

Radio Mirror

MARCH
15¢



FRANCIS

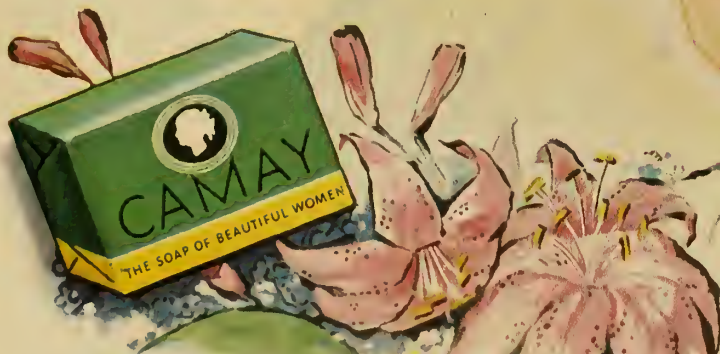
Big Sister *** Portia Faces Life

Just One Cake of Camay - Softer, Smoother Skin is yours!



There's a softer glow, fresher beauty for *your* skin
—with your *first* cake of Camay! Simply change
from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise
on scores of complexions. And these doctors
reported that woman after woman—using just
one cake of Camay—had fresher, softer skin.



MRS. STEWART'S STORY



"I tumbled—Bill fell, too," skiing at St. Adele in the Laurentians. Both devotees of outdoor sports, Ginny keeps the warm sun-glow in her skin radiantly fresh. "It's Camay for me—and has been, since my *first* cake brought out a real sparkle in my complexion."



MRS. WILLIAM KIRK STEWART
—the former Virginia Welch of Los Angeles, Cal.
Bridal portrait painted by *Bolegard*

Precious Moment: While overseas, Bill cherished each memory of Ginny's fresh young beauty "I wanted to look my best when he returned," Ginny confides, "so I never neglected my Camay Mild-Soap Diet." To make *your* skin lovelier, just follow instructions on your Camay wrapper.



Cherish Camay—make each cake last. Precious materials go into soap.

"Brush me off, will you?"



CUPID: Now wait, Sis! Hold it!

GIRL: For *what*, you faithless little imp! It's about time some girl taught you not to go around ignoring girls just because they're not beautiful!

CUPID: So! It's that way, huh? Well now *you* listen, my little fugitive from spinsterhood! It's about time you stopped looking at men with all the charm and radiance of a tired wash cloth! Smile at 'em, Sister! Sparkle!

GIRL: With *my* dull, dingy teeth? Hah! Heaven knows I brush 'em enough, but sparkle... hah! They—

CUPID: Ever see 'pink' on your tooth brush?

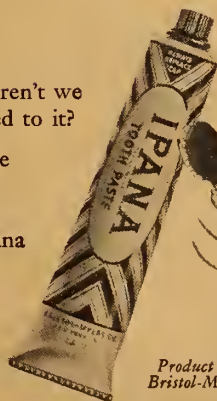
GIRL: Just lately. Why?

CUPID: *Why?* Why Great Day in The Morning, Pet, don't you know that's a sign to see your dentist—and right away! Because he may find today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: Fine, fine, fine. Very impressive. But weren't we discussing my smile a while back? What happened to it?

CUPID: Pet, don't you know that a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums? This Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you start on your way to a sparkling, radiant smile that'll stagger any stag line. Now get going, Baby! Ipana and massage!



Product of
Bristol-Myers



For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Radio Mirror

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ON THE COVER—Anne Francis, color photograph by Salvatore Consentino, Valcour Studios

"Don't let them kid you!" says RAY MILLAND

starring in the Paramount film, "KITTY"



"You can't tell a good American by the color of his skin, the church he goes to, or the way he spells his name.

"People from every race and every country have helped to make America great. Let's all remember that, and show the world America means what it says about Democracy!"



Have you discovered delicious Fleer's Gum? It's the refreshing peppermint-candy-coated gum in the handy piece-at-a-time package. It's chewy, chockfull of flavor. Enjoy a box of Fleer's today!



Chewing gum in its nicest form!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., MAKERS OF FINE CHEWING GUM SINCE 1885

Recommended Listening...

IT'S nice to have radio's "bad boy," Red Skelton, back in the fold after his stint in the Army. He's reached his stride by now, and the programs are like the old ones in fun and flavor, only more so. They leave a pleasant taste at the end of an evening already packed with more good comedy shows than any other night of the week. Skelton is heard Tuesdays, 10:30 P.M., EST, on NBC. . . . You can have the sort of show you like, whatever your taste, in the half-hour between 7 and 7:30 P.M., EST. One sponsor has taken the half hour, split it up into two fifteen-minute periods, and then "split the network" on each of these quarter hours, so that actually four shows go on during the half hour. At seven until a quarter after, some of the stations on CBS carry Mommie and the Men, some of them the Jack Kirkwood Show. Starting at 7:15, part of the network carries the Jack Smith Show, part your old Vic and Sade. . . . Don't skip Saturday, you daytime listeners—your favorite serial characters may be taking a weekend vacation, but that doesn't mean that there isn't good, meaty listening enjoyment for you, just the same. CBS, for instance, has three bang-up dramatic shows straight in a row, half an hour each from noon until 1:30, EST—Theatre of Today, Stars Over Hollywood and Grand Central Station, in that order. And as a sort of dessert after the main dish of drama comes the County Fair for another half hour. . . . If your children are a bit young for the rough-and-tough variety of radio kids' shows, don't forget these three really good ones, which have consistently won the praise of doctors, parent-and-teacher associations and the like over the years: Mutual's Land of the Lost, CBS's Let's Pretend and ABC's Coast to Coast on a Bus.

Recommended Reading: Next month's RADIO MIRROR brings you living portraits of Today's Children. . . . An April Fool's Day story about the happy family you've grown to love on NBC's A Date With Judy. . . . Martha Tilton on the cover . . . the second in the Life Can Be Beautiful series. And an article by House of Mystery's Roger Elliot on how fear is made and conquered.

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Hips aren't your big problem, Honey!

YOU CAN TAKE your hips right off your mind, Angel. For no one finds fault with your figure!

But you'd be smart to exercise a little more care about personal charm. Being streamlined, you know, won't protect you against *underarm odor*. Or lessen the offense when others find you guilty.

So keep right on trusting your bath—for *past perspiration*. But put your trust in

dependable Mum to prevent risk of *future underarm odor*.

Creamy, snowy-white Mum smooths on in 30 seconds. Keeps you fresh and free from underarm odor all day or evening. Helps you stay nice to be near.

Mum is gentle—is harmless to skin and fabrics. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. So why take chances with your charm when you can be *sure* with Mum? Ask for a jar of it today.

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



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION

at the infection.

R

M

3

Better than Beauty



RADIO MIRROR'S

Home
and
Beauty

Charm is the eye-opening, heart-opening magic that would keep you remembering lovely singer Dinah Shore even if she never sang a note.

If a fairy godmother offered you the gift of beauty or charm, you'd probably take charm, for you'd know that charm is magic more potent, more lasting than looks . . . it wins more friends, it opens more doors.

According to Dinah Shore, singing star of Open House, on the air every Thursday night, "Charm is the very best inside of you, expressed by your clothes, speech, voice and manners. A girl who is charming radiates a warmth and vitality. She is friendly, anxious to please others and sincere in her pleasant attitude toward friends as well as strangers."

With Dinah's definition as a guide, any girl can practice and make perfect on charm. It comes down to a matter of polishing the fine details of looking and living graciously.

Charm is still charm in a hovel or a mansion, but it gets a better audience when your make-up is right, when you wear the colors that set you off like a diamond on black velvet; when you wear necklines that suit your face, look right with your perfectly chosen hair style; when all the little matters of good grooming are properly attended to, seams straight, clothes well pressed, well brushed, gloves spotless, hat veils crisp, and so on. You don't wear cocktail dresses to an office or slacks when you should look feminine, for good taste is also a facet of charm.

With clothes and make-up completely right, the girl who is charming forgets herself, for a large part of charm is an interest and enthusiasm in the lives and conversations of others. She trains herself to remember names and birthdays, to write thank-you notes the moment they're due. Her courtesy and kindness are genuine and are not saved for outsiders alone. She is a good listener, the girl who gets more fun doing for others than she does for herself. She's generous in her opinions, gives others the benefit of the doubt.

She is by no means a mouse, yet she doesn't laugh raucously, argue heatedly, contradict or interrupt. She doesn't talk loudly, yammer to be heard—but instead speaks quietly with her lips and tongue, not her jaws. By not trying to dominate the party, she dominates it because she's comfortable to be near . . . she makes *you* feel good. Under that calm, unflustered exterior, you know she's very much alive, very interested in you and life in general.

When you think of charm, you think of gracefulness too, and a girl's ability to enter a crowded room of strangers without fidgeting, stumbling, knocking things over. The woman with charm has poise. She doesn't plop herself down in a chair, but sits down slowly, easily. She sits tall but not stiff. And as you see her walk across a room or down a street, you think of a queen, for she walks proudly, head high, never turning around to stare, but keeping her bright eyes very much ahead.

Wet Feet? Cold Feet?

Look out for a Cold!

GARGLE WITH LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC!



Germs Reduced up to 96.7% in Tests

Fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%, and up to 80% one hour after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

These are some types of the threatening germs that cause so much of the misery of a cold when they invade the body through throat membranes.



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.



THIS pleasant precaution, taken early and often, may help head off a cold or lessen its severity.

Wet or cold feet, like fatigue, drafts, sudden temperature changes, can lower body resistance so that germs called the "secondary invaders" find it easier to invade throat tissue. When they do, they produce much of the misery you know all too well.

How Listerine Antiseptic Can Help

This delightful antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of these "secondary invaders" . . . gives Nature a helping hand in halting the mass invasion of germs.

Naturally, plenty of rest, warmth, and light foods will help immeasurably in fighting off the infection.

Fewer Colds in Tests

You need only look at Listerine's impressive record made in tests over 12 years to see how helpful it can be. Consider:

That those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. St. Louis, Mo.



WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS

(above) Involved in mysterious doings on CBS's daily Perry Mason is pretty Blanche Gladstone. The Battle of Music degenerates from words into action as Raymond Paige tries to calm Deems Taylor (left) and Leonard Feather on the Sunday NBC show.



WHEN we heard that Taylor Grant and Richard Tobin were beginning to show signs of the shakes—they're the two men responsible for ABC's Headline Edition program—we weren't the least bit surprised. Plain newscasters and commentators lead a hectic enough life. These two had to think up for themselves the idea of getting real, live interviews with the most significant news personality of each day—every day.

The show goes on the air at 7 P.M. (EST), but work on the show begins in the morning. Taylor Grant starts his day by going through all the newspapers and the news on the wire services. He selects and chops and clips and, by eleven o'clock, he's ready for a conference with Richard Tobin. At that daily conference, they have to decide which of the prominent figures who've been making headline news in the past twenty four hours should be approached for the program.

Once, it was all set by two in the afternoon that heavyweight champion Joe Louis was to go on the air. But, at six o'clock, his manager reported that he was unable to find Louis, who had last been seen on a golf course. Another time, during the uprising in Argentina, the transmitter was kept open all day for the ABC correspond-

ent there. Grant went on the air at seven, ready to announce the correspondent at the pre-arranged signal of a handkerchief wave from the director. He never got that wave and he spent a nervous lifetime in those fifteen minutes.

* * *

That's a nice thing the Tom Mix radio crew is doing. When the original cowboy was alive, he made a yearly visit to the St. Louis Fireman's Benefit Pension Association, and put on a real show for the invalid kids. Now, in memory of the great cowboy's personal interest in the organization, the "Tom Mix" of radio—otherwise known as Curley Bradley—and the entire troupe from the program, recently made a similar trip and put on a bang-up Western show for the shut-ins.

* * *

Have you heard Request Performance yet? It's a CBS show on Sunday evenings at 9:00 EST. It's put on by the Masquers' Club, one of the most celebrated theatrical organizations in the country, numbering among its members about six hundred of the most illustrious names in show business.

It all started about twenty years ago when a small group of Broadway actors, working in Hollywood, got to-

(Continued on page 8)



Toni Darnay is Evelyn Winters, of Columbia's popular daytime serial, heard every Monday through Friday, 10:30 P.M. EST.

DEAR MRS. JOSEPH COTTEN:

We think you're lucky...to be so lovely yourself...and to be married to such a distinguished star of the screen.

Yours,
TANGEE

Mrs.
Joseph Cotten says:

"At last I've found it —
the perfect cake make-up!"

Scores of cake make-ups came to Hollywood ahead of Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up. Some were fine in one way...some in another. Then Constance Luft Huhn's newest creation arrived and took the motion picture colony by storm because it's ideal *in every way*. You'll find that Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up is so very easy to apply...stays on for so many extra hours...is designed to be oh-so-kind to your skin! And you don't look—or feel—as if you were wearing a mask.

The thrill of Satin-Finish!

Yes, it is a thrill to find a lipstick that does not run or smear... that means lips not too dry, not too moist... that stays on for *extra hours*. And that's what Constance Luft Huhn has done for your "lip-appeal"...by creating the Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Today's smartest colors are Tangee Gay-Red, Red-Red and Medium-Red.



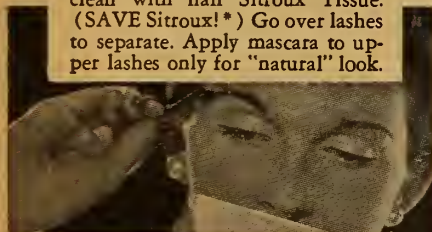
CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN, Head of the House of Tangee and one of America's foremost authorities on beauty and make-up. Among Mrs. Huhn's recent triumphs are the famous Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick, and the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.

Use *Tangee* and see how beautiful you can be

BRIGHT EYE-DEAS!



Looking down into mirror, apply mascara clear to end of lashes. Hold brush there till lashes "set". (About 30 seconds.) Wipe brush clean with half Sitroux Tissue. (SAVE Sitroux!*) Go over lashes to separate. Apply mascara to upper lashes only for "natural" look.



To extend eyebrows, remove almost all mascara from brush with half Sitroux Tissue. Brush brows the *wrong* way to pick up tiny hairs. Then brush back into place. If necessary, sketch in hair-like lines with eyebrow pencil.



At bedtime, use eye-cream generously. Gently work out toward temple under eye - back toward nose on eyelid. Remove excess with Sitroux. Keep Sitroux handy for facial cleansings, manicures, dozens of daily "beauty" aids!



* Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE



Though Red Skelton spent two years in the Army, his "Junior" doesn't seem a day older (Tuesdays on NBC).

Milo Boulton (below) is master of ceremonies on CBS's *We, The People*, broadcast Sunday nights at 10:30 EST.



(Continued from page 6).

gether to renew old friendships. The Masquers did more than talk about old times on the "boards". They got a clubhouse where they erected a stage and put on weekly performances of one act plays and vaudeville skits, just to keep their hands in, as it were. Later, they even started some short film projects on their own. Three years ago, they launched a war service group to put on shows for servicemen visiting Hollywood. Within a month, these weekly programs for servicemen became ten-act vaudeville bills, with such stars as John Charles Thomas, Jose Iturbi, Cary Grant, Roy Rogers, Nelson Eddy and hundreds of others taking part. During the war, an average weekly audience of three hundred servicemen was entertained this way.

We're glad to hear George (The Real) McCoy back on the radio. He's back from the Army—and nights when you can't sleep you'll listen to his glib and lively chatter in the wee hours. He's emceeing the WJZ All Night Show on Saturdays and Sundays from one to six A.M.

Before he went into the Army, McCoy was well known in radio circles for his famous sidewalk interviews. He was a sergeant in the Army, but that didn't keep him from continuing his sidewalk chatter over a microphone. In fact, he was a favorite of thousands in the service, who attended his GI radio sessions in Algiers and Rome. He got them with his famous opening line, "Is there anybody here from out of town?"

Here's a cute twist on that old cry that's been raising such a furore in the transportation business. Everyone's pretty well up on the fact that there are some 50,000 girls in England who want to come over here to join their GI husbands. But CBS correspondent Richard Hottelet reports that one lone male voice has been added to those 50,000 pleaders. He's an Englishman who married a WAC and wants to come over as a GI groom.

How to get a break department. Eddie Cantor "discovered" Thelma Carpenter last year—so all the stories in the newspapers said. And it all sounded as though she had not been around and done things before that. That's the way those "discovery" stories always sound.

Actually, it wasn't Eddie Cantor who really found Thelma. It was Eddie's daughter, Marilyn, who saw Thelma's act at the Ruban Bleu in New York and persuaded her father to go and hear the young Negro singer. That and Thelma's performance in "Memphis Bound" were what led to her contract on the Eddie Cantor show.

But Thelma's been around for a long time. In fact, when she was seven years old, she arranged her own first radio audition.

Thelma was born in Brooklyn and learned how to read and write at home before she was old enough to go to school. Even earlier than that, she was a fan of WNYC's Kiddies' Hour. She decided to try for it herself, very sure she could make a hit because she always made a hit singing at neighborhood entertainments and parties. So, she wrote a letter to the station—and got an audition and made many appearances, off and on, after that.

When she was fifteen, Thelma won an amateur contest at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem and that launched her on a strenuous schedule of going to school daytimes and singing in night clubs at night. For several years, her mother escorted her home every evening from her singing dates.

Meanwhile, she was getting pointers at home from her grandfather, who sang in church choirs and frowned on swing, and from her mother, who had wistful memories of a brief career as a dancer. After she finished Girls Commercial High School in Brooklyn, Thelma sang with name bands and toured for two years with Count Basie.

So her first big radio job is not an overnight thing, at all. The girl worked hard for the poise she has and there's solid experience to account for the professional smoothness of her performances.

(Continued on page 54)

GOING TO HAVE A BABY?

Get this MENNEN BABY BUNDLE FREE!

before your "bundle from heaven" arrives



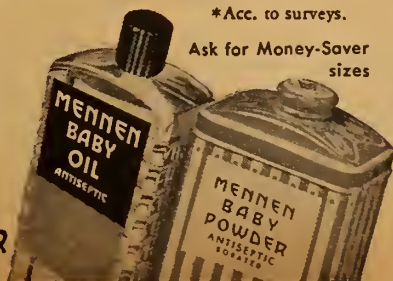
Yes, it's free . . . if you're expecting a baby, send coupon below for your wonderful Mennen Baby Bundle! You'll receive: 1. New Baby Care Guide, latest instructions. 2. Beautiful new book of 2000 names for baby, and meanings. 3. Perfumed Sachet Card for baby's clothes. 4. Helpful Shopping List of baby needs. 5. Generous sample bottle of Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil, good for many applications!

IMPORTANT! Millions of mothers know that by smoothing Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil on baby's body daily, you help keep baby's delicate skin lovely, comfy, glowing with health. Most doctors, hospitals and nurses* say Mennen Baby Oil is best for baby. Being antiseptic, Mennen Baby Oil helps prevent urine irritation, diaper rash, many other troubles. And Mennen babies smell so sweet. Get both Mennen Baby Oil and Mennen Baby Powder now, to have for baby's first day home

*Acc. to surveys.

Ask for Money-Saver sizes

MENNEN
ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL
ANTISEPTIC BABY POWDER



YOU GET ALL THIS FREE



1. Famous Guide on baby care.
2. New book of 2000 names for baby.
3. Lovely Perfumed Sachet Card.
4. Helpful Baby Shopping List.
5. Generous sample bottle of Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil, best for baby.

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY

Dept. MC, The Mennen Co., Newark 4, N. J.
Send me at once the Mennen Baby Bundle absolutely free, as I'm expecting a baby about:

Date.....
(Write approximate date you expect baby)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

*A Six-letter Word
for*



Stronger Grip

... Watch your "Good-looks Score" go up and up when you use DeLong Bob Pins to give your hair-do that smooth, new uncluttered look.

It's the "Stronger Grip" in DeLong Bob Pins that makes them so different from bob pins of the wishy-washy type...

Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out



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

FACING the MUSIC



Comedian Joe E. Brown, about to start on a road trip, gets travel advice from bandleader Georgie Auld, just in from a nationwide tour. (Right) Singer Dick Todd, a Canadian import, is star of the CBS Hit Parade.



By **KEN ALDEN**

FRANK SINATRA is doing fine and sincere work in trying to help curb juvenile delinquency and racial discrimination, but his well-wishers are finding it increasingly difficult to talk to him as a regular fellow. He has more advisers than a White House official and more stooges than an Olsen and Johnson show. I know of an important radio star who tried to get Frankie on the telephone for almost a week without success. When he came east recently he drove CBS executives frantic, insisting on a particular broadcasting studio which at the time was housing another show.

Sinatra is now an institution, and deservedly so, but it would be a shame for him to lose friends because of it.

Credit Joan Edwards, female star of Your Hit Parade, with radio's newest trend—a stand by for mike performers. For the past year and a half Joan has had an understudy for her Hit Parade chores. The idea met with a great deal of skepticism when Joan first introduced it but now Joan has proved it to be a practical idea and it's catching on with other busy radio performers.

What does a radio stand by do?

In addition to being available in case Joan is unable to make her radio show (because of illness), the stand by rehearses with the band during the long hours of orchestral polishing. She serves as a guinea pig for CBS engineers when they test proper acoustical placements. This relieves Joan of a number of painstaking hours on broadcast day and relieves the star's vocal strain.

Joan's stand by is lovely Peggy Mann, a rising star in her own right.

It cost Ginny Simms a pretty penny (something like \$5,000) to visit her new in-laws. Ginny's CBS show usually originates from Hollywood. If Ginny desires to broadcast from any place else she must assume the additional expenses. Ginny and her new and handsome groom, Hyatt Dehn, wanted to come to New York to visit Dehn's folks last month, and so Ginny had to take her entire radio troupe along for the ride and the broadcasts.

Abe Lyman vigorously denies he has retired from the bandstand. After a lengthy layoff, the veteran is regrouping an organization on the west coast. His wife, singer Rose Blaine, will, of

Mrs. Smith's Favorite Son Skyrocketing to New Fame..



Jack Smith

RADIO'S NEWEST STAR
WITH A SONG IN HIS HEART
AND A SMILE IN HIS
VOICE FOR YOU



"BIG TIME THRUSHING"

—says Walter Winchell

"SINGS with a JAUNTY BOUNCE"

—says Time Magazine



OXYDOL PRESENTS

The Jack Smith Show



Starring JACK SMITH

WITH DON HANCOCK, EARL SHELDON'S ORCHESTRA
AND A NEVER-ENDING PARADE OF

FAMOUS GUEST STARS



CBS STATIONS—EVERY NIGHT

MONDAY THRU FRIDAY

TUNE IN—SEE LOCAL PAPER FOR EXACT TIME OF BROADCAST



It's on
the way
back



...to YOU

More and more is being distributed — the same consistent high quality that has been the Beech-Nut standard for years — and now it's on the way back, for your enjoyment.

Be sure to ask
for Beech-Nut Gum
—by NAME

Eventide
by DUCHESS D'ANDRE

**SOPHISTICATED
PERFUMES and COLOGNES
TO ACCENT YOUR
NATURAL LOVELINESS**



INTIMATE as dusk . . . intriguing
as the lengthening shadows of
twilight . . . stirring as that first
star-canopied moment alone . . .
EVENTIDE beckons and captivates
. . . heightens a subtle awareness
of YOU, Lovely Lady! His heart
will be yours forever to have and
to hold.

DUCHESS D'ANDRE, 145 N. Clark St., Chicago 2

Please send me 2 purse-size Samplers of Duchess
D'Andre. I enclose 25c to cover cost of packing,
mailing and Government Tax. RM

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

course, be Lyman's featured soloist.

* * *
Happiest radio star in Hollywood is Dinah Shore. Her husband George Montgomery just got his honorable discharge from the Army and is home again. George is back making pictures at 20th Century-Fox.

* * *
Frank Sinatra is backing Buddy Rich's new band to the tune of some \$25,000, the trade reports. Rich was formerly Tommy Dorsey's star drummer . . . Sinatra and Harry James may build a massive ballroom on the west coast, the first of a proposed string of toe-tapping institutions.

* * *
The heaviest buildup of the new year will go behind ex-GI singer Johnny Desmond, who gained fame singing with the Glenn Miller band.

* * *
Singer Margaret Whiting, the daughter of the late famous song writer, Dick Whiting, married film star William Eythe.

* * *
Artie Shaw's fourth wife is beautiful Ava Gardner, considered one of the most gorgeous of all screen starlets. Ava was formerly Mickey Rooney's bride. Incidentally Artie and RCA-Victor have broken off and Artie will seek another recording company.

* * *
Andy Russell and his new wife, Della Norrell, had a unique honeymoon. They visited west coast disc jockeys and made personal appearances on the air.

* * *
Woody Herman is taking acting and poise lessons to further his career in motion pictures. This shouldn't be too difficult for Woody. When he was a kid he played in Penrod and Sam sketches in vaudeville.

HOT TODDY

Although Dick Todd, the new Hit Parade baritone, is several lengthy strides behind Crosby, Sinatra, Haymes, and Como in the swoon sweepstakes, the redheaded singer is determined to narrow the distance in 1946.



Bea Wain's new radio spot is as featured vocalist on *Starlight Serenade*, Thursdays on Mutual, 9:30 to 10 P.M. EST.



She Knew What She Wanted

... and she stopped at nothing to get it!

ELLEN BERENT was one of the world's most breath-takingly desirable women. But beneath a loveliness that made men gasp was the soul of a tigress—with a ferocity that knew no bounds; respected no laws; tore to shreds the lives of every man, woman, or child whose most innocent action aroused her insane jealousy!

No wonder the *New York Times* stated that *Leave Her to Heaven* (the million-copy best-seller you can now have FREE) "will hypnotize you until you have turned the last page!" For here is a woman whose passionate career will

hold you spellbound. Her whole being flames into deadly rage if she is forced to share even a tiny part of a man's love with anyone else—or with any *thing*.

Her devouring love gorged itself like a wild animal after a jungle triumph. Her lies and betrayals tore the heartstrings of others with crafty cunning. Her jealousy—as racking as a never-ending heartburn—bit like acid into every life that touched her own. This woman, who gave too little and took too much, stopped at *nothing* to get what she wanted!

BOTH FREE—This MILLION-COPY Best-Seller Which Has Just Been Made Into A Smash-Hit Movie

Leave Her to Heaven and ALSO

SHORT STORIES OF **DeMAUPASSANT**

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN is one of the most fascinating love stories of our time. And now you may have it—FREE—as a New Membership Gift from "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"!

In addition, you ALSO receive, FREE, *Short Stories of De Maupassant*, containing over fifty tales of love, hate, intrigue, jealousy, passion and madness—complete and unexpurgated, the frankest stories of their kind ever written!

Read of *Ball-of-Fat*, buxom girl of easy virtue—and what she did! Read *Love*, *Mademoiselle Fifi*, *Story of a Farm Girl*, *Bed No. 29*—and all the best works of this master of daring realism!

Our Double-Gift to You—Both These Books FREE!

EACH month ONE of the Book League's selections is a modern best-seller by a famous author like Ben Ames Williams, Somerset Maugham, Ernest Hemingway—selling for \$2.50 and up in the publisher's edition.

AND EVERY MONTH YOU RECEIVE A BONUS BOOK—a masterpiece of immortal literature. These classics are *uniformly bound*. They grow into a handsome lifetime *matched library*. The great authors in this series include Shakespeare, Poe, Balzac, Zola, etc.

This club builds for you a library containing the best of the new best-sellers AND the best of the older masterpieces.

You Do NOT Have to Take Every Selection

The NEW book plus the BONUS book sent you each month are valued at \$3.50 to \$4.00 in the publisher's edition. But you get BOTH for only \$1.49!

You do NOT have to accept each monthly selection and BONUS book; only six of your own choice during the year to fulfill your membership requirement. There are no membership dues; no further cost or obligation.

Accept This Trial Membership— No Obligation

Send the coupon without money. Read these two gift books for five days. If they do not convince you that this IS "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club," simply return them; pay nothing. But if these volumes DO demonstrate that subscribing to the Book League is the wisest move a reader can make today, then keep them as a gift; your subscription will begin with next month's new selection and BONUS book. Mail coupon for your **TWO FREE BOOKS NOW!** BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. MWG-3, Garden City, N. Y.



Rachel—who won-
ned France because
of just one German
kiss too many!

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Coupon to

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Please send me—FREE—*Leave Her to Heaven* and *Short Stories of De Maupassant*. Within 5 days I may return them, if I wish, without cost or obligation. Otherwise, I will keep them as a gift, and continue to receive forthcoming new monthly selections and BONUS books—at only \$1.49 plus five cents postage, for BOTH books.

However, I do NOT have to accept each month's new selection and BONUS book; only six of my own choice during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. There are no membership dues for me to pay; no further cost or obligation.

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(if any)

Occupation..... Age, please,
if under 21.....

HANDSOME DE LUXE BINDING: Check box if you wish your masterpieces (monthly BONUS books) in simulated leather, silver stamped, for only .40c extra monthly. We will then also send you FREE gift copy of *Short Stories of De Maupassant* in this binding—at no extra charge.

Slightly higher in Canada. Address 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Canada.

Eyes and ah-h's Follow Paris Fashions



Flatterers these—for oh, what exciting things they do for your feet.

Young, smart and just a tiny bit frivolous—and made, of course, in wonderful leathers.

\$4

some styles slightly higher



WOHL SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS, MO.

Dick hasn't any super strategy blue-printed for his campaign to reach the top broadcasting brackets.

"I'm just counting on the luck of the Irish," he told me as we lunched at Toots Shor's establishment, between CBS rehearsals, "and the fun I get out of singing. But one thing you can count on. I'm not going to worry about it either way."

Ever since Dick left his native Montreal he has had no trouble getting his smooth Bing-like baritone enthusiastic audiences. And without any melodramatic Alger incidents or backstage musical picture scenarios.

"This may disappoint you," he added, "but I was never the hopeful understudy who stepped in on opening night when the star took suddenly ill, nor did I ever miss my three squares a day."

A careful look at Dick's burly six-foot frame confirmed this. Physically he could make two Sinatras and have enough meat left over to incorporate one Andy Russell. He has more trouble with his weight than with his larynx.

The genial crooner lost position and prominence when, in 1943, he formed his own USO unit, and sang in over 1,000 individual shows for our far-flung GI's in Central America, Panama, the Central Pacific and the Antilles. It was no picnic. Dick and his little band of roving entertainers, including a juggler, a comedy team, and a guitarist, were often, on their expeditions, given ominous-looking knives.

"Not to fight with," explained Dick, "but to cut through jungle paths to reach our fighting men stuck in some god-forsaken outposts."

The eighteen-months trek was not without danger. Airplane engine trouble developed over Cuento, Ecuador, necessitating a forced landing on a sandbar in the Pacific. The entire lower portion of the plane was ripped off. Miraculously, no one was killed.

Dick realized that this trip would cut heavily into his career's progress. But so many of his friends had joined up and many of them had given their lives that Dick was genuinely uncomfortable not doing something.



Gladys Swarthout's brilliant mezzo-soprano voice stars on the ABC Fcnd Hour shows, Sunday evenings at 8:00 EST.

A special process keeps Kleenex

Luxuriously Soft - Dependably Strong

NEW RECORDS

(Each month Ken Alden picks the most popular platters)

FRANK SINATRA: F.S. records in words and music the theme of his nationwide tolerance lectures with the stirring "House I Live In" and the immortal "America, the Beautiful." A worthy and patriotic platter. (Columbia)

FREDDY MARTIN: Another dancetime version of a classic, with Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 2 the subject matter. Pianist Jack Fina is the ivory hunter. A pleasant ballad, "I'm Glad I Waited For You," is on the back. (Victor)

KING COLE TRIO: An infectious grooving featuring a sure-fire hit, "Come To Baby, Do" and some Harlem hash titled "Frim Fram Sauce" dished out with rousing rhythm. (Capitol) Les Brown (Columbia) also does a slick job with the former tune with some nice pleading by Doris Day.

GENE KRUPA: The drummer man contributes to the juke box hatchery with "Chickery Chick" and the British import, "Just a Little Fond Affection." Well done. (Columbia)

JO STAFFORD: Seems this fine singer can't do anything wrong. Another slick sampling of style and smoothness as Jo sings the Parisian hit "Symphony" and "Day by Day." (Capitol)

PERRY COMO: Two appealing tunes from Perry's new film, "Doll Face." The ballad is "Here Comes Heaven Again" and the jump tune, "Dig You Later" is sure to get plenty of hubba-hubba-hubba from the vets. (Victor)

STAN KENTON: "Artistry Jumps" and "Sittin' and A Rock-in" are two strictly instrumental jump tunes enthusiastically played and highlighted by Stan's piano and Vido Musso's sterling tenor sax solos. (Capitol)

VAUGHN MONROE: Styne and Cahn's seasonal "Let It Snow" is pleasantly sung and played but the reverse "Sandman Rides the Trail" is strictly for nursery sentimentalists. (Victor)

KAY KYSER: The Ole Prof discs two lovely songs from the film, "Yolanda and the Thief,"—"Angel" and "Coffee Time" and the carefully arranged orchestrations are helped by two new and promising singers, Michael Douglas and Lucyann Polk. (Columbia)



Only Kleenex* has the Serv-a-Tissue Box
that serves up just one double-tissue at a time!



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THERE'S ONLY ONE
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In these days of shortages we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: we'll always keep Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

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Stops Perspiration Troubles Faster

THAN YOU SLIP ON YOUR SLIP



Expect postwar miracles. Look for this new, excitingly different idea in deodorants. Ask for new super-fast ODORONO Cream Deodorant... stops perspiration troubles faster than you can slip on your slip. Because it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper.

Affords other greatly needed blessings too: Will not irritate your skin... or harm fine fabrics... or turn gritty in the jar. And really protects up to 3 days.

Change to ODORONO Cream Deodorant—super-fast... super-modern... excitingly different.

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COVER GIRL



One of the stars of NBC's When A Girl Marries is fifteen-year-old, wistfully lovely Anne Francis, who loves cake, Van Johnson, and a boogie beat.

By **ELEANOR HARRIS**

BY 1948, EVERY eighteen-year-old lovely in New York had better get a firm clutch on her latest swains—because by 1948, Anne Francis will be eighteen years old too! Since she's pretty enough at fifteen (which is right now) to knock over a stag line without lifting an eyebrow—and since she's been a successful career-girl for seven years now—and since she becomes more famous every week—the deb's of the 1948 season had better be prepared for a hard winter.

Young Anne is a slim and graceful five feet six inches, with flaxen-blonde hair, very blue eyes, and she's dressed like every fifteen-year-old you know: in flat moccasin shoes, bobby sox, a sweater and skirt, and a sports coat. No hat, no gloves, no makeup except lipstick. Her beauty secrets? "Soap," says she, "and plenty of it!"

She is the only child of a most sensible and likable couple named Mr. and Mrs. Philip Ward Francis, and with them she lives in a small apartment in Forest Hills, Long Island, a suburb of New York City. When you arrived you would probably find Anne standing over the kitchen sink busily bathing (in the dish-pan, with regular soap chips!) her pet dog, who is a three-year-old black Cocker Spaniel named Stubbs. She would doubtless be wearing her mother's apron over a dress that would definitely be Alice-blue in color because so are nearly all her dresses. When she finished bathing Stubbs and had taken him for a walk, she would no doubt ask you if you'd like to hear

some piano. You'd say "Yes," and ladylike-looking Anne would thereupon sink charmingly to the piano bench—and blast the roof off the house with her boogie music. At one time in her boogie-playing career, Anne crashed so hard on the piano keys that she sprained her right wrist—and went around bandaged for several weeks as a result.

If you were lucky, you'd be in on Anne's favorite dinner—steak and Mrs. Francis' special chocolate cake. And after dinner, Anne would probably disappear with a crowd of Forest Hills friends of her own age to an early movie. None of her friends is in the entertainment world; but they all love movies with the same fixed passion that Anne does, and, like Anne, they all carry cameras slung from their shoulders with which they snap each other in all kinds of candid poses.

Her schooling is the kind that other fifteen-year-olds dream of: she has a tutor for two hours, three times a week. And in the afternoons, at that. However, she is cramming a full week's work into those six hours. For relaxation after her lessons, she reads her favorite comic strips: "Penny," and "Bill," both of which remind her of herself and her friends.

And, happily, Anne has just made a discovery about her father. It is he who fights against her boogie piano playing most strenuously—and she just recently found out that his secret musical passion is a piece entitled, "They're Burning Down the House That I Grew Up In!"

Every doctor in private practice was asked...

Yes, your doctor was asked too, along with thousands of others from Maine to California! Family physicians, surgeons, nose and throat specialists... doctors in every branch of medicine were asked.



THREE nationally known independent research groups... hundreds of trained research specialists... put the question: "What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?"



THE answers came in by the thousands from all over the country... the actual statements of doctors themselves. Figures were checked and re-checked with scientific precision. The answer? Right! Camels! And by a very convincing margin!



ACCORDING TO THIS RECENT NATIONWIDE SURVEY:

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!



THE "T-ZONE" TEST WILL TELL YOU

The "T-Zone" - T for taste and T for throat - is your proving ground for any cigarette. For only your taste and your throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. On the basis of the experience of many, many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



Now it's down in black and white. Based on the actual statements of doctors themselves to 3 outstanding independent research organizations.

THIS was no study of "trends." No mere "feeling the pulse" poll. This was a nationwide survey to discover the *actual fact*... and from statements of doctors themselves.

And the men in white have put their answers down in black and white: As the brand they smoke, the most named Camel!

Doctors smoke for the same enjoyment as the rest of us. Camel's full, rich flavor is as appealing to the doctor as to you. And Camel's mildness and coolness are as welcome to his throat as to yours... and to those millions of other smokers the world over!

Are you
a modern in
Gabardine?

• Are you eager, energetic;
keyed to the tempo of a rapidly
changing world?
Then for you, streamlined
gabardine and, of course,
Solitair Cake Make-Up.



• The modern, round-the-clock make-up—Solitair will actually give your complexion the smooth, clear, faultless-freshness you've always wanted—never before found. And since it's Solitair, your make-up looks *naturally* lovely, because it's the featherweight, precision blended cake make-up that *never* looks mask-like. Rich in lanolin, Solitair guards your skin against dryness, too. Takes only seconds to apply. No need for loose powder. Try it—you modern in gabardine! \$1, 60¢, 25¢.

• *Original Gabardine suit by Anthony Blotta*

• *Nine leading skin specialists say, "Solitair won't clog pores!"*

Solitair
cake make-up



Contains Lanolin

I remember someone putting the red velvet ermine-trimmed robe around my shoulders.



THEY call me Maggi down at the office. My name is Margaret Marlowe, but Maggi is more glamorous and anything that sounds glamorous has always appealed to me.

How do you get bitten by the glamor bug? What makes a glamor-struck girl any different from a Sinatra fan or a rooter for the Brooklyn Dodgers? Don't ask me, for I couldn't give you the answer.

All I know is that once you've been bitten you are definitely lost. All your days and nights are taken over by

*Queen
for a
Day*

dreams about the lives of other people; in my case they were dreams of girls who live the life of cafe society, whose pictures are used in advertisements and other places.

It began when I was old enough to read the Broadway columns, when I began eating up items about Brenda Frazier, Cobina Wright, Jr. and the others whose names and pretty faces made news. It continued right through the period when I was autograph-crazy and waited around the stage doors of the big theaters in New York and pestered the stars as they came out of the Wednesday matinees.

I WAS born in New York City and lived there all the time; right through grade school and high school. When I was sixteen I stayed out very late one night and stood outside the Stork Club. It was one o'clock in the morning when I stepped right in front of Joan Crawford and her handsome escort. She knew what I wanted and she took the fountain pen from my nervous fingers.

Miss Crawford signed her name to my little book and looked at me curiously.

"Isn't it rather late for you to be out, young lady?" she asked, with understanding in her eyes.

"Yes, Miss Crawford, and my dad will be plenty mad when I get home."

I ran all the way over to the Eighth Avenue subway with that wonderful two-sentence conversation ringing in my ears and I was so excited about having the Crawford signature to show to my girl friends in school next day that I forgot about my father's temper. But no matter what he said to me when I got home, it would be worth it to have the prized handwriting in my book.

Dad was standing in front of the apartment house up in Washington Heights where we lived when I came running up the street.

"You little gypsy," he roared. He put his big hand on my arm and squeezed it hard. My arm hurt but I didn't cry. The autograph was worth it.

I was punished by my parents for that escapade, although my mother was far more lenient than Dad. And Dad couldn't be angry at me for very long. He was proud as a peacock when he looked at me. He said I looked like Aunt Genevieve when she was a young girl and Aunt Genevieve was his idea of beauty.

When high school was over and I was about to start to work—a wonderful emancipation for me—the war suddenly broke out and my father came home from his job one night all excited.

"Mama, Duchess," he called out to my mother and me as he burst in the door, "we're going to California. Pack the valises!"

In my dad's mind everything was always as

easy as that. Pack the valises! My poor mother stood looking at him as though he had lost his mind. She wasn't sure what he meant, and she wasn't sure we had any valises; but she left the stew cooking on the kitchen range and went into her bedroom closet. She brought out one valise.

"Okay," said Dad, looking at the grip. "I'll get the tickets for the train tomorrow. I've got a job out in a place called Glendale and we'll get a house or something out there to live in."

Of course nothing like that happened. It took him a week to get one ticket for the train, and he finally left us behind to close up the apartment, sell the furniture and get our own tickets. Mother had to handle all the details of the expedition and she also had to worry about Dad who kept sending night letters, reminding us to bring his prized shotgun and his fishing tackle and his bathing suit.

Getting to Glendale was the most exciting event of my life although I discovered it really was nowhere near the Hollywood studios. Yet that didn't stop me from sending postcards to my friends in the East to tell them how very wonderful it was to be "practically next door to the stars."

Dad was waiting for us, of course, and I had to admire his spirit. Somehow he had managed to get a small apartment for us and he had bought enough furniture to fill it. He was already a foreman at a big airplane factory and he said he had a job for me. One of his men at the plant had a daughter who worked for the National Banking Company in Los Angeles and it was all arranged for me to meet her and learn how to apply for a job.

I went down to the National Banking Company the very next day and was hired as a comptometer operator.

"Your age, Miss Marlowe?"
"Nineteen."
"Your birthplace, Miss Marlowe?"
"Washington Heights."

"Where is that, Miss Marlowe?"
"In New York City," I informed them with some dignity.

"You will report tomorrow morning to Miss Miller in the Recap Department. You will be advised by Personnel of your payroll deductions, hospitalization, vacation and sick leave allowances. Thank you, Miss Marlowe."

Well, it wasn't Hollywood; but it was the nearest thing to it. And it was my first job. I came down from Glendale on a bus next morning and joined the great throng of girls who worked for National Banking. There were all kinds of girls working there and I noticed they dressed more casually than the girls back in New York. Sweaters and skirts were popular and nobody wore a hat. Nobody but me.



Queen For A Day's m.c. Jack Bailey puts the robe and crown on one fortunate woman every Monday through Friday, 2:30 P.M. EST, on MBS.



Johnnie gave me a little hug. Then, as if remembering, he drew back quickly.

The girls noticed me right from the start. Some were friendly and others were aloof but they all noticed me. In the washroom, during the rest period at eleven, they pumped me about my background. So I gave them a well-edited account of it. You'd think I was a graduate of some fashionable finishing school instead of Washington Heights High School up on Wadsworth Avenue.

Tess Brown, one of the friendlier girls, seemed to get a kick out of me.

"You're the first one I've ever met who lived in New York," she said. "What's it like? Ever been to any of those famous places? How about the Stork Club?"

Well, that was my cue to tell about all the theaters, night clubs, celebrities and everything that New York is famous for. There was always an audience with my descriptions of Broad-



way for the girls always wanted to hear more. The girls were interested in me and interested in the things I had seen and done. It flattered me a great deal to have them ask me about those things and my popularity in the office grew. On several occasions during the months that followed the girls asked me to go out with them on dates with their boy friends.

"I told Timmie about you, Maggi," Tess said one morning. "He said he'd get a friend of his for a double-date any time you say."

I didn't go out with them for two reasons; I wasn't sure I'd have a good time roller skating and I wasn't sure I'd like her boy friend's pal. I wanted to get to know the real Hollywood people. But it wasn't easy to turn down the date because I didn't want to offend Tessie. I really liked her a lot.

"Timmie's wonderful," Tessie confided. "He's assistant boss over at that big garage on Sunset Boulevard. Timmie can take a truck apart and put it together again quicker than anybody else in the shop. He's a whiz with a monkey wrench."

NOW that kind of wizardry definitely did not appeal to me. I had to admit that mechanics are needed in this world, but not for me; my ideals ran in a different direction and I couldn't get excited over any fellow whose career was one carbon-and-valve job after another. Because, I was well-occupied at the moment with the latest heart affair of Van Johnson as it was reported in Hedda Hopper's column.

That was my main interest, reading those columns. Every day, after I'd get a quick sandwich at the co-op lunch in the building, I'd hurry back to my place in the Recap Department and go through the columns. And it was during one of those lunch hours that I met Johnny Butler.

I had been working for National Banking just about a year when it happened. I remember the day as clearly as though it were yesterday. I was sitting at my desk munching some salted peanuts, my mind occupied by a Winchell column, when I felt somebody's eyes on me. I looked up and saw him standing there: a tall fellow with a boyish expression in his eyes. His mouth was half-opened as though he was about to say something, he didn't know what. His eyes were full of admiration, the kind a girl readily recognizes, and likes.

Now I was accustomed to having young men look at me, and some of them actually whistled at me when I'd come out of the building to go home at night. So I should have been used to it. But this was different, somehow, and I dropped my eyes back to the paper I was reading. And just then Tessie came into the office and sat down at her desk.

"Hello, Johnnie," I heard her say, and he walked over to her desk. She turned to me: "Maggi, do you know Johnnie Butler? He works in Personnel."

"No," he (Continued on page 56)



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McCrumb

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The girls noticed me right from the start. Some were friendly and others were aloof but they all noticed me. In the washroom, during the rest period at eleven, they pumped me about my background. So I gave them a well-edited account of it. You'd think I was a graduate of some fashionable finishing school instead of Washington Heights High School up on Wadsworth Avenue.

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Well, that was my cue to tell about all the theaters, night clubs, celebrities and everything that New York is famous for. There was always an audience with my descriptions of Broad-



way for the girls always wanted to hear more. The girls were interested in me and interested in the things I had seen and done. It flattered me a great deal to have them ask me about those things and my popularity in the office grew. On several occasions during the months that followed the girls asked me to go out with them on dates with their boy friends.

"I told Timmie about you, Maggi," Tess said one morning. "He said he'd get a friend of his for a double-date any time you say."

I didn't go out with them for two reasons; I wasn't sure I'd have a good time roller skating and I wasn't sure I'd like her boy friend's pal. I wanted to get to know the real Hollywood people. But it wasn't easy to turn down the date because I didn't want to offend Tessie. I really liked her a lot.

"Timmie's wonderful," Tessie confided. "He's assistant boss over at that big garage on Sunset Boulevard. Timmie can take a truck apart and put it together again quicker than anybody else in the shop. He's a whiz with a monkey wrench."

NOW that kind of wizardry definitely did not appeal to me. I had to admit that mechanics are needed in this world, but not for me; my ideals ran in a different direction and I couldn't get excited over any fellow whose career was one carbon-and-valve job after another. Because, I was well-occupied at the moment with the latest heart affair of Van Johnson as it was reported in Hedda Hopper's column.

That was my main interest, reading those columns. Every day, after I'd get a quick sandwich at the co-op lunch in the building, I'd hurry back to my place in the Recap Department and go through the columns. And it was during one of those lunch hours that I met Johnny Butler.

I had been working for National Banking just about a year when it happened. I remember the day as clearly as though it were yesterday. I was sitting at my desk munching some salted peanuts, my mind occupied by a Winchell column, when I felt somebody's eyes on me. I looked up and saw him standing there: a tall fellow with a boyish expression in his eyes. His mouth was half-opened as though he was about to say something, he didn't know what. His eyes were full of admiration, the kind a girl readily recognizes, and likes.

Now I was accustomed to having young men look at me, and some of them actually whistled at me when I'd come out of the building to go home at night. So I should have been used to it. But this was different, somehow, and I dropped my eyes back to the paper I was reading. And just then Tessie came into the office and sat down at her desk.

"Hello, Johnnie," I heard her say, and he walked over to her desk. She turned to me: "Maggi, do you know Johnnie Butler? He works in Personnel."

"No," he (Continued on page 56)

"To the GIRL I LOVE"

By **PORTIA BLAKE**

of *Portia Faces Life*

THE shop windows are full of Valentines, these days, and the counters inside are riotous with hundreds of them in their bright red and white and gold—everything from modest little cards with shy little sentiments to gay and gaudy petticoat-lace masterpieces, lush with scarlet satin and fat gilt cupids and declarations of as-yet-undelivered love.

They remind me of a box that's stored away among my things somewhere at home. I haven't thought about it for years, but somehow I remembered this year. This year, when at last I'm reunited with Walter, my husband, and I know in my heart that no matter what lies ahead for us, things will work out all right because we are together. Right now, I'm sentimental—and not a bit ashamed of being, either—just as all people who are in love themselves look kindly and sentimentally upon the loves of others, and the open expressions of them like those Valentines I've been seeing.

But about that box I spoke of. I wish I could say that it's a very special sort of container, tied up with a heart-red ribbon for sentiment's sake. I'm afraid, however, that it's just a discarded suit box in which something was delivered from a department store, and it's tied together with a very utilitarian piece of stout twine. What's inside is quite different, though, for it's filled with Valentines. I said I was sentimental, didn't I—I've saved every Valentine that was ever given to me from the very first bedraggled and thumb-marked one I got from the boy



PORTIA BLAKE (played by Lucille Wall) turns from her law career to recall, in this story, what she learned on a high school Valentine's Day. (NBC, 5:15 P.M. EST)

next door when I was three and he was four.

I thought of that box the other night, and of how I'd like to find it and go through it. I remember in particular two Valentines I'd find there—every Valentine's Day brings back to me the remembrance of those two cards, and of another Valentine's Day years ago, when I first began to understand the true meaning of that word we sometimes use so lightly—love.

From thinking of Valentines it was a simple step to thinking of love, and its meaning in life—in my own life, with Walter. And I tried to tell him, then, a little of how much being with him means to me, almost as if I felt impelled to speak my Valentine to him. I said, "Darling, the things that I want are the things that only you can give

me. A home—I don't care whether it's a shack or a palace, as long as you're there with me. And children—more than anything else I would like to give you a son. Those are the things—the warmth of heart, the sharing, the happiness—that money can't buy, but that trouble cannot take away. As long as we love each other, they're ours for the asking."

I told him, too, that if we have faith in our love nothing can hurt us, for then we can find the strength and the courage to face whatever may come to us.

"It's funny how trite the truth about love usually sounds," Walter said, musing. "Remember what Milton said about it? *Mutual love, the crown of all our bliss.* And Victor Hugo said it this way: *The greatest happiness of life is*

Valentine's Day was only for children, Portia thought. But still it was on a long-ago Valentine's Day that she learned the right answer to a very important question



One was a great red satin heart, its edge lace-frilled. The other was a simple card.

the conviction that we are loved, loved for ourselves, or rather, loved in spite of ourselves."

That is the real truth about love—the truth I began to learn that February, in the year that I was fifteen. I told Walter about it, then, and I'd like to tell you.

In the town where I was raised, father was a druggist. When things got very busy in the store, he counted on me to help him at the soda fountain. I got to know everyone in the neighborhood that way—and you'd be amazed how popular I was! It was no small fame among those teen-agers to be known as the girl who could whip up the most luscious banana splits, the creamiest, out-of-this-world sodas in town.

Fortunately, I wasn't exactly boy-crazy, or I'm afraid the fountain would never have shown a profit. But there was one boy on whom I had a whole-hearted crush. He was the captain of the basketball team, and as I look back on him now I realize that he was all knees and elbows and seemed to have several extra pairs of hands and feet that got dreadfully in the way. But in those days he was, to me, the very epitome of male charm, and just the sight of him left me limp and speechless.

He'd sit at the counter in the afternoon, drinking a soda (into which I had, of course, slipped an extra ball of ice cream and an extravagant amount of whipped cream) and I'd stand on the other side, worshipping from afar. Sometimes he'd reward me with a casual, "Boy, what a cook you're going to make some day!" Or he'd turn to one of his friends, and say, "Portia makes the best darned soda in this town!" And I'd feel exactly as if I'd been knighted.

He was a grade ahead of me in school, but I got to know him through the drug store, which I practically blessed each night in my dreams. And one night—I considered it the highlight of my life, to date—he asked me to go to the movies with him. Father thought it over and said, finally, that it was all right if I was home before ten. I can't remember what the picture was, or what Jack and I said to each other—probably because we couldn't find much to say—but I know that the evening was unalloyed bliss for me. After the movie we stopped at the drugstore for a soda, and that gave Jack an opportunity to tell me how much better my concoctions were than those of the soda clerk Dad hired evenings.

Without a doubt, I told myself, this was The Great Love of My Life. And, of course, I had to see him play the rival school in the championship basketball game of the year. I sat breathless, watching Jack stride across the floor, evading the opponents with his excellent footwork, throwing an incredibly long basket from the far side of the court. (I tried to convince myself that he was playing so superbly because he knew that I was in the audience, and I think I literally prayed for the time to come when he would take me out again!) (Continued on page 99)

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With my

A
"MY TRUE
STORY"

"I can't!" Grace was almost shouting. "You ought to understand."



Blessing

I SAT shivering in the air-conditioned movie house, calling myself all kinds of names for not having brought a coat and wondering uneasily what Grace would say if I came home with a cold. As a matter of fact, I wondered what Grace would say even if I didn't. Eight years of untiring devotion had taught me to dread the amount of reproach she could convey in the simple exclamation, "Oh, mother!" Tonight an overdose of that same suffocating devotion had caused me to slip out of the house myself for the rare pleasure of an unescorted trip to the movies.

I sneezed three times in succession and groaned inwardly as I pictured myself making excuses to Grace. At times it was a little hard to remember that I was the mother and she the daughter. Her manner of chiding me differed from the way I used to scold her only in being more gently maternal.

Was it just my imagination that Grace had once been a naughty, frisky little tomboy with yellow pigtails and a tendency for getting into mischief?

Had the straight, severe lines of her mouth really ever melted into ready laughter? Incredible to think that my sedate spinster daughter had once been a merry, gaily thoughtless girl, with her life, like all Gaul, divided into three parts: boys, dancing, and sports.

My mouth twisted wryly as I pictured Grace now—her unsmiling face and unhappy eyes; the dark, oversimple dresses that made her thirty years seem older; her hair pulled straight and tight to the back of her head in an unflattering bun.

As another trio of sneezes interrupted my thoughts, I searched frantically in my pocketbook for a handkerchief. The next instant a jacket was slung across my shoulders and a hanky thrust into my hand.

Startled, I turned my head to peer at the soldier who had made the donations.

"Young man," I remarked, "chivalry is definitely not dead."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"Don't call me ma'am," I shuddered. "It always makes me feel ancient." Even the darkness of a movie house couldn't conceal his grin.

"No doubt," I said severely, "you do think me ancient. I presume you gave me your jacket because I reminded you of your mother."

"Of course not," he protested feebly, looking a little sheepish. "Here, have some candy."

After a moment's hesitation, I gravely selected a chocolate peppermint and thanked him.

"Shh," someone in front whispered, glaring at us.

As we both laughed, some vague recollection stirred in my mind. Suddenly I remembered what it was. Many years ago I had been one of three giv-

ing hookey players who sat in a theater whispering above the crackle of paper-wrapped candy and snickering at the protests of our irate neighbors. It was a long time since I had felt so young and I looked gratefully at the soldier.

Later, when the feature was over and we drifted out of the theater together, I looked at him approvingly. He was a tall, well-built sergeant, about thirty-three or thirty-four, and his face, if not handsome, showed sense and good humor.

I don't know exactly how it happened, but before I was really aware of consenting we were seated in a drug store booth and matching confidences over chocolate malteds.

Somehow it didn't seem disloyal to tell him about Grace. For years I had protected my youngest daughter against the gossiping tongues of the town and suddenly I was pouring out her story to a total stranger. Perhaps it was because I had been thinking and worrying about her too much. Perhaps not. I only know that it seemed the most natural thing in the world to do. I told him what a lovely, laughing creature she was until eight years ago when she was twenty-two and Tom Bickford jilted her for a girl with money.

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "I realize how hard something like that must be for a girl, but why should it have changed her completely?"

So I tried to make him understand, still defending Grace, how my daughter's pride had prevented the gossip from dying a natural death.

"She was so afraid of snubs," I explained, "that she stopped going to parties and socials and drifted away from her friends. And she was so afraid that every boy who spoke to her

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With my Blessing



A "MY TRUE STORY"

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"And then," I went on, as the soldier gave no signs of losing interest, "when things were about as bad as they could be, I had to go and get rheumatic fever. The doctors said that for the rest of my life I'd be practically a semi-invalid and ordered me to quit my job.

"I had been personnel director in the town's largest department store ever since my husband died when Grace was a little girl," I elaborated. "It helped me to take care of my four children for a good many years, but not to put aside much money for an emergency like this."

As I continued my account, I could remember the grief I had felt when I first realized that, with my son and other two daughters married, the main burden would fall on Grace. And I could remember my amazement when I discovered that her reaction was the exact opposite of mine.

With an almost abnormal alacrity she settled down to being the perfect daughter, lavishing on me all the love which should have found a more natural outlet. And as 'the perfect daughter' she gradually came to be known, a martyr glorying in her martyrdom and in the idea that there was one person, at least, to whom she was indispensable. "Like a watchful dragon," I said glumly.

The malteds and story were finished at the same time, and, guiltily aware that I had been monopolizing the conversation, I asked my companion about himself.

"**E**VERYTHING about me can be told in one sentence," he laughed. "I'm Larry Collins, just back from overseas and temporarily stationed at a camp outside this town. My discharge is supposed to come through any time now," he added, "and I'm hoping it won't be long. I want to get out to the West Coast as soon as I can."

He didn't confess, as he might have, to being lonely. But I knew that even the best-natured of sergeants would not be drinking malteds with a grey-haired grandmother if he could be dancing with a pretty girl; and, although I wasn't acknowledging it to myself, it must have been then that a vague plan began to take shape in my mind.

Larry walked home with me and waited while I rang the bell. There was an eager rush of footsteps and the door was pulled open. Grace stood in the entrance. In a blue satin negligee that deepened the blue of her eyes and with her hair, let down for the night, curling around her forehead and tumbling over her shoulders, she looked for a minute like the Grace of eight

years ago. The illusion vanished as soon as she started to speak.

"Mother," she began in the reproachful tone I had expected, "I was so worried. Where—" Then she caught sight of Larry standing behind me and stopped abruptly, color flooding her face.

I stared from my blushing daughter to the awe-struck sergeant and this time I was honest with myself about the sudden wild hope that leaped into my head. A lonely man and an unhappy girl—surely stranger things had happened!

My jaw firm with determination, I brushed by Grace, pulling the still - slightly - dazed Larry with me.

"You can ask your questions later," I told Grace briskly. "but right now two very hungry people would like some coffee and sandwiches."

She turned towards the kitchen silently, and Larry, with a sly wink at me, followed. "I'm a wonderful sandwich maker," he was assuring her as they left the room together.

I sat down in the rocking chair, which it gave Grace some strange pleasure to see me use, and rocked contentedly for fifteen minutes, straining my ears to hear the murmur of their voices above the clatter of dishes and joining them reluctantly when they called me.

"Mother, where did you and Mr. Collins—"

"Larry," he interrupted.

Grace smiled a little consciously. "Where did you and Larry meet?" she amended.

"He picked me up in a movie," I said with wicked pleasure.

Grace choked over her coffee and had to be thumped on the back by a solicitous sergeant. "Mother! You didn't!" she exclaimed as soon as she was able to speak.

"But we did," I returned placidly. "Don't you think I'm attractive enough to be picked up?"

Surprisingly, she laughed. "I wouldn't put anything past you." The laugh did wonders for her face and Larry stared at her with increasing admiration. Grace blushed again, and, to cover her confusion, jumped up and went to the stove, murmuring something about more coffee.

Larry bent over towards me. "You told me about the dragon," he whispered, "but you didn't say anything about an angel."

"The angel and the dragon," I whispered back, "are one and the same."

This time it was Larry who choked and Grace who supplied the first aid. "I don't believe it," he announced, while she was repairing the damage to the table cloth.

"Don't believe what?" Grace inquired.

He was leaning forward as she bent over the table and a few strands of her hair were brushing against his

jacket. He put out a furtive finger and touched the hair gently. "Oh, anything, nothing," he answered in an abstracted tone.

She looked puzzled, but said nothing, and I decided that it was time for me to feel tired.

I was delighted but unsurprised the next day when Grace arrived home from her job at the library, accompanied by Larry.

"He's so alone here," she apologized hurriedly while he was washing his hands, "that I thought it would be nice to invite him to dinner. You don't mind, do you, Mother?"

"Not at all," I answered innocently. "I think it was very kind of you."

She looked at me suspiciously, but Larry came into the room just then and after that she had no time for divided attention.

Adapted from the script "The Stone House," written for the My True Story program, which is heard every week-day morning over ABC at 9:00 CST, 10:00 EST, 10:30 PST, 11:30 MST.



In the weeks that followed it began to look as though my plan were working even better than I had dreamed. The two spent every spare hour together and it was soon plainly evident that Larry was very much in love. Grace was not as easy to read, but it seemed to me that she was attracted to him against her will and desperately fighting the feeling.

THINGS came to a crisis the night that Larry came bounding into the room and announced that his discharge was final.

I looked at Grace quickly. Her face was quite pale. In a voice completely emptied of emotion she said, "Then you'll be going home soon."

"No," he corrected gently, "we'll be going home soon."

"We?" Grace faltered. "What do you

mean?" But her eyes avoided Larry's.

"I think it would be best for us to be married here before we go," he explained cheerfully. "No, don't go, Mother," he said, turning to me as I started to leave the room. "We'll need you to help us with our arrangements."

"There won't be any arrangements," Grace interrupted coldly. "I have no intention of marrying you."

"Why not?"

"I don't have to give you any reasons. I'm just not."

Larry looked at her grimly. "Do you think I'm going to let you ruin our chance for happiness because some dumb kid didn't have enough sense to appreciate you when you were twenty-two?" he demanded.

There was an uncomfortable pause before he continued, "Between the way you act and what your mother has

told me, I've been able to piece the whole thing together very nicely. And you're crazy if you think I'm going to let you spoil things now because of something that happened eight years ago."

Ignoring him, Grace turned fiercely on me. "Mother, you had no right to!"

"Dear me, Grace," I answered pleasantly, "it's six years since I last saw you lose your temper. That's a very healthy sign." Larry and I exchanged winks.

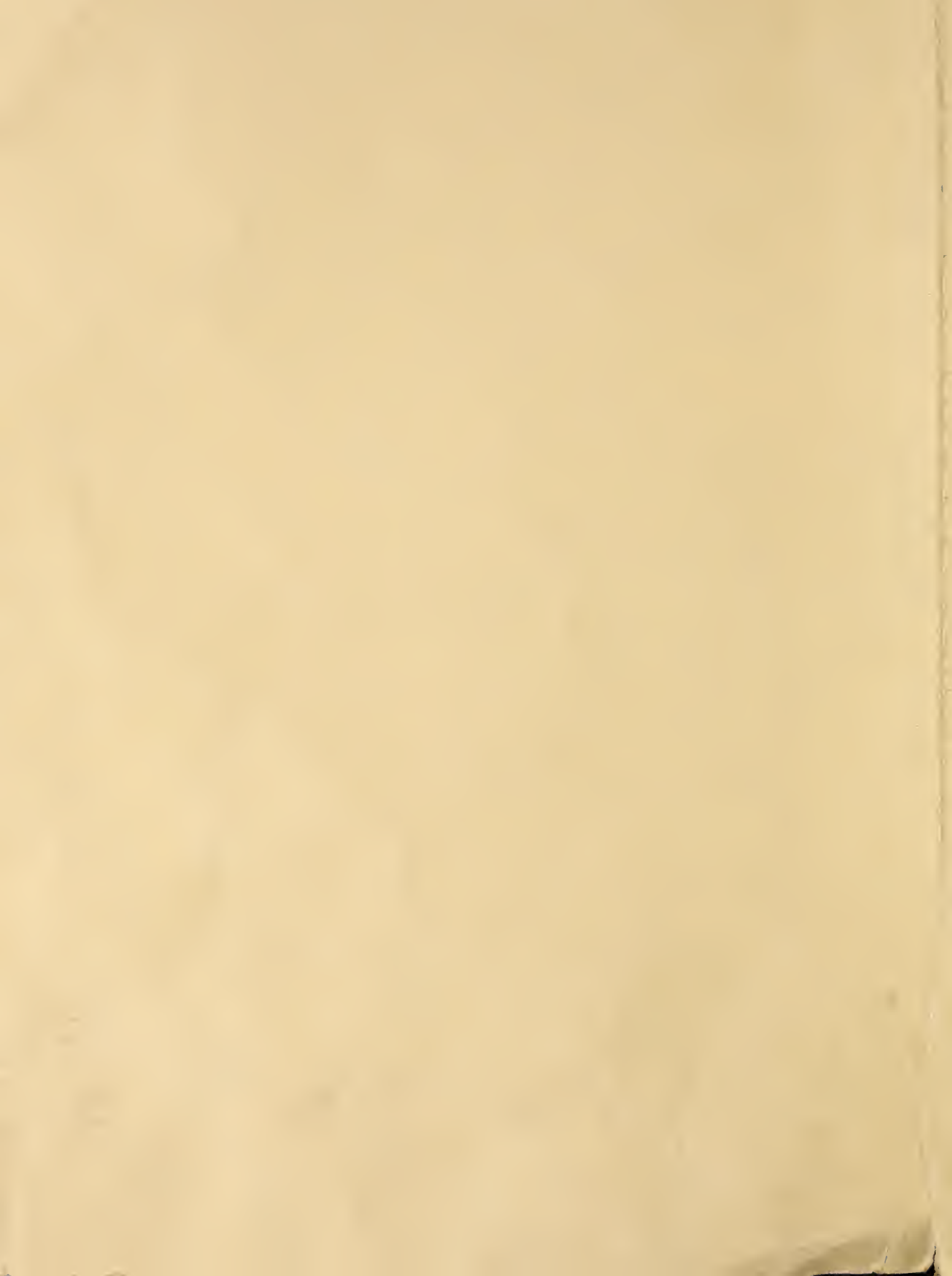
Then he went over and took her by the shoulders. "Look darling, stop fighting it and let yourself be happy," he begged. "Marriage is the thing for two people in love, you know."

"I don't love you," she contradicted quickly.

Larry shrugged and looked back at me over his (Continued on page 80)

I glanced at Grace when they started to probe her about Larry. She sat silently, white-faced.





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With an almost abnormal alacrity she settled down to being the perfect daughter, lavishing on me all the love which should have found a more natural outlet. And as 'the perfect daughter' she gradually came to be known, a martyr glorying in her martyrdom and in the idea that there was one person, at least, to whom she was indispensable. "Like a watchful dragon," I said glumly.

The malteds and story were finished at the same time, and, guiltily aware that I had been monopolizing the conversation, I asked my companion about himself.

"**EVERYTHING** about me can be told in one sentence," he laughed. "I'm Larry Collins, just back from overseas and temporarily stationed at a camp outside this town. My discharge is supposed to come through any time now," he added, "and I'm hoping it won't be long. I want to get out to the West Coast as soon as I can."

He didn't confess, as he might have, to being lonely. But I knew that even the best-natured of sergeants would not be drinking malteds with a grey-haired grandmother if he could be dancing with a pretty girl; and, although I wasn't acknowledging it to myself, it must have been then that a vague plan began to take shape in my mind.

Larry walked home with me and waited while I rang the bell. There was an eager rush of footsteps and the door was pulled open. Grace stood in the entrance. In a blue satin negligee that deepened the blue of her eyes and with her hair, let down for the night, curling around her forehead and tumbling over her shoulders, she looked for a minute like the Grace of eight

years ago. The illusion vanished as soon as she started to speak.

"Mother," she began in the reproachful tone I had expected, "I was so worried. Where—" Then she caught sight of Larry standing behind me and stopped abruptly, color flooding her face.

I stared from my blushing daughter to the awe-struck sergeant and this time I was honest with myself about the sudden wild hope that leaped into my head. A lonely man and an unhappy girl—surely stranger things had happened!

My jaw firm with determination, I brushed by Grace, pulling the still - slightly - dazed Larry with me.

"You can ask your questions later," I told Grace briskly. "but right now two very hungry people would like some coffee and sandwiches."

She turned towards the kitchen silently, and Larry, with a sly wink at me, followed. "I'm a wonderful sandwich maker," he was assuring her as they left the room together.

I sat down in the rocking chair, which it gave Grace some strange pleasure to see me use, and rocked contentedly for fifteen minutes, straining my ears to hear the murmur of their voices above the clatter of dishes and joining them reluctantly when they called me.

"Mother, where did you and Mr. Collins—"

"Larry," he interrupted. Grace smiled a little consciously. "Where did you and Larry meet?" she amended.

"He picked me up in a movie," I said with wicked pleasure.

Grace choked over her coffee and had to be thumped on the back by a solicitous sergeant. "Mother! You didn't!" she exclaimed as soon as she was able to speak.

"But we did," I returned placidly. "Don't you think I'm attractive enough to be picked up?"

Surprisingly, she laughed. "I wouldn't put anything past you." The laugh did wonders for her face and Larry stared at her with increasing admiration. Grace blushed again, and, to cover her confusion, jumped up and went to the stove, murmuring something about more coffee.

Larry bent over towards me. "You told me about the dragon," he whispered, "but you didn't say anything about an angel."

"The angel and the dragon," I whispered back, "are one and the same."

This time it was Larry who choked and Grace who supplied the first aid. "I don't believe it," he announced, while she was repairing the damage to the table cloth.

"Don't believe what?" Grace inquired.

He was leaning forward as she bent over the table and a few strands of her hair were brushing against his

jacket. He put out a furtive finger and touched the hair gently. "Oh, anything, nothing," he answered in an abstracted tone.

She looked puzzled, but said nothing, and I decided that it was time for me to feel tired.

I was delighted but unsurprised the next day when Grace arrived home from her job at the library, accompanied by Larry.

"He's so alone here," she apologized hurriedly while he was washing his hands, "that I thought it would be nice to invite him to dinner. You don't mind, do you, Mother?"

"Not at all," I answered innocently. "I think it was very kind of you."

She looked at me suspiciously, but Larry came into the room just then and after that she had no time for divided attention.

In the weeks that followed it began to look as though my plan were working even better than I had dreamed. The two spent every spare hour together and it was soon plainly evident that Larry was very much in love. Grace was not as easy to read, but it seemed to me that she was attracted to him against her will and desperately fighting the feeling.

THINGS came to a crisis the night that Larry came bounding into the room and announced that his discharge was final.

I looked at Grace quickly. Her face was quite pale. In a voice completely emptied of emotion she said, "Then you'll be going home soon."

"No," he corrected gently, "we'll be going home soon."

"We?" Grace faltered. "What do you

mean?" But her eyes avoided Larry's.

"I think it would be best for us to be married here before we go," he explained cheerfully. "No, don't go, Mother," he said, turning to me as I started to leave the room. "We'll need you to help us with our arrangements."

"There won't be any arrangements," Grace interrupted coldly. "I have no intention of marrying you."

"Why not?"

"I don't have to give you any reasons. I'm just not."

Larry looked at her grimly. "Do you think I'm going to let you ruin our chance for happiness because some dumb kid didn't have enough sense to appreciate you when you were twenty-two?" he demanded.

There was an uncomfortable pause before he continued, "Between the way you act and what your mother has

told me, I've been able to piece the whole thing together very nicely. And you're crazy if you think I'm going to let you spoil things now because of something that happened eight years ago."

Ignoring him, Grace turned fiercely on me. "Mother, you had no right to!"

"Dear me, Grace," I answered pleasantly, "it's six years since I last saw you lose your temper. That's a very healthy sign." Larry and I exchanged winks.

Then he went over and took her by the shoulders. "Look darling, stop fighting it and let yourself be happy," he begged. "Marriage is the thing for two people in love, you know."

"I don't love you," she contradicted quickly.

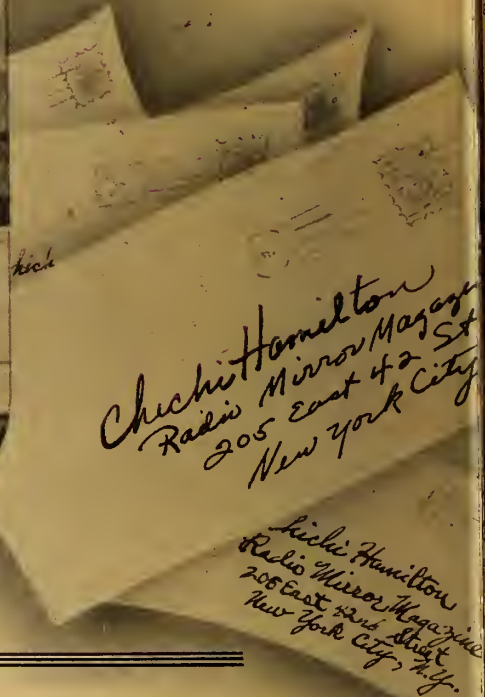
Larry shrugged and looked back at me over his (Continued on page 80)

I glanced at Grace when they started to probe her about Larry. She sat silently, white-faced.



Life

By
CHICHI HAMILTON



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ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EACH MONTH
FOR YOUR LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL LETTERS**

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can be beautiful

LIFE Can Be Beautiful is more than a program title: it is a way of life, a philosophy taught and lived by real people everywhere. When Papa David and I decided to ask our listeners, and RADIO MIRROR readers for true incidents from their own experience expressing this philosophy, we knew that we could give you not only interesting glimpses into the lives of those about you, but strong and positive reminders of basic truths upon which we may all build a friendlier, brighter and more fruitful world.

Perhaps there is no one who is in a better position to illustrate what we mean by the phrase "Life Can Be Beautiful" than is Papa David. This

wise, kindly and lovable old gentleman is the never-failing example of what a really good world this could be if we all practiced the lessons he teaches in generosity, tolerance and faith.

I told Papa David that we were going to ask readers to send us stories from their own lives which began disastrously but ended happily. Papa David suggested that as a starter I remind you of some of the things that have happened in *Life Can Be Beautiful*. Since our conversation, he has sent me several notes which serve as examples of the type of heartening experiences which I hope you will send us from time to time, as well as bits of his own

philosophy from which we have all gained so much.

Here are a few of the letters Papa David sent me:

January 1, 1945.

Dear Chichi:

The Holy Script truly teaches us: "First build a home, then marry." Do you remember when Edgar was so hopelessly in love with Hilda? There didn't seem to be any solution to Edgar's problem, for he didn't dare tell Hilda of his love. He desperately needed at least enough money to start a home, and without it he did not feel he had the right to ask Hilda to share his rather uncertain life. We were all troubled by Edgar's problem, but there wasn't very much we could do about it in those days. It was just when we had almost given up hope that you told Edgar of Hilda's love for him. I don't guess Edgar will ever forget that day. Right after you told him about Hilda, you ran out of the Bookshop without any explanation. But when you came back, you had good news: that a stamp collector offered you \$1,400 for the old stamp Edgar used on Hilda's letter. It was a happy ending to that story, as Mr. and Mrs. Edgar can testify.

Affectionately,
Papa David.

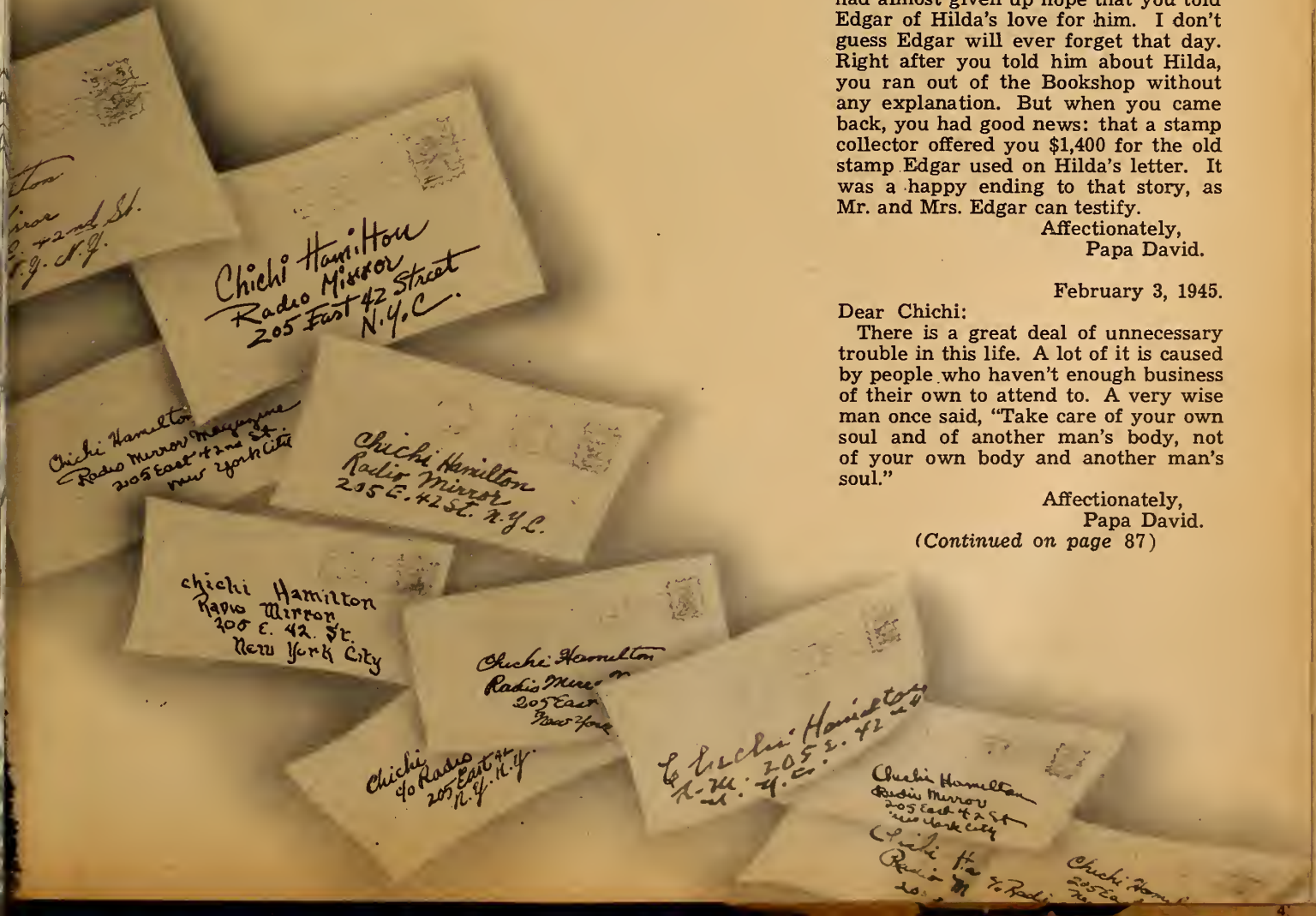
February 3, 1945.

Dear Chichi:

There is a great deal of unnecessary trouble in this life. A lot of it is caused by people who haven't enough business of their own to attend to. A very wise man once said, "Take care of your own soul and of another man's body, not of your own body and another man's soul."

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(Continued on page 87)



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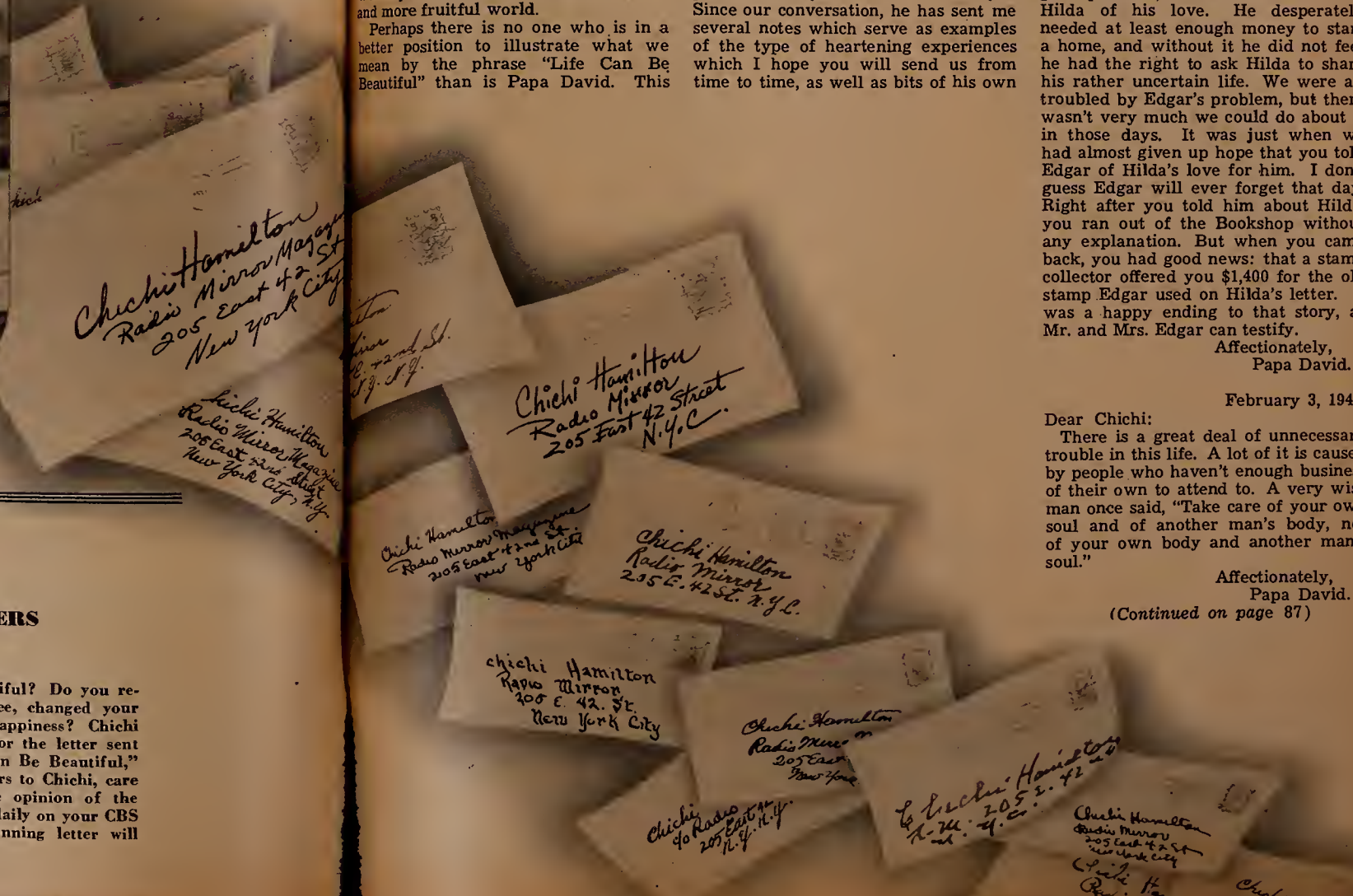
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Far from my arms

LANNY fought for me in kindergarten when the other kids teased me about my freckles. As clearly as if it were yesterday, I remember the school yard, and the watching ring of children, and a boy named Bucky Jones, a big bully all of seven years old, shouting, "Nina Staples, Freckles Staples, Nina-Freckles-Staples—" I stood dumbfounded, not knowing what to do about the insult, when a small thunderbolt of a boy rushed out of the crowd, flung himself upon Bucky. "You let her alone, Buck! She's too little to take care of herself—"

That was Lanny, and that was Lanny's attitude toward me all through our growing up together. I was big enough to go fishing with him in the creek on sunny spring mornings, but I wasn't so big that I was expected to put on the bait, or to take the squirming fish, with their prickly fins, off the hook. In high school I never had to think twice about a date, to wonder, as some of the other girls did, whether or not I'd be asked to a party. Lanny always asked me, before anyone else even had a chance to ask me, and Lanny always

had everything all arranged. I had only to say where I wanted to go, what I wanted to do, and Lanny would have the car at the door, lunch baskets and firewood and blankets packed for a picnic; if we were going to a dance, Lanny would come running up the steps, brushed and shining and with a corsage in his hand.

After we were through school and had gone to work, Lanny for a textile dyeing firm and I for Milton and Loeser, lawyers, he planned our future just as thoroughly and competently. "It's this way," he said the night he told me about his job. "Dad wants me to go to college, but I figure if I start to work right away, you and I can get married in a couple of years. I like the work, and I can pick up what-

ever education I need in night school, as I go along. The important thing is for us to get settled—"

I said, "Yes, Lanny," as I'd said "Yes, Lanny," to everything he'd ever suggested, and I snuggled a little closer to him, seeing us settled in our own home, seeing Lanny studying at night while I mended his socks,

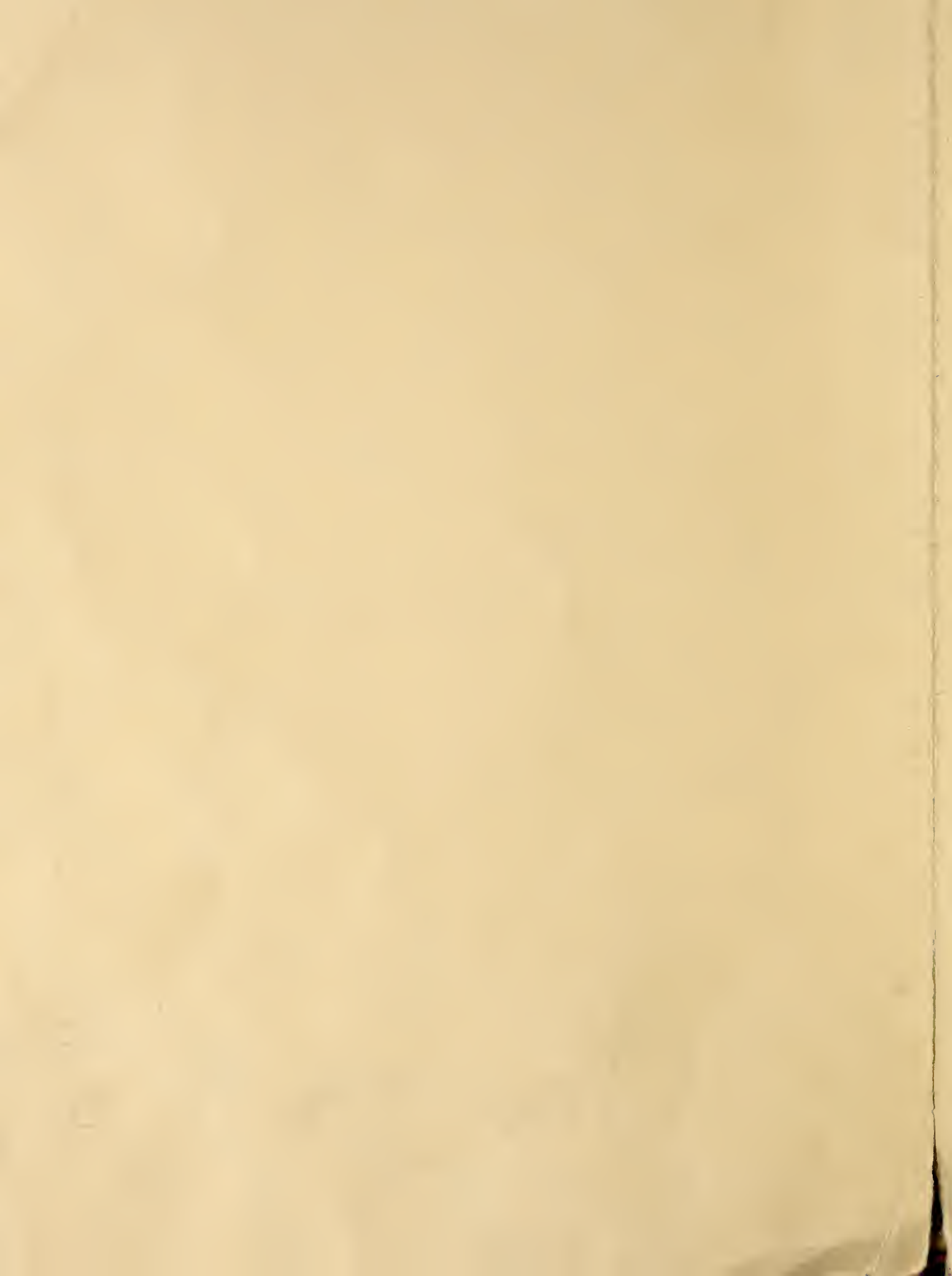


Love—was it a quiet contentment? Or was it this other feeling . . .



*We danced, and Chris didn't talk much;
he let our dancing together speak for him.*





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"Oh, quilts! I'm sick at the thought of leaving you, and you talk about quilts! Sometimes, Nina, I wonder how much you care about me—"

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"But leaving town was your idea," I pointed out. "And you said yourself we can get married sooner if you do. Surely you'd rather I got some work done for us while you're gone instead of just sitting around wringing my hands—"

"Of course, sweetheart." His arms gathered me close, his cheek pressed the top of my head. "I'm sorry. You're right, of course. I meant—I don't know what I meant. Didn't know what I was talking about, I guess."

Still, I didn't feel that everything was perfectly all right. He was troubled, even if he wouldn't admit it, and I couldn't understand why. I tightened my arms around his neck, brushed my lips softly against his. "Lanny—aren't you happy with me? Please tell me—"

"Happy with you!" His voice almost broke. "Oh, Nina—"

I was happy, too. When Lanny gave me my ring, a few days before he left, it was like the climax to a long, sweet story. Our engagement was official now, and all my friends could share in

my happiness. The girls at the office were almost as pleased as I was, and they promptly gave a party for me. Even Mother and Dad were pleased, although it hadn't been so long ago that Mother had objected when we talked of getting married. "You're so young, Nina," she'd said. "And you've never known any other boys. It wouldn't hurt you to wait a little while, until you're sure you know your own mind."

Dad had laughed at that, although he really agreed with her. "If she had any doubts," he said, "Lanny would get rid of them for her. He's been telling her what to do ever since I can remember. And he sticks closer than glue. Why, a stranger, looking into this house any time in the past fifteen years, would think we had two kids instead of one."

I didn't realize how much Lanny had been around until after he was gone. He wrote almost every day, and I wrote to him, but letters, and sewing for my hope chest, didn't fill the blank his absence made. I began to spend more time with the girls at the office, to stop downtown for dinner with them after work—and still time dragged endlessly.

And then I met Chris. It was at the office, early one morning, before anyone else had come in. I'd just got there, and I was at my desk, with my compact propped up on the typewriter, re-touching my make-up, when I heard the door open and a breezy voice said, "Good morning, Pretty!"

I looked up indignantly, and then I couldn't help smiling. It was impossible to take offense at the man in the doorway. He was so big, in a pale top-coat that made him look bigger, so blondly handsome; his smile was so infectious. Then I saw the glossy, but business-like brief case he carried, and I got up and held out my hand. "Good morning," I said formally. "You must be Mr. Alden. You're here on the Markham case—"

"How do you do," he said, just as formally, but he was making a game of it. "That's all correct. And you're Miss—"

"Staples," I said—and then Mr. Loeser came in and took him into his own office. I sat down again and picked up my compact. Blue-green eyes, tilted upward a little at the corners, looked back at me from the mirror, and white skin, no longer freckled, dark hair smoothly parted. Pretty—the way Chris Alden had said it made me feel pretty. He'd spoken spontaneously, involuntarily, as if he were exclaiming over something striking in a shop window.

Perhaps that was the beginning of Chris Alden's attraction for me—his making me conscious of myself; in a way I'd never before known. When his glances followed me about the office, I felt—well, special; I wasn't just another nice-enough looking girl, his eyes told me, but one who had been drawn exactly to his specifications. He went out of his way to talk to me and to pay me compliments, and

while I paid them back in the same light tone in which they were given, I couldn't help feeling flattered. When he first asked me for a date, I was pleasantly excited, but I refused, flatly, and told him why.

"I know you're engaged," Chris said. "The whole office told me, the first day I was here. But I'm not asking you to break your engagement; I'm only asking you to dinner."

As if for support, I took Lanny's picture out of my purse and showed it to him. Chris' brows rose in approval as he looked at it. "He's a handsome boy," he said. "Looks like the kind who knows where he's going."

I studied the picture for a second before I returned it to my purse. Of course Lanny knew where he was going—he always did; but it hadn't occurred to me before that he was handsome. Tumbled dark brown hair, untameably curly, and outthrust jaw, outthrust lower lip—he was really good looking, appealing looking. I hadn't thought of it before; the shape of his

My eyes ached; they'd been fixed on my father's desk. In the bottom drawer there was a gun . . .



Each Thursday night on CBS's Powder Box Theatre Jim Ameche and a guest star cast perform an original radio playlet, as one of the highspots of a half hour broadcast that also offers singing by Danny O'Neil and Evelyn Knight, and music by the Ray Bloch Orchestra and Choir. Far From My Arms was adapted from the Powder Box Theatre play "Speak Soft, My Soul," by Morton Friedman.

face was as familiar to me as the shape of my own hands.

"Write to him, if it will make you feel better," Chris suggested. "Ask him if it's all right if you have dinner with a lonesome out-of-towner. Tell him I'll bring you home at nine, sharp."

My face burned. He was teasing me, making me feel that I'd attached too much importance to his invitation. And

the truth was that I had. I didn't want to admit it even to myself, but if the date were really only dinner with a lonesome out-of-towner, as Chris put it, there would be nothing wrong with it, and Lanny himself would have been the last person to object.

Still I said no, and I continued to say no to his invitations until Chris's own attitude began to change. A

genuine insistence crept into his voice when he mentioned our going out together, and there was disappointment under his levity when he joked about my turning him down. That was exciting, too, and every day had its moments of drama when Chris and I went through our verbal skirmish, request and refusal. Even so, it might have remained just what it was—a semi-serious game, had it not been for the Company party.

The party was on a rainy night in April, at the office. Dad drove me to it, grumbling a little without meaning much of it, over being dragged out in such weather. "But, Dad," I said, "I've got to go. The party's in honor of Mr. Loeser's son, who's been in the Army and who's coming back to the firm as junior partner. It'd be an insult not to go—" The truth was that a blizzard couldn't have kept me at home that night, but not for the reason I gave Dad. Chris would be there—Chris, whose eyes told me I was lovely in the plain, tailored things I wore at work. Tonight I was at my very best, in a beautiful gown that deepened the color of my eyes, with my hair brushed to shining ebony. I could see him threading his way through the crowd, could see the look on his face as he came toward me. And I could dance with him now, be with him now—and still everything would be all right. It wouldn't be a real date, and there would be dozens of people around. . . .

It all happened so exactly as I'd pictured it that I had the uncanny feeling, when Chris came toward me across the dance floor, that it had happened somewhere before, or that it had been fated to happen, and that there was nothing I could do to change it. We danced—and Chris didn't talk much; he let our dancing together speak for him. At the end of it he said, "You see—how much time we've wasted?" I couldn't pretend not to understand him, and I couldn't pretend, either, that I didn't agree.

He danced nearly every dance with me that night, sat with me at supper, and we both knew that as surely as the music swept us across the floor, a still stronger force was sweeping us inevitably together. I made a last brief struggle against it when the evening came to an end, and I told Chris that I had to call my father to come after me.

"Call him," said Chris, "and tell him not to come. He doesn't want to get out at this hour in this weather."

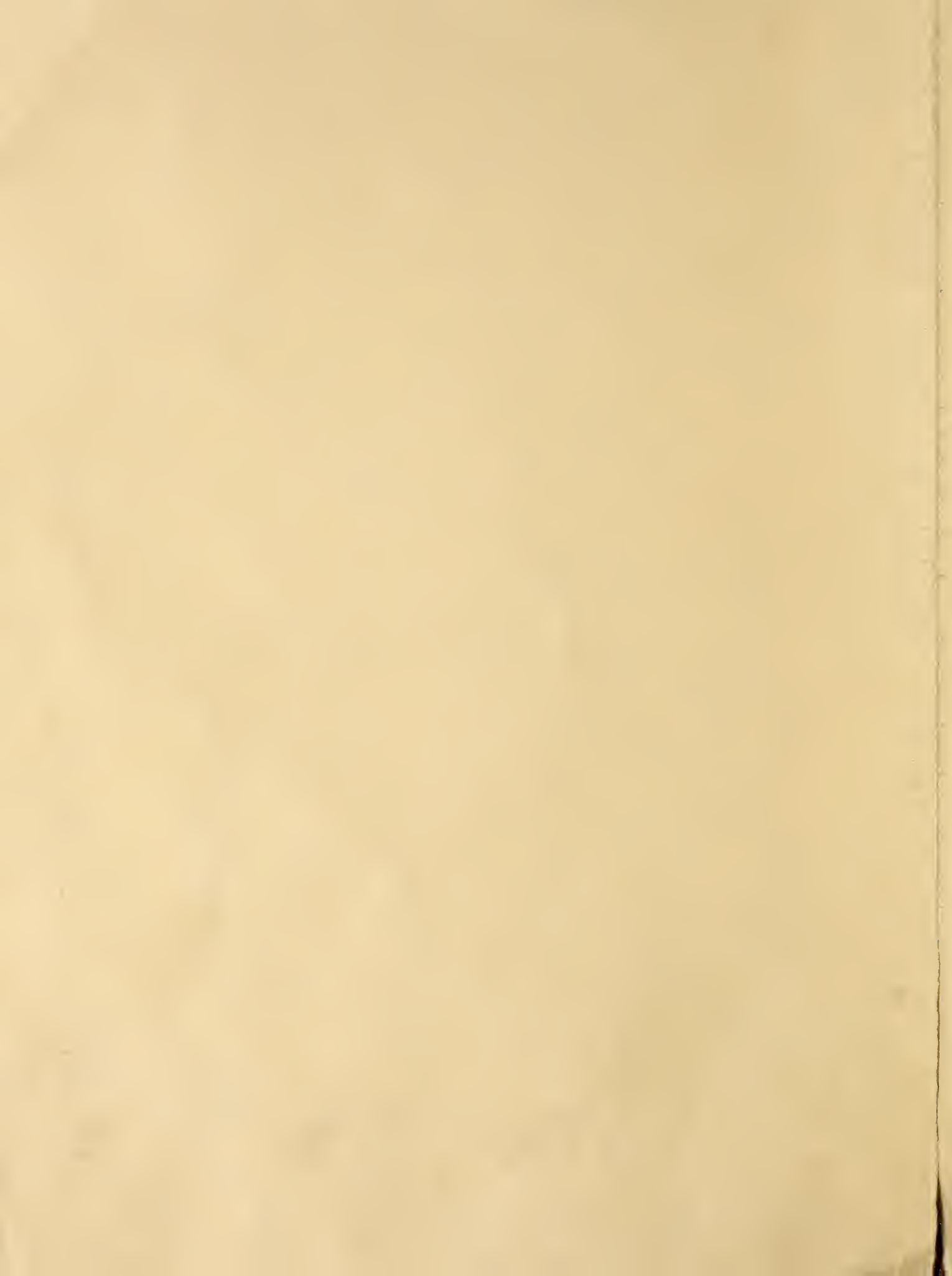
"Well," I said, "it is a bad night—" His smile shook me, and my own melted tremulously into it.

In the warm intimacy of the car—a large and shining car, handsome, as was everything that belonged to Chris, like his silver cigarette case and his expensive, engine-turned cigarette lighter—I sat stiffly apart from him. Chris seemed not to notice, but when he stopped the car outside my door, he sat looking at me for a moment. Then he said, "You're very far away."

"Yes," I said thinly.

"Too far." And then he reached over and took me (Continued on page 74)





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"Happy with you!" His voice almost broke. "Oh, Nina—"

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my happiness. The girls at the office were almost as pleased as I was, and they promptly gave a party for me. Even Mother and Dad were pleased, although it hadn't been so long ago that Mother had objected when we talked of getting married. "You're so young, Nina," she'd said. "And you've never known any other boys. It wouldn't hurt you to wait a little while, until you're sure you know your own mind."

Dad had laughed at that, although he really agreed with her. "If she had any doubts," he said, "Lanny would get rid of them for her. He's been telling her what to do ever since I can remember. And he sticks closer than glue. Why, a stranger, looking into this house any time in the past fifteen years, would think we had two kids instead of one."

I didn't realize how much Lanny had been around until after he was gone. He wrote almost every day, and I wrote to him, but letters, and sewing for my hope chest, didn't fill the blank his absence made. I began to spend more time with the girls at the office, to stop downtown for dinner with them after work—and still time dragged endlessly.

And then I met Chris. It was at the office, early one morning, before anyone else had come in. I'd just got there, and I was at my desk, with my compact propped up on the typewriter, retouching my make-up, when I heard the door open and a breezy voice said, "Good morning, Pretty!"

I looked up indignantly, and then I couldn't help smiling. It was impossible to take offense at the man in the doorway. He was so big, in a pale topcoat that made him look bigger, so blondly handsome; his smile was so infectious. Then I saw the glossy, but business-like brief case he carried, and I got up and held out my hand. "Good morning," I said formally. "You must be Mr. Alden. You're here on the Markham case—"

"How do you do," he said, just as formally, but he was making a game of it. "That's all correct. And you're Miss—"

"Staples," I said—and then Mr. Loeser came in and took him into his own office. I sat down again and picked up my compact. Blue-green eyes, tilted upward a little at the corners, looked back at me from the mirror, and white skin, no longer freckled, dark hair smoothly parted. Pretty—the way Chris Alden had said it made me feel pretty. He'd spoken spontaneously, involuntarily, as if he were exclaiming over something striking in a shop window.

Perhaps that was the beginning of Chris Alden's attraction for me—his making me conscious of myself, in a way I'd never before known. When his glances followed me about the office, I felt—well, special; I wasn't just another nice-enough looking girl, his eyes told me, but one who had been drawn exactly to his specifications. He went out of his way to talk to me and to pay me compliments, and

while I paid them back in the same light tone in which they were given, I couldn't help feeling flattered. When he first asked me for a date, I was pleasantly excited, but I refused, flatly, and told him why.

"I know you're engaged," Chris said. "The whole office told me, the first day I was here. But I'm not asking you to break your engagement; I'm only asking you to dinner."

As if for support, I took Lanny's picture out of my purse and showed it to him. Chris' brows rose in approval as he looked at it. "He's a handsome boy," he said. "Looks like the kind who knows where he's going."

I studied the picture for a second before I returned it to my purse. Of course Lanny knew where he was going—he always did; but it hadn't occurred to me before that he was handsome. Tumbled dark brown hair, untameably curly, and outthrust jaw, outthrust lower lip—he was really good looking, appealing looking. I hadn't thought of it before; the shape of his

My eyes ached; they'd been fixed on my father's desk. In the bottom drawer there was a gun . . .



face was as familiar to me as the shape of my own hands.

"Write to him, if it will make you feel better," Chris suggested. "Ask him if it's all right if you have dinner with a lonesome out-of-towner. Tell him I'll bring you home at nine, sharp."

My face burned. He was teasing me, making me feel that I'd attached too much importance to his invitation. And

the truth was that I had. I didn't want to admit it even to myself, but if the date were really only dinner with a lonesome out-of-towner, as Chris put it, there would be nothing wrong with it, and Lanny himself would have been the last person to object.

Still I said no, and I continued to say no to his invitations until Chris's own attitude began to change. A

genuine insistence crept into his voice when he mentioned our going out together, and there was disappointment under his levity when he joked about my turning him down. That was exciting, too, and every day had its moments of drama when Chris and I went through our verbal skirmish, request and refusal. Even so, it might have remained just what it was—a semi-serious game, had it not been for the Company party.

The party was on a rainy night in April, at the office. Dad drove me to it, grumbling a little without meaning much of it, over being dragged out in such weather. "But, Dad," I said, "I've got to go. The party's in honor of Mr. Loeser's son, who's been in the Army and who's coming back to the firm as junior partner. It'd be an insult not to go—" The truth was that a blizzard couldn't have kept me at home that night, but not for the reason I gave Dad. Chris would be there—Chris, whose eyes told me I was lovely in the plain, tailored things I wore at work. Tonight I was at my very best, in a beautiful gown that deepened the color of my eyes, with my hair brushed to shining ebony. I could see him threading his way through the crowd, could see the look on his face as he came toward me. And I could dance with him now, be with him now—and still everything would be all right. It wouldn't be a real date, and there would be dozens of people around. . . .

It all happened so exactly as I'd pictured it that I had the uncanny feeling, when Chris came toward me across the dance floor, that it had happened somewhere before, or that it had been fated to happen, and that there was nothing I could do to change it. We danced—and Chris didn't talk much; he let our dancing together speak for him. At the end of it he said, "You see—how much time we've wasted?" I couldn't pretend not to understand him, and I couldn't pretend, either, that I didn't agree.

He danced nearly every dance with me that night, sat with me at supper, and we both knew that as surely as the music swept us across the floor, a still stronger force was sweeping us inevitably together. I made a last brief struggle against it when the evening came to an end, and I told Chris that I had to call my father to come after me.

"Call him," said Chris, "and tell him not to come. He doesn't want to get out at this hour in this weather."

"Well," I said, "it is a bad night—" His smile shook me, and my own melted tremulously into it.

In the warm intimacy of the car—a large and shining car, handsome, as was everything that belonged to Chris, like his silver cigarette case and his expensive, engine-turned cigarette lighter—I sat stiffly apart from him. Chris seemed not to notice, but when he stopped the car outside my door, he sat looking at me for a moment. Then he said, "You're very far away."

"Yes," I said thinly. "Too far." And then he reached over and took me (Continued on page 74)

Each Thursday night on CBS's Powder Box Theatre Jim Ameche and a guest star cast perform an original radio playlet, as one of the highspots of a half hour broadcast that also offers singing by Danny O'Neil and Evelyn Knight, and music by the Ray Bloch Orchestra and Choir. Far From My Arms was adapted from the Powder Box Theatre play "Speak Soft, My Soul," by Morton Friedman.

Big Sister

—to whom the whole town of Glen Falls turns for friendship

RUTH WAYNE'S long and difficult years as "big sister" to her young brother and sister have made a valuable background for her life as Dr. John Wayne's wife. Friends in Glen Falls know that young, pretty Ruth Wayne is capable of a very mature understanding and tolerance. (Mercedes McCambridge)

DR. JOHN WAYNE, back from overseas Army Doctoring, is uncertain of his ability to fill the requirements of the rewarding, but exacting, position which Dr. Reed Bannister is urging him to accept. He believes he can be more useful, and more successful, by working with old Dr. Carvell. (played by Paul McGrath)





DR. CARVELL

DR. WAYNE



DIANE RAMSEY'S mysterious return from New York City got her to Glen Falls so she could nurse her foster father, DR. DUNCAN CARVELL, through a bad heart attack. During the illness of Glen Falls' kindly veteran G.P., Diane's assistance has been valuable to Dr. John. (Diane, Elspeth Eric; Dr. Carvell, Santos Ortega)



FRANK WAYNE is John's bachelor brother, publisher of Glen Falls Register. All of Frank's activities have always been somewhat shifty and questionable, and though he recently returned from a mental institution his violent temper and odd behaviour make it appear doubtful that he has been cured. (played by Eric Dressler)



Between the sisters ADDIE and GINNY PRICE there is a peculiarly close relationship, born of the fact that they have been alone together since their parents were killed in an automobile accident. Addie has worked for years to educate Ginny for the music-teaching job that has been Ginny's goal, but complicating factors have entered—among them the discovery that Addie has a serious chronic illness—to make her accomplishments precarious. Both Addie and Ginny treasure the confidence and friendship of Ruth Wayne. (Addie is Charlotte Holland; Ginny is Patsy Campbell)



NEDDIE EVANS, Ruth Wayne's young brother, returned from Navy service to a job at Peterson's Filling Station, bringing back with him a vivid red-headed wife whose past and present actions are the subject of much town gossip.
(played by Michael O'Day)



HOPE MELTON EVANS is Neddie's flamboyant young wife, about whom nobody knows very much except that she is hard, unscrupulous, untruthful, and in some way tangled up with John Wayne's brother Frank, publisher of the paper.
(played by Ann Shepherd)



WALDO BRIGGS edits the Glen Falls Register. Though working with Frank Wayne, its publisher, is difficult, Briggs is determined to remain, in order to rebuild his wife's confidence in him.
(played by Ed Begley)

REED BANNISTER, unmarried, attractive, is very close to both Ruth and John Wayne. While John, overseas, was undergoing his harrowing war experience, Reed's friendship greatly comforted the worried but undaunted Ruth. It was during that time that Ruth realized that Bannister's feeling for her was more than simple friendship—something that might have grown into love if he had not understood that she would never love anyone but John. Bannister has tried, with no success, to persuade John to join the staff of the large medical center which he heads. (Reed Bannister is played by Berry Kroeger)

The daytime serial Big Sister is heard Monday through Friday at 12:15 P.M. EST, on CBS.



THE STORY:

WHEN Ricardo—the man I was going to marry—came home, discharged, from the war, I thought it would mean the end of one sort of life, the beginning of another, for me. Ricardo and I would go away somewhere, I planned—somewhere far from Los Angeles, where we Mexican-Americans had had so much trouble during the “zoot suit” riots at the beginning of the war. Someplace, I thought, where we would be treated like ordinary people, and not frowned upon as strange, peculiar, and foreign. Someplace where we could be happy, where we could really feel as if we belonged.

The very first day Ricardo was home, we met Dixon, the policeman with whom Ricardo had had trouble before he went into the Army, and Dixon as much as warned Ricardo to watch his step. Things were not as bad as they had been before, and both Ricardo and I had outgrown, to a certain extent, the gangs with which we used to go around—the gangs of young Mexican-Americans who banded together, not to make

trouble, but in defense against a city of people who could not find a place for us in their way of life, and who didn't seem to want us to make that place for ourselves. My sister Tani and her friends, however, still had the same problem facing them—trying to find recreation, and a place to have fun that was not barred to them.

Ricardo and I had a wonderful time when he invited two of his friends—a Swede from Minnesota, and a fellow from upstate New York—to my house for dinner. I thought it would be awful, but his friends were nice. They didn't seem to think that we were peculiar at all, and they loved Mama's and Papa's furniture, brought from Mexico, Mama's very Mexican dinner—in fact, they liked us. And, more important—it made me think—they told us about their own parents, who had immigrated to this country. I'd begun to feel as if we were the only outcasts in the United States, and talking to those boys gave me a better perspective.

It was later that evening, when the boys had gone, and Ricardo and I were sitting on our front porch, that Tani,

obviously frightened, came running up. An old man who ran a malt shop, Pop Miller, had been letting Tani and her friends use his livingroom as a sort of headquarters—they had their soft drinks there, danced, and we had all been happy that they had found so good a friend who would provide a place which would keep them off the streets. Bobby, Dixon's son, was one of the boys. As Tani ran up to us that evening, I had a sick, sinking premonition of trouble—a feeling of “it's all beginning all over again!” And I was right. There had been a fight at Pop Miller's, Tani told us. One of the boys had been hurt. Someone had called the police. Would we come and see if we could do something?

WE REACHED Pop Miller's place almost on the dead run. It was quiet behind the big lighted window of the malt shop—too quiet—and the door was locked. We pounded and pounded before someone cautiously opened the door.

It was Pop himself, a grey little wisp of a man with faded, puckered blue

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Maria dreamed of escaping from trouble. And Ricardo loved her so that he was willing to give up his own dream

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"Sure. You did the right thing," Ricardo answered, pushing by him to go into the big inside room. "Is the doctor here yet?"

"No—but any minute now." As Pop led me into the livingroom I glanced at the clock. I couldn't believe it had been only ten minutes or so since the accident and since the fight. It seemed hours since Tani had come home and told her story.

The room seemed to me a sea of faces, and my heart turned sick inside me. Something about those faces—the unconscious way the youngsters had lined themselves up stiffly against the walls—gang against gang, and themselves against the world—tore at my throat. I had to remind myself that the form lying in the middle of the floor, covered by an overcoat against shock,

was a boy just like these others—and he might be dying. I couldn't follow my impulse and send these kids home to their mothers.

Hastily I looked around the room for young Bobby Dixon—but he wasn't there. Lucky for him!

Ricardo was kneeling by the boy on the floor and everyone watched him. I held my breath.

"He's alive," Ricardo announced in the tense silence. "But I wish that doctor would hurry. I know better than to try to do anything myself. What was it—a knife?" he asked sternly.

There was an outpouring of quick, voluble explanations from all sides but most of it was too incoherent to understand.

"Wait a minute!" I commanded them. "You—Jose—tell us exactly what happened. Did someone use a knife?" But Ricardo was pulling the coat down and I could see no sign of bleeding, although the boy's shirt was torn.

"No—no!" Jose's scared face went whiter still. "There was just some scuffling and somebody pulled his shoulder and pushed him and then he

swung his fist—and missed—and then he was hit and went down and struck his head on the table, there." Heads nodded up and down in confirmation and there was a low murmur of "Si, si!" on both sides of the room.

For a second that awful squeeze of fear on my heart lifted. It had been an accident! Perhaps Dixon would take that into account! Oh—why didn't that doctor come?

His knock followed right on the heels of that prayer—and with him came Dixon.

I must say this for the boys—they paid scant attention to Dixon then. All their hopes and fears and eyes were riveted on the doctor. What happened to this boy lying there on the floor, his life or his death, was all that mattered, then. He might be a stranger to Jose and the others, but he was a boy like themselves. And, for once, the presence of Dixon didn't have its usual effect.

The doctor's examination was quick. "Ambulance." He spoke briefly into the telephone. His quick scrutiny, his terse words, his serious face that seemed to (Continued on page 65)

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Have You Forgotten?

*Something was taking Jim away from
Serena, making him forget the plans, the
memories, the love they had shared.
Perhaps war had done it . . . or was it Jane?*



THIS was one of those February days. I knew it when I looked out the window first thing in the morning. Spring had come—not to stay—but to float down our valley bringing truant warmth in her gossamer, pale-green garments, blowing taunting kisses at Old Man Winter . . . reminders that he must soon pack up and leave and her reign would begin. It was not a day for dark or gloomy thoughts.

I raised the window to let the thin warmth steal in and to wave good-morning to old Jud Anson stomping up our snow-covered back steps to deliver the milk.

Like so many things in Hyatsville—like the village green across the way and the steepled-church—Jud hadn't changed his ways in thirty years. He might have a modern dairy out on his farm but he still brought the milk to

sell in rattling cans and drove to town in horse and sled. Hyatsville liked it that way.

"Morning, Jud!" I called.

"Morning, Sereny!" he replied. He hefted the milk can into the kitchen and I heard the sounds of milk gurgling into the big stone crock we kept for that purpose. Then he clomped out again and stood, hesitatingly, on the steps.

"Catch your death of cold, mooning up there, Sereny," he told me cheerfully. Then he added, after a second's

pause. "Better get some clothes on you. I expect you'll be getting a call purty soon. The Bellows got back last night and it's dollars to doughnuts Jim Bergi will be calling you first thing."

Jim back. My fingers tightened around the window sill, unmindful of the snow. Jim back from Florida!

Jud stood waiting. Our milkman was also our unofficial newspaper, but for every tidbit he brought he liked to pick up another to carry away with him. He was waiting for that now.

"Thanks, Jud." I swallowed the

A LEAVE IT TO THE GIRLS STORY

From the mailbag of Leave It To The Girls, MBS's Roundtable of Romance, produced by Martha Rountree, Saturdays at 9:00 P.M. EST



panic in my throat. "I knew he was coming. I heard from him the other day." That would hold the gossipy tongues from wagging. It wasn't necessary to tell Jud that my only news from Jim Bergi all the while he was in Florida with the Bellows had been a few lines on a postcard. Or that the only reason I knew he was coming back was because the Bellows home and the Bellows factory were here and they would have to come back *some-time*.

No, I couldn't tell Jud anything. I couldn't bear that the village would have added fuel to the talk that was going round that Jim Bergi and Serena Hendon—the inseparables—the childhood sweethearts—were drifting apart.

My eyes fell on the square porcelain box on the highboy. I knew what was in it. Valentines. Years and years of

Valentines from Jim. Were they only souvenirs now?

I wouldn't even think that myself. This was one of those days, I reminded myself, when fear was impossible and doubts were blasphemy. This was a day that heralded Spring. This was a day that promised a new beginning—soon.

Everything was possible today. Jim's vacation was over and perhaps, as I had hoped, his restlessness, his nervous impatience would be gone, too. Perhaps it would be I, and the known, the sure, the familiar ways I represented to him, that he wanted now. Not the unknown and the reckless, high adventures that Jane Bellows promised.

As if to confirm the hope that was so surely burgeoning in my heart, the telephone rang. I knew it was Jim.

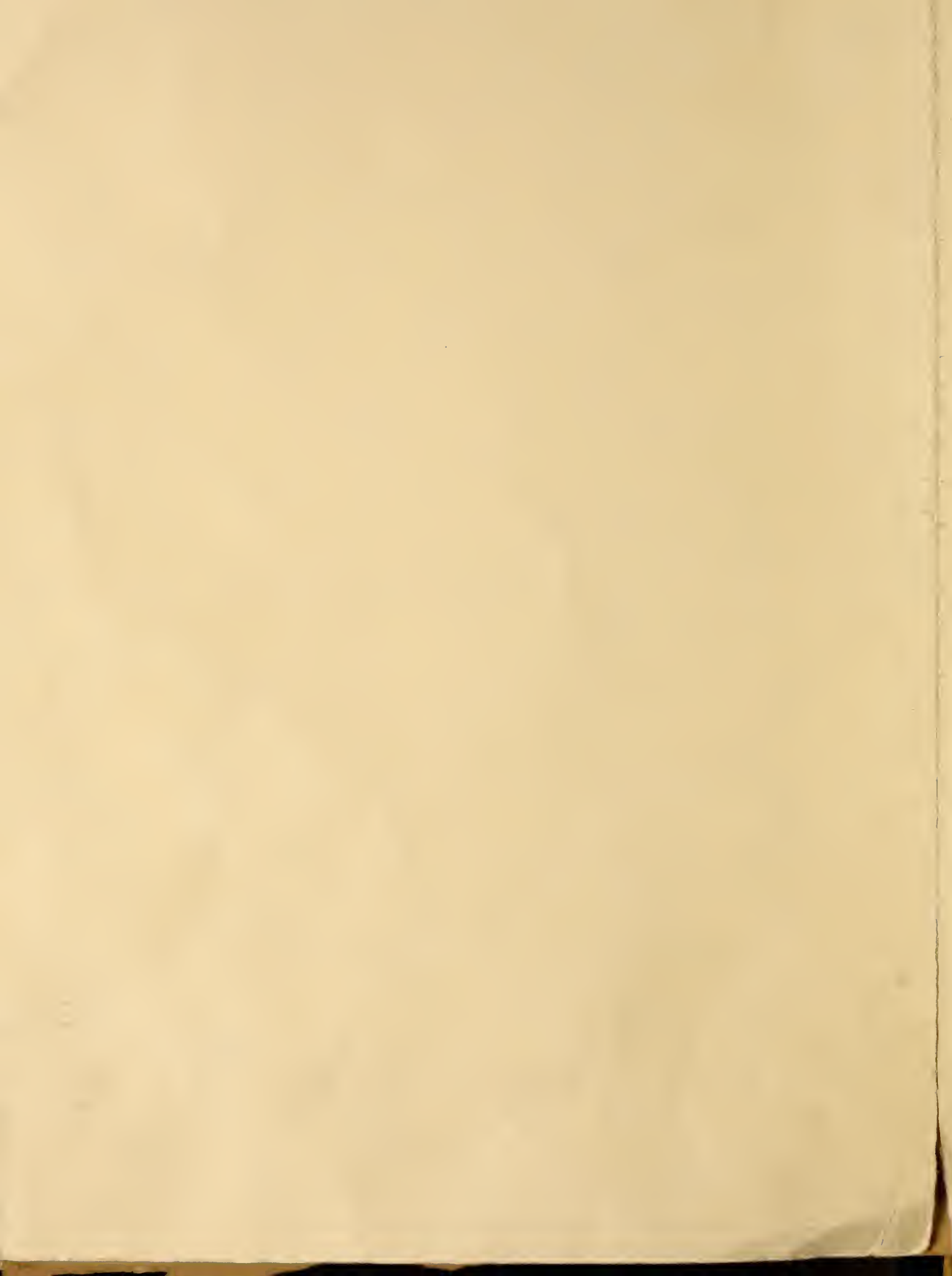
And it was. "Hello—Serena?" That familiar—that dearly-beloved voice! "I just got in last night. We drove by your place but the lights were out so I didn't stop."

Oh—why had I gone to bed so early and cried myself to sleep in the darkness! If I had only known he was so close.

"Why didn't you come and throw pebbles at my window as you used to, Jim?" I managed a little laugh. "I would have loved to come down and make some hot chocolate for you."

His voice sounded a little uneasy when he spoke again. "Well, I did think of it. But Jane said it would be a shame to wake you up and Mr. Bellows said he had phoned ahead and their housekeeper would have a late supper for us. So we went on."

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His voice sounded a little uneasy when he spoke again. "Well, I did think of it. But Jane said it would be a shame to wake you up and Mr. Bellows said he had phoned ahead and their housekeeper would have a late supper for us. So we went on."

That little prickle of fear iced my

LEAVE IT TO THE GIRLS STORY

From the mailbag of *Leave It To The Girls*, MBS's Roundtable of Romance, produced by Martha Rountree, Saturdays at 9:00 P.M. EST

veins again. But only for a moment. "Where are you now, Jim? Can you come over for breakfast?"

"No—I have to go to the plant today with Mr. Bellows. There's a job opening there on the fifteenth and he wants me to talk to the supervisor. See if I would fit in and if the job would appeal to me. But I'll be over around eleven-thirty. We can make it for lunch together, if that's okay with you, Serena."

"Of course, Jim." I hung up the receiver.

Of course, Jim. Why not—*of course, darling!* Why couldn't I say that as naturally as I would have once? But in those days Jim wouldn't have asked permission to come over—he wouldn't have been staying with the Bellows—he wouldn't have been going to work in the Bellows' wallpaper factory—he wouldn't have been riding there in a car driven by Jane Bellows.

In those days Jim would have been just the boy next door with whom I had played and grown up; who had given me my first kiss at fifteen; who had been my sweetheart up until the time he had gone into the Army; the boy who had asked me to wait and marry him when it was all over.

When Jim had gone into the Air Corps, trained to fly one of those huge fortresses, I had been scared but my fears had been for his personal safety and his life. I had never dreamed there could be other wounds than physical ones. But it was our dreams that became a war-casualty.

He had come back from the Army a different boy from the one who had gone away. Physically the war-hardening had only made him more handsome. But the change was deep inside him.

I had listened when he tried to explain and I understood and suffered with him. But I didn't know what to do about it. Because Hyatsville was the same and I was the same and life had gone on here in pretty much the same way. There were still the same problems to be solved and there was no way of pushing them aside, as Jim wanted to do.

In the Air Corps he had become used to having things done fast. Judgments had to be split-second. There was never a second chance. There was no waiting around for things to work out slowly or for starting with a little and building to a lot. The Jim who had gone away had been a dreamy boy with visions in his eyes of the life he'd always wanted for us—the quiet, roots-in-the-soil life on the twenty acres his aunt had left him. It would take time to reclaim those acres from their present, run-down condition. It would take time for him to be secure enough to think of marriage.

But the Jim who had come back couldn't wait for time. He was impatient and restless . . . unsure of what he wanted.

He was also a hero and the Bellows made much of him. Jane Bellows' tailored Red Cross uniform looked good next to his be-medalled khaki standing on platforms at Bond Rallies. I was

invited, too, but somehow I usually ended up a blur in the background.

That sounds as if the Bellows were stuck-up and hero-grabbers. They weren't. Hyatsville was a stiff-necked town and it remembered too well that old Burk Bellows used to be a clerk in our village store before he began making wallpaper and money. Jane had gone to our village school, too—although it was a finishing school that had laid that patina of gloss over her looks and her clothes.

No, they weren't snobs. If anything, they were proud of their humble roots in the town. What really frightened me was my feeling that Burk Bellows would be proud if his daughter married a local boy.

And Jim was a local boy and a boy who had made good in the toughest job of all. He had fought and been wounded and fought again. It was only right that they should be eager to help him and offer him the hospitality of their home, since his aunt's little one in town had been sold at her death. And when they had left for Florida a month ago, it had been easy for them to persuade Jim that he deserved a vacation in the sun before making up his mind what he wanted to do.

They hadn't actually stolen him away from me. The war had done that. I wouldn't have been scared of all the Bellows' fine homes and cars and promises of jobs—yes, even of their fine daughter—if Jim hadn't changed inside himself. But he had become used to having things happen fast; he couldn't slow down his tempo now to go back and pick up our dreams. He couldn't think of the years it would take to put the old farm back on its feet.

The Jim who had left had his heart and his feet firmly planted in the soil. The Army had put him in the air. Now that he was back he was like a man suspended, unable to find his way back, unable to pick up the old ways—yet unhappy with the new.

And I was tied down with an invalid father. I couldn't step out and race madly ahead with Jim into any venture he chose.

But the hope was still inside me that this was a temporary adjustment for Jim. He was a Hyatsville boy, born and bred. We had had nineteen years to build our love and make our plans; surely those few war-years had not left a lasting scar. Surely, someday he would want me and our kind of life again and the impatience engendered by the war would burn itself out.

Anyway, he was here and he was coming to see me. I did a little dance in the middle of the floor, my robes flapping around my ankles.

"Serena!" It was Father, and I rushed guiltily down the stairs. Half-past seven and breakfast not even started.

Coals were still burning in the old kitchen fireplace and I piled kindling and wood on them. It was a matter of minutes to get water boiling on the stove and blueberry muffin batter popped into tins and into the oven. I flew upstairs again for the shaving mug

and brush and into Father's room.

He was already in his wheelchair. Father liked to "do for himself" as much as possible and he was cranky only when you treated him like an invalid.

I adjusted the mirror on the little table that slid over his knees. "Jim's back, Father," I said as casually as I could.

He held the brush poised in his hand for a moment and then went on with his shaving. "bout time," he muttered. "I don't hold with all this chasing around to Florida and places. Comes January the good Lord gives us winter and snow and if He had meant for us to be running away to tropic climes he would have put wings on us, like the birds."

"Hello, wolf," I managed to say, and to my surprise my voice sounded light and gay.



I edged away to the door, but he caught me out of the corner of his eyes. "And now that he's back—what then? Going to hand him over to Jane Bellows? Yes . . . I see you are. Just thinking about him now and you've got those lights in your eyes and your mouth's got that waiting shape—but just let him come in the door and your eyes will get as still as the Tantilly brook come winter. You've got too much Yankee pride, Serena. That boy's all mixed up—but nothing that a little honest love and open arms won't settle—"

I left him, still talking. Maybe it was rude, but he had put his finger too sharply on that sore spot of mine. And when Jim came it was almost

as Father said it would be. His footsteps across the porch set my heart racing and the blood to my cheeks—but when he came in I felt my backbone stiffening up and I could feel myself, figuratively, taking my heart off my sleeve and tucking it away, where Jim couldn't see it.

He kissed me. On my cheek. *Never mind*, I told myself, hastily, *it's just that he's not demonstrative. No New Englander is.*

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braids I wore with the big blue bows tied to the end. "Remember how I used to tease you that some old sea-going ancestor of yours must have brought home a foreign wife? You!—with that ivory skin and those up-tilted eyes!"

We settled ourselves in front of the fire and our lunch on the low coffee table. "You look different, Jim," I told him. "I'm not used to seeing men with such heavy tans in the winter time. How was Florida?" *Oh, why do we sit like this, making conversation!*

His face told me nothing. "Oh, it was all right. I rested—if you can call dancing every night and swimming every day, resting. I got tired of it. Then I thought I was anxious to get back and get started (Continued on page 88)





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"A very nice
young man—"

By **MRS. JAY JOSTYN**

WHENEVER a stranger first meets my husband Jay Jostyn and myself, he always has two instant reactions. The first is immediate interest at meeting "Mr. District Attorney" in real life—after having listened to the program for several years over NBC.

The second reaction always follows the discovery that Jay and I have been married for eighteen years now. The stranger demands, "What is the magic secret of a marriage that has lasted so long and brought so much happiness?"

Well, to me there isn't any magic secret. To me, the only answer is to tell the story of our marriage, from its beginning. Now we live in a comfortable house on Long Island, with two sons, a dog and a cat, two automobiles, and dozens of warm friends coming to visit. But our marriage didn't always have this happy setting, by any means. Our present household was arrived at by a series of adventures and of very bad times mixed in with very good.

But you will see all that as the story unfolds.

Jay Jostyn and I met almost twenty years ago, when I was a young actress named Ruth Hill and he was an almost equally young actor. Neither of us has changed an awful lot since then—I was a blue-eyed blonde, and he had the

*Suddenly, thoroughly,
forever—that's how the
Jostyns fell in love*



same direct gray eyes and curly brown hair he has now, and the same straight way of holding himself. Both of us had been acting for a couple of years by the time we met, which was while we were appearing in a play called "Six Cylinder Love," in Spokane, Washington—a long way from both of our homes. My home town was Hollywood, California, and Jay came originally from Milwaukee.

And aside from our mutual two years' acting experience, we seemed to have very little in common. Very little indeed, except that we were both young, both ambitious, both passionately absorbed in the theater.

When we walked on stage for that first rehearsal and the director said, "Miss Hill, this is Mr. Jostyn," neither of us had the slightest rise in blood pressure. We bowed, and began acting. After all, I was engaged to a broker in Hollywood, and I had already made a comfortable little world for myself in Spokane—I knew the town very well, and I was established in Spokane's leading hotel with a pet cocker spaniel named Dodee.

For the next six months we acted together in numerous plays in the Spokane stock company, collected our pay checks at the end of the week, and went our different ways.

Then something happened to me. Don't ask me to explain what it was, or how it came about—but suddenly one day, while Jay and I were rehearsing a play called "Bird of Paradise," I fell in love with him. It was that simple.

And from that day on I—well, I didn't run after him; I just got hold of him and hung on! It was another year before we were married. But it was a wonderful year—and also a thoroughly upsetting one, in all the ways that young people's lives get complicated.

Naturally, I broke my engagement to my fiancé by letter. Then Jay and I seemed to be together constantly—acting, discussing the theater, meeting for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. We never seemed to have enough time to talk over everything that interested us . . . and meanwhile, I had written my family in Hollywood that Jay and I were in love. If you think they were happy about the news, you are very much mistaken. They were horrified. My father, you see, was a retired merchant; and he and mother both thought that anyone connected with the theater was completely unstable. I kept getting letters from them objecting strenuously to my being interested in an unknown young actor with no financial foundation for a mar-

riage—and finally a firm suggestion that I bring him down to Hollywood for a family introduction.

I will never forget that trip from Washington to California. Jay and I made it by bus; and with us we took my cocker spaniel, Dodee—who was nick-named after Dorothy Deane the actress, my closest friend. When we reached my house, my family was just as disgruntled at sight of Jay as they had been before.

"He's a very nice young man, dear," my father said in private, "but naturally your mother and I don't want to see you settled in life with a man whose financial future is so indefinite."

"An actor," my mother said, "is hardly what your father and I had planned for you."

The upshot of all the family disapproval was that I stayed in Los Angeles in a play production, while Jay went back to Spokane to do a play—with my parents sure that once away from him, I'd forget him, as usual. (I had forgotten other men before, given a little time and space.)

But I couldn't forget Jay, as it turned out. Our letters flew back and forth, and five months after he had departed for Spokane he returned to California, and we were married. It was October 17th, 1928; and we were married in a Pasadena church, with all the trimmings. I wore my mother's bridal gown, and for my matron of honor I had my friend Dorothy Deane, who at that time was Mrs. Roscoe (Fatty)

Arbuckle. Our little flower girl—who was too frightened to scatter her huge basket of rose-petals—later grew up to be beautiful Sheila Ryan of the movies. Everyone in the bridal party was connected with the theater except, of course, for my worried parents . . . who were still convinced that I was making the mistake of a lifetime, in spite of the fact that they were forced to admit that they liked Jay personally.

For several years thereafter, my family's gloomy predictions seemed entirely wrong. Jay and I had a son, Jean Charles, whom we called Josh; and we continued to act in plays, to earn money—and to spend every cent we earned. We were very happy . . . and then came the Depression.

Like millions of others in America, I will never be able to quite erase the memory of the Depression from my mind. To us it meant complete and dismal chaos. A great many people say that the Depression found them

short of money, suffering from a salary cut, and so on—but they have no idea of the real thing. They have no idea of what it means to owe rent for months, not to be able to pay your bills, to be afraid to make a ten cent purchase because you literally don't know when you'd have another ten cents. Jay and I knew all of that, and for a couple of years.

You see, with the Depression came the collapse of stock company theaters all over the country—people didn't have money to see plays; and on top of that, radio had come in, and so had talking pictures. Actors like Jay and myself couldn't quite realize that changes were going on in our world of make-believe; and Jay was hunting desperately—and almost hopelessly—for a job.

But to give you a picture of the abyss we were in, let me tell you about the birth of our second son, Jon George. He entered the world in my closet-

like bedroom in a tiny bungalow in San Bernardino, California. We'd owed rent on the house for months, and our kind nurse hadn't been paid her salary in even longer months. My room was literally so tiny that the doctor had to step into the hall in order to allow the nurse to work over me; then she stepped into the hall while the doctor came back to my bedside. But finally little Jon had arrived, and a few days later I sat up in bed to write out the announcements of his birth. We had sent out lovely expensive announcements of Josh's birth a year before; but this year things were entirely different.

Jay had bought me a lot of penny postcards, and our announcement was to read, "The government has to announce our new baby, because the Jostyns can't afford to"—but when I asked for ink to write out the message, we made the horrible discovery that we didn't have a bottle of ink in the house. And spending ten cents on a new bottle was truly unthinkable; we had to save every penny for food. We were still wondering how to surmount this obstacle, when one of those miracles happened that happen when you're at the end of your rope.

A car pulled up in front of the bungalow, and out of it got an old friend of ours. He was a traveling salesman for stationery supplies; and he rang the bell, happily invited himself to dinner—and offered us a case of old sample supplies that he had in the back of his car—the very things we wanted most, right then! A few moments later, he was dragging it inside—and it was a case full of paper, glue, pencils and, of course, ink!

So that was (Continued on page 85)



It was a windfall!



The turning-point . . .

"There's no magic secret in our love story," Mrs. Jostyn says—but we think there is



In ancient Greece, a man named Milo claimed that he could lift his full-grown cow because he had done so each day since its birth. Young Allen LaFever and his patient Phoebe are trying to duplicate that feat. Allen lifts Phoebe every day at his New Jersey farm home, and once a week on County Fair, (CBS, Saturdays, 1:30 EST). So far, it works — but what if Phoebe continues to gain a pound a day?

Lyric by
JOHN HINES



County Fair

Polkatrot

Music by
BILL GALE

Brightly

Chorus

F Fdim F Fdim F

Why don't - cha come see the ban - tam roost - er pie baked like moth - er use - ter,

Fdim Db7 C7 Cdim C7

step up and lis - ten to the side - show bar - ker. Come ride the fer - ris wheel and

sets the scene for CBS's spirited version of a colorful old American folkway

Cdim C7 Cdim C7 F6 Fdim C7

dance the Vir-gin-ia reel and ro-mance your part-ner as the night grows dark - er.



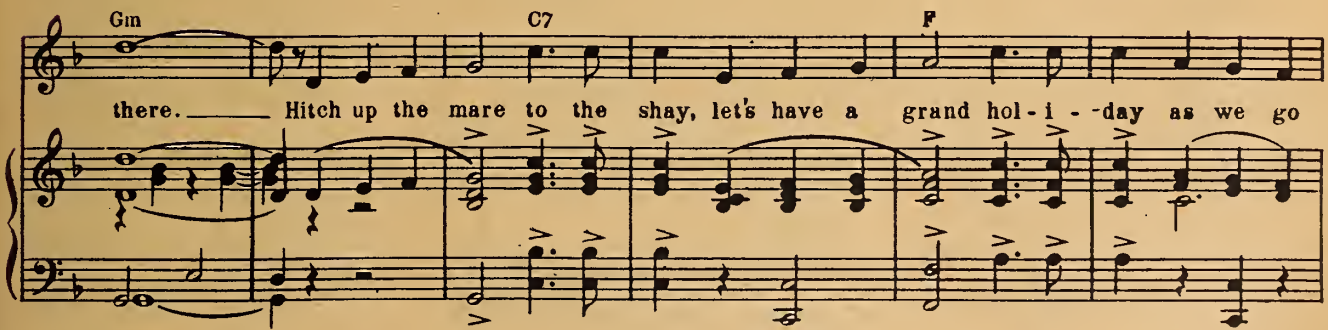
F Fdim F Fdim F F Cm6 D7

Fol-low the big pa-rade of pop-corn and lem-on-ade, you'll find that the gang's all



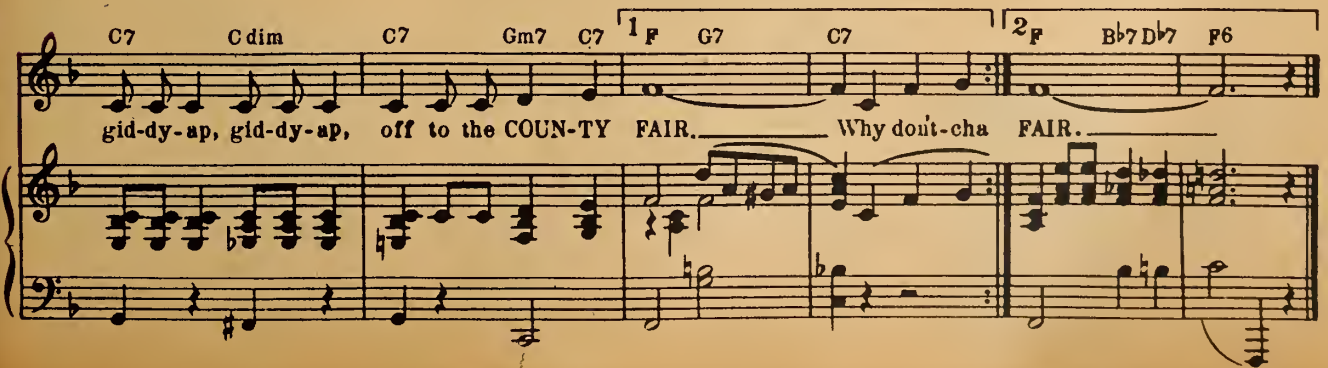
Gm C7 F

there. — Hitch up the mare to the shay, let's have a grand hol-i - -day as we go



C7 Cdim C7 Gm7 C7 1 F G7 C7 2 F Bb7 Db7 F6

gid-dy-ap, gid-dy-ap, off to the COUN-TY FAIR. — Why don't-cha FAIR.





Just the right soup is a wonderful way to begin a meal—balance a salad with a filling chowder, or a heartier menu with a thin, clear bouillon

A Fine Beginning

"SOUP of the evening, beautiful soup," was written as a nonsense verse, but it becomes satisfying reality when the tantalizing fragrance of rich well-made soup announces lunch or dinner. Whether you prefer a small portion as the traditional first course for a meal or a generous serving of a hearty soup which needs only salad and dessert to form a complete meal, give soups an important place in your menus for the coming frigid weeks. You will be repaid by the extra zest with which your family approaches mealtime and extra vitality with which to withstand the rigor of winter.

Corn Chowder

- 2 tablespoons diced bacon
- 2 tablespoons chopped onion

By
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, 8:30 EST.



- 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
- 1½ cups cooked potatoes, diced
- 2 cups cream style corn
- 3 cups milk
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Pepper
- Paprika

Fry bacon until crisp; remove from pan and brown onion and pepper in bacon fat. Mix bacon, onion and pepper with remaining ingredients. Heat thoroughly in a saucepan but do not boil. Serve with plenty of oyster crackers.

Vegetable Soup

- 3 tablespoons meat drippings
- ¼ cup finely chopped onion
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper
- 2½ teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 2 bouillon cubes
- 2 cups canned tomatoes
- 5 cups vegetable, meat stock or water
- 4 cups chopped, cooked vegetables
- ¾ teaspoon mixed herbs

Saute onion and green pepper in drippings until tender. Add seasonings, liquid and vegetables. Bring to boil. Stir in shredded wheat, heat thoroughly. Sprinkle each serving with chopped parsley. Serve with Peanut Butter Snacks.

Cream Potato Leek Soup

- 3 cups boiling water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 quart diced potatoes
- 2 cups chopped leeks
- 2 cups milk
- 1½ cups chicken stock or consomme
- Paprika
- Finely chopped parsley

Cook potatoes and leeks in salted water until tender. Strain and mash all pulp through a sieve. Add milk, stock, and paprika. Heat. Sprinkle with parsley and serve with soda crackers.

Lentil Soup

- 2 cups dried lentils
- 2½ quarts cold water
- 1 bay leaf
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 onion minced
- 2 tablespoons minced celery leaves
- 2 tablespoons minced parsley
- 2 tablespoons grated carrot
- 2 tablespoons bacon drippings

Soak lentils overnight in water. The following morning put them on to cook in same water in which they were soaked, to which salt, pepper and bay leaf have been added. After lentils have simmered (Continued on page 84)

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY



FROM ART TO SOUND TO SONG . . .

From sound effects girl to featured songstress on one of the country's top comedy shows is a three months record set by Carol Stewart. It took just that long for Carol to emerge from the CBS sound department to vocalist on the Beulah show (CBS, Sundays at 8 P.M., EST).

Carol is not a "native daughter of California." She was born in Dallas, but the family moved to Southern California when Carol was about two. Los Angeles educated, Carol enrolled at the University of California, where she majored in art and decoration. As a sideline she appeared in college theatricals and made the discovery that she preferred attending plays, jam sessions and, especially, radio programs to the study of color harmonies. This being so, there seemed to be only one thing to do. Carol did it. She gave up her university classes, hiked herself over to the CBS personnel man in Hollywood and got herself a job as a sound effects girl.

It was one afternoon, following a show on which Marlin Hurt was a guest star, that Carol was found by Hurt in a hidden corner of the studio, acting out the scenes from the just completed script.

"Now, if you could only sing—" Hurt quipped.

"But I can," Carol said, before Hurt could add the laugh that should have gone with his remark. More than that, Carol showed him on the spot that she could sing.

It was a year before Hurt got his own Beulah show. In that year, Carol sang at the Palladium in Hollywood with Lanny Cah'n's band.

When Hurt was auditioning singers for his new Beulah show, he remembered the pretty sound effects girl and sent for her. She won hands down over the other singers who tried out for the job and she was signed up immediately. Then it was discovered that there was another Mary Ann Stewart in radio—so to avoid any confusion our girl was renamed and became Carol Stewart—and will probably remain Carol Stewart to the public, even when some lucky guy manages to change her name in private life.

After having heard her sing, if you still need proof that she's bound to go places, there's this little anecdote. Recently, a group of servicemen attended the Beulah broadcast and heard her sing, "I'm Gonna Love That Guy," and promptly went to the Hollywood Canteen where they set a precedent by petitioning the appearance of Miss Stewart at the soldier's center. It has been customary for the boys to ask for a hostess for the evening from among Hollywood's leading stars, but never before had it happened that a virtual newcomer in any entertainment field should inspire fifty GI's to put in a bid for her presence. The request was granted and we're told that Carol's evening at the Canteen has set a record for the house.

Table of television programs for Tuesday, listing P.S.T., C.S.T., and Eastern Standard Time for various channels and programs.

Table of television programs for Wednesday, listing P.S.T., C.S.T., and Eastern Standard Time for various channels and programs.

SATURDAY

(Continued from page 8)

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
	8:15	CBS: Phil Cook
	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
8:00	9:00	ABC: Wake Up and Smile
6:15	8:15	9:15 CBS: Home Is What You Make It
	8:15	NBC: The Garden Gate
	9:30	CBS: Country Journal
	9:30	ABC: On the Sunny Side
	9:45	NBC: A Miss and a Male
9:00	11:30	10:00 ABC: Galen Drake
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Give and Take
	10:00	NBC: Eileen Barton Show
	10:15	MBS: Southern Harmonizers
	10:15	ABC: Club Time
11:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:30	ABC: Adventures of Archie Andrews
	10:30	ABC: Bob Johnston, Vera Massey
	10:30	MBS: Rainbow House
	11:00	11:00 ABC: Harry Kogen's Orchestra
	11:00	ABC: Teentimers Club
8:05	11:05	CBS: Let's Pretend
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
	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 ABC: Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00 MBS: Symphonies for Youth
	12:00	1:00 ABC: Opry House Matinee
	12:30	1:30 CBS: County Fair
	1:30	MBS: Symphonies for Youth
10:30	1:30	ABC: Round-up Time
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: The Veteran's Aid
	1:45	NBC: Edward Tomlinson
11:00	1:00	2:00 ABC: Metropolitan Opera
11:15	1:00	2:00 NBC: Your Host Is Buffalo
	2:30	CBS: Treasury Band Stand
	3:00	MBS: This Is Halloran
	3:00	NBC: Orchestras of the Nation
	4:30	MBS: Music for Half an Hour
	4:30	NBC: World of Melody
2:15	5:00	5:00 ABC: Duke Ellington
	5:00	CBS: Philadelphia Orchestra
	5:00	NBC: Music of the Moment
	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
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: People's Platform
	5:30	6:30 ABC: Hank D'Amice Orchestra
	6:30	MBS: Hall Calls
3:45	6:45	6:45 ABC: Labor, U. S. A.
3:45	6:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	6:45	6:45 NBC: Religion in the News
4:00	7:00	7:00 CBS: Helen Hayes
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Our Foreign Policy
4:00	7:00	MBS: Sinfonetta
	7:00	ABC: Its Your Business
	7:15	ABC: Correspondents Abroad
7:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: Dick Tracy
	7:30	NBC: Out of the Deep
	7:30	CBS: The First Nighter
	7:45	MBS: Tom Harmon, Sports
7:00	8:00	8:00 CBS: The Dick Haymes Show
	8:00	MBS: The Whisper Man
5:00	8:00	8:00 ABC: Woody Herman
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Life of Riley
8:30	8:30	8:30 ABC: Man From G 2
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Mayor of the Town
8:00	7:30	8:30 MBS: Cosmo Tune Time
	8:30	NBC: Truth or Consequences
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer
9:00	9:00	MBS: Leave It to the Girls
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Your Hit Parade
9:00	9:00	NBC: National Barn Dance
	9:00	ABC: Gang Busters
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Can You Top This?
6:30	9:30	MBS: Break the Bank
	9:30	ABC: Boston Symphony
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	10:00	MBS: Theater of the Air
	10:00	NBC: Judy Canova
	7:15	10:15 CBS: Celebrity Club
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Grand Ole Opry
	10:30	ABC: Hayloft Hoedown

We hear from the cinema capitol that Perry Como looked and sounded so good in his Twentieth Century-Fox picture "Doll Face", that several additional scenes were written into the scenario to give him more frequent appearances on the screen. That's a slight reverse of the "face on the cutting room floor".

This may be the age of the atom and lightning speed, but as far as CBS correspondent Don Pryor is concerned, we're still in the horse and buggy era in some respects. It took him six weeks to get from Shanghai to San Francisco. First he bummed a plane ride to Kunming—and missed a through plane to Frisco by three hours. With so many soldiers, American prisoners of war and others holding top priorities for plane seats, he had to wait a week at every spot he touched, including the big departure terminals at Manila and Saipan. When he finally caught a ride at the latter point, he rode all the way across the Pacific, curled up in the nose of a B-29 bomber.

Bet your kids, or the neighbors' kids at any rate, are all blowing bubbles like mad these days—wonderful, perfect, beautifully colored bubbles. Guess who's responsible? None other than Chet Lauck, the "Lum" of Lum 'n Abner. He loves gadgets and he's the one who thought up that special fluid the kids blow through those loops of wire.

Everybody knows that Albert Einstein, the famous "relativity" mathematician, likes to relax with a violin. Recently, he invited Arthur Schnabel, the equally famous pianist, to his home for a weekend. Naturally, they got around to playing together.

They were running through a rather involved Mozart sonata and Einstein was having some trouble playing. Finally, after a few explanations which didn't lead to better results, Schnabel lost his temper like a piano teacher. He banged his remarkable hands on the keyboard and groaned, "No, no, Albert. For heaven's sake, can't you count? One, two, three, four . . ."

To blonde Barbara Fuller goes the honor of being the first new member

of the cast of One Man's Family in thirteen years. She's playing the part of Claudia, which was played by Kathleen Wilson up until about two years ago. When Kathleen left the cast, the part was written out of the show. But Carlton E. Morse, writer-producer, has had so many requests to bring Claudia back into the script that he waited only until he could find exactly the right person to fit the part. That's Barbara.

GOSSIP AND STUFF . . . Richard Kollmar, who plays Boston Blackie on the air, is now co-producer of a Broadway musical, "Are You With It?" . . . Dinah Shore is supplying the vocal in the forthcoming Disney film, "Make Mine Music". She'll sing "Two Silhouettes", but will not be seen on the screen. . . . Evelyn Varden, veteran of stage, screen and radio and a swell actress everytime she opens her mouth, is being featured in Elmer Rice's new play, "Dream Girl," on Broadway. . . . Hildegarde has been chosen Queen of the Roses by the Society of American Florists on account of her doing so much to promote roses by giving them out on her program. . . . Dick Davis, whose work has been pretty much confined to radio so far, is working with Jean Arthur on Broadway in the play "Born Yesterday". . . . The Smilin' Ed McConnell and His Buster Brown Gang show is coming to you from Hollywood, now. The switch from Chicago was made last December. . . . "Show Boat" is being revived, and radio actress, Ethel Owen is slated for the Edna May Oliver role. . . . Networks are still having trouble figuring out what to do with all the foreign correspondents who are coming back to the States. It's a tough job trying to fit them all into jobs on the home-news front. . . . We hear that seven year old Bobby Hookey is "that way" about movie's Margaret O'Brien—and who can blame him? . . . Louella Parsons will be seen playing herself in the new Claudette Colbert picture. . . . Alice Reinheart (Life Can Be Beautiful) and Les Tremayne (Thin Man) had the nuptial knots tied in an all radio ceremony recently. Good luck to them. . . . George Shelton (It Pays To Be Ignorant) has been elected president of the Professional Entertainers of New York. . . . Good listening. . . .



St. Louis' annual Rodeo gets a visit from Curley Bradley, of MBS's Tom Mix show, because it was a favorite with the late Tom Mix.

She's Engaged!



ROSE-MERI'S RING— a square-cut diamond. Her fiancé sent it from Honolulu in a native box with her name, a heart and a rose on the cover!



Her complexion is ivory-miniature smooth! Pond's is her complexion care.

ROSE MERIWETHER LEWIS, of Atlanta, Ga. and Coral Gables, Fla., engaged to Lt. Comdr. BRUCE GREGORY KROGER, U.S.N.R.

Rose-Meri's middle name comes from the famous Meriwether Lewis who helped discover the Pacific Northwest. "There's been a Meriwether in every generation ever since," she says!

Another adorable Pond's bride-to-be, Rose Meriwether Lewis has true Southern charm—dark-dreamy eyes, a complexion so smoothly soft it fascinates.

"I just love Pond's Cold Cream," she says—and here is the soft-smooth way she especially likes for using it . . .

She slips luscious feeling Pond's Cold

Cream all over her face and throat, and pats it well to soften and release dirt and make up. She tissues off—clean.

She rinses with more fluffy-soft Pond's, whirling her white-tipped fingers around her face in little circles. Tissues again—"to get my face extra clean and soft."

Copy Rose-Meri's twice-over Pond's creamings—every night, every morning, for in-between-time cleanups, too! You'll soon see why it's no accident so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price!



IN THE ARMY reconditioning program, Rose-Meri helps at Lawson General Hospital. Recently she visited the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled in New York to see how they teach the handicapped to re-educate muscles, train for self-support. Many handicapped people need a helping hand today. Can you give one?

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!



"DOWN SOUTH" Rose-Meri says, "You have to take good care of your skin if you want to keep it nice. Pond's Cold Cream is such a help! It leaves my face with the grandest soft, clean feeling. I honestly don't think there's a finer cream anywhere." You'll love Pond's Cold Cream, too! Get a big luxury-size jar—today! On sale at beauty counters.

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties

{ *The Countess of Winchilsea · Miss Mimi McAldoo · Mrs. Victor L. Drexel
Mrs. Victor du Pont, III · Lady Stanley of Alderley*

**“Love—phooey!
I’m wrapped up
in my job”**



KEEP FRESH! Bathe. Then dust your body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Quickly it dries lingering moisture. Leaves you ravishingly fresh.

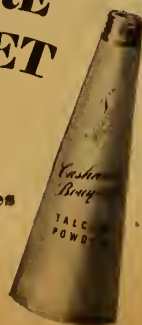
FEEL SMOOTH! Sprinkle extra Cashmere Bouquet Talc over chafable places. It imparts a satin-smooth sheath of protection to sensitive skin.

STAY DAINTY! Keep your feminine appeal on high. Use Cashmere Bouquet often for coolness, comfort and for the dainty way it scents you with the fragrance men love.

**CASHMERE
BOUQUET
TALC**

In 10¢, 20¢ and 35¢ sizes

For the luxury size with velour puff ask for Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder 65¢



Queen For a Day

(Continued from page 21)

Johnnie said, still looking at me with wonder in his eyes. “I must have been on vacation when you were hired. Your name is . . .”

Tessie cut in: “This is Maggi Marlowe. She’s from New York.”

I hadn’t said a word all the time, and to tell the truth I didn’t know what to say; Tessie and Johnnie had covered the ground pretty well.

We started to work then and Johnnie went his way. He looked back as he went out the door into the corridor, but I didn’t smile when he did. I pretended I was very busy with that long list of figures.

Johnnie began coming in every day at lunch time. I could tell he was just making an excuse some days; there really was no specific reason for his visits. He stayed around for ten or fifteen minutes, said hello to me, and maybe talked to me for a little while. It kept up for a month or so, and one day he brought me a movie magazine to look at.

“I guess you like to read about the stars,” was all he said, and he left the magazine on my desk. I thanked him, for he had certainly hit a responsive chord. It was a magazine I had not seen and we talked about the movie and radio people for a little while. I guess I gave Johnnie more encouragement that day for he seemed to gain confidence and the next day he asked me if I’d go to a movie with him.

My dates with Johnnie became fairly regular from that night on. About once every week or so he’d take me out, and I knew he always tried to make the evening interesting. He’d sit opposite me in some little cafe with a sort of worship in his eyes, forgetting to eat his supper and not making much conversation. He let me do most of the talking, and he encouraged me to talk.

Johnnie seemed to sense that most of the affection, in our case, was one-sided. I liked him well enough. He was not handsome in a sleek way, but he had a strong chin and bright eyes. And I had to admire the way he handled himself, even though he wasn’t as smooth as the ideals I had set up in my mind.

One night we stood in the hallway of the apartment where I lived with my folks and Johnnie came closest to telling me he loved me.

“Maggi, you can see what’s inside me by just looking into my eyes.”

I looked and I saw it; but something, probably my own ego, made me ward off any further such conversation.

“I like you, Johnnie. But I’m only twenty and a girl of twenty isn’t sure what she wants.”

I felt his eyes caressing me and I had to look away. At that moment I thought I knew what I wanted, but I couldn’t tell Johnnie. In a little while he said good-night to me and as he was leaving he asked if he could take me to lunch the next day.

“Well, Johnnie . . .” I began, undecidedly.

“Maggi, I know you like glamorous places. Let me take you to the Brown Derby. We can catch a cab and get up there and back without being late.”

I was overjoyed. I didn’t expect that from Johnnie and yet he must have read my thoughts one of those nights he took me out. The Brown Derby was a smart place to eat lunch and, who could tell, maybe we’d see a celebrity or two. I told Johnnie I would love to have lunch with him at the Brown Derby. I also felt like hugging him for inviting me, but I didn’t.

If you asked me why I didn’t, I couldn’t give you a sensible answer. True, I was attracted to Johnnie more than to any other boy I had ever known. I felt that attraction growing all the time, growing into something that was deeper than I imagined could be possible. And yet I fought against myself, fought against admitting that I loved him.

At last I let him kiss me, and then it was a real conflict of emotions that possessed me. He said good-night to me and I ran upstairs to bed.

The next day was a red-letter day for me. I met Johnnie outside the National Banking building and we sped uptown to the famous restaurant. It was an extravagant luncheon, I realized, but I was so overjoyed at the thought of getting to a place like the Brown Derby that nothing else mattered to me.

The restaurant was crowded but by a lucky break Johnnie got us a small table. The waiter was at our service almost immediately and I didn’t even bother to look at the menu; I was craning

(Continued on page 58)

MAKE A DATE EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON

THE DRAMATIC PAGES OF TRUE DETECTIVE MAGAZINE
COME TO LIFE BEFORE THE MICROPHONE . . .

TRUE DETECTIVE IS ON THE AIR!

Yes, the same kind of entertaining stories of outstanding feats in crime detection that have made True Detective one of the most exciting American magazines are now brought to your radio. Every program **BASED ON FACT**—every program packed full of **ACTION** and **DRAMA**. Be sure to hear it every Sunday afternoon!

TUNE IN “TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES”

Over your local

MUTUAL NETWORK STATION



"Smooth soft skin
wins Romance"

Lana Turner

Lovely star of
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

"The Postman
Always Rings Twice"

"Be Lovelier Tonight!"

**"My Beauty Facials
bring quick
new loveliness"**

Feels like smoothing beauty in when you cover your face with Lux Toilet Soap's creamy Active lather the way Lana Turner does. Work it well in, rinse with warm water, then cold. Pat with a towel to dry. Now skin is softer, smoother, takes on radiant new loveliness.

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. This gentle beauty care screen stars recommend will make you lovelier tonight!



In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually three out of four complexions improved in a short time!



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—*You try it!*



**This active, busy shopper
Is modern as can be,
Relying on Meds' comfort,
Meds' real security!**

So convenient, too! Meds internal protection means quick changing, easy disposal and complete freedom from all odor and chafing. A generous supply of Meds can be slipped into your handbag—and no one the wiser! "Next time," do try Meds!

- Meds alone have the "SAFETY-WELL"—designed for your extra protection.
- Meds are made of real COTTON—soft and super-absorbent for extra comfort.
- Meds expand quickly and adapt themselves easily to individual needs.

Meds only 25¢
FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS



Note special design of Meds applicators. Firm, smooth, easy to use, completely

ing in every direction, trying to get a look at the celebrities. There was Lana Turner! Frank Sinatra!

In a happy daze I heard Johnnie say something to me but I didn't bother to answer. How could I talk when I saw Joan Crawford come in the door! I wondered if she remembered me, and I tried to tell myself that she might. Again I heard Johnnie say something, but it was as though he were far away; it was as though I were in a different world. And I was. I was in my own world of make-believe.

I was looking right over Johnnie's shoulder—Jack Haley was in the next booth—when Johnnie's voice brought me back to earth.

"Gosh, Maggi," he said. "Aren't you going to eat the sandwich I ordered for you?"

I didn't want to be interrupted for anything as trivial as a sandwich. But I nibbled at it automatically and kept on looking around me. Johnnie was getting mad—I could sense that. I knew he thought that this lunch was a waste of his hard-earned money—it certainly wasn't furthering his cause with me.

Finally I was satisfied that I had seen the full parade, and my attention was drawn back to Johnnie. He was paying the waiter, and he looked as though he wanted to get out of the Brown Derby as quickly as possible.

As we went out, I felt a hand on my arm, and looked down to see a pleasant-faced woman who had stopped me.

SHE smiled, and said, "You're a visitor, aren't you? I noticed how you were looking around at everything and everyone."

I nodded. "I'm from New York."

"I'm from Nebraska, myself," the woman said with satisfaction. "Anyway, the reason I stopped you—I've got a ticket for the Queen For A Day broadcast tomorrow, and I can't use it. And I thought, seeing the way you were looking at everyone, that you might be a stranger here, and maybe . . ."

"Oh, I'd love to!" I interrupted her.

She gave me the ticket and I thanked her and hurried after Johnnie, who was waiting impatiently at the door.

On the way back to the office, I told Johnnie about it. "It's on Mutual, you know—every day. I don't hear it, because I'm at work, but Mom always listens, and it's simply wonderful. One girl—just any girl, I mean she's not anyone famous or important or anything—gets chosen right out of the audience to be Queen, and she gets to do anything she wants for a whole day, and . . ."

"You can't go to any program—you have to work."

"That," I told him firmly, "can be arranged. You can arrange it, you work in Personnel. And—oh, Johnnie—I can work any old day, but this—"

He grinned at me, half-exasperated. "I suppose you think you're going to get to be Queen?"

"I've got as much chance as anyone," I defended hotly. "Johnnie—will you fix it?"

And in the end, of course, he did.

I rushed home to tell my folks that evening, and Dad was terribly excited. Of course, he decided right away that I was going to be Queen, and that was that. Nothing Mom and I could say would convince him that I was just one in probably ten thousand who had a chance.

"Send a telegram to Uncle Bob," he

shouted at me happily. "He'll tell all your cousins. Everyone in Washington Heights will be listening in."

His enthusiasm was infectious, and pretty soon he had Mom and me almost believing it. I had a hard time sleeping that night, and next morning, although I tried to be nonchalant, my breakfast stuck in my throat. Mother supervised my dressing as carefully as if I'd been going to be married. Dad seemed to have the idea that the show was some sort of an amateur contest, because I had a hard time keeping him from bringing out his old accordion to show me how well he played.

But finally Dad was off to work—late—and I managed to kill the time until I could start for the Mutual studios. But at last I was on my way, my heart singing.

I hardly know how to tell about that day. It's still enveloped in a sort of rosy haze for me. But anyway, I'll try. I got into the studios with the ticket the woman had given me yesterday, and took a seat in the audience along with a lot of other eager, excited women—young and old, fat and thin, pretty and homely, business girls and housewives. After a while Jack Bailey and some other men came out on the stage, and began to talk to the audience, and crack jokes, and get everyone in a good humor.

Finally they began to go through the audience, asking, "What would you ask for, if you could be Queen For A Day?" Of course there was a lot of yelling, and women standing up trying to attract their attention. I got so interested in it that I forgot that I, too, would like to be Queen—until suddenly one of the men was right beside me. I'd been so interested watching Jack Bailey that I didn't even know he was there.

"What one wish would you like to have granted if you were chosen Queen For A Day?" He was asking me—me!

"I—I—Why, I'd like to be a real, honest-to-goodness glamor girl," I stammered.

HE grinned at me—the nicest smile. And he said—"All right, you go down to the stage, and we'll see."

I hardly know what happened during the next hour. My mind was so engulfed with the thrill of what was happening to remember too many details, but I know that I found myself up on the stage with five other girls who were candidates for Queen, and six women who had been chosen for the jury to pick the Queen. Finally the program started, and one by one Jack Bailey called the candidates up to the microphone and asked us questions, like where we'd been born, and how long we'd lived in California, and things like that. And, of course, what we wanted to do if we were chosen.

When it came my turn, I told about how I'd collected autographs, and hung around the theaters and restaurants in New York, and how all my life I'd wanted to be a glamor girl—how I dreamed about it, and wished for it, and almost prayed for it. And then I was, somehow, sitting down again, and Jack Bailey was interviewing the next candidate. Then there was the polling of the jury. Then there was a commercial. And then—then they announced the Queen!

"Margaret Marlowe," Jack Bailey said.

Me! Well!

I remember standing up and someone putting the red velvet, ermine-

trimmed robe around my shoulders, someone else fixing the sparkling crown on my head, someone else thrusting a sheaf of roses into my arms. I remember standing there, feeling numb, and half-frightened and half-exalted while girls paraded by, some of them modeling the gifts that were given me, some of them bringing in their arms other gifts. A pair of magnificent silver foxes. A diamond and platinum pin. A green suit of some wonderful material that felt as if it had been made from the inside of a kitten's ear. A brief, daringly wonderful bathing suit. A certificate for pictures, another for a hairdo and make-up at Westmore's, several for dinner or luncheon at Hollywood's famous restaurants. A hat—a dream of a hat. A pair of real alligator shoes, like those I'd looked at every day in a window on the way to work, and never thought I'd own in a million years. A purse, the price of which it frightened me even to guess. And many, many more.

IT was—well, it was so wonderful that there just aren't any words to describe it, and all I could do was stand there and murmur countless thank-yous, and try not to burst into tears and make a big baby of myself.

And finally that part of it was over, and I was on my way to be a glamor girl—a real, honest-to-goodness, Queen For a Day glamor girl! I left the studio at last with the two young men who were to escort me through twenty-four hours of a wonderful make-believe world. Make-believe? It was real!

As soon as we were outside the building I asked them—Ted and Bill—if I could telephone my mother. They led me to a phone booth, one of them put a nickel in the slot, and a moment later I heard my mother's amazed voice: "You were wonderful, Margaret. It looks like rain. Do you want me to bring down your umbrella?"

I told Mother she needn't worry about me, that I was in good hands and that I could get an umbrella easily because I was a queen. I told her I would call her later that night and hung up.

Then began the most wonderful excursion any girl ever had. Ted and Bill looked me over carefully and decided that I was dressed properly for the glamorous role at the present time, but that later in the evening I would have to wear more queenly raiment.

We went to several wonderful shops where the Queen For A Day Program was held in high repute and there we selected an evening gown, shoes—all the accessories a glamor girl would need for a night at the cafes. All the beautiful things were sent over to the Beverly Hills Hotel where I was to have my headquarters.

Then we went to lunch at The Players, that fabulous eating place on Sunset Boulevard where all the stars congregate for lunch and where the famous columnists go to get the gossip about them. It is the Stork Club of Hollywood. I had a cocktail and a wonderful lunch and Ted brought Danny Kaye over to our table for a few moments.

"Meet Miss Marlowe," Ted said casually, as though I were somebody of importance, and Danny asked me where I came from. When I told him I was from New York he talked to me as though I were a celebrity like himself. My knowledge of the New York clubs, although all of it was hearsay, got me by beautifully.

All of a sudden—I don't know if it



“Coming Up!”

Yes—the nation's long-standing order for Fels-Naptha Soap *is* being filled. Cars of this badly-needed, civilian laundry soap are rolling to all parts of the country.

You won't have to 'do with something else' much longer. You won't have to shut your eyes to "Tattle-Tale Gray." Shirts and sheets and towels will come out of the wash the way they should—dazzling white and sweet.

As so many women have learned during recent war-time years—to keep a house and a family *really* clean, there's nothing like good, mild soap and gentle naptha—Fels-Naptha Soap!

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Clogged pore openings say so plainly ...Your beauty care is wrong!



Don't let blackheads, stubborn dirt or dry, aging "top skin" hide the natural radiance of your complexion. Exquisite cleansing

is this simple: once a week, Edna Wallace Hopper White Clay Pack. And, every day, Homogenized Facial Cream.

Only a clean skin is lovely and young-looking ...

so start this marvelous Twin Treatment care today!



Once a week . . . this "blushing beauty" Mask!

← Spread White Clay Pack over clean face and neck. Relax while it "lifts up" tired, lax tissues. Helps to loosen blackheads and cleanse pore openings. Wash off when dry (about 8 minutes).

Now see how your complexion glows with a fresher, livelier bloom—awakened by White Clay Pack's gentle *blushing action*. Your skin seems firmer, finer in texture—free from unlovely "top skin". And your fresher, smoother complexion takes make-up with utter flattery. Clearly you look younger, prettier. And here's what you'll do, every day, to help protect that charm ...

Daily . . . protection for fresh
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To get the most glamorizing results from your weekly White Clay Pack, follow this daily beauty care with Homogenized Facial Cream. This rich, blush-pink cream cleanses and lubricates superbly—helps to soften rough, dry skin.

Pat on with upward, outward strokes—light-as-feather pats around your eyes where tiny lines show. (See diagram). For extra lubrication, apply a thin film at night. Watch your skin reveal a brighter, smoother freshness that's so ready for make-up—and for compliments!



Edna Wallace Hopper

Twin Treatment

for a lovelier, younger look

was the cocktail—I began to gain a lot of confidence in myself. Bill managed to get Linda Darnell's eye and I was introduced to her. By that time I could have had a conversation with any of them and held my own.

At about three in the afternoon the boys took me to the Beverly Hills Hotel, had me assigned to a room, told me to be ready for cocktails at six, and left me.

"You can rest for an hour or two," they advised. "We'll have a big night!"

I guess it was the most beautiful room I was ever in. A pretty balcony that looked out on some orange trees, was at one side of my bedroom and a little sitting room was on the other side. I luxuriated in the atmosphere and had a wonderful time with the beauty kit I found on the dressing table. I called my mother again on the phone and she said Dad had called her to say he had managed to listen in to the program. Dad said I was already famous, according to Mother.

I looked at my watch after a while and decided to call my office.

When the switchboard operator answered I asked for Mr. Butler as it suddenly occurred to me that I should tell him I wouldn't be back that afternoon.

"Hello, Johnnie," I said as soon as the connection was through. "This is me, Maggi Marlowe, Queen For A Day."

"So I heard," he said dolefully. "Somebody told me you were elected Queen. Congratulations."

"You don't sound very happy, Johnnie."

"Don't I?"

"Well, you might at least ask me about all the wonderful experiences I've had, and about the ones I'm going to have tonight."

He was silent on his end of the wire. "I'm going to have cocktails at the Beverly Wilshire, then dinner at Chasens, then we're going dancing at Mocambo and . . . oh, I don't know where we'll go from there."

"Oh."

"WELL, Johnnie, I've got to get my hair ready. I wanted you to know I can't get back to work today, and I'll probably get into the office real late tomorrow. Will you tell Miss Miller for me?"

"Okay."

I hung up, a little annoyed at his lack of enthusiasm, especially when I thought of how delighted Tessie Brown and my other friends would be at my good luck. Then I stretched out on the bed and took a nap, for the excitement of the day had wearied me.

At six o'clock sharp my two escorts called for me and I saw wonder and admiration in their eyes as they looked at me all dressed up. The gown was a beauty and the fur wrap dazzled me every time I looked into the mirror.

"Our Maggi looks good enough to eat," said Bill.

"I'll bet you tell that to all Queens For A Day," I countered, and began to feel as if I'd participated in this sort of gay foolishness all my life.

They had a convertible coupe with those little seats behind the driver, but we all squeezed in the front and sped to the Beverly Wilshire. I guess the evening was pretty well planned by the boys for the cocktail party at the hotel was arranged especially for me. Two movie stars and a half dozen radio people were there and they fussed over me gallantly. I loved it. Some of the people came along to Chasen's with us

for dinner and my entrance there was in true glamor-girl style. The waiter swept us toward a center table and I could feel all eyes upon me.

Bill and Ted were lively conversationalists and, although they said a lot of things that went right over my head, I didn't let on that I was not quite as sophisticated as they.

"Golly," I kept saying to myself, "I wish Tessie and my father and Johnnie and my mother could see me now. This is really the life I've dreamed about. Maggi, you've arrived. This is it."

We ate the finest filet mignon in the restaurant, tasted a special salad they said the chef prepared for me, and the conversation was so exhilarating I felt as though I were blooming like a flower that has finally felt sunshine after being in a shaded place. It seemed as though all my dreams were coming true on that one night. I had lived for the day when I could be a part of this wonderful life, and now that I had attained my goal I just couldn't believe it.

WE left Chasen's around nine o'clock and dropped into Ciro's for a little while. There, again, we met a crowd of wonderful people. Ted and Bill knew just about everybody you'd want to know and they saw to it that I met them all. Even the manager of the night club came over and wished me good luck.

But the real thrill of the night came when we arrived at Mocambo, the swankiest place in Hollywood. I love to dance and it was there that I had my chance to rumba the way I like to. Ted and Bill were excellent dancers and they kept me going. I could feel the whole world, and all its people, warming up to me. I felt then like a real queen and Ted was the first to comment on the fun we were having.

"Maggi, you certainly love to dance. Do you know you're one of the most enjoyable 'queens' we've ever taken out?"

I was coming off the dance floor with Bill a few minutes later when something happened, however, that made my heart stand still. There was Johnnie Butler standing by the bar, alone, and he turned his face away suddenly as though he knew I might see him.

"See a ghost?" asked Bill.

"Well, not a ghost . . . but . . . let's get back to the table, Bill."

We sat down and for a few minutes I was lost in a puzzling wonderment. What was Johnnie doing at Mocambo? That was certainly no place for a fellow who earned his salary. Oh! Then it dawned upon me that I had told him I was going to Mocambo that night. Reality was crowding my dreams.

"Where do we go from here, boys?" I asked.

"Anywhere you wish, Queen Maggi. Say it and it's yours."

"No. Not this time. You take me where you think we can have more fun. The livelier the better. Can we go now?"

Ted and Bill exchanged a puzzled look and we left Mocambo. Ted said he knew a honky-tonk place down The Strip that might be interesting because a lot of the stars went there late at night. The place was called Tony's and it was just a small room with a wonderful colored pianist who played request numbers. Bing Crosby, Lloyd Nolan and Sonny Tufts were at tables around us. The music was sensational and I should have forgotten the incident with Johnnie Butler, I

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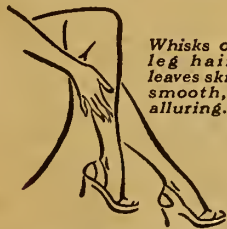
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suppose; but I couldn't, somehow.

Bill was the one who noticed the sudden ebb in my spirits and he asked me if I was getting tired.

"No, it's not that, Bill."

"See that ghost again, Maggi?"

"No, but I've been thinking about him."

"Well, whataya know," exclaimed Ted. "The little lady's got somebody on her mind."

"You fellows are grand to me," I started to say, but Bill was already calling for the check.

"We're going back to Mocambo," said Bill with determination. "A queen's got to have her king."

"I'm not sure I want to go back," I protested. All of a sudden I felt an emptiness, as though the night weren't quite complete.

"Will it be all right if we just go back for a few minutes, boys?"

In answer they took me by the arm, one on each side, and we hurried out to the car. Ted really stepped on the gas and we were back at Mocambo's in about five minutes. We met Johnnie coming out the door.

"Oh, Johnnie," I cried, running up to him. He was surprised and looked like a small boy who didn't expect you to find him where he was. He gave me a little hug, and pressed his cheek to mine, and then, as if remembering where he was, he drew back quickly.

"Introduce us," Ted and Bill demanded and there were handshakes all around. "Join us for a nightcap, Johnnie," they insisted, and when he held back I pulled him into the night club by the arm. Then he grinned.

"Hey, this place is outside my budget, fellows," he said.

"Queen For A Day takes the check," Bill explained. "Besides, the head-waiter owes us a drink. Come on."

We found another table and the music began to play and I led Johnnie to the dance floor. I didn't care if he was embarrassed because I knew that his happiness was beyond any embarrassment. And that music was the sweetest in the world and Johnnie was the grandest fellow, even if he wasn't such a good dancer. I was in his arms and I was realizing that I was fully happy, as happy as any girl could be.

"Maggi, darling," he whispered, "do you think I'll ever be as smooth as these fellows you see in places like this. I'll try, Maggi . . ."

"Oh, Johnnie, don't you try to change," I said, turning my head so I could see his eyes. "It would spoil everything."

I'm sure he didn't know what I meant, and I wasn't sure where the words had come from, myself. But I knew, all of a sudden, that they were true. It didn't matter, then. I just danced with Johnnie and enjoyed my

happiness; his arms felt so strong!

It was in the early morning hours that Johnnie and I said good-night to Ted and Bill. We were very tired, yet Johnnie and I were so happy that we hated to end the night. But all good things end.

I still wore my evening clothes and Ted said I was supposed to spend the night in my room at the hotel, if I wanted to—and somehow I didn't want to. I didn't even want a taxi they offered. Johnnie and I caught a Glendale bus and we waved to my wonderful escorts out the window.

The sun was shining through my window when I dozed off to sleep and I knew I had only a few hours to rest before I'd have to get up again.

But in the moment just before I gave myself over to slumber my mind flashed the scenes of the evening like a vivid news-reel; the glamorous episodes paraded like a wonderful picture and it began to dawn upon me that the night had been divided into two sections like two stories.

And the second story was the real one, the true story. It was so true I could still feel Johnnie's lips against mine when he said good night. It was so wonderful I was wishing it had never ended. But I knew there would be a sequel, for Johnnie had said so!

I had to go back to the studio the next morning to tell the radio audience all about my experiences as Queen for A Day. Jack Bailey had a knowing smile on his face.

"Tell us all about it, Miss Maggi Marlowe. Did you have fun?"

I felt like a veteran actress standing before the microphone two days in a row. I wasn't excited, just terribly sincere.

"Mr. Bailey," I began in a calm enough voice, "I learned something last night that I can thank your program for teaching me. I've always been in love with the glamorous things in life. Last night I enjoyed every bit of the evening."

Then I told briefly what had occurred, how I met all the famous people of radio and the movies.

"But what was the big lesson you learned, Miss Marlowe?" the master of ceremonies asked.

"Well, it's just this: the main thing in life is being with people you like. Last night somebody was missing for a while, but he finally caught up with us. That made all the difference."

"You mean," Jack Bailey added, "that it's not where you are, but whom you're with. Are you going to tell us who the lucky man is, Miss Marlowe?"

I was thinking of Johnnie, of course, but I refused to say his name and I think Jack Bailey understood. Besides, Johnnie embarrasses so easily, and millions of people were listening.

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Maybe it's your fault—if you aren't saving fat. That bar of soap that's so hard to find now may be accounted for by that waste fat you've been sending down the drain! Fat salvage is still essential—take it to your butcher, and he'll give you four cents a pound for it.

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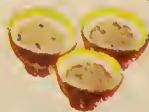
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Introducing ETHEL EVERETT

ETHEL EVERETT is a young lady who makes up her mind and then sticks to her decision. Ethel is small and neat and smart looking, a little bit like those seldom found school teachers who turn the heads and hearts of all their young boy students. She's a very busy radio actress and the majority of the roles she plays have about them some slight menace, like the part of Merle Chatwin in *Stella Dallas* (NBC, Mondays through Fridays, 4:15 P.M., EST), which is a bit strange, if you know her at all. Ethel is not the least bit menacing. She's a calm, collected—but nevertheless determined—young lady.

Ethel is one of those rare creatures, a real New Yorker. As far back as she can remember, she wanted to be an actress. Her family, on the other hand, was equally insistent that she become a teacher. Families being what they are—and holding the pursestrings on young people as they do—Ethel went to Hunter College and later earned her master's degree at the Teacher's College at Columbia.

Not that Ethel had given up her original plans. Keeping a tight hold on her teacher's degree and using it to get herself odd jobs as a substitute, whenever the state of her pocketbook required it, Ethel began making the rounds of the radio studios. At some studios she didn't get past the receptionist, at others her name was put on a list of applicants for auditions, at others she even got as far as the audition studio. But she didn't get as far as even an extra's bit on any show.

Radio proving that difficult, Ethel tried the theater, with almost the same results. Finally, she got a part in a play called "Gallery Gods," in which Joseph Schildkraut was the star. This proved to be no more of a break than her previous attempts at radio. The play ran through several out of town openings, but never reached Broadway.

After this one professional job, Ethel decided that it was impossible for her not to get work in radio. She just made up her mind, that's all. Determination won. Ethel auditioned for the major networks, attracted the attention of several directors and has been busy in radio ever since.

In addition, for the past ten years, Ethel has made talking books for the American Foundation for the Blind. She has recorded all the works of Helen Keller, works which are full of inspiration and guidance to the blind and crippled everywhere in the world. Ethel has also recorded the Bronte opus, "Jane Eyre" and, most recently, "The Life and Death of Enrico Caruso," the best seller biography by Dorothy Caruso.

Ethel likes to travel, but doesn't get too much chance for it now that her services are so much in demand on radio shows. She likes traveling, because she's an eager, inquisitive person who likes to see the way all kinds of people live and hear what they say. She is absolutely unlike a school teacher except, perhaps, one of those ideal teachers who appear only in the movies and at extremely rare instances in real life. Oddly enough, in spite of her teacher's degree, she has never been cast in the role of a teacher.

Fear

(Continued from page 41)

harden into deeper lines as he spoke—none of these was good. I looked at Ricardo. And it was to him, and not to Dixon, that the doctor made his report.

"Looks like concussion. Pretty bad. I'll know more when I get him to the hospital."

"Who did it?" Dixon's voice broke in harshly and impatiently.

But the doctor interrupted. "Oh—have your cross-examination after I get this boy into the ambulance." Far down the streets we could hear the shrill, wailing siren coming closer. "I don't want any arguments and people moving around until then." His voice held a note of finality that stopped Dixon.

THOSE next few seconds of waiting were intolerable. The doctor knelt again by the side of the boy and his skilful hands explored his head gently. Pop Miller sat with his chin cradled in his two hands, scared as a rabbit. Tani stayed close to me.

Only Ricardo looked calm. Only when I saw the steadiness of his eyes and felt the slim bulk of him standing there like a shield against the force of Dixon, did I have any hope.

When the siren screamed to a stop outside and men came in with a stretcher, the whole picture became a fast-moving blur, completely unreal. The men moved quickly and efficiently and like machines. And when it was all over the ambulance had gone, there was silence—empty, deathlike, menacing—left in that room.

Dixon moved first, planting his solid body in the center of the room, notebook in hand.

"All right," he stated. "Now I want the facts. Who did it?"

There was a rustle of frightened movement along both walls as boys and girls shifted uneasily. But no one spoke.

Ricardo found a chair and sat down easily, leaning forward. "This is second-hand, Dixon, from Marie's sister, Tani—but I think it's pretty straight." He started to speak, but the policeman halted him.

"I've heard your name before." Dixon was looking at Tani, his eyes boring into hers. "Tani. Tani Garcia. But I can't remember—" *Don't try, I was praying silently. It must have been from Bobby, from your son, that you heard my sister's name.* It would only make things worse for her if he knew his son was running around with a "pachuca."

He didn't remember for he turned abruptly to Ricardo. "Go on."

Ricardo gave him the facts. He told them baldly, sparing no one, but—somehow—when he had finished the accident had become really an accident, the fight was a teen-age scuffle.

I prayed that Dixon would see it that way. He flipped his notebook shut.

"Where's the telephone?" he asked Pop Miller. And when it was pointed out to him he strode heavily across the room.

"Wait a minute!" Ricardo was on his feet. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm calling the squad car. They're all going in for questioning."

"They're all going to juvenile court—the older ones to jail—you mean!" Ricardo put in savagely. "You can't do that, Dixon. There's only one boy involved. There was only one fight. You



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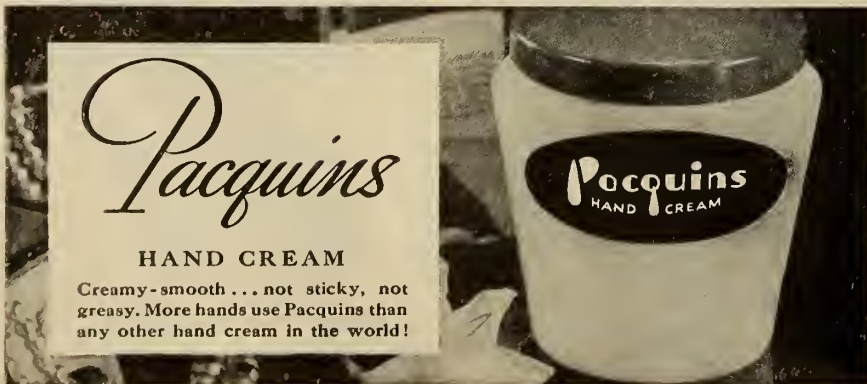


— But fingers like a lily, Willie,
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It's a hep housewife who knows how to keep her hands on the lovely side of life in spite of daily hard housework. Pacquins Hand Cream, of course! This fragrant cream helps guard against redness, dryness, and roughness. Use it faithfully... see for yourself how much smoother, softer your hands look!



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can't arrest all these kids and brand them with having been in court."

"I have their names and addresses," I put in eagerly, "and they'll be ready at any time as witnesses."

Dixon snorted. "Try and make them talk! They just clam up and say nothing. A night or two in detention will loosen them up."

Ricardo answered him slowly. "Maybe if they believed that you and the judge would play fair the boy who did it would give himself up. It's because they're so scared of what might happen that they stick together and won't say anything." He turned to the kids. "I promise whoever did it, that I'll fight for you and get you a lawyer. You'll have fair treatment—but it isn't right for you to let the others suffer, too." For a long second we three searched the faces before us—the boys' stubborn and frightened, the girls' tear-streaked and white. But not one stepped forward. Even the other "gang" was silent.

"What can you do with kids like that!" Dixon suddenly exploded. It was the first break I had ever seen in the man's composure, and the exasperation, the bewilderment in his voice surprised me.

Ricardo seized the opening swiftly. "You ought to have treated them like any other kids, Dixon. Their fear and their unwillingness to trust you—I don't know what you can do about that now. Anything you do now is wrong—because it's just piling up one wrong upon another. The causes go deep and this is just the result." I knew he was talking swiftly—and only because I knew him so well did I sense the frantic appeal underneath. He was holding Dixon's attention by sheer force of will.

"YOU have to start at the beginning if you don't want things like this to happen. You start out by getting them some proper outlets for all that energy you find in any youngster. You help them get good playgrounds that are supervised after school. Help them set up workshops and gymnasiums and clubs. As long as they drift along the way they are doing now, you're going to have trouble."

Dixon looked at him with angry, baffled eyes. "I'm no social worker! I'm a cop. Why doesn't someone else—"

But Ricardo interrupted him. "You have more influence in this district than almost anyone else. You know everybody. This city pours money into juvenile courts and all the rest—and it doesn't accomplish a thing except make the kids more bitter. As a policeman it's your job to help prevent delinquency and you could do a good job."

That Dixon was interested I knew. But, suddenly, he pulled himself away from Ricardo and the pressure of Ricardo's words. "Yeh—but that's got nothing to do with this mess tonight. A kid is hurt, maybe worse, and these pachucos are going to have to learn law and order the hard way. What other way is there? Look at them! They don't care, there isn't a decent feeling in the lot of them. So they go to jail—so what? It doesn't mean anything to them—if you treat them like angels, they still wouldn't care! It's in their blood, Ricardo. And it's in yours, too. Lawlessness. Violence, fights—"

It was all suddenly too much for me. Nerves, heart and brain had been subjected to too much. That dizzying, glorious happiness of a few hours ago—that vista of a new life for Ricardo and

me that had so suddenly opened and that seemed so sure—and then this terrible plunge into stark horror. It was too much.

I felt myself slipping away into a swirling void. My knees buckled under me. I looked for Ricardo—and the last thing I remembered was his face, the explosion of concern on it as he caught my eye.

THERE was a delicious damp coolness coming from somewhere that seemed to touch my forehead—my lips—the pulse in my wrists. I knew I was lying down but even in my semi-conscious state I knew I wasn't in my bed at home. There were voices, too. But I didn't want to listen. I didn't want to waken. Lying there, I could drift into a sort of half-dream where great wheels turned slowly overhead with their precious weight of perfumed candles dipping into pots of silver and gold and reds and blues; where scents rose in clouds of orange blossoms and attar; where pictures flowed one into another of skilful hands molding pottery of all shapes and colors; more pictures of rare blue glass and woven serapes; now it was coming clearer and there were stalls and shops and under foot I could feel the bricks of Olvera Street and there was someone with me—someone who put a tiny jewel of a ship in my hand—Ricardo—Ricardo—

Ricardo!
I struggled awake, fear and terror slashing themselves across my mind, wiping out the fantasy of dreams. I knew where I was. This must be Pop Miller's couch in his little bedroom. I opened my eyes.

Ricardo was bending over me and the sight of him wiped out the last trace of fogginess from my mind. I came swiftly to my feet.

"Take it easy, honey," Ricardo held tight against the dizziness that made me stagger, "don't try to walk. Are you feeling better?"

I nodded. "What's happened, Ricardo?"

"Nothing. That was the most convenient faint that ever happened. Dixon was really conscience-stricken—he hadn't realized that all this and his talking so brutally would hurt anyone. He's really puzzled and he's a kind guy, underneath. If you could have seen him—hovering over you like a mother hen!"

"How long—how much time has passed?"

"Only a moment or so, really." He tilted back my chin with his hand and from somewhere he managed to drag up a half-smile. "You look so little and fragile lying there. I had to remind myself that you used to sneak out of your house and play baseball in the streets with the boys and what a tomboy you always were. But—" now his voice was muffled against my hair—"I don't think I could stand it if anything happened to you."

For just a second that warm, delicious flood of happiness touched me—washed over me—and then was gone.

"Tani! Those kids in there—what are we going to do?" I whispered.

His eyes went bleak. "I don't know. I have a feeling that this is a dangerous thing—more so than just all of them getting arrested. Because if they're all punished for something only one did, they'll come back and take revenge. We'll have riots again. I tried to tell that to Dixon while he was so worried about you and I might have made some impression—it's hard to

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


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tell. He isn't used to showing softness."

A feeling of despair and hopelessness swept over me. Where was that clear road and that new wonderful life for us, now? We were already involved in the troubles of our people and if I let Ricardo get into this any deeper, if his sympathies were engaged any farther in his efforts to make Dixon see and understand—we would be stuck here forever.

"Ricardo," I urged him, "please—let's go away. After tonight is over, take me away from here. All those plans you wrote me about—we can't ever realize them here. We've got to go someplace where we'll have respect and an equal place with other people—perhaps even to Mexico." This seemed so simple a solution I wondered why I had never thought of it before. "I can't stand any more worry and fear and bitterness. There's nothing more we can do for Tani here and maybe someday we could send for her—"

I knew how sorely inside Ricardo was this need for peace and love. He had been a soldier. I was pleading with him, counting on his feeling for me and for us both—against this thing that was pulling him to try and help Dixon, to sacrifice himself. One man against prejudice and injustice!

HE bent his head slowly, his eyes thoughtful—but the fire was still in them for pain and human sympathy. Gently he kissed the smoothness of my shoulder, where the wide oval of my blouse's neckline had slipped down. "Maria, darling—"

"Sure. Take her away. Run away—both of you!" It was Dixon, blunt and angry. I hadn't heard him open the door and come in behind Ricardo. "You people can always yell at a cop and call him a gavacho and blame him for not trying to help the kids in there, but what have you ever done to help? Your folks are too lazy to do anything—to learn the English language or American ways and then you all wonder why someone else doesn't come in and straighten out the kids. You're a smart girl, Maria, but all you care about is yourself. What makes you think I should do anything when I can't get any cooperation from you? Sure—take Ricardo away. How many Mexicans are there like him who have the guts to stand up and talk and work and take responsibility?"

I stared at him and the temper Ricardo had warned me about flared into white heat. But I controlled my tongue, remembering Tani and the others in there—not wanting to antagonize him further. "What could Ricardo or I do? We have no official position. Besides, we've suffered enough. We have the right to our own happiness."

The mask dropped down again over Dixon's face. "Sure. Anyway, it's got nothing to do with this business tonight." And he strode back into the livingroom.

We followed, slowly. I had an awful feeling, overlaid on top of the misery I was bracing myself to meet when we walked into that room, that Ricardo had withdrawn from me. Was he being torn between his love and need for me—and the duty of which Dixon had so scornfully reminded him?

He gave no hint in his next words. "If only," he said, despairingly, "the one that did it would admit. Confess. If I could only convince them it would make it much easier for them all."

When we walked in, Dixon was turning away from the telephone. "I've

called the squad car. I'm sorry, Ricardo, but there's nothing else I can do. I've tried to make these kids talk and I'm not getting anywhere. It's my job." His tone was grim but it was also unhappy.

"All of them," I said dully. "Tani—" but my throat choked and no more words would come. Now all these youngsters would have a "record." They would boast a little—or a lot—about it when they got out, to cover up the sick shame they would feel for having been arrested. They would strut. They hadn't "squealed." They had stuck together . . . because they had never learned to trust a policeman or any outsider. They had shielded the one offender, whoever he was.

UNDER the orders given, boys and girls were gathering up coats and hats. With the natural instinct, I suppose, to protect, Jose and his friends had each paired off with one of the girls and was helping her. All except Tani. Without Bobby Dixon there, she stood alone and I watched her shaking hands trying to use a powder-puff—trying to show she didn't care. I also noticed the policeman's keen eyes observing her.

There was a banging and a loud rattling of the door-knob. Dixon strode through the malt shop, taking the door key from Pop Miller's outstretched hands—to let the men from the squad car into the shop. There was no way to stop them.

He wrenched the door open. He started to speak.

But something was wrong. He didn't finish his sentence.

And there weren't any black uniformed figures filling that doorway—there was no one there I could see. But there must be. Otherwise, why was Dixon staring in that way? I could only see his back, but there was something very, very wrong in the way he just stood there—stood there—

Now he was saying something. Only it was the wrong thing to say—

"What are you doing here? My God—what are you doing here?"

He still didn't move and when, finally, the someone in the doorway pushed him aside, he still seemed frozen. I caught a glimpse of his face and hardly recognized it.

And then I saw why. The thin, gangling figure with the tousled shock of hair who had walked into the shop was Bobby Dixon. And like his father, my own mind echoed the words: *What was he doing here?*

It was after the nine o'clock curfew . . . even if he had hoped to come late to the party he wouldn't have expected to find them still here at this hour.

He looked at the others, one searching look. And I caught the slight shake of her head that Tani gave him. It was a message of some kind.

His father had moved after him and caught him by the arm. Even Dixon's walk had changed. Instead of his usual solid, efficient, no-motion-lost stride, he was almost lumbering in his haste. It was almost as though he feared what might be coming and hoped to forestall it.

"Get out of here, Bobby!" he shouted . . . or was he pleading? "This is no place for you."

"I'm sorry, Dad." The boy looked white under his freckles, but he faced the other squarely. "I should have told you—" then something seemed to strike him like a flash of memory—"what happened to that kid, Jose? The one I hit."



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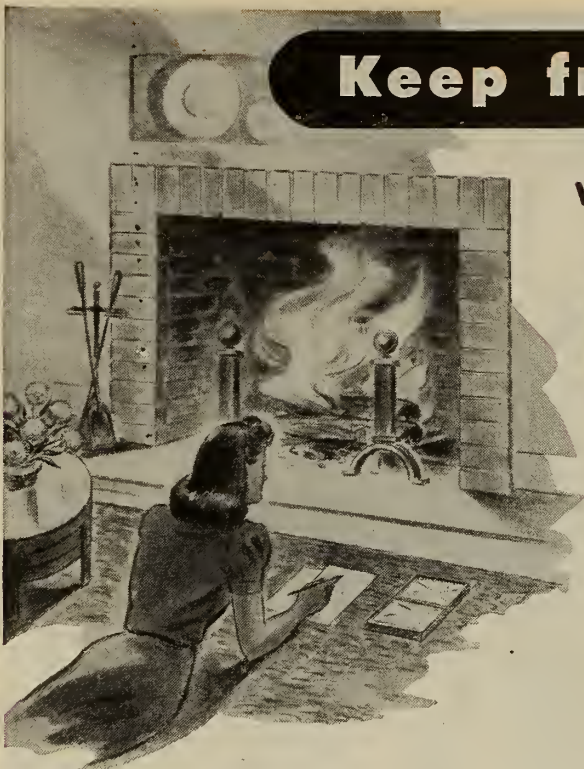
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"The one you hit!"

"Yes. I remember there was a fight and before that someone had given me a glass of beer and I remember getting hit on the head and knocking someone down and then I had to go out in the fresh air. I was sick, and then I wandered around for a while 'cause I was still so groggy," he added, in the shamed voice of a little boy.

I felt that Dixon had grown older, grayer, tired before my eyes. I saw the shame creep into his eyes—the eyes of a policeman who was used to dealing out justice to others and must now deal with his own flesh-and-blood—the eyes of a man who had been smugly, superiorly conscious of his own rightness and who had never seen people as other than black or white.

"That boy is in the hospital." What an effort it must have cost him to say those words to his son! "If he dies—! You're my son—how did you happen to be here? How could you have done it?" For a moment he wasn't a policeman; he was a father.

"I didn't know I'd hit him that hard!" Bobby's voice was aghast and it had a tendency to rise into the upper registers. With an effort he brought it down and steadied it. "Didn't Jose or Tani tell you? No, of course, they wouldn't. Look, Dad, I'll take whatever's coming to me, but these are my friends and they didn't have anything to do with it—"

"Nothing except get you involved with their pachucas and their beer-drinking and their fights—so now they've got you into serious trouble!" the big man flung at him—and at all of us.

But Bobby faced his father. "Oh, all

the guys fight. Even when you sent me to military school and before that when I went to high school, when I lived with grandma, there were always fights. All kids fight—you used to say yourself that if I didn't come home with a bloody nose once a week I was turning into a sissy. And I've had beer before—not that I like it. None of us do. But you can't not take a dare. And as for pachucas—well, Tani is—that is, all these kids are my friends, the best friends I've ever had. They're—"

"Be quiet." His father's hands were gripping the back of a chair until the knuckles showed white. "We can talk about that some other time. Right now—" the words came through in a tired way—"I'm going to have to take you with me down to Juvenile. You'll be held there until we see how that boy comes out—until we know what the charge is going to be. The rest of you can go home."

They stared at him and I stared at him in utter disbelief. Only Bobby and Ricardo seemed unsurprised.

But that Dixon—a policeman—that figure that to us symbolized injustice and discrimination, a gavacho—should really mean that he would hold his own son responsible and let the others go was beyond our comprehension. And somehow we knew he meant it. He would not just let us go to buy our silence and then take Bobby home instead of to jail, or "forget" to enter the case. No, he meant it. That was what was so astounding.

It was Tani who spoke up. There were tears running down her cheeks. "He—Bobby—didn't mean it, Mr. Dixon. He didn't mean to hurt that boy. They were just scuffling around."

There was almost gratitude in his face as he looked at her.

"Just the same, he'll have to take his punishment. But it's nice of you to want to help him, Tani—" he put his hand for just a second on her shoulder and then turned away. "Come on, Bobby. The rest of you beat it."

They didn't hurry, though, except for the strange boys who had been the intruding gang. The others went slowly and all of them stopped to touch Bobby—the girls, shyly—the boys in the funny, off-hand manner of all boys—for reassurance. Ricardo and I came last, on Dixon's heels.

There was an awkward moment there, under the street lamp outside the shop. Facing each other, it seemed to me as if Ricardo in his brown khaki had grown in stature during the evening and, somehow, as if the other's uniform fitted him now too loosely, as if he had shrunk. But in my heart I wondered if Dixon wasn't a bigger man than he had ever been. The change was in him, too.

"About what you were saying tonight," the policeman said, awkwardly, reluctantly, "I'd like to talk a little more to you some time, Ricardo. You were making a lot of sense. Maybe I've been going about things the wrong way."

"I'd appreciate the chance to talk to you. I'm out of the Army now, you know, and I have nothing but time on my hands right now—" Ricardo had started excitedly, but now he stopped. He looked at me and then went on, more slowly—"That is, I may not be around much longer, but if there is anything I can do until then—and—look, Dixon—I'm sorry for what hap-

pened tonight, for your sake and the boy's."

"Yeah. Well—not your fault." The big man shifted a little in embarrassment, shrugged his shoulders.

And then the squad car came. Ricardo and I left abruptly, knowing we were not wanted as witnesses to Dixon's humiliation. I felt pity for him, as Ricardo and I walked away—and respect, too. He would execute his job, do his duty, no matter how much it hurt him.

We walked home in silence, each of us withdrawn into our own thoughts. So much had happened since that short hour or two since we had come flying down these streets with fear in our hearts and despair in our minds. Now the picture had been reversed. Yet I could feel just as much sadness in the thought of Bobby in jail as I would if it had been Jose or Ramon or Tani. He was one of us.

At the porch we sat on the step and I put my head on Ricardo's shoulder.

"Darling, please—let's go away soon. Let's get married and then we'll find someplace where we can live like decent human beings," I pleaded. This had been one of Ricardo's plans in his letters to me and now I wondered why I had ever been reluctant to consider it. "There won't always be a Bobby Dixon and you'll fight for the Mexican boys and girls but it won't do any good because the police and the schools and the courts and everyone else just think of them as 'those crazy pachucos'. No one will listen to you."

That wasn't quite true. Dixon might listen—but he was only one man. "There's so little we can do for Tani or the others—here. But maybe after a while we could send for her. Oh,

Ricardo—I can't stay here—I want us to be happy and give our love a chance to grow . . . but not here where everyone looks down on us and we'll get hurt and twisted—"

"Don't worry, Maria. I'll take you away." His black, sleek head touched mine and his lips brushed my forehead and then lingered. His arm held me tight. "I guess we've both earned a little peace and a chance to be happy. After two years in the Army I guess I have the right to be selfish and think of us for a while. It will take years—" he smiled down at me—"just to tell you all the dreams I've had of you and the pictures I made up of you." He was trying to make his voice light. He was trying to convince himself. "Yes, I think we have the right to live our own lives. Besides, there's nothing I can do here."

I wouldn't let him doubt. He had no weapons to stay here and fight this blind prejudice and discrimination except his passion for tolerance and understanding. I couldn't let him stay and be broken in that fight.

"How about a farm, Ricardo?" I made my voice eager. "I can just see you as a farmer. I'll fix up a little house for us with pretty curtains and I'll paint and keep it clean and make you take off your boots before you come in. We'll have friends and parties and—" He wasn't listening.

"Ric!"

He started. "I'm sorry. I was thinking of Bobby. And of what Dixon said about us. Maybe this would be a good time for me to talk to Jose and Tani and the others. They must have seen tonight that there is honesty and fairness among gavachos. You know, we're to blame too for not trusting those

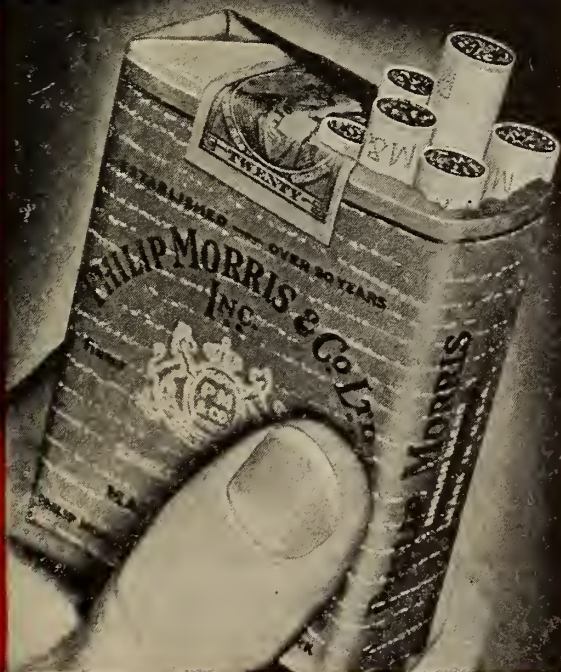
people who have shown themselves to be good. Jose and Tani and Ramon will have to learn to meet the others more than half-way."

I felt as if he had struck me. Or—was it Ricardo? Hadn't the blow come when Dixon had spat out those scornful words at me in Pop Miller's little bedroom? Hadn't I been trying to escape them—ward them off? I sat there for a moment and in that time the lovely dream bubble, that shimmering fantasy of our carefree future life, danced before my heart—holding in its gossamer shell all the desires, the longings, the deep-down selfish needs of my being . . . and then burst.

"It's no good, is it, darling?" I held his hand for comfort. "It's no good for me, either. I've just been talking a lot of words. I can't leave here and neither can you. We'd be running away. Our roots are here. Our people are here. Mexico is a foreign land to us. We're Americans and we love this country and we have a job to do here."

His hand closed over mine and he bent my head back to kiss me. And his lips on mine were tender at first, with an almost-spoken message of gratitude and admiration—and then fierce with the strong tide of love that swept through us both. My words had destroyed forever the soft, comfortable cotton-wool that I had hoped would be our life and keep our love warm and safe. But if there was to be no peace at least we would have this glory of being partners in a struggle. Maybe, even, our love would grow stronger because of it.

The telephone pealed inside the house. Ricardo had opened the door in a flash and was groping for the instrument in the darkness of our little hall.



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"Hello—" I could hear that and then only a mumble of words. It must be his mother, I decided. Perhaps she had heard rumors of what had happened and had become worried. It would be the only reason for anyone calling so late. They talked for a long time.

The door re-opened slowly. He walked, almost hesitantly, across the porch but he didn't resume his seat by my side. Instead he leaned against the worn, chipped pillar above me—stayed there, looking down at me.

"Was your mother worried?" I asked to break the silence.

"It wasn't Mother. It was Dixon calling to say that the doctor had reported the boy in the hospital was okay. The concussion was only a slight one and it only looked much worse than it was. The boy talked and he gave the same version as the other kids—said it was his fault and he had started the fight. Dixon hasn't talked to him, just to the doctor, but it means a lot. Bobby's punishment will be a slight one... they will probably let him out in the custody of his father, after a warning."

How simple! For a moment I felt resentful—wondering why it was that such things so seldom worked out as easily when it was a pachuco. Then I realized that was unfair. Dixon was honest and he wouldn't let his own boy off nor ask any favors from a judge.

Suddenly Ricardo crouched down beside me, Indian fashion. "There's more, Maria. I want you to listen. Don't say anything until I finish. Dixon wants me to take a job—on the police force. I'll be a cop right here in our own district. Dixon feels that I can start from there to work out some of my ideas. And he'll help. He'll see I get a chance to talk to the other police and to the schools and I know—or will know—most of the leaders among the boys. I think I can do something, Maria." He was trying hard to keep his voice level and the exultation out of it. "But I want to be fair to you. This won't be just helping in my spare time like an amateur. This will mean being right in the middle, all the time. Our people—some of them—have an ingrained hatred for the police and they'll be hostile towards me, too. There'll be nights when you'll hear of trouble or riots and you'll have to sit there and worry—it's up to you, Maria."

My heart was like a stone. This was the end, then, of peace.

"It's up to you, cara mia," he repeated. "I can't ask you to share that kind of a life if you don't want to. I'll even take you away, if you still want that."

For just a second there was that sore temptation again. But it passed.

"We stay," I whispered, and buried my head in his coat to stop myself from crying.

It was evening and the warm Santa Ana wind that had been blowing steadily made the hour unseasonably warm. I walked slowly down Olvera Street, my full short skirt brushing the gourds of the stalls I passed and making them rattle through the hum, the rise and fall of voices in the crowded street, through the hissing of the tortillas frying in the little open cafe, the sound of the hawkers expounding the virtues of their wares.

At the ancient wishing well I stopped. Here I had first shut my eyes tightly and dropped my hard-won penny and wished—when I was nine—that Ricardo would let me play marbles with him and his gang. Then at seventeen I had wished for him for my first dance.

Now, automatically, I reached in my purse for a penny and dropped it into the shining depths. The noise around me died away—

"Well!—a pachuca! Don't you know it's a crime to look as pretty as you do, standing there with your eyes closed? Especially when I'm on duty and I can't kiss you!"

It was Ricardo.

"You could run me in," I teased. "That is, when you're off duty later, you could take me home and kiss me." Our eyes met in the way a husband's and wife's will, with an exchange of tenderness in our glances.

"That's no fair. You're taking my mind off my job," he said softly.

He was full of news. "We got that old storehouse near Belvedere yesterday, Maria!" He could hardly contain his excitement. "That makes four clubhouses and the boys are already meeting to make plans for taking down the partitions. It took me a long time to explain to them this afternoon that it wasn't the property of just one gang, but they understand now. I think it will break up at least three gangs in that neighborhood. And there are lots of Anglo-Americans living there who want to join, too." Such a little success—and he had worked so hard—but Ricardo didn't seem to think it unimportant. And I knew he was right. Slowly, surely, progress was being made.

There was still so much to be done. Business men to be convinced that it was good insurance to invest a little in the good citizenship of these kids, if it means no more windows broken or petty thieving. Civic groups to be interested. And there was still the prejudice and discrimination that was city-wide and that had its results in our "Mexican" district. But there was progress.

"What were you wishing for, Maria, when I came up?"

I looked at him, smiling. "I was wishing that we would always be happy, my darling—as happy as we are right now."

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Far From My Arms

in his arms. I was lost in him, enveloped in pale tan coat, in his hard strength and the compulsion that sealed our lips together. Then he was holding me apart from him, saying softly, over and over again, "Nina, oh, Nina . . . beautiful. My beautiful—"

I shook my head. "It's impossible," I said over my pounding heart, my clogged throat. "Chris, it can't be—" And the very words were a love song, crooned to him.

"Oh, yes, Nina. We love each other. That's why it can't be any other way. To love is to live, Nina. You can't deny it."

What use was there in denying it? I was alive now, shatteringly alive, as never before. Chris's kisses were the very beat that sent the blood through my veins; Chris's arms were all the world, and all I wanted of heaven.

I can't tell you what it was like—being in love with Chris. It was as if I'd gone half-blind since I'd been born, had been living in half light—and then had had my eyes opened to the full glory of the sun. "To love is to live," he'd said, and never had I been so thrillingly alive as in those first weeks of our love. Everything was a miracle—Chris's eyes picking me up each time he came into the office, loving me, the little kisses he shaped with his mouth and sent my way when no one else was looking, our talk—the endless talk of us, our love, and all the things we meant to do some day

I COULDN'T see him every night, of course. Mother and Dad would have wondered. As it was, we were together several times a week, always for dinner and for a drive or dancing afterward . . . and I told my parents that I'd been stopping for dinner with the girls from the office. And to the office force our love affair was still a joke, as much a game as it had been in the first days when he'd so openly shown me attention.

You see, I wasn't yet ready to tell Lanny about Chris. Telling Lanny would mean hurt and unpleasantness, and I didn't want anything to spoil my idyll. Lanny's letters, full of endearments, full of plans, were hard to read, harder still to answer. The only reason that I could answer them, could continue to write as I always had, was that Lanny had ceased to be very real to me. He was still dear—but he was a far-off figure, as far removed from me as the dolls I'd played with in my childhood. In the moments when the thought of him was real to me, and I knew that some day I must tell him about Chris, I shrank from the very thought of telling him. It was at those times that I missed Lanny himself—because, always, ever since I could remember, he had done the hard jobs for me, had given me advice when I needed it.

I did talk to Chris about it, perhaps as much for the sweetness of having him worry with me as because he could help me. After one of his kisses, his deep, sweet, hard kisses, he'd hold me off a little and murmur, "Happy, Nina?"

And I would nod, letting my shining eyes tell him how happy I was. "I'm happy—now. It's only when I think of Lanny—telling him—"

His arms would close around me, quickly, comfortingly—which was exactly what I wanted. "Don't think of it, darling. Just be happy. Things like

that often take care of themselves. I don't want my dearest to be troubled. There's no hurry, sweet. We've got all our lives—"

Sometimes I'd feel a twinge of disappointment when he talked like that. Sometimes I wanted him to be more impatient, to insist that I break with Lanny immediately, so that I'd be completely free for him. But then—oh, I could forget anything when Chris's kisses brushed my eyelids, my temples, when his arms held me.

It was just about a month after the dance that Chris went out of town to do some research on the Markham case. The separation was torture for me—far worse than I'd imagined it could be. I'd been a little restless after Lanny had left town, but that, I knew now, was only because a great deal of my time went unfulfilled. This was different. This time I wasn't one person any more, I was two people—one who had to go to work, and try to keep her mind on her job, to talk intelligibly and act naturally, and the other who was every minute in imagination with Chris, longing for him, trying to think what he was doing, every minute frustrated.

He left on a Friday, and I lived through four long agonizing days until, on the following Wednesday night, he called me long-distance. At the first ring I knew it was he; at the first ring, life came rushing back with unbearable intensity. And then his voice—"Missed me, sweetheart?"

Missed him! I couldn't talk. Finally I said breathlessly, "Oh . . . yes!"

He laughed softly, as if he knew exactly how I felt. "I'll be back Sunday, I think," he said. "I'll call the minute I get in town. You see, darling, I miss you, too."

I turned from the telephone when the time was up, not caring now that my parents saw my radiant face, knowing that I could no longer keep my secret. Dad grinned at me. "Lanny?" he said. It wasn't really a question.

"No," I said. "Chris. Chris Alden. I'm in love with him."

THERE was a moment's stunned silence. Then Mother looked at Dad, at me, and said in a voice heavy with doubt and dismay, "Oh, Nina—"

It was painful enough to try to tell my parents about Chris, to explain how wonderful he was, and how much I loved him, and why I hadn't told them about him before. Mother kept saying, "You mean you've been seeing him for a month—" and Dad kept repeating grimly, "And in all that time, he's never come to the house . . ." They just didn't understand.

It was more painful still to write to Lanny, and in the end I sent him a note, cruelly brief, saying that I'd been mistaken, and that I was sending his ring back to him. And the girls at the office—I knew that they'd be shocked, but they knew Chris, and I expected them to understand how utterly right it was. But they didn't. They didn't say much after the first moments of incredulity, but they looked as dismayed and disapproving as Mother and Dad.

But it was worth it, all of it. I was free now, for Chris. When I saw him again I could tell him, could offer him the rest of my life, as surely as if it lay in my two hands, a gift held out to him.

When he called on Sunday, everything miraculously fell into place so that we could be alone together when I told him. My parents had gone to visit one of my aunts, and I was alone

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in the house. Over the telephone I simply told Chris to come to the house, that I had news for him. "Good news?" he asked. And then—"But, darling, anything you told me would be good."

I counted the minutes until the car stopped outside, and he came up the walk, across the porch. Then I opened the door, and spun into his arms like a top released from a string.

We clung together wordlessly; it was minutes before we broke apart, and then we were both talking at once, saying how long the days had been, how interminably drab and dull, laughing at our incoherence because we couldn't finish a sentence for kisses. Finally Chris sat down on the couch, pulled me forcibly down beside him. "Now," he said. "Calm down, and tell me this big news of yours."

All of a sudden, I couldn't. Wordlessly, I held out my ringless hand. Chris looked at my fingers, at me. "I don't get it—" And then, incredulously, "Oh—your ring! You didn't—Did you send it back?"

My heart began to thud painfully, and my smile stiffened on my lips. I

was waiting to see the light in his eyes and it didn't come. "Aren't you glad?" I asked tightly.

He took out his cigarette case, found and lighted a cigarette. "Why, sure," he said blankly. "It's only—I mean, honey, that's an important step to take. It's something you'd want to think over, to be very sure about—"

He wasn't glad. Even I could see that, much as I wanted to, had to believe that he was. "I have thought it over. I am sure. I was sure from that first night, at the dance, as you were sure that you loved me. *Weren't you?*" My voice slid up on the last words. I got to my feet, walked a few steps to control my shaking, came back to stand before him.

He stared up at me. His hand moved to his pocket to return the cigarette case, missed, as his eyes never left mine. He leaned sideways and laid the case on the radio at the end of the couch—as much, I felt, to avoid my eyes as to dispose of the case. "You were sure, weren't you?" I prodded. "Or—don't you love me?"

"Of course I love you." He sounded

impatient. "But that doesn't mean—"

I interrupted. I couldn't bear to hear what it didn't mean. "Didn't you want me to break my engagement?"

"Nina, that was up to you. It was between you and Lanny—"

"And you had nothing to do with it." My voice was hard now. I felt hard. I wanted to strike him, to hurt him as I was hurt. "They were lies, all of them—all the dear things, all your talk of loving me. You don't really love me. You don't want to marry me—"

"Nina, you know we never talked of marriage—"

"Because I wasn't free. I thought it was because I wasn't free. I am free, now."

I waited. He said nothing.

There was a knife in my throat, in my heart. My voice broke. "You love me—and you don't want to marry me. That isn't love. It's just lies—lies—"

He jumped up. "Nina, stop it! You're being hysterical. You're going to ruin everything if you go on this way. After all, marriage is a lifetime proposition—and we haven't known each other very long. We could have gone on as

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we were; we were having a good time—"

His voice softened; he moved as if to put his arm around me. I twisted away from him, fell back on the couch. "We'll talk it over some other time," he said coaxingly. "Tomorrow, when you feel better. It's better that I go now, Nina, and give you time to pull yourself together. We don't want to spoil things by shouting at each other—"

He was moving toward the door. He paused on the threshold, and then he walked out. I didn't hear the car start, go down the street. I was oblivious to everything around me, numb with the shock of realization. My mind churned tortuously, unceasingly, going back to the first time I'd seen Chris at the office, over every meeting; his every word, every phrase turned up in its chaos, like chips coming to the top in a whirlpool. "My darling Nina . . . Be happy . . . don't want my dearest to be troubled . . . to love is to live . . ." And now—"We could have gone on as we were; we were having a good time." A good time. That was what it had been to Chris. I knew that now. He was the sort of person who enjoys playing out emotional dramas as other people enjoy the movies. He knew all the words, the little tender gestures; he was expert at them, practiced . . . Not that that mattered. He was still life to me; he was everything.

I wasn't aware of time passing. I remember now that I knew vaguely that the telephone was ringing, long and insistently, but I wasn't really conscious of hearing it then. I heard it as one hears outside noises when in a deep sleep. It became part of a dream, a nightmare in which Chris was calling me long distance. Nevertheless, it must have been the telephone that brought me to myself, because I was conscious of myself, presently, of the room around me. I shook my head dully. My eyes ached; they'd been fixed straight ahead of me, upon the familiar wall, the picture with the girl and the sheaf of wheat, my father's desk below it, with its shiny brass-knobbed drawers. In the bottom drawer there was a gun—

One sharp thought cut into the turmoil in my mind: "I wouldn't do that—" and in the next instant I knew that I would. Like a sleepwalker I rose, walked over to the desk. I opened the drawer and took out the gun, feeling the steel heavy, cool, soothing in

my hand. I could do it. I didn't have to suffer. I didn't have to face life without Chris, didn't have to face everyone . . .

I stood turning the gun in my hands, knowing that there was no hurry, knowing that I wouldn't lose my nerve. I found a kind of triumph, and exaltation in knowing that I had the courage to kill myself.

The doorbell rang. I listened—and I was so apart from myself now that I could see myself, Nina Staples, standing there, listening. Then I put the gun down on the radio and went to the door.

Chris. I looked up at him wordlessly, unbelievably. It couldn't be true. He hadn't come back to say that he was sorry. The joy I dared not believe died unborn. "I forgot my cigarette case," he said.

"Oh. It's on the radio." He walked past me, picked up the case. A faint cold wonder crossed my mind. He could come back, after that dreadful scene we'd had, for his expensive little gadget . . .

I heard his sharp exclamation. "Nina—there's a gun here!" And something in his voice made it suddenly easy for me to talk.

"I know. I feel safer with it around." "But I didn't see it before, this evening."

I walked over, coldly deadly calm now, picked up the gun, almost carelessly. My voice, too, was careless. "Of course it was. Dad was cleaning it this afternoon." I even smiled a little.

"Oh," said Chris. And he looked relieved. "Well—goodnight, Nina." He moved toward the door.

I put down the gun. I was between it and him now. "Can't you stay a little while?"

He paused uneasily. "Nina, you know it's best that I don't—"

I felt stronger than he now, and for that reason I could beg, as I wouldn't have begged before. "At least you could kiss me goodbye."

He hesitated, held out his arms, and I walked into them. His kiss was like so much leather against my lips. "That's not the way you used to kiss me, Chris."

He felt more confident with his arms around me. I saw it in his eyes, read there his decision to tell the truth. "I'm sorry, Nina. I can't pretend what I don't feel."

"And you don't love me." He tried to keep the impatience out of his voice. "Nina, we've been all over

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that. What's the use of re-hashing..." He dropped his arms, backed off, reached for the doorknob. "I'll see you tomorrow," he concluded placatingly.

I moved swiftly back, picked up the gun. "You're not going, Chris."

"Nina—put down that gun." He tried to sound commanding, but his voice shook.

"I lied," I said. "Dad wasn't cleaning the gun. I took it out to kill myself. But now I think I'll kill you first."

"Nina, that's murder—" "—because 'to love is to live'. You said that, remember? If you don't love me any more, then we've both lost love, and there's no point in living, is there, Chris?"

"Nina—" His hands jerked convulsively. "We don't know what we're saying. Of course I love you. I always have— Put that thing down and let me hold you—"

I REACHED behind me, put the gun on the radio, took one measured step toward him. His arms came around me in frantic haste; I could feel their tension, read his thoughts as clearly as if they'd been printed words. He was terrified for his life; he was afraid to risk a struggle. He compromised with kissing me. And that kiss—it was hot and hard and fervent. A fine piece of acting—like all of his kisses.

It was the kiss that woke me. I wasn't cold and deadly calm any more; I was hot with shame, and just plain sick. Revolted. I flinched as from a loathsome thing; through waves of nausea I heard my voice saying flatly over and over, "Get out. Oh, get out—get out—"

Another voice echoed mine. "Get out!" A man's voice, Lanny's. Lanny stood in the doorway.

Chris went. I sank down on the couch, buried my face in my hands. They were cold and wet with perspiration, and they shook as I pressed them against my face, trying to keep the sickness back. And I was cold all over again—with horror at myself. It is a terrible thing to know that you have been mad, even for a little while.

I heard Lanny cross the room. He picked up the gun, took it over to the desk, and the desk drawer shut on it with a disgusted little slam. Then he said conversationally as if nothing unusual had happened, "I got your note yesterday, and the ring, and took the next train out of Maxwell. I just got in this evening, and I tried to call you, but you didn't answer. Thought I'd take a chance on coming over—"

I looked up at him. His face was completely without expression, but I knew that he must have seen most of what had gone between me and Chris. "I was out of my mind," I whispered.

"I guess you were. Was that the man?"

"Yes. I—I don't know how it happened, Lanny. You were gone, and—"

He laughed shortly. "You don't have to tell me, Nina. I had a hunch, weeks ago, maybe before it even started. Once I got up to Maxwell, away from you, I started thinking about you. Maybe the first real thinking about you I'd ever done. Always before I'd thought about us. And I began to realize how much of your living I'd done for you. I mean, I was the one who did the thinking and the planning; all you did was agree to it. And it dawned upon me that I didn't even know what sort of person you were without me. I wasn't surprised when your letters changed—"

He caught my look, and he nodded grimly. "Oh, yes, they changed. They

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were shorter, and they weren't spontaneous. They were made-up love letters. For that matter, your letters never were much. You didn't love me, Nina. You just let me love you."

I blinked, and opened my mouth and closed it again without speaking. This was Lanny, upon whom I'd always depended, who'd always watched out for me and taken care of me, held me protectively close. And now he was standing apart from me, judging me. "You don't love me any more," I said wonderingly.

He threw up his hands. "Of course I love you! But I don't want you for a minute—not unless you decide to grow up and be somebody. You've got to think for yourself, Nina, and learn to judge and to evaluate. Then, if you love someone, you'll have something to give. Then you'll want to give; you won't be just content to be petted and cooed over—" He laughed helplessly. "Oh, lord, here I am, telling you what to do again—"

Right then I could have smoothed things over between us. He was laughing a little at himself . . . But it wouldn't have been right. Even if he loved me too much to take his own advice, I had to take it. I had to be honest with him, give him my true thoughts . . . and that was, after all, what he really wanted.

"I know what you mean by wanting to give," I said. "You see, I was in love, really, with the person I thought Chris was." My heart turned over at the hurt in his face, but I went doggedly on. "And I'm glad of it, Lanny. I hope you'll be glad of it some day. Chris turned out to be nobody—but even if I was just in love with a shadow, at least I found out what it was like to love, as you know loving. Some day I—you—" I couldn't finish, but he knew what I meant.

He sat down beside me, took my hands in his. His hands were shaking a little, but he managed a grin. "Some day," he repeated. "Do you think it will be long?"

I didn't smile. I looked back at him soberly, studying him, this stranger I'd known all my life. My heart failed at the thought of all that he was, all that he offered me, and I could have wept with humility. "No," I said steadily, "I'm sure it won't be long."

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Wednesday, March 13th

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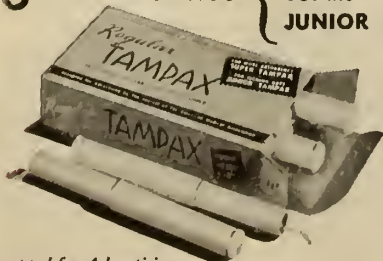


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With My Blessing

(Continued from page 27)

shoulder. "Excuse me, Mrs. Kern," he remarked. "Your daughter is rather hard to convince." He pulled Grace down into his arms.

It was a long kiss and I occupied myself with some cracks on the ceiling until it was over. After that, Grace said nothing more about not being in love. They were talking about marriage when I finally left them alone and I could hear Grace saying anxiously, "But what about Mother? You know I can't just go off like that—"

"Grace Kern," I shouted back from the stairs, "I've been wanting to get rid of you for eight years, so don't try to make me your excuse now. You're not the only child I've got."

BUT I was pretty depressed when I sat down in my room to think things over by myself. It wasn't as easy as all that. Maybe I did have other children, but not one of them was like Grace. What was that old saying? Two parents can support a dozen children, but a dozen children can't take care of two parents. It was going to be something like that. I couldn't picture either Sue or Jon or Amy expressing any eagerness to help support mother. Help support mother. My mouth twisted with distaste at the phrase. Not so long ago every one of them had been dependent on me, proud of their career woman, and now I would have to see annoyance and distress in their faces at the idea of helping me financially. Not a very agreeable sight for anyone—let alone a mother.

I had worked myself into a fine state of self-pity before I tardily remembered that it wouldn't get us anywhere. The best thing to do, I finally decided, would be to take the bull by the horns and get right down to business. So the next day when Grace came home from work at dinner time, she found the whole family assembled there, waiting for her.

"Well, Mother," Jon said impatiently, "Grace is here now, so you can tell us what it's all about."

I smiled at him and at my daughters. "It's very simple," I replied calmly. "Grace is going to be married."

The atom bomb dropping into my livingroom couldn't have created more of a disturbance than this simple announcement. When it was finally quiet enough to speak again, I went on, "And now I'm the problem."

"Problem, Mother?" they puzzled.

But I could see understanding in their eyes even before I explained that Grace would have to quit her job to go with Larry. Even before I reminded them that the money Grace and Larry were able to send me every week would not be enough to live on, I could see them exchanging uneasy looks.

Then they all began to speak at once. It wasn't that they weren't willing to help, they all chimed in, but, after all, they did have their own families. I had always been Grace's responsibility and it didn't seem very fair for her to just run off and shift the burden onto them. And, besides, Grace had been fooled once before. How did she know that this affair wouldn't turn out just like the other?

I glanced at Grace when they started to probe her about Larry. She sat there silently, her face white and set. I tried to conceal the bitterness in my heart as I asked dryly, "Has it occurred to



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you that your sister is entitled to just as much happiness as the rest of you?"

They looked shocked, as though I had said something indecent, and assured me that they were all as anxious as I for Grace to be happy. "But, after all, Mother," Amy added, "you come first. It's you we're most anxious about."

"If you're so anxious about me," I retorted, "then make things less difficult for Grace. There's nothing in the world I want more than this marriage."

"Well, Mother," Jon said in the kindly patronizing tone I hated, "that's not very practical."

"Really," Sue declared abruptly, "I don't see what all this fuss is about. The thing to do is for Mother to go live with Grace."

And because I had been secretly wishing for the same solution, I answered all the more acidly, "I didn't go to live with you, Sue, when you were married—or with Amy and Jon when they were. A young married couple should start in on its own."

You hypocrite! I accused myself inwardly. In spite of those high-sounding phrases you know you'd run if they asked you. And Grace can't, I suppose, because Larry hasn't said he was willing . . . Not that I blame him. No man wants to take on a mother-in-law along with a wife.

The embarrassing silence that followed my last statement was finally broken by Amy. "We really should talk it over more," she put in nervously, and they all took up the cry. "Yes, we really should talk it over more."

Grace spoke for the first time. "Yes, do talk it over," she said coldly and ran out of the room.

The rest of the children left a few minutes later, promising to get in touch with me as soon as they could decide how to manage the whole situation. I nodded, glad to see them go, but knowing how little the promise was worth.

LARRY arrived soon afterward. He held a little jeweler's box in his hand, and, realizing what it was, I quickly left them alone. Half an hour later I looked up from my book, suddenly aware that their voices had been getting steadily louder. As soon as I opened the door of my room, I realized they were quarreling. Shamelessly, I eavesdropped.

"I can't," Grace was almost shouting at him. "I've told you again and again why I can't. You ought to be able to understand that it's impossible to leave here under those conditions. They'd make her miserable."

"Isn't it time that you started to lead your own life?" Larry demanded fiercely. "Once you left, they'd have no other choice but to help, and your mother would be the first to tell you so. Can't you see that your trying to make a martyr of yourself doesn't make her happy? She wants you to go with me."

"Oh, what's the use! You won't even try to understand. If only you'd be reasonable, I'd talk to them and try to make them see my point. Then later on I could join you."

"I know you, Grace. If you don't come now, you won't ever. And it's got to be now or never."

"Alright then, it's never!" she cried angrily.

There was a long pause and the next sound I heard was the slamming of a door. When I marched into the living-room, Grace stood there alone, looking

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down at the ring in the palm of her hand with tear-dimmed eyes.

"He's gone," she said.

"Why?"

"He was offered a job on the West Coast," she answered dully. "He bought a car—and the ring—and he wanted me to go with him and be married there as soon as we could. He wouldn't listen when I told him I couldn't."

She turned to me with the look of a little girl asking sympathy for a bruised knee, but I steeled myself against the pleading in her eyes and managed to outdo even Larry's burst of anger. Scolding her soundly, I declared that it was plain foolishness to postpone a wedding at the age of thirty and maintained, as Larry had, that the other children would help in spite of the way they talked. "You've had your turn being a saint for the past eight years and it hasn't gotten you anywhere," I wound up. "This might be the last chance you'll have to lead a normal, happy life and you'd better take it while the taking's good."

BUT Grace went stubbornly to bed, without giving me any hope that she had changed her mind. The next day, Sunday, she didn't have to go to work, but moped around the house all morning long, listless and unhappy, brightening up every time there was a footstep in the hall and dashing eagerly to the phone whenever it rang.

"If you had a grain of sense," I finally snapped at her, "you'd get in touch with him yourself." But she insisted that it wouldn't do any good and the same arguments were gone into all over again.

"If he wanted me," Grace sobbed at last, "why didn't he make me go? He should have known I couldn't leave after what the family said. It was up to him to do something."

"I agree with you," said a cool voice behind us. Turning, we saw Larry standing in the doorway.

But that was all he said to her—after that one brief remark he began to talk to me, explaining rapidly that he had to get started at once for his new job—and that he had every intention of taking Grace with him!

"We can get married as soon as we get to California," he told me. "She doesn't have to take too much with her in the way of clothes—just enough to get along on until you send the rest of them out to her." He grinned at both of us. "It's now or never, girls—how about it?"

"It's now," I assured him firmly, before Grace could get a word in edgewise. "I'll go upstairs this minute and pack for Grace." And I hurried out of the room before I had to listen to a lot of objections all over again, Grace calling after me, "Mother! Mother, come back here! Are you both crazy?"

What Larry said to her after I left the room, I'll never know—I don't want to. But I hoped and prayed, while I hastily packed a bag, that it was the right thing.

And it was. He must have made her understand that he meant his "now or never"—and she must have faced, at last, what the real meaning of "never" could be. Anyway, when I came downstairs twenty minutes later, Larry winked as he leaned over to kiss me, and then went straight out to the car, leaving a starry-eyed Grace to say goodbye.

For the next two weeks a trail of postcards showed me their route across country—postcards, and one telegram that announced the wedding. And then,

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at last, a full-fledged letter, with the address of the apartment they had managed to find—their own, new home. They had been lucky enough to find one, in the crowded town to which they had gone, and Grace was as pleased and excited over it as—oh, as any new young bride should be over such happinesses.

I can tell you, I was pretty proud and happy to be able to write back a "bless you, my children" letter in answer to that, and to assure them both that I was going to be able to make out beautifully with the allowance the other children had managed to make me.

(I didn't feel it necessary to add that the spirit in which the allowance was given was something far removed from the spirit in which Grace had helped me all those years. I wasn't going to give Grace another worry about me as long as I lived, if I could help it.)

AND then, almost as soon as I had mailed that letter, feeling just a little sorry for myself, and more than a little lonesome, a telegram came. It was signed *Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Collins*, and I chuckled over that before the full import of the message dawned on me.

Extra bedroom made to order for permanent visitor, it said. *Are you interested?*

Was I interested? I sat down in my rocker by the window, that piece of yellow paper in my hand, and dried my eyes and called myself a sentimental old fool for hours. And I did a lot of thinking in that time.

Because I suddenly knew, you see, that this was what Larry had intended all the time. I might have known that I could have trusted Larry; I might have known that it was mean of me even to wonder, for a moment, why he hadn't suggested that I come and live with them after they were married. He was wiser than I, Larry was. He had known what I hadn't been able to realize—that Grace must tear off the unhappy bonds of the past *herself*—must really break free before she and Larry could be happy together. And forcing her to choose between us, Larry had accomplished just that—he had made her free herself, voluntarily and under her own power.

I smiled to myself as I went upstairs to look around—to plan where and how to dispose of the furniture, to decide which of my things I'd want to take along, which leave behind. It wasn't every mother who acquired such a satisfactory son-in-law, I mused. I was lucky. Grace was luckier. It must have been hard on Larry—because I knew that he liked me a lot—to keep quiet, not to say anything about my future. But in doing so, he had secured his own happiness, and Grace's.

This wasn't the time for self-congratulation, I know, but I couldn't resist giving myself a little. After all, it wasn't every mother who could have gone out, as I did that night at the movies, and picked—without a second's hesitation—her favorite son-in-law—to be out of a crowd of complete strangers. Guiltily, I smothered the recollection that it had been Larry, after all, who had picked me. I had encouraged him, and I had brought him home to Grace, and that had been that! I was content.

My trunks are in the hall, now, waiting for the expressman. My train leaves tomorrow. And I'll be on my way to share that happiness, to contribute what I can to it.

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Fine Beginning

(Continued from page 50)

for about 1 hour saute onion, celery, parsley and carrot lightly in fat and add. Continue cooking until lentils are tender. Run half of them through a sieve, leaving the rest whole. Liquid in which ham or beef has been cooked may be used in place of water and will result in a richer more flavorsome soup. This same basic recipe may be used for soups made of dried peas, navy beans, black or lima beans, and any of them may be garnished with minced parsley or celery leaves, grated hard-cooked egg, lemon slices, diced or sliced sausages or frankfurters.

Onion Soup

- 4 cups thinly sliced onions
- 3 tablespoons butter or substitute
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 4 cups bouillon or soup stock
- Salt to taste
- Grated cheese

Saute onions sprinkled with pepper in butter until they are a rich brown. Add the liquid and salt, cover and simmer one hour. Pour into individual soup heat proof dishes. Sprinkle each with cheese, brown lightly under broiler flame and serve with soda crackers.

Peanut Butter Snacks (to serve with soup)

- 6 large shredded wheat biscuits
- ½ cup peanut butter
- ½ cup diced bacon

Cut biscuits into thirds. Remove top round. Spread with peanut butter and sprinkle with diced bacon. Bake in slow oven (325° F.) 15 minutes.

Lots of other spreads can be used on bases like the shredded wheat biscuits or plain salted biscuits to be served with soup. Let your choice depend on the richness or thinness of the soup you're serving, and try apple butter, any kind of sliceable cheese cut thin and broiled for a few seconds until lightly brown, or one of the dozens of things you can do with chopped egg combinations, using olives or anchovies with the egg, for instance, and moistening with a touch of mayonnaise or salad dressing.

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A Very Nice Young Man

how we got the ink to write out our penny postcards.

When we left San Bernardino a few months later to try our luck nearer Hollywood, we left behind us a welter of debts. (Which are now all paid, but one.) I hope that a certain grocery man will read this story and write to us—Sam Kalinsky was (I think) his name. For months he had let us charge groceries, saying that because of the two children in our family he couldn't let us starve; and then, a couple of years later when we could pay him at last, he had disappeared completely from the neighborhood. We have sent friends to ask his whereabouts, but no one seems to know. And now we Jostyns are more than able to finally repay him for his kindness, wherever he may be.

We re-settled in San Fernando Valley, a suburb of Hollywood; and here we began another miserable stretch of rent-owing and bill-owing. Jay was working, it's true; but only in a cooperative theatrical troupe that paid him a weekly salary of twelve dollars on good weeks, and most weeks only six. But again came a miracle.

ONE morning after Jay had kissed me goodbye and gone to the highway to wait for a bus on his way to rehearsal, a friend of ours drove up in a wild hurry.

It was True Boardman, now the famous radio writer who has written many Silver Theater shows. But at that time he was just a frantic young radio writer in search of an actor to play in a radio recording called "The Origin of Superstition."

"Where's Jay? I want him to try out for the lead in my radio show," he shouted from his car.

"He's at Cahuenga Boulevard, waiting for the bus," I shouted back—never dreaming that this bit of dialogue was going to change Jay's and my life forever.

True drove off, beat the bus to Jay, and carried him off to Hollywood for his first radio audition. And from then on, with Jay's feet walking a new theatrical path, the Jostyns were once again on the right road. Traveling in the right direction.

IT WAS radio, of course. From then on, Jay acted only in radio; and his tremendous success led him into nearly every radio show produced in Hollywood, and then led him to Chicago, and finally—ten years ago—led him to New York City.

Now he has only one regular commitment, the program Mr. District Attorney, in which he plays the lead. And he has time for the kind of a life which means happiness to him, to me, and to our two sons Jon and Josh—who are now fourteen and fifteen, and begging for a jeep for their next Christmas present!

We have our own home in Manhasset on Long Island, which is full of the noise and movement of life. There are two sons, and our long-time couple John the butler and Josephine the cook, our dog named Cookie, our cat named Bingo—they are just dog and cat.

We Jostyns are very family-minded, and none of us cares for the bright lights very much. The result is that all our friends have formed the habit of coming over for dinner and conversa-

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tion . . . which is our idea of the good life.

Around the house, Jay is not even remotely "Mr. District Attorney." Both he and I wear slacks when we're spending a day home together; and he usually puts in a large part of his time being a fix-it man around the house—gardening, painting porch furniture, building needed shelves, or mending broken lamps.

We start the day with an early and simple breakfast—usually fruit juice, toast, and coffee; and on the days when neither of us has anything pressing to do, Jay usually takes me to lunch at some little inn around Long Island—one of those delightful picturesque places.

HOME again, we're quite likely to rehearse a play that we're planning on putting on for some of our friends some night soon, using our tiny theater in our playroom for the purpose. And on quiet evenings, after a big dinner with our sons, we both go to bed early and read voraciously—Jay reading stacks of the most exciting murder mysteries he can find, and I reading current biographies about the men now running the world.

When we do go to New York City of an evening, it is always to see a play. We see every play that is produced—because we still have the same love for the theater that we always had. But all of our friends are non-professional people . . . even though they seem to like our Jostyn-produced-and-acted plays in our playroom theater. Whenever we are going to do a play (sometimes with no one but Jostyns in the cast, sometimes with friends as well), we ask thirty or forty people over to see the play . . . and sometimes we run a play for four nights in a row, with four different audiences.

I must admit, though, that Jay and I also do a lot of civic work. We are both on the Youth Council of Greater New York, which gives opportunities in countless careers to adolescents who have more ambition than money. I am on the Dramatic Committee, and Jay on the Radio Committee—and Jay is also President of the Youth Council of Manhasset.

And I cannot yet break away entirely from the stage; I direct semi-amateur shows in New Jersey, Connecticut, and also in Manhasset—and both Jay and I love every single minute of it!

BUT around home, you'd never know that either of us ever moved outside of it. When I'm going out for the day I leave notes stuck in the corners of the bathroom mirror saying, "Jay, please fix leaking faucet in laundry tub"—it's easier to write notes than to talk—and we both spend a lot of time skating, riding, and swimming with our two boys.

And about food, as often as possible we have lamb chops for dinner, because they are Jay's favorite dish; and usually I buy brown or blue clothes because those are Jay's favorite colors. . . .

And that about brings me full circle. After reading over what I've written, do you know what I think? I think that our marriage is no different from any other successful one that I've ever heard of—we have gone down the years together with patience, love, and understanding. And those qualities, after all, will keep any two people happy together for eighteen years, or forever.

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. . . adds
the "finishing touch"

Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 29)

March 12, 1945.

Dear Chichi:

Sometimes I think you have to live a long time to understand that life evens up its own scores. Where there is good, there is often evil, and where there is evil, there is almost always good. It is too bad that most of us learn this lesson so late in life—so long after it could have been a help to us and to our families and to our friends.

Do you remember sometime after Stephen and you were married despite Stephen's handicap, when he realized his worst fears—his legs were getting worse? Remember how depressed and bitter Stephen was, and how he felt that there was no use hoping any more for the miraculous cure that never came?

I certainly was no help to either of you in those days, for it was then, in the midst of all your trouble, that my old heart tired of the life that I was not yet ready to leave. I was sick for a long time, and I know I caused you and Stephen a great deal of pain and worry, but I think that during those troublesome days you and Stephen were brought closer together than ever before. There is a great deal to be learned from trouble. You will recall my favorite story about the student who complained to his teacher that he kept forgetting what he learned. "Do you forget to put the spoon with food into your mouth?" the teacher asked.

Affectionately,
Papa David.

April 23, 1945

Dear Chichi:

Things often work out for the best, especially if we help them along a little. Remember when Hank O'Hoolihan, because of his love for you, gave Stephen a job in the tool works, and how Hank's brother, William, used this knowledge to cause trouble for everyone? William had been trying to take full control of the shop, but when William discharged Stephen, he refused to be fired and handed in his resignation to Hank. Hank refused it, and it was then that Stephen got his chance when Hank asked him to stay and be legal counsellor for him against his brother.

There's a lot of truth to the old saying, "One who cannot survive bad times cannot see good times."

Affectionately,
Papa David.

May 5, 1945.

Dear Chichi:

There are three ways in which a man can go about performing a good deed. If he says, "I shall do it soon," the way is poor. If he says, "I am ready to do it now," the way is of average quality. If he says, "I am doing it," the way is praiseworthy.

Affectionately,
Papa David.

These letters, written out of Papa David's warm heart and boundless human experience, show truly that, for those who know how to live it, life can be beautiful. I know that, buried deep in the memories of many of you, there are stories of things that have happened to you that have helped you to learn what Papa David preaches. Won't you look into your minds and hearts for these stories, and write to me about them? We want to hear from all of you.

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Have You Forgotten?

(Continued from page 45)

on some kind of a job—but now I'm not so sure."

He told me something about the job at Bellows' factory, but most of it escaped me. It had something to do with sitting at a desk and ordering supplies and making trips all over the state . . . and that was the part that seemed to appeal to Jim. Only that.

"But the work itself, Jim," I probed, "do you like it? Does it mean anything to you or satisfy your imagination?"

HE avoided looking at me. He sat there digging one fist into another and when he finally raised his head, there was something almost haggard about his face. "I don't know what I want, Serena. I only know it's a relief to have it planned for me. There's a routine to this job and if I take it I just have to slip into it, like a tailored suit. I couldn't—I couldn't—right now—start something on my own, with all the planning and the worries and the details and the red tape. Whenever I see the farm I get a pull toward it that is almost a physical agony, but then I think of going to the bank and having to read and sign papers and then get machinery and try to plan ahead for crops and markets and help and repairs for the house and the barns—and it's simply more than I can do right now. In the Army decisions are made for you. I'm used to that. Maybe I sound like a coward to you, but it drives me crazy now to even walk into a store and have to make a selection between two ties."

"I do understand, Jim, and I don't think you're a coward. I think almost every man coming back from service is facing this problem. But most of them *have* to face it and that makes it easier for them. They get it all over in a lump and in a hurry. But you have no ties—" I felt my throat thicken as I said this—"and so you can put it off. I know you're thinking of taking a job with Bellows as just temporary, but I'm afraid, Jim. You'll never really like it because it isn't what you want—it isn't the farm—but it will get easier and easier as time goes by and harder and harder for you to make decisions for your own life."

"My life is still my own!" he said, angrily. And then I knew he had heard some of the whispers going around about his becoming a "permanent guest" of the Bellows and those rumors had touched and hurt him. "I'm under no obligations to anyone. Jenny Simpson called up this morning to tell me she had an extra room now at her boarding house. All she really wanted was to pry. Well, I'm staying at the Bellows for a while yet—" this, definitely—"I'm no trouble to them and I can come and go as I please without a lot of gossip."

I knew that was important to Jim. He couldn't stand restraint any more. And the village did love to keep a watchful eye on everyone's comings-and-goings.

But now fear was icy fingers closing around my heart. I had counted heavily on Jim's coming back from Florida as from a real vacation, with a new perspective. I had counted heavily on his going to Jenny Simpson's to live. All these months I had been marking time, waiting for Jim to become a civilian again—inwardly—as well as out-

wardly. But how could he get a new perspective—or, rather, regain his old one—when he had no chance to get away by himself to look at his problems? At the Bellows it was too easy to see things through their eyes.

And what about us? What about Jim and Serena and their love and their dreams for the future? It took all the courage I could muster but the words shaped themselves on my lips, determined to be said, when—

"Serena! Jim! Hi, there . . . anybody at home?" The front door slammed, letting in a gust of wind and with it a tall, rangy girl fur-booted and hatless, a camel-hair coat slung carelessly across her shoulders. It was Jane Bellows. "Give me a cup of tea, somebody, and let me thaw out."

"Come in, Jane," I said quietly. "There's a nice fire in here."

She took the cup Jim offered her but she ignored the fire, moving restlessly around the room. "I hope I didn't interrupt you two but I was passing and I thought Jim would rather have a ride home than walk—it's turning colder again."

Jim's face was a study in mixed emotions, but he didn't refuse her invitation. And he picked up his woolen scarf, tossing it around his neck.

"I don't know how you do it, Serena. We have the same doo-dads at our house—" Jane indicated the lusterware cups, the oval-framed pictures, the milk-glass pitchers and bowls—"but they just don't look the same. Maybe they have to *belong*, for generations, in a house like yours." She turned, impatiently, in one of those quick changes of mood that so characterized her. "I'll run out and start the motor, Jim. You're just about ready. 'By, Serena! Let's go skiing soon and remember the Valentine party at my house on the fourteenth—"

AND then she was gone and—Jim and I were alone. He watched her swift flight with an indulgent look on his face and he was laughing when he spoke. "Would you ever believe, Serena, that she was such an ugly duckling in school? Remember you used to make me send her a Valentine card every year because you felt sorry for her? She certainly has changed. She's a lot of fun now—always ready to go somewhere or do something."

And that just suits your mood, doesn't it, Jim? Careless, laughing Jane, free as air. Practical, down-to-earth Serena, tied to responsibilities. Oh, Jim—don't choose yet—not yet!

He was all ready to go now, his thick jacket buttoned up and his heavy gloves in his hand. We walked slowly into the hall.

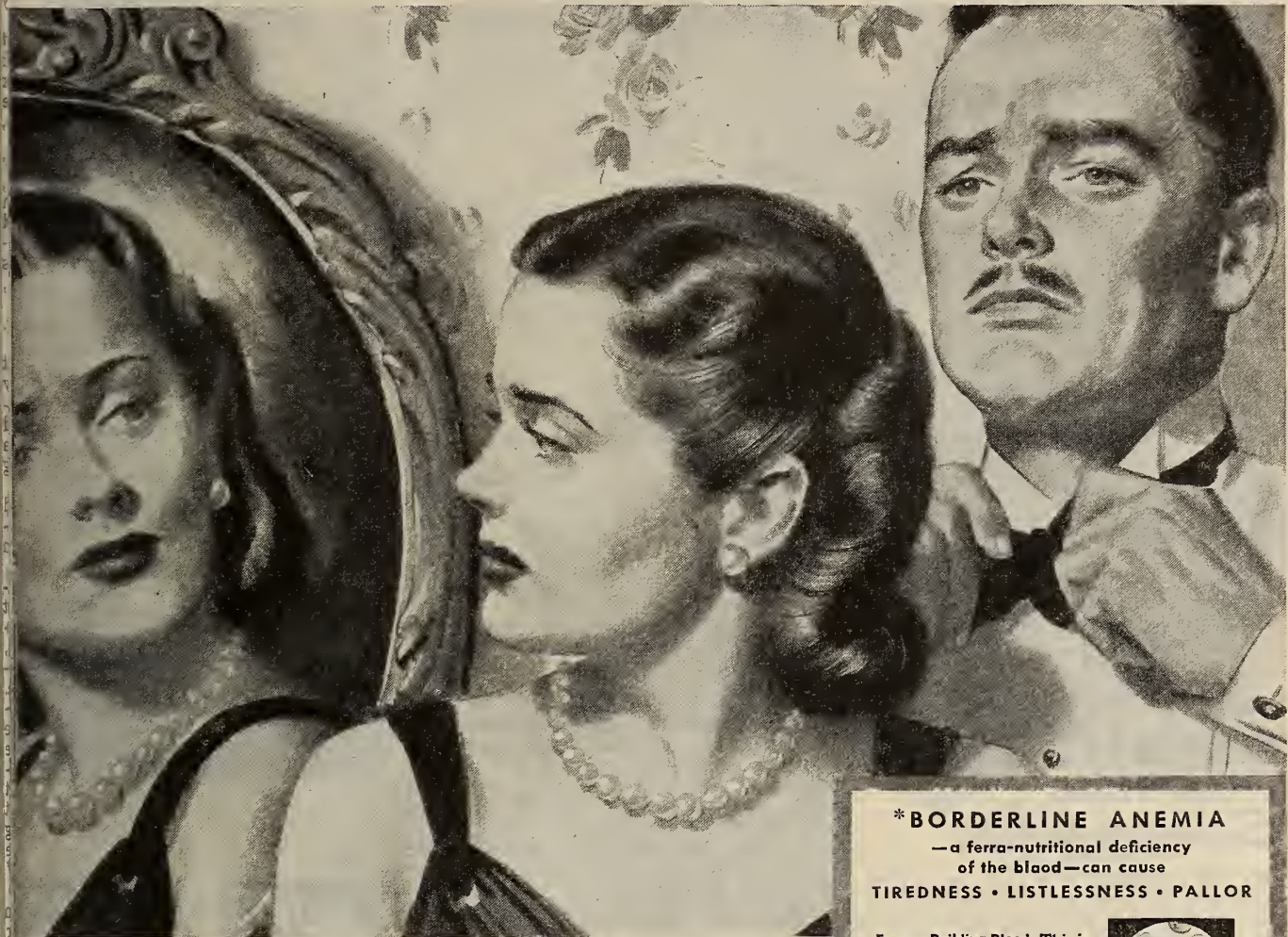
He turned at the door. "Serena—" and then I was in his arms. He was kissing me with a hunger and a wild beseeching that sent thunder pounding through my veins. He had never kissed me before like this, and my response was immediate and unthinking; my lips under his yielded in quick gladness; my body curved to his under the strength of his arms. Our wanting and our pain for each other was like a flash of forked lightning.

But while part of me responded eagerly—another part of me rejected this embrace. This was not what I wanted. This was not the sure, sweet

(Continued on page 90)

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(Continued from page 88)

coming together of two people who loved each other and knew each other and knew what they wanted.

"Serena, darling—" the words came from him in a rush—"let's be married now. Right away. I don't want to wait any longer. I don't want to look ahead six months—a year from now—when I might have the farm running and be able to take care of you. There's a job waiting for me at Bellows and enough money so we don't have to wait. Enough for us and your father, too. Darling—darling—" and he was kissing my lips insistently.

"Jim—no, wait. Listen to me." I begged. "I'd marry you today or any time, if I thought it would work out for the best. But it wouldn't, Jim. You'd have to take that job and then you couldn't ever give it up, because I'd be there hanging around your neck like a millstone. You'd be afraid to cut loose and take a chance."

"YOU'RE my strength now, Serena. We could work things out together," he said, slowly.

"I'm strong now. But you'd sweep me along, too, Jim. Once we were married—you'd hate me then if I nagged at you. We'd have no really firm foundation for our marriage because we'd be starting out restless and insecure and unhappy. If you're like that inside yourself, you can't find a ready-made peace in someone else."

Abruptly he changed. His face passed from desperation to the almost unreal gaiety I had seen there so many times in the past few months. "Maybe you're right, Serena. Who wants to tie to a weather-vane like me? At least, say you'll go out with me tonight—there's a new night-club opened up on the highway. Say you'll go with me! We'll have fun and sweep the cobwebs out of our brains."

I knew the place he mentioned. Already it had gained a no-good reputation. But that wasn't why I refused. . . . I wouldn't have been afraid of Hell, itself, if Jim were with me.

"I can't. I'm sorry, Jim. But Father hasn't been well lately and the doctor's worried about him. He wants someone with him, nights, and it's too late to call in anyone else."

He was disappointed but he only shrugged, a little impatiently. "I'm sorry, too, Serena. Give my best to your father. I won't give him my sympathy because I know how much he would hate that." He kissed me then, lightly, and was gone.

I watched them drive off. The two figures in the car were dimly seen through the dusk that enveloped the car. I felt, suddenly, as though I had lost a contact with them that was more than a physical separation. It was as if the storm that was now darkening the sky were a symbol of the clouds that had come between Jim and me. Those two in the car—they were in another world from me.

Was this the same February day that had dawned so miraculously bright?

I turned back to the fire. My hands were still shaking; the pulse in my throat was still hammering madly—from the fierce uprush of passion a moment before and from the harsh necessity that had compelled me to refuse Jim. Refuse—I had refused to marry Jim! When I wanted more than anything else in the world to be his bride, I had sent him away.

What would happen now? Would

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my decision make Jim face up to sober reality, to the fact that he was drifting along without thought or plan, without a mooring or a guide? Or would it plunge him even deeper into the rash indifference he had been pursuing?

It was a search for courage that led me to that old porcelain box in my room. Father was still napping so I took it down with me to the fire.

With trembling fingers I turned the box over and emptied its contents on my lap. I started with the ones on the bottom—the crude, thumb-marked, home-made Valentines that Jim had sent me when we were children. I had a quick mental picture of him then . . . a sturdy, slim, cowlicked little boy pasting and cutting at the Bergi's old diningroom table, under the kindly eyes of his aunt. Then . . . here was one when we were eleven, my first "boughten" one. The pictures seemed old-fashioned and the verse seemed stilted, the lace was torn on one edge—but the sentiment was the same as the more fancy ones that had come with the marching years. "Roses are red, violets are blue"—"will you be my Valentine?"—"to the girl next door, I love you true; all life's in store, for just us two—"

The tears ran down my cheeks, but the tight grip of fear on my heart had lessened. I was seeing Jim again as he had been, as he was really. And I knew I had been right to refuse to marry him.

JIM had to find his way back alone. The man who had stood in our hallway an hour ago and urged me to marry him, in that desperate impatience, was a stranger—both to himself and to me. If he hadn't always been one to face things squarely; if he hadn't had it bred in his bone that you had to take life in your own hands and work with it and build and mold with it; if I didn't know how deeply a part of him was his need and his love for the soil—as deep as his love for me—I might have taken a chance. I might have been willing to go along with him in whatever unstable way he drifted. But as a wife I would not be an anchor; I would be going over to his side, to his way of thinking.

No, this dreadful change the war had worked in Jim would burn itself out. Someday—soon—

But it looked as if I were wrong. Jud brought me the news the next morning, when he brought the milk.

Jim Bergi and Jane Bellows had been in an accident. The night before, out on the highway—on their way to that new night club, probably—their car had skidded on the icy road, had turned over in a ditch. Both of them had come through unharmed—but it was a miracle. The car was demolished and there was talk of charging Jim with reckless driving. Of course, Jud added, the Bellows would probably squash that.

That same afternoon Jim filled in the details for me.

"I was going too fast, Serena. I've been going too fast ever since I got out of the Army, but I can't seem to stop. But you should have seen Jane! Cool as a cucumber and brave—I can't tell you—I never knew anyone with that kind of courage except some of the guys I used to fly with. Doesn't give a darn about anything. Sat there laughing as if it were all a huge joke on the two of us. And when I think

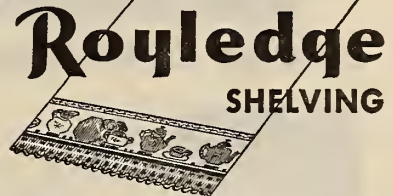


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how close I came to killing her or injuring her for life, it frightens me."

It frightened me, too, but for a different reason. If they had come so close to death, had risked their lives, for something big and meaningful and noble, I would have been the first to honor such bravery as Jane's. Just as I had so deeply honored Jim's bravery in the war.

But I knew that there was a difference between an unawareness to danger that sprang from sheer, reckless living—and the kind of courage that I knew had been present on the battlefields, and, in fact, walked among the villagers every day in the secret, hidden strength that so many humble people possessed to fight life and its disappointments and tragedies and still keep faith with themselves. This was the kind of courage Jim once had held so highly and which he so ignored today.

THE kind of strength, for instance, that kept my Father cheerful and patient when his every day was racked with pain.

Had Jim forgotten?

When he left I sat for a long time, trying to fight my way clear of the red haze of pain and jealousy and fear that possessed me. Yes, I was jealous of Jane. And I knew—because I knew Jim so well—that she had unwittingly placed a deep obligation on him. He owed her something because he had almost killed her—because she had laughed with him—because they had shared this experience together. And obligations had always been serious things to Jim.

Still, I would not have been afraid of that feeling becoming confused in his mind with love—if it hadn't been that she had also captured his admiration. Her kind of heedless daring—the "take no thought for tomorrow" kind of bravado—was now a shining thing in his eyes. I could applaud it, too. There are times when that sort of bravery is sublime.

But I knew Jane well and I knew that she had no patience for small, everyday struggles; for the underneath strength that showed itself sometimes in tenderness, sometimes in thoughtfulness for others, sometimes in turning one's back on a cherished dream and taking a substitute—if it meant the happiness of others. Jane could never be a farmer's wife—and Jim, the real Jim, was a farmer.

I was more frightened now at the way things were drifting along than I had been when Jud told me of the accident. Even that, with all its horror and danger, had not brought things any nearer to solution. Something would have to crystallize. Somehow Jim's eyes would have to be opened. He might decide that this new life was the best for him but at least it would be a decision definitely, finally, openly arrived at. And it must be before he took the job with Bellows' on the fifteenth.

That was what was on my mind the next day when I saw the Valentine. It was in Wytte's shop window, reposing, tilted-up, like a jewel on a cushion—fully twelve inches high and twelve inches wide. The paper lace around its edge was a deep frill of frothy white; the enormous red heart in the center was adorned by cupids with arrows and bow; but it was the verse on it that made me stop and linger—that brought me to Wytte's day after day. It was a declaration

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Just to get acquainted we will send you smart yellow gold plate engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engagement ring set with flashing, imitation diamond solitaire in sentimental orange blossom mounting. Wedding ring is deeply embossed, yellow gold plate in exquisite Honeymoon design. Either ring \$1.50 or both for \$2.79 and tax. SEND NO MONEY with order. Just name and ring size. Pay on arrival then wear ring 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order not.
EMPIRE DIAMOND CO. Dept. 808-BN Jefferson, Iowa



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses



Pre-laundered for immediate use. Extra large. Highly absorbent. Economical, too. Long lasting.

EXCELLO

KITCHEN TOWELS

Laundry Fresh

Hair OFF Face

Lips...Arms...Legs

How Happy! I had ugly superfluous hair... was loved... discouraged. Tried many things... even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed simple, painless, inexpensive method. It has helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My **FREE** ok, "How to Meet the Superfluous Hair Problem" explains method. Mailed in plain envelope. Also **MAIL OFFER** Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 527, Chicago 54, Ill.

DREAMING OF LONGER HAIR?

Try the **RONOLA METHOD** of Hair Care for 1 week, and see if the enjoyment of really attractive hair can be yours—lovely hair that so often means Love and Romance. Often in many cases Hair may get longer when hair and scalp are in a normal, healthy condition, and dry, brittle, breaking off ends can be retarded to give the hair a chance to grow.

HAIR MAY GET LONGER!

Just try the **RONOLA METHOD** for 7 days and see yourself what it may do for you. Your friends and mirror will tell you. Price only \$1.20, including tax. If sent C.O.D., postage extra. Guaranteed to satisfy or money back. Mail your order today!

THE RONOLA CO. DEPT. 113
55 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.

of love so open, so frankly, sweetly obvious, that only a man or a woman sure of himself and his beloved would dare to send it.

Did I dare? All next day I fought with myself and my stubborn Yankee pride. All that the verse said was true about the way I felt for Jim—but it could not be passed over as could the more stereotyped messages usually printed on Valentines. No, this would mean a showdown. Jim could not ignore that appeal—or, if he did, I would know I had lost him.

Father helped me. "There never was a woman yet, Serena, who was worth her salt," he told me the day before Valentine's Day, "who was too proud to go after her man. I can't abide the mealy-mouthed kind. Your mother told me, the first day, that she loved me and if she hadn't I might have gone off to sea, instead of having twenty of the happiest years any man ever had."

That was all the encouragement I needed. Lately, everywhere Jim had been—there was Jane Bellows. And there was a new protectiveness in his manner toward her that was strange to see.

I hurried downtown that afternoon. The snow was crusty underfoot and there was a wind, but I scarcely noticed. I had only one purpose in mind, to buy that Valentine.

I reached the store—but something was wrong. I could hardly believe my eyes. The cushion was still there; the window looked the same—but the Valentine was gone! Somehow—like a child—I had been so sure it was for me that I had never considered the possibility of someone else buying it.

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"HELLO, little Red-Riding Hood."

This from Jim, referring to my bright wool hood. He came to stand beside me, and then I saw the package he carried. Slim in bulk—about twelve inches wide and twelve inches high. It must be *THE* Valentine. There had been no other that size and shape. My heart seemed to stand still for a moment and then grow heavy, like a stone. Jim had bought it for Jane. What else could it be?

"Hello, wolf," I managed to say and to my surprise my voice sounded light and gay. "Hello, Jane—doing last minute shopping?"

"Yes. Listen to this one—'You try to diet, You try to grow thin— Please stop it—it's hard on your kith and your kin.' I'm going to send that to Dad. He's always going on a diet and it makes life most impossible for Mother and Jim and me."

It had been deliberate, I knew—including Jim's name as part of the family with her mother's and her own. Jane was telling me in so many words that she wanted Jim. That she no longer considered me—as she had done at first, fairly scrupulously—as Jim's real girl.

I had never felt so desolately helpless, so fearfully inadequate. In our locked glances—Jane's and mine—I could almost audibly hear her message: *You may know what's best for*

DO Your Hands



Add to the Picture?

When he reaches for your hands they'll be thrillingly smooth and soft to the touch if you use SOFSKIN CREME. You can rely on soothing SOFSKIN to keep your hands lovely-to-hold straight through winter's chapping cold. For hands, wrists, elbows and ankles, use non-sticky SOFSKIN, the creme that many beauticians prefer. A wonderful powder foundation, too.



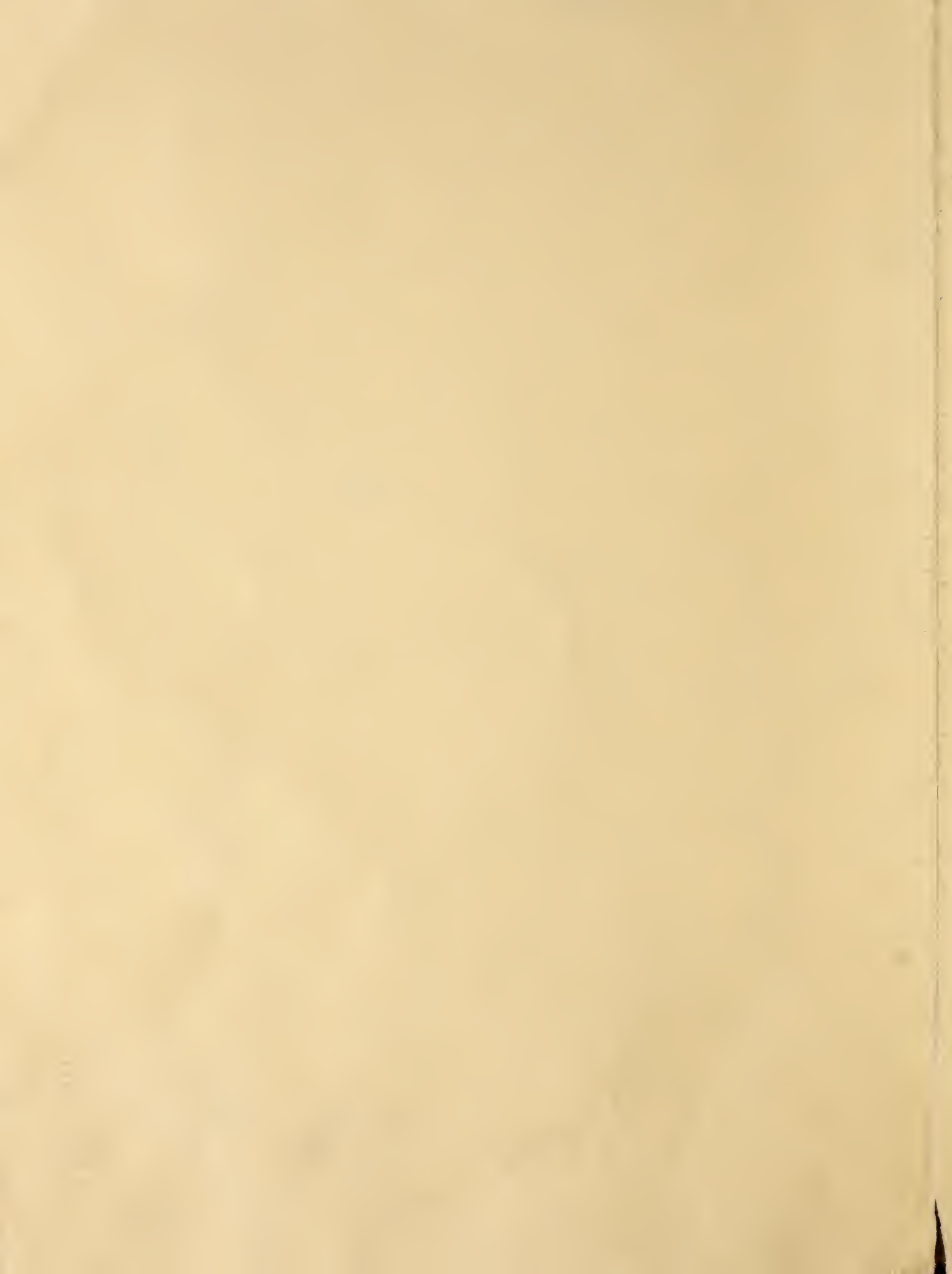
In the Black and Gold jars
35¢ 60¢ \$1.00 sizes*
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Ask for the free Sofskin demonstration at your beauty salon or cosmetic counter

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for lovely hands and skin

SOFSKIN COMPANY FINDLAY, OHIO



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Women who use tampons should learn about FIBS. Because FIBS have those smooth, gently tapered ends that tell you at a glance insertion must be both easy and comfortable.

FIBS are the tampons that are "quilted"—a feature fastidious women are quick to appreciate. This "quilting" prevents tiny cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal membranes.

Besides, quilting makes a very real contribution to your comfort—keeps FIBS from stuffing up to an uncomfortable size which could otherwise cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal. No other tampon is quilted!

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how close I came to killing her or injuring her for life, it frightens me." It frightened me, too, but for a different reason. If they had come so close to death, had risked their lives, for something big and meaningful and noble, I would have been the first to honor such bravery as Jane's. Just as I had so deeply honored Jim's bravery in the war.

But I knew that there was a difference between an unawareness to danger that sprang from sheer, reckless living—and the kind of courage that I knew had been present on the battlefields, and, in fact, walked among the villagers every day in the secret, hidden strength that so many humble people possessed to fight life and its disappointments and tragedies and still keep faith with themselves. This was the kind of courage Jim once had held so highly and which he so ignored today.

THE kind of strength, for instance, that kept my Father cheerful and patient when his every day was racked with pain.

Had Jim forgotten? When he left I sat for a long time, trying to fight my way clear of the red haze of pain and jealousy and fear that possessed me. Yes, I was jealous of Jane. And I knew—because I knew Jim so well—that she had unwittingly placed a deep obligation on him. He owed her something because he had almost killed her—because she had laughed with him—because they had shared this experience together. And obligations had always been serious things to Jim.

Still, I would not have been afraid of that feeling becoming confused in his mind with love—if it hadn't been that she had also captured his admiration. Her kind of heedless daring—the "take no thought for tomorrow" kind of bravado—was now a shining thing in his eyes. I could applaud it, too. There are times when that sort of bravery is sublime.

But I knew Jane well and I knew that she had no patience for small, everyday struggles; for the underneath strength that showed itself sometimes in tenderness, sometimes in thoughtfulness for others, sometimes in turning one's back on a cherished dream and taking a substitute—if it meant the happiness of others. Jane could never be a farmer's wife—and Jim, the real Jim, was a farmer.

I was more frightened now at the way things were drifting along than I had been when Jud told me of the accident. Even that, with all its horror and danger, had not brought things any nearer to solution. Something would have to crystallize. Somehow Jim's eyes would have to be opened. He might decide that this new life was the best for him but at least it would be a decision definitely, finally, openly arrived at. And it must be before he took the job with Bellows' on the fifteenth.

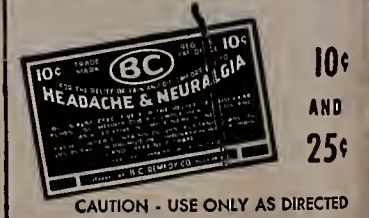
That was what was on my mind the next day when I saw the Valentine. It was in Wytte's shop window, reposing, tilted-up, like a jewel on a cushion—fully twelve inches high and twelve inches wide. The paper lace around its edge was a deep frill of frothy white; the enormous red heart in the center was adorned by cupids with arrows and bow; but it was the verse on it that made me stop and linger—that brought me to Wytte's day after day. It was a declaration

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MATCHED BRIDAL PAIR \$1.50 EACH BOTH FOR \$2.79 Imitation DIAMOND RINGS. Just to get acquainted we will send you smart new yellow gold plate engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engagement ring set with fashion diamond solitaire in sentimental orange blossom mounting. Wedding ring is deeply embossed, yellow gold plate in exquisite honeymoon design. Either set \$1.50 or both for \$2.79 and tax. SEND NO MONEY! Rush order, just name and ring size. Pay on arrival (We ring 10 days on money-back guarantee). Rush order! EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 608-BN Jefferson



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DO Your Hands



Add to the Picture?

When he reaches for your hands they'll be thrillingly smooth and soft to the touch if you use SOFSKIN CREME. You can rely on soothing SOFSKIN to keep your hands lovely—to hold straight through winter's chapping cold. For hands, wrists, elbows and ankles, use non-sticky SOFSKIN, the creme that many beauticians prefer. A wonderful powder foundation, too.



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SOFSKIN CREME for lovely hands and skin

SOFSKIN COMPANY FINDLAY, OHIO

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Here is an unusual collection of rings to choose from — you are sure to find in this group the ring that will thrill you and your friends



Style H102 — Ladies' Engagement Ring — large stone in beautiful Tiffany setting — Solid Sterling Silver\$5.98



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Style H111 — Men's "Viking" Ring — 10 K Gold Top and massive Solid Sterling Silver mounting stamped in ring.....\$4.98



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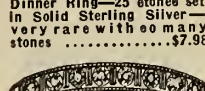
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Style H101 — Baby's Ring in 10 K Gold — chased design — comes with lucky 4-leaf clover...\$2.98



Style H105 — Ladies' Wedding Ring — 10 stones set in 1 3/10 K Gold. \$4.98



Style H109 — Men's Signet Ring with sparkling replica diamond — extra heavy mounting.....\$3.98

SEND NO MONEY: Select ring style you desire and mark in coupon (also mark second choice to avoid disappointment). Send ring size (piece of paper or string around finger). When postman delivers package pay him price of ring plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If you send Money Order with order we pay all postal charges. **GUARANTEE:** Examine ring. If not entirely pleased return same day and get your money back. Fill in and mail coupon NOW. Remember, due to wartime restrictions, fine jewelry is scarce.

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Please send me the ring I have checked below as my first choice. If you are out of my size then send second or third choice I have also checked. I am enclosing strip of paper (or string) for size. I will pay postman price of ring plus postage. **GUARANTEE:** If I am not pleased I may return ring the day I receive it and you are to return my money.

First Choice	Second Choice	Third Choice
Style No. <input type="checkbox"/>	Style No. <input type="checkbox"/>	Style No. <input type="checkbox"/>

Name _____ PLEASE PRINT
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City, Zone, State _____

I am enclosing Money Order in full payment. You are to pay all postage charges.

NOTE: Foreign and Canadian orders must be accompanied by cash with order.

Jim, Serena—but I know what he wants and likes. And I can give it to him.

Even the Valentine, on which I had pinned such bright hopes, now seemed to me to have been a pitiful thing, a silly gesture against the confident appeal of this girl. My heart was drowning, slowly, as I stood there, in a swamp of misery.

"Coke, Serena?" Jim was pulling me towards the marble-topped counter.

But Jane spoke up hurriedly. "I don't think you'll have time, Jim. Mother said dinner promptly at six today because she wants to start things going for the party decorations tomorrow night. You're coming, aren't you, Serena?"

I HAD been asked to the Valentine party, as had most of the young people in the village. But I wasn't going.

"I don't know. I'll try, but Father hasn't been too well lately," I told them. It was true, but it wasn't my real reason. I knew I could never stand to walk and see the Valentine on Jane's dressing table, addressed to Jane—in Jim's handwriting—with Jim's name on it—with love to Jane.

After they had gone Mr. Wytte told me, yes, the Valentine in the window had just been sold. But I didn't really need that confirmation—and I didn't need to ask to whom.

By the time I had reached home my desolation was deeper than anything I had ever imagined could be. The Valentine had been a symbol and if this were true then its loss showed me only too clearly that Jim's love for me was gone. It was a new era when he started buying Valentines for Jane Bellows—of his own accord.

The pain and the misery I felt were made worse by my helplessness. Now I had nothing with which to fight.

I had brought my mending into the livingroom. The lamp on the small round table made a circle of warm, yellow light around me and Father in his wheelchair. I had almost forgotten Father's presence, so wrapped up was I in my own dark thoughts, until the tears welled up and over and splashed down onto my hands.

"Wondered how long you were going to be able to hold them back," Father commented, his shrewd eyes resting on my face. "The way you've been mooning around—seems to me you've about hit rock-bottom, Serena."

I told him then, while he puffed away on the pipe the doctor had sternly forbidden him.

"You did wrong, girl," he said finally. "You did wrong not to marry Jim when he asked you to. Planning for a man because you know what's best for him is all right most of the time—but once in a while you've got to throw your cap over the moon and take a chance. He needed you badly. The rest would have worked itself out.

"I always liked Jim," he went on. "Jim's solid, underneath—but not like so many of the folks hereabouts. He isn't solid clear through—head, heart and brains. By that I mean he's sensitive, that boy is. Take a boy like that, put him in the Army—he has to do a lot of things he doesn't like to do. Kill people. Shoot them. Fly an airplane and bomb cities. No, Jim would hate it. But he'd have to do it so he'd develop a kind of shell to protect him. That shell, that outer man, was just a robot, doing things other people told him to do. He

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INSTITUTE OF MENTALPHYSICS, Dept. U-136
213 South Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles 4, Calif.

wouldn't be doing any planning—he'd just carry out orders.

"Well—Jim goes on like that for a couple years. That shell begins to fit him pretty snugly. He gets so used to it he thinks it's really him. Then, suddenly, he's a civilian again. Might take a pretty straight-to-the-heart blow to knock off that shell, Serena. Or just a lot of patience and knowing you love him. Make him break out and start to think for himself once more."

Abruptly Father wheeled his chair around. "Bedtime. 'Night, Serena." And he was out of the room with a swish of rubber tires across the floor. I was used to Father's abrupt ways. He said what he thought and that was that.

But I couldn't go to bed. I sat there, bewildered. I knew Father was right, but it didn't help me any just now.

It seemed such a strange eve-before-Valentine's. Always before there had been the glow of anticipation as I wondered what the mail would bring from Jim. Even when he was in England he hadn't forgotten. And, before that, when he was home, I would be listening for the tiny "clunk" that meant he had stolen up on the front porch and had dropped his offering into our box. As a child on an evening like this—I would imagine his head bent over the paste pot and scissors, even as mine would be—

It was then that the idea really formed. I think it had been in the back of my mind ever since Father started talking.

I couldn't buy a Valentine for Jim—but I could make one!

I tiptoed around getting the materials. In the bottom of an old trunk I found stiff red paper; from some paper doilies I could cut out lace for the edge. Picture books—magazines—manicure scissors—glue—I was all ready.

There was no plan for that Valentine—it just grew. Somehow, all the things I had been remembering and dreaming about and all the hopes I had had for us, went into that card. There was so much to tell I made a double fold so that the story would carry over and I could put into it the nostalgia of the years we had shared together.

FAT cupids poised their arrows from the corners; my fingers trembled as I cut out the big heart for the center. It must be perfect! And across the face of it, like shadowy silhouettes, I placed the heads of a boy and a girl looking at each other, their profiles speaking of love and promise.

I found two children skating—would Jim remember those clear, cold, stilly nights on Tantilly pond?—and another of a boy carrying schoolbooks for the girl at his side. Would Jim smile tenderly when he thought of us trudging to school, the scorn of his friends' "Jimmie has a gir-rl!" And there was another—two figures dancing. Would Jim remember that first waxy, dew-fresh gardenia he had brought me to pin on my pink organdie dress?

And then, at last, the one of a soldier kissing his loved one goodbye. The Valentine ended there. The story was over, unless Jim wanted to write new chapters for us.

I found an envelope and my fingers shook as I placed it inside, crumpling the lace a little. Now that it was done—did I dare give it to him? Could I strip my pride to the bone like this—offer him my heart to take or break? Hurriedly I slipped into galoshes and

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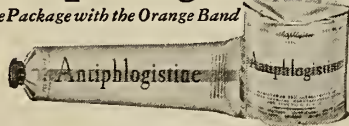
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parka hood and coat and ran—all the way to the dark Bellows house. Without giving myself time to think I dropped the Valentine into their mailbox for Jim to find.

Then I turned and ran home. It was hardly more than dawn before I crept downstairs to look in our own mailbox on the porch. Nothing! I hadn't really expected it—yet a tiny hope had lingered that perhaps Jim had come in the middle of the night because he really loved me—me alone.

It was that hope that had finally let me sleep after the torments of doubt and recrimination and humiliation I suffered. Now those torments returned.

My pride was being slowly tortured under the weight of imagination. I couldn't escape the picture of Jim opening that envelope—perhaps at the breakfast table with all the Bellows looking on—the surprise on Jim's face slowly turning to pity for me—the way he would try to protect me before the amused eyes of the others—the off-hand way he would try to dismiss it.

AND then—Jane. She had a ready and cutting wit and this would be her opportunity. She wasn't unkind or mean, Jane, but would she be above taking advantage of me, turning my offering into a joke—at my expense?

While I went about my usual work all day, I writhed inside at these pictures of my fancy. And every time the phone rang I died a little—wondering if it were Jim—

But it was never Jim. And the hours went on and as each one passed I knew, more certainly, that I had failed. It wasn't my kind of love Jim wanted. It wasn't my heart he wanted. And because a heart, useless and unloved, cannot really live I felt that mine was dead.

Evening came and away up at the head of the valley I could see the Bellows' house ablaze with lights for the party. If my heart could still have cried, there would have been tears. But there were none. I could imagine the gaiety and the laughter and the lovely Valentine decorations. I could see Jim and Jane dancing together.

My own house seemed bleak and lonely. Even the fire in the grate—the sound of the logs crackling—were empty sounds in an empty house. Father had gone to bed early and I sat there by myself.

Perhaps my thoughts made too unpleasant and too crowded a company because I didn't hear the door open behind me. Nor did I hear his footsteps or know he was there until he spoke. "Serena—"

I turned. It was Jim.

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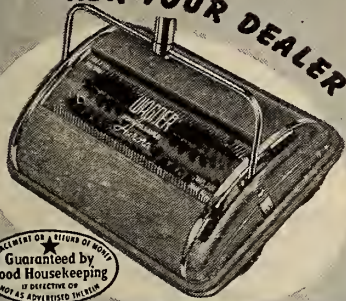
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I couldn't move; I could only stand and stare. He wasn't supposed to be here. He was at the Bellows house, at a party, dancing with Jane—

Then he opened his arms and drew me into them. A voice—his voice—was saying softly in my hair—

"Do you remember the nights and the days?

Do you remember the work and the play?

The hours we dreamed and the moments we kissed?

The letters that spoke of the love we had missed?"

he quoted, and my cheeks flushed red. That was part of the little, awkward poem I had made up and printed so carefully on the Valentine.

"It doesn't make very good poetry, does it, Jim?" I murmured in my confusion.

"It makes beautiful poetry, darling," he whispered and bent to kiss me. "No Byron or Shelley ever wrote anything as beautiful as that. Maybe it doesn't rhyme as well, but you wrote it and you wrote it for me and that's what counts."

He kissed me again—and suddenly, in my body, there was a quick, fearful stir of happiness. Jim was here. Jim was saying things—

"But—I thought you were at the party! I didn't expect you to come here tonight." Just words, because all the time I was speaking my hands were stealing of their own accord to his shoulders.

His own closed over mine. "I couldn't stay there, Serena. It was fun for a while but something was missing. I kept looking for you and you didn't come and then, suddenly, it all went flat and stale."

Then he was kissing me, and happiness was a torrent—an excruciating pain—a flood of ecstasy that filled my whole body. This was different. In his kiss was none of the desperation of that last time. Rather, it held us with a promise of continuity and a sureness that a meaning had returned that made our closeness a happy, joyous, forever thing.

But Yankee pride is a stubborn growth. Or maybe it's that sturdy honesty implanted by our forebears that refuses to let us be consoled by less than whole truths. Anyway, there was something I had to know.

"Tell me, Jim. When you bought that Valentine—you bought it for Jane, didn't you? You gave it to her?"

He didn't speak for a second, and then I felt his shoulders square.

"Yes, I bought it for her. I gave it to her this morning—before yours came. I was mixed-up and confused, Serena. I had persuaded myself that it was Jane I wanted, because she had a philosophy of life I thought I had, too. I gave her the Valentine and I told her father I was going to work for him tomorrow."

"BUT I'm not. When I was with Jane—well, it was easy to imagine going through life, laughing with her, laughing so that nothing could ever matter too much—not exploring life too deeply. Being with Jane and taking that job—it didn't require any decisions on my part. It seemed nice to just drift. But, underneath, I think my resistance was growing slowly. I was beginning to long for a couple of good, knotty problems I could get my teeth into and figure out for myself. I think the patient was beginning to recover." He said

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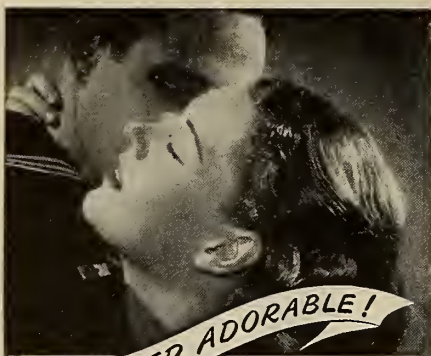
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this last flippantly, but there was no laughter in the back of his eyes.

"Then I got your card this morning. And it was all there for me to read. I couldn't evade the decision any more. And, more than anything else I knew that I needed you and your love and our kind of life as we had planned it, together."

Right then I hated the caution that was so much a part of my make-up. Because an insidious voice was whispering inside me: *Are you sure, Jim? Are you sure this is what you want? That it isn't just the sentiment of Valentines and a hungering for something you thought you had lost? Are you sure you want it—for keeps?*

He still held me close but we were silent. That was why we were able to hear those quick, light footsteps on the porch and the tiny but unmistakable sound of something dropping into the mail box.

When we went out there was no one there. But there was an envelope—slim—about twelve inches wide—twelve inches high—in the mail box. Jim's eyes were as puzzled as mine as we took it inside and opened the envelope.

It was THE Valentine. On the outside it read "Jane" in that bold, masculine scrawl I knew so well. But when I opened it a white piece of paper fluttered out. It was a note from Jane.

"I don't have to have a house fall on me, kids. Just who were you thinking of, Jim, when you signed this Valentine? And who were you thinking of when I opened my eyes that night of the accident, when I was still dazed from the shock, and you were bending over me, shaking me and crying—Serena! Serena! You didn't remember that, did you, Jim? You didn't even know you had said it. Well, nobody can say I'm not a good loser, Serena."

I turned over the Valentine and looked at the signature. On the outside it had said "Jane" but on the inside—"To Serena—with all my love, Jim."

My eyes were misty when I looked at him again. Big, generous, reckless Jane. Tears stung the backs of my eyes.

Jim kissed them softly. "It's hard to break a good habit, Serena. Looks as if you're the only girl I can ever send a Valentine to—ever."



Ken Delmar, who announces the Fred Allen Show on NBC, doubles as one of the Mighty Allen Art Players as well—as witness his faultless interpretation, above, of ardent old "Senator Claghorn," of Allen's fearful Alley.

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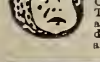
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"To the Girl I Love"

(Continued from page 23)

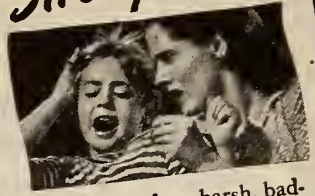
The fellow who took me to that game was one of my classmates, Harry Stephens. Harry was an inconspicuous sort of fellow, a good student with a nice, quiet sense of humor but showing very little evidence of having anything to offer either athletically or socially. I knew, in a cool, detached sort of way, that he was fond of me—I could read it in the sidelong glances he gave me, but it didn't really matter. I was nice to have admirers, of course, and I had read in a book somewhere that no man wants a girl whom no one else wants, so I felt that Harry might help the cause with my hero. But as far as caring about Harry was concerned—well, my heart belonged to Jack Morton forever and forever, and that was that.

After the game, we all went to the dance in the school gymnasium. And I told myself that it didn't really matter that I had only one dance with Jack and many with Harry. After all, Jack Morton was the hero of the hour—he had to distribute his favors.

The fourteenth of February came a few days after that basketball game and dance. I spent the intervening days alternating between a hope that burned high in my bosom, and telling myself that after all, I was grown up, now, and so was Jack Morton—Valentine's Day was for children, and probably Jack wouldn't even think of such a kiddish thing as sending a Valentine.

But on the morning of the fourteenth, besides the Valentines I knew had come from my family, and from my girl friends, there were two unidentified ones. One was a gigantic affair—the kind that a girl of that age today would label "definitely super!" It was, indeed, enough to gladden the heart of the most critical of Valentine-getters, and it made me as excited as I could remember ever having been about anything. Heart-shaped, made of

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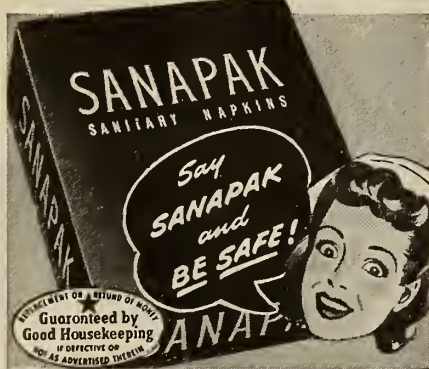
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satin, it was bordered in frilly lace. On it were the gilt figures of a boy and a girl in deep embrace, and below the request—no, the command!—"Be My Valentine!"

I tried to persuade myself that Jack had sent it to me, but in my heart of hearts I had to be honest with myself—I decided that it really must have come from Harry. The other Valentine was a simple, modest card showing a red heart with two golden arrows through it, and it said, "To The Girl I Love."

I went around all that day with my head in the clouds—but I was confused, too. I was happy as could be about the two unsigned Valentines, but who had sent them—or, more important, who had sent which? I had to know!

And later in the afternoon, I found out. Sara Schmidt, who worked in the local stationery store, dropped in for a chocolate malted while I was behind the fountain. There was nobody else in the store at the time, and I plucked up my courage to say, oh, very casually, "Look, Sara, I got a Valentine this morning, and I don't know who it's from. Have you any idea who bought this?" And I showed her the large, fancy Valentine.

Sara grinned at me. "Sure! Why, Jack Morton was the only one of the kids who bought any of those expensive ones!"

My heart literally stood still, and I beamed at her as if she had just given me a present of some kind, while I leaned on the chocolate-syrup faucet until the sticky stuff ran down over my hand. He had thought of me! He had sent me one of the most expensive Valentines in town! He cared!

Then I came out of my dream long enough to show Sarah the other Valentine. But she declared she'd never seen one exactly like that, and that it certainly hadn't been bought at her store. But it didn't really matter. What mattered was that Jack Morton had sent me the Valentine.

I lived on the joy of it for several days, until I saw Jack again—when he came into the drugstore and sat down

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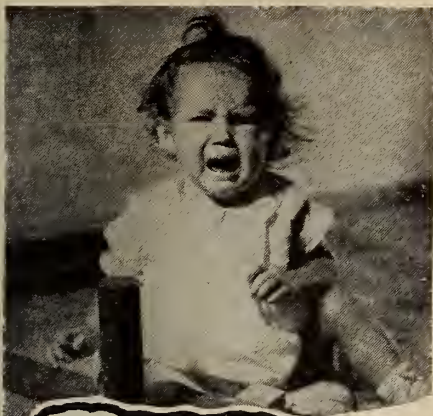
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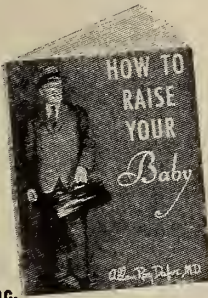
The man who wears it in the lapel of his civilian suit may bear a visible wound, or a wound you cannot see, but in every case it speaks of suffering and sacrifice endured on your behalf. Learn to recognize the Honorable Service Emblem as instantly as you do a uniform, so that to every veteran you meet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



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at the counter. I wasn't very diplomatic about it—maybe the lawyer in me hadn't begun to come out yet—but I simply blurted out, "Jack, that was a beautiful Valentine you sent me, the best I ever saw!"

He waved a casual, lordly hand. "Think nothing of it, kid. You deserved it!" He returned his attention to the list of flavors.

My heart turned as cold as the chipped ice in the little scoop in my hand. "D—deserved it?" I put down the scoop very slowly. "What do you mean?"

"Say, any girl who can whip up a soda the way you can, deserves a little token of appreciation like that." He smiled in smug self-satisfaction. "Any of the other boys think to send you one, to show you how much they appreciate the stuff you put out from behind the fountain?"

THAT was all it meant to him—a little token of appreciation. For a moment I was literally sick, and I turned away so that he wouldn't see what I knew must be written all over my face. I had been dealt a bitter, bitter blow—Jack loved me with his stomach, not his heart!

I cried myself to sleep that night, and for days I went around with the feeling that all was over for me. I was only fifteen, and my life was finished. It made a very sad picture, and I realize now that I got a good deal of enjoyment out of the thought of my pining away into an early grave, and Jack discovering, too late, that he loved me after all. That would be revenge, sweet and soothing!

It was a week later that I learned the truth about Harry's Valentine. Sara was right—it hadn't been purchased in her store, or any store. Harry admitted that he'd made it himself and had inscribed with his own careful hand that simple, sincere message, "To the girl I love."

I will never forget the look of timid adoration in his eyes when he finally dared to tell me the truth about his feeling for me—it is one of the sweetest memories of my girlhood.

And I'll never forget, either, the thrill of unknown, untried feeling that went through me when he took my hand in his that day, nor how I felt when, later, he tenderly and bashfully gave me my very first kiss.

It was, of course, puppy love. I was "Harry's girl" for over a year, and then he moved to another town. But whenever Valentine's Day rolls around, I think with gratitude of his dear sincerity—the feeling in him which taught me a great truth about love. It's the same truth that we all know in our hearts: *The greatest happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved, loved for ourselves . . .*

The greatest happiness . . . I have known it, I know it now. The happiness that transcends all extraneous things, that makes two people proof against all the adversity and hardship, the fears and misunderstandings, that the world can bring.

If you have that conviction, this Valentine's Day, don't fail to be grateful. Cherish it, and remember that you are one of the world's truly lucky ones.

And remember, too, that love like this is not something that has been unreservedly handed out to you, and that will go on flourishing if it's neglected. It is both your most precious possession—and your biggest, most important responsibility.

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NOXZEMA

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 15)

I don't usually pass up dessert."

Todd evidently pleased his cigarette sponsor because he has just been renewed for twenty-six more weeks.

Dick was born twenty-nine years ago in Montreal, the son of an Irish-born professional soldier who served in three wars, the Boer, World Wars I and II.

The boy did most of his early singing in school plays, starting when he was five with a tune called "Here Comes the Sandman."

"My father thought this a little sissy-fied. After the performance he brought me a set of soldiers."

Dick learned to play trumpet, not too competently, and formed a teen-age band. His friends urged him to quit school, but he took his father's advice and enrolled at McGill University for an engineering course.

Dick made the varsity football, hockey, water polo, wrestling, and boxing teams but was not an outstanding student. He quit before his senior year to sing on CFCF, Montreal.

"I should have known going to college was a mistake. Back in high school I was experimenting with some chemicals and the whole darned classroom went on fire."

The Canadian crooner clicked on the air, won himself a flock of local sponsors. Some of his recordings reached New York and Chicago and he was promptly imported. In this country, Dick sang with Larry Clinton, Glenn Miller and on such radio shows as Basin Street, Duffy's Tavern, Uncle Walter's Dog House. His RCA-Bluebird recordings were best-sellers. Then came the war and the temporary postponement of his progress.

"They liked me in Curonto but forgot about me on Broadway," Dick said philosophically.

Dick is a bachelor, lives alone and likes it in a New York theatrical hotel, the Forrest. Between radio appearances, benefit performances and rigorous rubdowns and workouts in Turkish baths and gymnasiums, the blue-eyed singer maintains an active date book. I asked Dick how many girl friends he has. He stuck out five fingers.

"But," he added, "the one and only i the pinky."



Singer Andy Russell practices up with conductor Paul Weston for one of those Capitol discs that have shot into high favor.

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