say anything that would influence him—"

I began to tremble. There it was again—John's decision. As if he had everything to say. No account taken of me, of my feelings. "But you think that I should have gone home long ago!" I flared. "I feel it. You think that John—that Mary Lou—"

Mrs. Dorn flushed and bowed her head. Then she raised it proudly. "Perhaps we do," she said quietly. "You see, Beth, we know John, and we know that he'll never be at peace with himself unless he does what he thinks is right. We can't help knowing how he feels—and his feeling has nothing to do with Mary Lou personally, nor even, in a way, with you. It's a simple matter of right and wrong with him. You must know that, Beth. You love him, too."

And then, suddenly, I did know. I should have known all along—yes, from the first night I'd met John at the recreation center dance in Corona and had seen that rock-like jaw of his and had felt instinctively that here was a man one could trust always, in anything. And his trip to Maple Falls to tell Mary Lou about me even before he asked me to marry him, just on the chance that she might care about him and would welcome the opportunity to save her pride. Not many men would have done that, I realized.

John himself had tried to tell me, when he'd said that an annulment of our marriage was the only way out. I could hear him now, pleading for my help, my understanding. *It's how I'd feel about having started a life out in this world without giving it half a chance at living right. Please, Beth, try to see things my way. . . . I still feel that somehow there's hope for us, and that maybe, somehow, things will come right. . . .* That wasn't the same John who last night had stared at me as if I were a stranger when I'd told him that I would fight any action he started to dissolve our marriage, or the John who, this morning, had walked out without a word to me. It wasn't Mary Lou who had come between us, really. I had lost him by refusing to let him follow the dictates of his conscience; I had failed him when he most needed me.

Something of the utter desolation that swept over me must have shown, because Mrs. Dorn put her hand on my arm, comfortingly. "Where is he?" I asked.

"I'm not sure, Beth. He didn't tell us. But I would guess that he's gone to Marshall to see Henry Benton."

Her hand tightened as the intensity

of her voice deepened. "Please believe me, Beth, we're not thinking only of John. There's you, too. I think you care enough about him so that you'd never be happy if he didn't feel—right. . . . Oh my dear—" and there was a world of pity and heartbreak in her voice—"you're so young—"

I straightened. "Oh, no, I'm not," I said. "Perhaps I was, but I'm not, now. I'm all right now, Mother Dorn, really I am." The "Mother Dorn" slipped out. I'd never called her that before; it would have been presumptuous, would have seemed that I was claiming a relationship that wasn't really mine.

And John's mother understood. She raised herself on tip-toe, kissed my cheek. "Dear Beth," she murmured, "I wish—" She didn't finish the sentence. The telephone rang downstairs, sharply, and she hurried to answer it.

I stood with my hand pressed to my cheek, feeling the last traces of resentment and bitterness dissolve in a warm rush of gratitude. I couldn't help knowing what she had been about to say—that she wished that things had been different, that I could have been, really, truly, John's wife. I was glad. Knowing that I was wanted, welcome, made it easier for me to leave.

There was no longer any question in my mind but that I was going. I even wanted to go. Mrs. Dorn had made me see that, too. You see, she loved him in one way and I in another, but for all the difference in the two kinds of love, they had one thing in common: both Mrs. Dorn and I wanted his happiness. Perhaps that was what all the different kinds of love really were, what love itself really was—understanding and unselfishness. I got out my bags and began to pack.

Still I had a feeling that something was unfinished, a feeling that slowed my hands until I caught myself sitting staring into space for minutes at a time. John's face haunted me—his face as it had been last night. Oh, no, I thought, I couldn't go this way, not with bitterness and enmity between us.

I went downstairs, called the office of Henry Benton in Marshall. While I waited for the connection, my hands grew slippery on the receiver, and my heart felt as though it had been rammed high in my throat, so that it was unable to beat properly, so that it was choking me. In a moment I would hear John's voice, perhaps for the last time. . . .

Then a voice came over the wire, a man's voice, but not John's. "Mr. Benton?" I questioned.

"Yes—"  
"I'd like to speak to John Dorn, please."

"Why—" There was a pause. "John isn't here. I haven't seen him."

"Will you give him a message for me, if he should come in?" I asked. "This is Mrs. Dorn. Please tell him that I'm leaving for Corona today, and that any arrangements he wants to make will be all right with me."

A sense of incompleteness still troubled me. Somehow, it seemed that there was something more I should do, something I ought to do. . . . Mary Lou. Surely, if anyone in Maple Falls ought to be told that I was going away, it was Mary Lou.

Had I stopped to think what it would be like—facing Mary Lou, telling her

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that I was going away, leaving John to her—I might never have gone. But I didn't stop to think, nor to analyze my reasons for going to see her. I was acting under a compulsion that had nothing to do with my own will.

I looked up her address in the slim little Maple Falls telephone book. There it was—312 East Elm. I didn't even stop for a hat, for my purse; I walked straight out of the house into the strong sunlight. I walked fast and purposefully, as if something warned me that this curious detachment from the world and from my own self would drop away at any moment, and I would begin to feel again, to hurt again.

The number 312 leaped out of me like a blow. I stopped, and then I turned briskly up the steps, knocked sharply on the door. There was no answer at first, and then I heard footsteps, coming from the back of the house. A woman opened the door—Mary Lou's mother. I was sure that she recognized me; there was a kind of shock in her eyes, and then her face settled into the careful impassivity I'd become accustomed to seeing on the Dorn's faces. "I'd like to see Mary Lou," I said. "I'm Beth."

She hesitated. "Mary Lou isn't well. . . ." And then she let me in.

I waited in the dim coolness of the living room, where green shades were drawn against the morning sun. There were voices above stairs, and then Mary Lou came down alone. Her eyes looked as deep and as dark as the gloom of the stairwell, and her face was white and strained. "You wanted to see me?" she asked from the stairs. "Yes." I waited for her to come the rest of the way down.

"What for?" She didn't sound rude. She sounded childish, and she looked suddenly childish, and terrified. I felt a twinge of pity for her, and then I thought, "She'll be all right when she knows. . . ." Aloud I said, "Please come down. I shan't take but a minute."

Mary Lou glanced at the door—apprehensively, I thought—and at me, and back at the door again. Then, reluctantly, she descended the steps. In the livingroom she seated herself tentatively, as if at any second she would rise and flee. It occurred to me that it was I she was afraid of. Last night I would have taken bitter pleasure in the thought, but now I knew only a profound dismay that people who were strangers to each other, like Mary Lou and me, could intrude so painfully upon each other's lives. "I've come to tell you I'm going away," I said quickly. "Back to Corona. John—or I—will arrange for an annulment as soon as possible, and then you can—"

If she was relieved, she didn't show

it. She didn't move. She sat rigid on the edge of her chair, the terror and the wariness still in her eyes. After a moment I began to believe that she hadn't heard me.

"I said that I'm going away," I repeated sharply. "John will be free, and you'll have nothing at all to worry about—"

Mary Lou laughed—a short, hysterical laugh that rang like a shot in the room. "Oh, no!" she cried. "Nothing to worry about! Nothing at all—" And then she dug shaking fingers into the arms of the chair and pulled herself to her feet. "I'm sorry," she said more quietly. "I'm—upset. Thank you for coming, but will you please go, now? Please—"

I rose, looked up the stairway, wondering if I ought to call Mrs. Walters. Mary Lou was trembling violently.

And why should she? I thought resentfully. I was leaving town, leaving John to her. She ought to be relieved, and glad. Of course she had been under a strain, but there was no reason for her to go to pieces now—unless she was really in love with John, and was as shaken at being in the same room with me as I was at being with her.

She was edging toward the door, and I followed automatically. "Well," I said, "I hope—" That she'd be happy, she and John? That was too much, right now. I couldn't say it as if I meant it. It hurt to think of her loving John, living day in and day out with John, winning him completely with her love. I finished, "I hope everything turns out all right."

"Thank you," she said in a tight, high voice—and the door shut behind me almost before I'd crossed the threshold.

Instinctive, animal anger seized me; I almost turned back. Why, I'd been practically shown out of the house—and I hadn't had to come here. I could have let her wait and wonder a little longer. . . . Then I told myself wearily that it didn't matter. Nothing mattered now except getting back to the Dorn house and packing my bags and getting out of town. . . .

At the corner of Main and Elm I came face to face with Philip Hurst.

It's hard to explain my reactions to that meeting. I think the best way is to say that it was as if I were still two persons, one who stood aside and observed and thought, and another who spoke and acted. The thoughtful, observing Beth recognized the sight of Philip, alive and whole and well and here in Maple Falls, as a miracle—either a miracle or a total illusion. To the Beth who spoke and acted it was the most natural thing in the world to run into him on Main Street in Maple Falls. He was in a hurry. He almost passed me before he recognized me

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and stopped. "Beth!" he exclaimed. "Where's John?"

I answered with robot-like precision. "Why—he's out of town, I think."

He put an urgent hand on my arm. "I just tried to call him. Look, Beth, when he gets home, tell him to stick around until he hears from me. I've got to talk to him—" And then he hurried on.

His touch made it real. I stood dazedly rubbing my arm where his hand had been, and then I started after him, calling, "Philip—"

He heard me. He turned, waved me back. "Tell John to wait. It's important. I'll tell you everything—"

I spun on my heel, started to run toward the house. In all the whirling confusion of my mind there was only one thing that stood out: the memory of John's calling me from camp long ago—oh, very long ago, back in another world—to say that Philip had been reported missing on his first mission in the Pacific theater . . . and our agreeing that missing couldn't mean dead, not for Philip, our saying that we would not, did not believe it.

**I** RACED up the steps of the Dorn house, stood blinking in the dimness of the front hall after the bright light outside, remembering then that there had been no need to run, that John would not be there.

But he was there. He came out of the kitchen as I went down the hall.

"John!" I cried. "Philip is here!"

"Philip?" he repeated blankly. And then on a rising note of incredulity—"Philip—"

"Yes, Philip Hurst. I just saw him on Main Street. He's coming to see you—"

The expression on John's face was beautiful. It was like a bright dawn after a dark and troubled night. He and Philip had been very close, and for the moment John and I were close again, too. It was as if we were back in Corona, as if all that had come between us had never been.

"But how—" John began, and I put in, "I don't know. I just now saw him on the street, at the corner of Elm and Main. He rushed past me as if he were going to a fire, but he stopped long enough to say that he'd tried to call you, and that he wanted you to wait until he comes to see you."

"Well, I should think so!" John exploded. "Old Phil—I knew he'd be all right." And then, "Where is he now?"

"I don't know," I repeated patiently. "He told me to tell you to be here. I'd just come from Mary Lou's—" And then it all came back—the real situation, that had nothing to do with Philip. This unity between us was only temporary.

"I went to see Mary Lou," I said, "to tell her I was going back to Corona today. I called your lawyer, John, and told him. Did he give you the message?"

John looked at me, and it was as if he, too, were coming back from a magic place where there were no differences between us. "Henry Benton? I started up there, and then I turned around and came back. I didn't want to do things that way. With your not knowing, and with things not right between us—"

I drew a deep, wavering breath. Strange—this was what John had offered me at first—a chance to do the thing together—and I had refused it. And now I was deeply, humbly grateful that it wasn't too late, that we could do it that way, without antagonism or

bitterness, simply submitting to a tragedy that was not of our making. "I called him," I said, "and told him that any arrangement you wanted to make was all right with me. I'm going today, John. I should have gone before. I realized that this morning—"

"Beth—"  
I started up the stairs. He strode over to them, seized my hand where it grasped the bannister. "Beth, you can't go right away. You have to see Philip—" And then his voice died in his throat.

"Oh, no," I said. "I—don't feel up to it, John. It's enough for me to know that he's alive and well. You tell him—" And then my voice stopped, and we stood there, looking at each other. As long as I live, I shall never forget that moment. It said all that needed to be said between us—that we were still a part one of the other, would always be; that whatever happened, whatever we made of our separate lives, there would always be this living love between us, a light in the darkness, a fire in the cold.

"Always?" John questioned. And I said, "Always," and then I drew my hand from his and went on up.

I don't know how much later it was that I heard his voice, calling me, and then a knock on my door. I hadn't got far with my packing—I'd been sitting, most of the time, not really thinking, just remembering John's face as it had been when he'd stood gazing up at me. Now he said, "Beth, please come down. Philip is here."

"But John, please—"

"You must." I'd never heard him speak that way before, and when I opened the door, his expression matched his tone. His face looked sealed and forbidding.

Wondering, I followed him down the stairs, into the livingroom—and then I saw that Philip was not alone. Mary Lou was with him, standing close to his side, like a small dark shadow in contrast to his blond height. "I think we may as well sit down," John said. "Mary Lou has something to say to all of us. Go ahead, Mary Lou."

**I** LOOKED at Mary Lou's small, pinched face, at Philip's, almost as grim as John's, and I sank into a chair simply because my legs would no longer support me.

Mary Lou looked pleadingly up at Philip. "Where shall I begin?"

"At the beginning."  
She drew a deep breath. "Well," she said thinly, "I guess the real beginning was the first year John was away, in the Army. Before that, if I'd felt anything special about him, it was that he was more my friend than other fellows I went out with, and not just someone to have fun with. But then the war started, and most of the boys left, and all of a sudden everybody seemed to have separated into couples. Some of the couples got married and some got engaged, and every girl was at least writing to some special person, and I was the only one who wasn't—wasn't—"

"In the swim," John supplied dryly.

Mary Lou's chin lifted. "Call it that if you want. It didn't matter much at first, but then, gradually, I began to feel that I was waiting for John. I began to remember all the years we'd known each other, and how I'd always depended on him, and—I fell in love with him." She checked herself. "I mean, I thought I fell in love with him. It wasn't real, I know that now. But I thought it was real, and I was looking

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forward to his coming home, wanting so much to see him—and then he did come home, to tell me that he was in love with Beth. I didn't know how to take it at first. I was just shocked, I guess, to think that he wouldn't always be there, as he always had been. And then, we were so busy that week he and Philip were here, getting up parties and arranging dates, trying to fix things so that John could get his work done and still be with us, that I didn't have time to sort out my thoughts. And there was Philip."

She glanced at Philip, went on quickly. "I think I fell in love with Philip the first night I saw him, really—not the imagined built-up feeling I'd had for John. But I'd been attracted to boys before—not as much, but in somewhat the same way—and I was all mixed up over John, and I didn't trust the way I felt about Philip. The last day John and Philip were here, when we went on the picnic up the river, I just seemed to go all to pieces inside. All I could think of was that I had to hang on to John somehow, because he was solid and stable and dependable, someone I'd always known. I asked him to walk up to the Cove with me, and he did, but it wasn't any good trying to talk to him. He kept answering me shortly or not at all, and I started to cry—"

"I followed them," Philip cut in. "I wasn't spying. I'd noticed that John was beginning to look peculiar, and I had a hunch he was getting one of his spells. I kept them in sight, and when I caught up with them, John was out on his feet. I told Mary Lou what was wrong, and we took him home. What happened after that was my fault. I'd been crazy about Mary Lou from the beginning, but I hadn't thought I had a chance until that day. But when John folded up before her eyes, she turned to me, clung to me as if I were the only person in the world she could depend on. And I couldn't stand it, knowing I had to go away in the morning, not being sure when I'd see her again. And she was so sweet, I couldn't help myself. We spent that night, or most of it, in one of those tourist cabins down the road. . . . You know the rest," he concluded harshly. "John and I went back to Corona the next morning, and I was shipped out, and I crashed on my first mission. By the time I got back to the base, there were several letters from Mary Lou, and in the last one she told me about our baby. I thought I was lucky that I got a sympathy furlough right away,

and space on a bomber that was being flown directly back to the States. I didn't even stop to write or cable, because I knew I'd probably get here before the message would. I got a plane to Corona, and took the train for Maple Falls. I got in here this morning and called Mary Lou—and she tried to tell me that it was all a mistake and that she didn't want to see me. Then I went over to her house and made her talk to me—that's when I ran into you on the street, Beth—and found out that she had taken advantage of John's loss of memory to put the blame on him."

Mary Lou whirled on him, her eyes blazing and her face contorted. "I didn't mean to *blame* anyone!" she cried. "I was just desperate. I thought you were dead, and when I went to Dr. Evans, and he took for granted that John was the baby's father, I—I just didn't deny it. I didn't dream that he meant to marry Beth so soon. I didn't know for sure how I felt about you, even after that night—I was afraid it might be one of those quick, war-time things that wouldn't last. And I couldn't help thinking that maybe John's caring for Beth was a quick, war-time thing, too. I had to take the chance. I didn't *want* to marry John. I knew that after it was too late and there was nothing else I could do. I knew then that I'd never care about anyone but you, but I had to go through with it. It wasn't only myself—"

She crossed over to John, seized his arm with both her hands, tugged at it. She was crying now—great deep sobs that were dreadful to hear. "Tell him, John," she begged. "Tell him what it's like in Maple Falls. There's the Hardy girl—her little boy is ten years old now, and still when strangers come to town people point him out and whisper, 'That's little Jimmy Hardy. He hasn't any father.' I couldn't let that happen—"

John's face was gray. I knew that he was thinking of the tortured hours he'd spent, unable to trust his memory, distrusting his very self. "You could have told the truth—to me, at least."

Mary Lou shrank back as if he'd struck her. She stumbled and would have fallen if Philip hadn't caught her. He shook her, not too gently. "Mary Lou—stop it! Crying isn't going to help, or to make up for anything. For that matter, I've a few things to cry over myself. Go home now, and I'll come after you in a little while."

Mary Lou swallowed, and smiled up at him, waveringly. "My purse—" Philip handed her her bag, waited

while she powdered over the tear stains and smoothed back her cloudy dark hair, and then he took her to the door.

John sat down on the arm of my chair, put his arm around my shoulders. I rested against it, gratefully. So much had happened that day—I felt as though a great wave had picked me up, carried me higher and higher and held me suspended, threatening to dash me down against the rocks. . . . and then had deposited me, breathless and strengthless but whole, on a safe, sandy shore.

Philip came back from taking Mary Lou to the door. He sat down, looking from me to John. "You know," he said, "it wasn't all Mary Lou's fault." John started to speak, and Philip stopped him with a gesture. "Oh, I know," he said, "you and Beth wouldn't have been dragged into it if I'd been around. But in the beginning, the fault was mine. I got her into the jam, and I left her unprotected, without any resources whatever. It would have been tough enough for any girl, but for a sheltered kid like her—"

"She still knew what she was doing to Beth and me."

"She suffered for it, too. You know that, John. Once the story had started, she just didn't see any way of turning back. I was ready to—well, I don't know what—this morning when I went over to her house and got the whole story out of her. But when I saw the state she was in, I knew she was half-crazy with fear, had been for weeks. She wasn't really responsible—"

I put my hands to my face. They were cold and trembling. Reaction had set in suddenly, and I felt faint and ill. "Do we have to talk about it? It's over now—"

Philip rose. "I'm sorry, Beth. I want just a minute more. I'm leaving today—taking Mary Lou home, to my mother's place. We'll be married there, and it may be a long time before we see Maple Falls again. I don't want her to leave feeling that you despise her and will never forgive her. I don't expect you to feel kindly toward her now—or toward me, either, for that matter, but I'd like to be able to tell her that sometime we can all be friends again."

I watched John's face, the clear-cut, rock-like look of it, and I waited tensely, loving him, and suddenly a little afraid for him, too. In the beginning, I'd loved him for his hard, sure strength—would he be strong enough now to soften, to forgive? John looked down at me, and I nodded, and he smiled at Philip. It was a wry little twist of his lips, and it took effort, but it was a smile. "Sure," he said. "Sometime . . . pretty soon."

It is only a few months since John first brought me home to Maple Falls. I say home because it really is my home now, just as John is really, truly my husband. We are still living with John's parents, but by spring we hope to begin building our own cottage near the Falls, with a big yard and a garden—all the things we've dreamed about. Now, with the hard-won miracle of peace upon the world, everything that lies ahead of us seems good. We know, of course, that it won't be always, all good, but whatever happens John and I are secure. You see, we love each other, and we found out in the early days of our marriage how strong our love is, that it is a living, growing thing in itself, a source of strength and hope that will last beyond eternity.

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