

Radio Mirror

June
15¢

*Ann Sothern
and Patricia*

IN PICTURES!

The Romance of Helen Trent

Lips radiant as glowing embers

Color
Throbbing
Startling
Utterly New

Floress

THE
FLUORESCENT
LIPSTICK

-  PINK PASSION
Radiates Glowing Pink
-  NEON RED
Radiates Orange Red
-  SCARLET SEQUIN
Radiates True Red
-  TWILIGHT FUCHSIA
Radiates Fuchsia, Magenta
-  BLUE FLAME
Radiates Blue Red



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Check here for
 REGULAR 51 SIZE
in beautiful all metal swivel case,
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Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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CHECK SHADES

- Pink Passion
- Neon Red
- Scarlet Sequin
- Twilight Fuchsia
- Blue Flame

* In Canada: Large Size is \$1.35—C. O. D.'s Accepted

Even Venus couldn't
get away with that!



How can a goddess stay on her pedestal unless she stays nice to be near?

SURE YOUR BEAUTY will get a lift from that fragrant bubble bath! But what's to keep your freshness from fading after the bath is over?

It's as simple as this: Mum's the word for *lasting* charm. Your bath, you see, washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum guards against risk of *future* underarm odor.

With Mum you play safe. You play fair with your friends.

Take 30 seconds for Mum. Smooth Mum on each underarm. Half a minute and you're protected, all day or evening. Your fresh-from-the-bath appeal marks you as a girl who is nice to be near.

Creamy, snowy-white Mum won't irritate your skin or injure fine fabrics. And it won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Safe and gentle Mum smooths on easily even *after* you're dressed. Get a jar of Mum today.



Mum



takes the odor out of perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers

CONTENTS FOR JUNE

Radio Mirror

1946

VOL. 26, NO. 1

COMING

NEXT

MONTH



To Homeville, Just Plain Bill's town, went our Living Portraits photographer to take the vivid pictures of Bill and all his friends for the July Radio Mirror.

* * *

Prudence Barker, A Woman Of America, discovers in the pages of an old diary a description of a long-ago Independence Day, and tells the story of the new, strong faith those pages helped her build.

* * *

Also in July—motherly Aunt Jenny goes on with the story of Phil and Sally (Once We're Married)—The irrepressible Mr. and Mrs. North clash with crime in another of their rapid-fire adventures—And on the cover, lovely Marilyn Erskine, of CBS's Let's Pretend, wears the dreamiest bridesmaid's gown you ever saw.

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ON THE COVER—Ann Sothern, star of CBS's *Maisie*, with her baby. Color Portrait by Hymie Fink; story on Page 14.

Helen Trent's furs from Harry Trencher, Madison Avenue, New York; gown by Miss America

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Together Again

IRRESISTIBLE *P.W. LIPSTICK

and METAL SWIVEL CASE

*Pre-War IRRESISTIBLE is back!

The smoother lipstick, longer-lasting, more wonderful than ever thanks to wartime research. WHIP-TEXT through our secret process, of long scarce materials, IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK is creamy soft as you love it, yet firm, non-breaking... and comes in a smart metal swivel case that works!

in
handsome
metal
swivel
case

10c
&
25c
SIZES

Irresistible RUBY RED Lipstick

a deep, rich red... WHIP-TEXT to be s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r... longer lasting!



Radi-I-Q

By JACK LLOYD



One point for each correct answer—check yours with those on page 69. A score between 8 and 6 is good, 6-4, fair, and below 4—well, listen in more often, won't you?

1. Dashiell Hammett, the creator of "The Thin Man" and "The Maltese Falcon" has a brand new detective represented on ABC. The obese gent is known as— *THE FAT MAN*
2. Let's see if you know who's responsible for these phrases:
 - a. Wake up, America, time to stump the experts.
 - b. Is that you, Myrt?
 - c. Watta revoltin' development.
3. On Phil Spitalny's Hour of Charm you often hear beautiful violin solos by a gal whose first name is— *Ann*
4. Match the following actors with the parts they portray on the airways:

a. Jay Jostyn	1. Dr. Christian
b. Dick Powell	2. Steve Wilson
c. Ezra Stone	3. Tom Mix
d. Jean Hersholt	4. Mr. D. A.
e. Edward Pawley	5. Richard Rogue
f. Curly Bradley	6. Henry Aldrich
5. When you hear this CBSinger giving out with a song called "The Same Time, The Same Place, Tomorrow Night", you know your dial's tuned to— *Smith*
6. Unscramble the names of these network commentators:
 - a. Quincy Harkness
 - b. Frank Searchinger
 - c. Raymond Van
 - d. Caesar Howe
 - e. Richard Singiser
 - f. Lyle Swing
7. Not busy enough writing Pepper Young's Family, Rosemary and When a Girl Marries, one of radio's finest scripters now has a new Mutual "playhouse" helping unknown writers to get a break. Her name is—
8. Name the quiz-masters of the following shows:
 - a. Detect and Collect
 - b. Give and Take
 - c. Take It Or Leave It *Baker*
 - d. Break the Bank



"I like to curl up with a good book"

"You're kidding! You'd like a full date book and here's how:"

KEEP FRESH! Shower your body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Like a cooling caress it sweetens your skin and leaves you fresh all over.

FEEL SMOOTH! Before you dress smooth Cashmere Bouquet Talc over chafable places. For hours your body benefits from its pearly smooth sheath of protection.

STAY DAINTY! Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc at least twice a day, for coolness, for comfort and for the heavenly scent it gives your skin. It's the fragrance men love.



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TALC**

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

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FACING the MUSIC



HER MANAGERS won't admit it but modest Jo Stafford would be willing to cut her income in half if she could reside permanently in California. Her popularity demands that Jo divide her time between both coasts and her NBC cigarette sponsor prefers to have his series emanate from New York.

Jo's success has naturally made her prey for all sorts of interviews and because of her retiring nature she is difficult to secure news from. Jo likes nothing better than to discuss music with real musicians and has little interest in or patience with anything else.

Johnny Desmond, the cropped haircut crooner, has signed a lengthy contract with Warner Brothers, so you'll be seeing and hearing him shortly on the screen.

Both singer Bob Graham and orchestra leader Carmen Dragon have been re-packed for the Fanny Brice Baby Snooks show.

When Ginny Simms retires from the air this summer to have her baby, the plan is to have other famous girl singers and mothers like Alice Faye, Judy Garland, and Betty Grable pinch hit.

Georgia Carroll, Kay Kyser's beautiful wife and former cover girl is another expectant mother.

Frankie Carle gets more money playing as a guest piano soloist on network programs than he does when he brings his whole band along.

There's quite a rivalry blooming between Ray McKinley's band and Tex Beneke's outfit, both claiming they are carrying on the traditions of Glenn Miller, for whom they both worked.

Although Bing Crosby's future radio plans may have already been revealed, it is still worth mentioning that an oil company is reported to have made The Groaner a fantastic offer that included the donation of several active oil wells.

The Voice himself leads a group of young Voices—Frank Sinatra rehearses the Bob Mitchell Boys' Choir for an appearance on his show, Wednesday night, CBS.

A blind date with "a swell young fellow in the radio business" led to romance for Joy Hodges, but it was her own very fine voice that brought success in that business!

By **KEN ALDEN**

However the fact that publicity on this got about seems to have nullified the offer.

Bing's return to the Music Hall ended Frank Morgan's tenure but Morgan is not without radio work. He's the summer replacement for Jack Benny and in the Fall gets his own show for a cigarette sponsor.

Quite a furor arose when WQAM, Miami, banned Count Basie's recording of "Queer Street" on the grounds that "even without lyrics the unrestrained use of barbaric rhythms and suggestive melody makes it unfit for listeners."

Curiously enough, Basie's records were among the first to be banned by the Nazis as unfit for the Aryan ear.

Although Jean Tennyson's Great Moments in Music CBS shows broadcast from a 2,000-seat broadcasting theater there is never any audience. The soprano star is one of the few performers who sincerely believes that radio is for the listener-in and not the studio observer. She maintains that having an audience influences the singer to "play to" a small handful

rather than concentrating on the unseen millions tuning in.

Dolly Dawn, one of radio's better singers, is recovering from an appendectomy.

There's still a very good chance that Phil Harris will finally get a permanent radio show of his own.

Trials of a glamor girl . . . Hollace Shaw, singing lovely on the Saturday Night Serenade, complained with a glimmer of humor in her orbs about a sitting date in the network's photo studio last week. She spent an hour grooming her eyelashes, making them dark and curling so they'd shadow her eyes just right. And the photographer spent hours taking shots of her wearing new style smoked sun glasses!

A JOY FOREVER

Joy Hodges, the curvy caroler, was consoling herself in a bubble bath when the telephone jangled noisily.

"I wasn't too annoyed by the interruption," Joy told me as she recounted the incident. "People in show business are used to getting phone calls at the worst possible times. When you're trying to get a break you usually depend on the phone as a good news carrier."

The voice on the other end of the

**Be
Good
To It ...**

FOR the health of your scalp and the looks of your hair be continually on guard against infectious dandruff.

It is widespread, easy-to-catch and hard-to-get-rid-of. Its distressing flakes, scales and itching can really raise hob with your appearance.

Do as thousands of fastidious women do . . . make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a regular part of your home shampoo. Insist on it at your beauty shop.

Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderful precaution because it kills the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (*Pityrosporum Ovale*) which many dermatologists say is a causative agent of this obnoxious infection. So, at the first sign of flakes, scales or itching, start at once with Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice daily . . . the treatment that has helped so many . . . it may help you.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
and MASSAGE for
INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF



The "BOTTLE BACILLUS" (*PITYROSPORUM OVALE*)

This is the stubborn germ that so many dermatologists call a causative agent of infectious dandruff. Listerine Antiseptic kills it readily. Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



Bob himself is the leading spirit of the fun-and-music Bob Crosby Show, CBS Wednesday night.



First a choir singer, then a secretary, now Abbott and Costello's NBC Show vocalist—pretty Amy Arnell.



(Continued from page 4) wire was that of a friend, announcer Jackson Wheeler.

"Joy, honey," he asked, "how about going out tonight on a blind date?"

"Who is he?"

"A swell young fellow, Paul Dudley. He's a radio producer, directs Spotlight Bands and a lot of other shows. He may do you some good."

"Okay, Jack," Joy answered, convinced of her escort's capabilities, "pick me up here."

That blind date happened in 1942, a low water mark in the career of Iowa-born Joy Hodges.

"I was sort of depressed," Joy told me as we chatted in her attractive East Fiftyish duplex apartment. "I had made some good impressions in show business but mostly as a pinch hitter filling in for ailing stars. I made about fifteen flop pictures at Universal. I knew I needed some one to help me and stop this second fiddle type casting."

The blind date was arranged by a radio announcer but Cupid evidently was the silent partner. It was love at first sight for Joy and Paul. But it didn't turn out exactly as Joy had expected. The war interrupted their marriage. Paul joined the Army where he helped supervise Glenn Miller's GI band. Joy went overseas for the USO.

Just recently they have been reunited, but Paul, despite his radio connections and show business experience, has had little to do with his attractive wife's recent microphone success.

"He has never given me two words of advice," Joy complained mildly.

I asked Paul about that.

"Joy didn't need my advice or connections," he explained philosophically; "she just needed a darned good friend and husband and a little encouragement."

Dudley was evidently right. Joy's career has suddenly begun to thrive. You can hear her any weekday morning on NBC's Honeymoon in New York, currently a sustainer but touted as a commercial sure-thing.

Curiously enough Joy is still considered a reliable pinch hitter by theatrical producers. She still answers their three-alarm fires but the radio success has sparked her confidence.

It all started when she replaced Rosemary Lane in "Best Foot Forward." Then June Knight took sick a few hours before curtain time for

NEW RECORDS

DUKE ELLINGTON: His Carnegie Hall inspired Black, Brown and Beige tone parallel to the American Negro handsomely disced on two 12-inch Victor records that should be a must.

BENNY GOODMAN: Spins on oldie, "It's the Talk of the Town," paired with the new "Swing Angel" for Columbia.

WOODY HERMAN: A tribute to "Atlanta, G.A." and his sponsor, "Wild Root" is the current bobby sockers' baton hero's latest Columbia pressing.

PHIL MOORE FOUR: A rhythmic quartet give "Ole Man River" and "I Got Sixpence" an unusual instrumental treatment on this Musicraft special.

PEGGY LEE: A new voice to be reckoned with. Hear her sing "I Can See It Your Way" and "I Don't Know Enough About You" for Capitol.

BENNY CARTER: Unadulterated swing by a new recording band for a new recording company, De Luxe, concentrating on "Who's Sorry Now" and an old Gershwin, "Looking for a Boy."

JEAN SABLON: The French Bing Crosby sings two now-familiar hits, "Symphony" and "It Might As Well Be Spring" as you've never heard them sung before. Don't miss it. Decca.

FREDDY MARTIN: The novelty, "One-zy, Two-zy" matched with "Sleepy Baby" for a smooth change of pace. A Victor pressing.

MARK WARNOW-VERA BARTON: A popular radio pair do pretty things with "Slowly" and "Take All" on this Sonora platter.

DINAH SHORE: There's none finer than "Shoo-Fly Pie" and "Here I Go Again" (Columbia).

"Dream With Music" and harried producer Dick Kollmar found his joyful substitute dining at "21." He talked fast and pulled her out of the restaurant with as much gusto as he reveals playing radio's "Boston Blackie."

Joy then did the road version of "Something For the Boys," filling Joan Blondell's shoes, and when Marilyn Maxwell tiffed with Eddie Cantor before the Broadway opening of "Nellie Bly," the pop-eyed producer whisked Joy to Boston as a last minute replacement.

"Even when I went overseas for the USO I was playing someone else's original part, that of Ethel Merman's in 'Anything Goes'."

Joy was born in Des Moines, the daughter of a postal clerk. When she was in 11-year-old pigtails she made her professional debut, singing at a big revival meeting attended by 50,000 frenetic joiners.

After singing through high school, she won a singing contest and then joined Jimmy Grier's orchestra. She was still known as Frances Eloise but when a music critic said she made singing a joy, she quickly reconverted her handle.

Joy was married once before, to a prominent Omaha newspaperman. She refused to discuss the details of this union.

Joy stands 5 feet, 4½ inches, weighs 118 pounds, has gray green eyes and calls herself a "brownette."

She has a temper but gets over it quickly. It last flared up when a friend called to invite her to play bridge, filling in for a fourth who suddenly cancelled out.

"Even at the bridge table they want to make me a substitute," she wailed. But she wasn't having any. She doesn't have to any more. Chances are good that from here on she doesn't have to understudy anyone.

You'll adore it...this new Improved

POSTWAR ARRID

No other Deodorant
stops perspiration and odor
so effectively, yet so safely!

... As shown by our tests ...

It's the improved deodorant you've been waiting for! The new, soft, smooth, creamy deodorant that gives you maximum protection against perspiration and odor with safety to your skin and clothes! We believe no other deodorant of any sort... liquid or cream... meets the standard set by this wonderful new Postwar Arrid for stopping perspiration and odor with safety!



For Summer Evenings

Glamorous clothes, more utterly feminine than you've worn for years! Fragile fabrics, to make you look like a delicate flower. More than ever you'll need Arrid's thorough protection. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely! Smart women use Arrid daily.

so Soft...so Smooth...so Creamy



★ Postwar Arrid comes in a package with a star above the price.

WIDE, TIGHT MIDRIFFS are top fashion news! To accentuate their slimness, skirts are very full. But bodices are snug, with close-fitting armholes. Rely on Arrid to guard against perspiration stains. Arrid is shown by our tests to be more effective in stopping perspiration than any other leading deodorant cream!

Only safe gentle Arrid gives you this thorough 5 way protection:

1. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.
2. More effective in stopping perspiration than any other leading deodorant cream, according to our laboratory tests.
3. Does not rot clothes. Does not irritate the skin. Antiseptic.
4. Soft, smooth, creamy... easy to apply. Greaseless and stainless, too.
5. Awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

39¢ plus tax Also 10¢ and 59¢

ARRID...gives maximum protection against perspiration
with safety to skin and clothes!

SOME OF THE MANY STARS WHO USE ARRID: Carol Bruce • Gertrude Niesen • Beatrice Lillie • Grace Moore • Jessica Dragonette • Jane Froman

B
M

7

WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast



Being an actress was, to Muriel Bremner, simply a matter of following the family.

Psychologist, housewife, romantic interest—Mary Patton's roles on My True Story, ABC.



Two of Edgar Bergen's favorite people relax with him on a lazy day—his lovely wife, Frances, and that wooden rascal, Charlie.

By DALE BANKS

MAYBE you had an idea that modern inventions don't affect our lives? Betty Mandeville, who directs the F.B.I. in Peace and War program gets plenty of fan mail after every broadcast. A recent letter from a youngster kind of floored her. It was a complaint against the action in a broadcast dealing with juvenile delinquency. "Keep your crooks older," the letter begged. "It's tough enough to get out nights now!"

As this is being written, Orson Welles is in New York, preparing a Mercury Theatre production for Broadway. Naturally, wherever Orson is, stories are born. One of his co-workers comes up with this one.

Welles is a speech purist—a stickler for the exactly right word for every thought. It really bothers him to hear sloppy speech around him and he's always compelled to take a crack at it.

But now, one slangy young actor has achieved the distinction of leaving the

usually smart-on-the-comeback Orson speechless. While Welles was directing a local radio show, he found himself getting very annoyed by this young actor's repeated use of two words throughout the rehearsal. Making his remarks as tactful as possible, but nevertheless managing to sound like a stuffy professor about it, Welles said to the actor, "I wish you'd promise never to use two words. One is 'swell' and the other is 'lousy.' Will you promise me that?"

"Sure, Mr. Welles," the young actor answered. Then he said brightly, "What are the two words?"

It doesn't happen often, but when Fielden Farrington, CBS announcer, does get one of his literary efforts published, he really makes good with it. He told us the other day that he'd written about 200 short stories—and

sold only one. But the one he sold was listed in the 1944 Anthology of Best Short Stories. Now, Farrington has written a novel titled, "The Big Noise", which will be published by Crown Publishers.

Now that the war's over, we're coming across more and more stories about improved telephone service. We had one of our own, when the telephone company sent six men in as many days to tinker with a long extension wire, with the result that the long wire we really need so we wouldn't have to jump up from the desk every time the phone rang grew smaller and smaller.

Another story that's come our way has to do with a similar bit of improved service. David Gregory, scriptor on the RCA Victor program, got himself a strep throat a couple of weeks ago. Talking was no pleasure to Gregory for ten days. So he ordered his telephone temporarily disconnected. Word got around and all

Are you in the know?



Which is a "must" in leg make-up?

- Defuzzing
- Debumping
- Artful application

S-m-o-o-t-h is the word for glamour-gams. So whisk off the "whiskers" with a good depilatory. Discourage bumps with soap-and-water scouring; soften your legs with lotion. Then apply make-up artfully, following directions with care. (See? Each answer above is right!) It's all part of a gal's grooming ritual. And so is keeping dainty... especially on "difficult" days. You know, Kotex contains a *deodorant*... locked inside each napkin so it can't shake out. Don't overlook this new Kotex safeguard for your daintiness!

What's the cure for this coiffure?

- An upsweep
- A snood
- A good thinning out

That bush on Nellie's head is strictly barber-bait! What's the cure? A good thinning out. A frizzy effect or too many curls just can't compete with a simple, sleek coiffure. If *your* locks have a moppish look, have your hairdresser shear and shape them. Self-confidence goes with good grooming... and (on "those" days) with Kotex, too. That exclusive *safety center* of Kotex gives you *plus* protection. You're confident because your secret's safe—thanks to Kotex sanitary napkins.

If you're budget-bound, which should you buy?

- A suit
- A conversation print
- A fancy formal

Does your budget hoot at your wardrobe plans? Well, then, pick one of the new soft suits. You can wear it more often—with varied accessories keyed to most every occasion and mood. Be a shrewd shopper. Always latch on to the type of duds you can *keep* living with, longer. And when buying sanitary napkins, remember—you can keep *comfortable* with Kotex. Because Kotex is the napkin with lasting softness... made to *stay soft while wearing*. Naturally, Kotex is first choice.

If stranded on the dance floor, should you—

- Join the wallflowers
- Retreat to the dressing-room
- Yoo-hoo to the stag line

A solid joe would know better, but if ever a goon-guy thanks you for the dance and leaves you marooned—what to do? Walk nonchalantly to the dressing-room. There you can regain your composure and reappear later—with no one the wiser. Such trying episodes challenge your poise. Just as trying *days* often do... but not when you have the help of Kotex! For Kotex has special *flat, tapered ends* that don't show revealing outlines. So why be shy of the public eye? Just rely on Kotex!



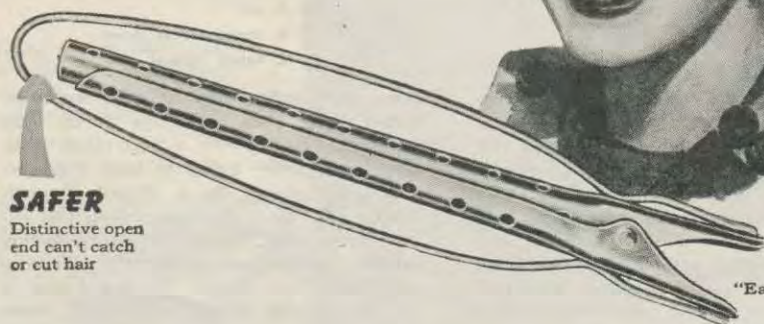
A DEODORANT in every Kotex* napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

REVOLUTIONARY NEW CURLER AVOIDS BROKEN HAIR ENDS

No matter how beautiful your permanent, no matter how natural your wave, broken hair ends can cause ugly, unmanageable frizz.

The revolutionary new GAYLA "Easy-Lock" Curlers "baby" brittle hair-ends, treat them softly, gently—thanks to the unique "open end" feature. No wonder your hair looks so soft, so lovely, so natural!



SAFER
Distinctive open end can't catch or cut hair

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DON'T RISK A FRIZZY HAIR-DO BY BREAKING, MASHING, CUTTING



Get a whole set of these new, safer curlers today and help yourself to uniformly soft, flattering, natural curls every time.

Gayla
"EASY-LOCK"
CURLER

by the makers of the famous
Gayla Hold-Bob bobby pins and hairpins



With a wit as nimble as his flying feet, dancer-comedian Ray Bolger takes over the Durante-Moore CBS spot for summer.

(Continued from page 8) of Gregory's friends, ourselves included, took to writing him letters when we had something to convey to the invalid.

It was the phone company that nearly drove him crazy. In three days, he got more than twenty calls from the company to make sure he wasn't being disturbed, to check with him on the temporary nature of the disconnection and to assure him that the company would give him its fullest cooperation.

It's wonderful how a well known radio voice, sometimes, comes in handy. Katherine Raht, who plays Henry Aldrich's mother on the air, tells this one on herself.

She'd called a window cleaner to wash her windows at a certain time, since housekeeping with her has to be fitted into her radio schedule. But no cleaner appeared and she got a little annoyed. So she called the office of the company and began a mild tirade, until the young man at the other end interrupted to ask whether he hadn't heard her voice somewhere before. So Kay unloosed her famous call for "Hen-ree! HENry Aldrich!" "Yes ma'am, that's it," said the young man, respectfully, adding, "Coming, Mother!" And he was there in a few minutes.

Back in February "Ole" Olsen of the Olsen and Johnson team, campaigned for "postcard showers" to brighten the lives of handicapped children. It's our hope that these showers will continue. Why not take a few minutes a day, look up the names and addresses of local hospitals and institutions in your vicinity and send a few cards to the kids? It's a good idea and fine for the morale of children whose lives are none too bright as a rule.

Landlady with an ear! Here's a cute musical note. When the three Berv Brothers, Arthur, Jack and Harry, who all play French horn with the NBC Symphony, first came to New York, they had to play an audition for their prospective landlady before she would take them in.

Our whispering scouts tell us they've come across a bit of superstition that delights their little hearts. They've spotted Red Skelton and Bill Thompson—the Old Timer on the Fibber McGee and Molly show—meeting in the corridor at the studio in Hollywood, every Tuesday night and kicking each other in the pants before going on the air. "For luck . . ."

If you've been listening to Piano Playhouse on Sunday afternoons, you're familiar with Milton Cross's whacky solos, which he plays along with the experts, using whatever he finds handy on which to play, be it a pitch pipe or whatever. The thing you don't know is that more than 1,000 people around the country have chimed in with Cross. Most of them are frustrated piano players, who write in that they follow the program, playing the melodies on their own pianos, while the expert improvisations of Cy Walter, Les Crosley, Bill Clifton and Eral Wild come over the air. A new type audience participation.

Jimmy Edmondson, new comedy star, has a peculiar talent. He can read, write and pronounce words backwards. In fact, he started his show business career in vaudeville as "Professor Backwards." He's not quite sure how he developed this talent, but he says it sure came in handy in the days when he was a sports reporter for a Jacksonville, Fla. newspaper. He was always able to check over his stories while they were still set in type—which is, of course, backwards. He says, those stories set in type were YREV YSAE OT DAER.

In case you didn't know, a lot of Perry Como's movie "Doll Face" is based on fact. In the picture the star is called upon to sell his barber shop to finance himself in show business. The facts are that Como once ran his own barber shop in Cannonsburg, Pa. and he sold it to take a whack at singing professionally.

Frank and Doris Hursley are a couple of swell people. They script the Those Websters for Mutual and they



Nothing but trouble for House Jameson, at least on the air, for he's both Henry Aldrich's father, and The Crime Doctor.

"... it's definitely the kind of make-up that does things for you!"



THE COLORS OF EVENING IN PARIS face powder are so wonderful . . . and the smooth velvet texture clings for hours. Evening in Paris rouge and lipstick are designed to harmonize, of course, so your make-up always has that exquisite perfection you strive for.

You really should try this marvelous Evening in Paris make-up . . . you'll see why the men say "if a lovely woman would be even lovelier...her make-up should be Evening in Paris."

Evening in Paris
 Face Powder \$1.00
 Rouge 50¢
 Lipstick 50¢
 plus tax



BOURJOIS N. Y.—Distributor

Tune in the Powder Box Theater—Thursday, 10:30 P. M., E. D. T., Columbia Network.



1. Start here—to look your prettiest with a radiant new complexion. Over clean face and neck, spread Hopper White Clay Pack. Relax while it coaxes your tense, weary skin back to fresher loveliness. A marvelous deflaker of "top skin." And no slouch at cleansing clogged pore openings.

Once
a week—
While
Clay
Pack



2. About 8 minutes later. Off with your beauty mask, using plenty of clear, cool water. Now feel your softer, smoother skin. See its brighter bloom. That's the new glow from White Clay Pack's gentle *blushing action*. Your skin looks more radiant. Texture appears finer. And your make-up—um-m-m . . . glamorous!

How to
Spring Clean
your skin

Edna Wallace Hopper Twin Treatment
works beauty magic on
dry, flaky skin . . . clogged pore openings



3. Daily . . . mere minutes for beauty-cleansing—the kind that helps you hold onto the new radiance you awakened with your weekly White Clay Pack. Start at the base of your throat, pat on Hopper Homogenized Facial Cream with upward, outward strokes. (Follow diagram arrows). This rich, blush pink cream is *homogenized* for exquisite cleansing, expert lubrication.

Every Day—
Homogenized
Facial
Cream

4. What lovely things your mirror says. And why not? You look prettier, younger because your skin is *beauty-cleansed*. And only a clean skin can be lovely . . . *Ps-s-t!* Extra beauty note: Try Facial Cream as a lubricant. Smooth on a thin film at bedtime. Or before starting your household chores.



Sold at leading cosmetic counters

get the material for the hilarious adventures of their air characters right out of their own home. The Hursley children range in age from seven to eighteen years and all of them constantly act their age—loudly. Frank and Doris weren't always radio writers. Frank is an associate professor of English on leave from the University of Wisconsin and holds a doctor's degree in American Literature. Doris is a practicing lawyer who resigned from the Industrial Commission of Wisconsin to concentrate on her radio writing.

Sammy Kaye is keeping a record of the answers he gets on his So You Want To Lead a Band show, when he asks people why they want to lead a band. Here are some of the answers he's collected so far.

"My girl friend is bandleader-crazy."

"I like to wear nice clothes."

"My brother-in-law is a saxophonist and hasn't worked for two years. If I got a band of my own, I would put him to work for a change."

"It would give me a good excuse to stay out late."

"It's the easiest way I know to make a million bucks."

(From a girl). "I think I'd look cute leading a band."

"I'd like to see my name in print."

(From a 350 pound male). "It's good exercise."

And the topper of all, so far, from a young lady, "Well, I've done about everything else."

To radio's "The Voice" and movie-land's "The Body", add some new tags created on the Celebrity Club show. Jackie Kelk is now known as "The Squeak", conductor Ray Bloch is "The Scalp" and Margaret Whiting is "The Spring". Margaret's monicker comes from her swell rendition of "It Might As Well Be Spring!"

This time the alibi worked! William Bendix, who's always in and out of



Chuck Worcester, right, editor of CBS's Country Journal, inspects a new potato variety with Department of Agriculture's Dr. E. S. Schultz.

scrapes in The Life of Riley, has just sent congratulations to a kid in Atlanta, Ga. The boy was indicted for robbery and he was released when he proved that he was at home listening to the "Riley" program at the time the robbery was committed. His trial was held up until a script and a transcription of the program could be sent to the court as evidence.

We hear that Cy Harrice, moderator on the RCA Victor show, gives his spare time to invention. So far, he's patented a toothbrush with a gum massaging device, a new type of sun glass, a clothes rack with pockets and an egg beater that separates the whites from the yolks. Right now, he's working on a new kind of lipstick, something to do with two lipsticks in one.

We were let in on something pretty wonderful over at CBS the other day. We sat up in the Television studio and watched their new Color Television. There's all the difference between this and plain black and white television that there is between the movies and real life. For some reason, it has more of the real quality of living performance in all its color and change than Technicolor has ever managed to achieve. It may be because while you're watching you know that actors are really performing what you see just a few doors away and a few seconds before you see it. It's the big new development in television.

There's a little difficulty, however. Sets which receive the black-and-white pictures, can't receive the colored ones. It takes a special mechanism to transmit the color. CBS is busy dickering with manufacturers to add one small gadget to the sets they are going to put on the market soon, to make them able to bring you these new colored pictures. Sets so equipped could take both color and black-and-white transmissions.

Gossip and stuff . . . Radio people in the movies . . . Parkyakarkus will make a movie this summer, based on his radio show . . . James Melton is in the new "Ziegfeld Follies" . . . Ed Wynn has been offered a contract by MGM to co-star with his son Keenan . . . Eugene List, frequent guest pianist on top radio shows, to appear in a picture as a result of his success on NBC's Harvest of Stars show . . . Red Skelton now working on "The Show Off" with Marylyn Maxwell and Virginia O'Brien co-starred . . . We hear Dinah Shore's having a swimming pool dug on her ranch—the digger, ex-serviceman George Montgomery, her husband . . . Hoagy Carmichael has musical doorbells in his home. Front doorbell plays the opening strains of "Stardust" and the back door, "Georgia On My Mind" We would take a variation on that. If we could work it, our front doorbell would play "How Little We Know," and the back one Hoagy's terrific "Hong Kong Blues." But after all, they're Hoagy's chimes, not ours . . . Boston Blackie, popular in movies and radio, may be made into a Broadway play, if plans of Richard Kollmar materialize. Kollmar combines acting, directing and producing and currently has a Broadway musical hit on his hands, "Are You With It?" . . . Milton Berle will debut a new quiz program this summer . . . Rumor has it that Tommy Dorsey will have an air show of his own, this summer, without band. He will act as emcee and trombone soloist . . . Good listening . . .



A BARRIER STOOD BETWEEN US

Misunderstanding and coldness loomed like a wall between us. I should have realized why, because I knew about feminine hygiene and the difference it can make. But I'd been trusting to *now-and-then care*.

My doctor set me straight. He said never to risk marriage happiness by being careless about feminine hygiene, even once. And he advised me to use "Lysol" brand disinfectant for *douching*—always.



BUT I BROKE IT DOWN

Nothing between us *now*, but love and happiness. I've learned my lesson. No more carelessness about feminine hygiene. I always use "Lysol" for douching and is it *de-*

pendable! Far more so than salt, soda, or other homemade solutions. "Lysol" is a proved germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly, yet gently. So easy and economical to use, too!

Check these facts with your Doctor



Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of every woman. So, douche thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution . . . always. Powerful cleanser—"Lysol's" great spreading power means it reaches

deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. Proved germ-killer—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control . . . far more dependable than homemade solutions. Non-caustic—"Lysol" douching solution is non-irritating, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow

easy directions. Cleanly odor—disappears after use; deodorizes. More women use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene than any other method. (For FREE feminine hygiene booklet, write Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.)



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For Feminine Hygiene use

"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant

always!

"LYSOL" is the registered trade-mark of Lehn & Fink Products Corporation and any use thereof in connection with products not made by it constitutes an infringement thereof.

Smart Headwork



To snag for your very own the nicest, strongest guy around!

It's smart head-work, too, when you choose DeLong Bob Pins to keep your page-boy or chignon under control because they've got the Stronger Grip that's called for . . . They simply refuse to slip and slide around in a weak-kneed fashion, letting your carefully concocted hair-do down to there...



Once you use DeLong Bob Pins you'll wonder how you ever lived and breathed without them. Their Stronger Grip solves your head-work problems now and forever more. Remember . . .

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

COVER GIRL



Ann Sothern, all made up for Maisie (Friday nights at 10:30, CBS), is alluring enough to explain all the trouble Maisie gets into.

ANN SOTHERN, formerly Harriette Lake of the Broadway musical comedy stage, disagrees with Shakespeare when he implies that names are unimportant. A new name, plus a splendid performance in "Let's Fall in Love," rocketed the lovely blonde actress toward stardom . . . and won her a long-term contract with Columbia Studios, and eventually led to "Maisie," with whom she has become virtually identified through her movies and CBS radio show built around the pert Brooklyn blonde.

Ann was born in Valley City, North Dakota, on January 2, 1909, the daughter of Annette Yde, a concert singer and voice teacher and Walter J. Lake, a produce broker. She has never seen her birthplace—her mother had merely stopped over during a concert tour while Ann made her public debut with the weather at 40 degrees below zero.

Ann was brought up all over the Middle West, going to schools here and there, but receiving daily musical training from her mother, who thought her gray-eyed daughter would become a musician. She learned to play several instruments and developed her lyric soprano voice, tried her hand at composing, won first prize three years in succession for the best original piano composition at Central High School in Minneapolis, Minnesota, where she lived with her grandmother for several years.

She attended the University of Washington for three years, and came to Hollywood in 1929 to visit her mother who was teaching actors and actresses to speak before the microphone.

Here she found herself a job as a dancing girl, and was spotted one day by Ivan Kahn, discoverer of stars, who believed she was fitted for more important things and proved it by getting her a long-term contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer where the late Paul Bern became interested in her career. But there were so many promising young players there. Ann was lost in the shuffle.

Meeting the late Florenz Ziegfeld at a party one day, she was flattered when

Waltz into his heart

with a touch of
BLUE WALTZ
perfume

\$1.00—25c—10c
SIZES

And its fragrance lasts!

Adola
BRASSIERES

AT ALL STORES **79c**

Pretty as a picture . . . and the perfect framework for a smarter bustline. In all fabrics, long lines, too, same price!

WRITE FOR 'ADOLA SECRET'—HOW TO CHOOSE YOUR BRA AND NAME OF NEAREST DEALER.

ADOLA, 31 W. 27 ST., N. Y. C.

he told her he might have a part for her in his next Broadway show. But she didn't take the offer too seriously because by this time she was aware that Hollywood promises are rarely kept. But two weeks later came an amazing telegram from Ziegfeld in New York offering her the second lead in "Smiles," starring Marilyn Miller.

Ann knew nothing of stage technique. She recounts as her most embarrassing moment the opening night in Boston, when she was thrust out on the stage to sing a torch number—and couldn't remember how one was supposed to exit. Finally she side-stepped off the stage between phrases, reached the wings before she finished the song, sang the last lines, made a curtsy . . . and sneaked off.

But when "Smiles" opened in New York Harriette Lake was a hit. When the show closed she found herself another part in "America's Sweetheart," which was followed by "Everybody's Welcome." All three were brilliant Broadway successes, as was her fourth and last production, "Of Thee I Sing."

One of the acting plums of the year came next, a starring role in Columbia Pictures' "Let's Fall In Love," starring Edmund Lowe. This led to a long-term contract and to such movie successes for other companies as "Melody In Spring," "Kid Millions," "The Party's Over," "The Hell Cat," "Folies Bergere."

It was for these pictures that her name was changed to Ann Sothorn: Ann from her mother's name, Sothorn from the famous E. H. Sothorn—an amalgamation suggested by Harriette herself because her real name seemed too cold and formal for movie-making.

And then one day came the first Maisie picture, (which had been bought originally for Jean Harlow, shelved when she died because there didn't seem to be another actress in Hollywood with the necessary looks and personality). But they tried Ann Sothorn, and now to a vast movie and radio public she is Maisie, the irresistible.

In 1943 she married Robert Sterling, the movie actor, and, as busy actresses will do, went back to work the next day. War claimed the next two years of Bob's life. They weren't reunited until October, 1945.

Ann maintains that, though she and Maisie are as different as two blondes can be, if ever Maisie has a wedding day it ought to go just about the way hers did—a whirling dervish of a day from beginning to end. She didn't have time until the last second to figure out a wedding outfit. The ring she got for Bob didn't fit, and got lost on the way to Ventura.

Bob, just over an appendectomy, remembered on the way that he had forgotten the license, and it didn't catch up with them until, after the ceremony, a motor-cycle cop whom they had pressed into service came rushing down the aisle in time to make everything legal. But it wound up wonderfully, as weddings will, with a friendly reception at the home of Ray and Mal Miland, Ann's very good friends.

Ann has a passion for household orderliness, and rushes about closing drawers, neatening books, rearranging furniture. She loves to eat, but works it off her five-feet-one-and-one-half inches with tennis, horseback riding, and swimming, whenever she can fit them into her full-to-overflowing work schedule.

Stops Perspiration Troubles Faster

THAN YOU SLIP INTO YOUR SWIM SUIT



Get in the swim! Get next to this new post-war, super-fast deodorant. Ask for new ODO·RO·NO Cream Deodorant . . . stops perspiration faster than you slip into your swim suit. Because it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper.

Works wonders when you work or play hardest. Really protects up to 3 days. Will not irritate your skin . . . or harm fine fabrics . . . or turn gritty in the jar.

Change to new super-fast ODO·RO·NO Cream Deodorant—super-modern, super-efficient, super-safe.



ODO·RO·NO

CREAM DEODORANT

39¢ Also 59¢ and 10¢ Plus Federal Tax

ODO·RO·NO ICE is back from the wars . . . 39¢

"Who said
Give in to
Periodic Pain!"

Not you? Certainly not! Because you, modern miss, know that

functional pain of menstruation is quickly relieved by taking Midol!

Yes, these tiny white tablets are offered specifically to relieve periodic pain. Millions of girls and women accept them because they have learned that they help give complete comfort in three ways: *Ease Cramps—Soothe Headache—Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue"*.

So you see it's easy to be comfortable and carefree! And, it's easy to have Midol handy, because drug-stores everywhere carry it.

MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope.

Write Dept. N-66, Room 1418,

41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

CRAMPS—HEADACHE—"BLUES"

High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to resident school work—preparatory for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H. S. subjects completed. Single subjects if desired. Ask for Free Bulletin.

American School, Dpt. HA-91, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

EASY TO KEEP Blonde Hair LIGHT



*All Shades
All Ages*

Simple Home Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY...

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, its rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dingy film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and department stores.

BEAUTY for the BRIDE



Susan Douglas, who plays in CBS's Aunt Jenny's Stories, gives tips for wedding-day loveliness.

By JEANNE GRIFFIN

THERE'S no great trick to looking enchanting and enchanted on your wedding day. Happiness and a dream come true take care of the glow that shines from within and careful planning of time, make-up, and beauty essentials can do the rest.

Living the good beauty life gives you the perfect basis for loveliness. You know there's nothing more important than 8 hours' sleep, proper food, fresh air and exercise. With a day in June circled in red on your calendar, you've surely not neglected your figure. For wedding gowns and bumpy figures just don't mix.

So you're ready to concentrate on beauty additions. Three weeks before your heart pounds madly and "I Love You Truly" sings through the church, the question of a new permanent must be faced. Get the best one you can afford and insist, even if you have to seem a little fussy, on a soft natural permanent. A good cold wave puts curl close to the scalp, is wonderfully comfortable and should leave your hair lustrous and silky. But before you have it, consider the shorter hair styles that look so young and new.

Hands that have been neglected need intensive pampering now for a brand new wedding ring deserves a lovely setting.

If some wonderful person hasn't already gifted you with the beauty, make-up and manicure kits every girl needs so sorely, now's the time to line up your cosmetic trousseau.

The day before *THE DAY*, the bride has these items on her beauty list: Hair must be done, eyebrows plucked (don't wait 'til tomorrow!) and nails should be done with utmost care. A pedicure is in order too. Shade of polish depends on you. Tradition thinks of brides as

delicate, pastel-y creatures but if you've always worn the brighter polishes and your coloring calls for them, it seems inconsistent to affect a soft shade now.

Today you'll also de-fuzz underarms and legs for they must be absolutely hair-free. You'll cream hands, arms, face and throat and wear gloves and a good hair net to bed. By hook or crook, you'll get a long long night's sleep if you're wise.

On the day that you'll be married, allow at least two hours in which to get ready. In that time you can, perhaps, use a mask whose performance you already know, and you'll take a real beauty bath followed by lotion all over, application of a reliable deodorant and anti-perspirant and a light dusting of bath powder. You'll brush and arrange your hair to look soft, NOT set. For bright eyes, an eye bath and then mouth wash by all means!

Today—your wedding day—if seldom before, you'll wear a foundation, pancake type of lotion, for make-up must come smiling through the gamut of congratulatory embraces.

And take great pains in applying lipstick. Start with one careful layer dusted lightly with powder and blotted. Then re-apply and blot again. You'll wear mascara in discreet amount and very little rouge.

And please don't be afraid to radiate your happiness as you glide down the aisle. No toothy grins, mind you, but remember that everyone loves a bride and wants to SEE her happy.

One last beauty tip. Even though you race to elude your friends and the barrage of rice and old shoes, try to manage a complete new make-up before you change into your going-away outfit. Now that you're Mrs., you have to start out right!

Introducing JOHNNY OLSEN

THE secret of Johnny Olsen's success as a radio emcee is that, unlike a lot of his contemporaries, he laughs with people and not at them. If you ever need proof of the effectiveness of this technique, listen to the good-natured laughs on the Monday through Friday broadcasts of Ladies Be Seated over WJZ-American at 3:30 P.M. (EWT). Johnny is the fellow who asks the "ladies" to be seated, then has them rolling in the aisles as he unfolds his bagfull of stunts for the audience participants.

Instead of capitalizing on human idiosyncrasies for humor, Olsen counts on good—and kind—fun to make his show go over. And he ought to know what it takes in radio. He's filled almost every chore spot in the broadcasting business during the seventeen years he's spent in it.

Only thirty-four now, Olsen started in the radio field when he was seventeen. Before that, he'd worked for four years as a typist, jeweler's helper and drug clerk. He was one of eleven children and he had to pitch in and help support the family at a very early age.

Once he'd found his vocation, Johnny lost no time in learning all its angles. After a year before the microphone as The Buttermilk Kid at a station in Madison, Wisconsin, he went to KGDA in Mitchell, South Dakota, where he did all the managing, selling, announcing, singing, entertaining, continuity—and janitorial chores. On the side, he preached a morning religious service.

Never one to loaf, Olsen also directed an orchestra. He needed a bus to transport his band to Chicago to make records. So he built a bus. He next moved to WTMJ, Milwaukee, where he served mainly as an announcer and singer. Later, he produced and presented his own variety show, which eventually took him to Hollywood for a year.

In January 1944, Olsen came to New York as a staff announcer for the American Broadcasting Company—which was then the Blue Network. It wasn't long before the network officials recognized Olsen's abilities as a master of ceremonies and assigned him to the emcee job on Ladies Be Seated. Their judgment has been proved right by the large and enthusiastic following that the show has gained.

Johnny's birthplace was a tiny town, Windom, in Minnesota. Five-feet-nine, weighing 170, he has dark hair and blue eyes and is married. Although he doesn't smoke, he's a pushover for coffee nerves—a hangover from his Norwegian descent probably. His hobby is recording and he works it to death. He owns a complete recording outfit that can operate from an automobile if necessary. With this equipment, he has toured 42 states, Mexico and Canada, making recordings of the entire trip.



*Sunlit
sorcery*

Woodbury
Sun Peach

KATHRYN GRAYSON

... saucy, sun-kissed beauty! Take her lush, intoxicating skin tone for yours... dip your puff in WOODBURY Film-Finish SUN PEACH. A luscious, ripe, sun-drenched peach it is—exclusive Film-Finish blending makes it color-full. A dazzler on your skin—perfect as the color in the box! Compare the glow and life it brings your skin—more flattering, more Summer-right than the powder you're wearing now. And cling? That misty-sheer Woodbury texture veils tiny flaws for hours—stays color-fresh! Eight Star-excitement shades.

Flatterer! Pat on WOODBURY CREAMPUFF POWDER BASE. Blends with any powder shade.



YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP... all 3 for \$1*

1. Big \$1 box of Film-Finish Powder
2. Star lipstick—your just-right shade
3. Matching rouge—right for you

Boxes of Film-Finish Powder, 25¢ and 10¢—*plus tax.



Woodbury
new film-finish
Powder



*No other shampoo
leaves your hair so lustrous,
yet so easy to manage*



Cupid finds it difficult to resist the girl with Drene-lovely hair! When you Drene your hair, it gleams with all its natural lustre . . . all its enchanting highlights revealed. "The best way to catch a camera or a man's eye," says glamorous Cover Girl Penny Edwards, "is to look your loveliest with shining-smooth hair." Here, Penny, golden-haired Drene Girl, shows you these easy-to-fix styles you can try at home or ask your beauty shop to do. Your hair is far silkier, smoother and easier to manage when you use today's improved Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.



YOU CUT LOTS OF ICING when you wear these romantic shining curls. "Drene-washed hair," says Penny, "matches the radiance of your most momentous moments." Drene reveals as much as 33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo. Since Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any dulling film on hair as all soaps do. Complete removal of unsightly dandruff too, the very first time you use Drene! See how Penny's softly-waved hair adds height to her face.

Drene
Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action



LOVE-NEST SHOPPING finds you smoothly groomed . . . your shining-clean hair swept over to one side in this sophisticated style. "It's so easy to fix any hair-do," Penny reveals, "when you're a Drene Girl." Note how Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves Penny's hair beautifully behaved right after shampooing.

The only hope

The time has come when we must resolve, as a nation, to learn to see ourselves as others see us

By ROBERT ST. JOHN



Robert St. John, lecturer, author, commentator, is heard daily, 9:45 A.M., EST, on NBC

A SCOTCH farmer stood in church, a sharp contrast to the exquisite lady in the pew in front. He watched her; saw a louse on her bonnet. Later, he wrote a poem to that louse which ended with a word of advice to the lady: "O wad some power the giftie gie us," he wrote, "To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

Those great words of Bobby Burns have come down to us through the decades and while we have loved their wisdom we have consistently disregarded their truth. We are doing so today, even though the only hope for peace lies in them.

On my week-day morning broadcasts and in my many lectures I have been preaching this gospel: The nations of the world—and that includes us—must "see themselves as others see them."

Are you one of the women in the recent magazine poll who replied "Yes" to the question, "Is another war inevitable within the next ten years?" Were you one of those who replied to the question, "With whom?" with the answer that seems to have jumped from the lips of the dying Goebbels to the mouths of too many Americans?

If it is true that we're going to fight a war with Russia in the next ten years, then it will be the most nonsensical war in all history. What have we to gain from Russia or Russia from us? Basically, nations fight for what they need. Why should two virtually self-sufficient nations fight each other? Because one has a form of government the other doesn't like?

You don't spread or stop ideas with the sword. Every sensible American knows we don't want communism here and won't have it. But if you could destroy Russia tomorrow you wouldn't eliminate communism from the world. Communism is a revolt against bad times which will exist

in countries whose peoples are in desperate straits which require a desperate solution. Remember that our own New Deal was a form of revolt—much milder, but a revolt. The next degree is the present revolt in Great Britain—the labor party victory. Next is communism which takes hold only where there are desperate down-trodden masses. And the final degree of revolt is anarchism. War doesn't wipe out such ideas—it spreads them, since they are based primarily on dissatisfaction, which is increased by war.

How can you eliminate the disagreeable forms of government? Only by making our people prosperous, by making our government so effective, so benevolent, so concerned with the welfare of every last creature in this country, that the world will see a system that works!

Let us "see ourselves as others see us." If other nations see hunger, unemployment, prejudice, hatred, suspicion and fear, they will say, "What kind of a weak, impractical, cowardly form of government is democracy?" If they see us strong, healthy, happy, Christianly in our actions towards all races and creeds, and free of fear about all other nations, they will say, "This democracy must be worth having, because it works."

In short, let's face ourselves, our own deficiencies, before we worry about what's wrong with Britain and Russia and the rest. If we don't, the first hesitant motions the nations of the world are making toward true peace will be in vain. The UNO can hope to survive only if we are big enough to admit that we may be as irritating to other nations as they are to us.

You don't think we're irritating? Consider these mistakes the United States has made in the past (Continued on page 66)

So very Young!

Rosemary tells a new story in the life of the Dawson family—in which fifteen-year-old Patti falls in love with almost-disastrous results!

He jumped quickly to his feet and began mopping up the mess

IT'S always easy to see where you made your mistakes—when you look back on things, after it's too late to do anything about them. This spring, for instance, if I hadn't been so wrapped up in my brand-new, utterly wonderful husband, Bill Roberts, I'd have realized sooner that my fifteen-year-old sister Patti's interest in Judd Marsh amounted to something more than a schoolgirl crush.

Judd was different from the other boys at Springdale High School—so much so that his return to school last fall was the occasion for his picture in the town paper and a full column of print. You see, Judd was a veteran who had won his purple heart and who had been discharged and returned to Springdale in time to register for his last year of high school. He was nineteen, then—so young, but so much older than the others. The first we saw him

was one afternoon early this spring when Patti brought him home from school with her. It was about an hour before dinner, and we were all in the living room—Mother, and my friend Joyce Miller, and Bill and I—and if Judd was a little dismayed at meeting so many new people at once, he didn't show it. Almost the very first thing he said was, "You know, I've always wondered who lived in this house. Every time I passed it, I thought how clean and shining it looked—one of the nicest houses in town."

Mother beamed. Our house is small, a Cape Cod cottage, but it means a great deal to us, and there used to be times when Mother was alone that she and I had all we could do to keep going. But now we're very comfortable here.

"Do you live out this way, Judd?" Mother asked.

He grinned and shook his head. "Oh, no," he said. "I live on River Street, between the family with the chickens and the family with the goat."

Everyone laughed, and as Bill's eyes met mine, I knew that he was thinking exactly what I was thinking—that Judd Marsh was a very nice person indeed. He didn't sound defensive about living on River Street; he made it sound funny and delightful. Bill shook his head in mock commiseration. "Do you mean to say," he asked, "that you haven't any animals at all?"

Judd's grin widened. "We used to. We kept rabbits during the depression, when Dad was out of work. But then when he went back to his job and I went into the Navy, they were too much for Mother to take care of."

Patti had been gazing at him in open admiration. And he was something to look at—very tall, with dark, close-

cropped curly hair, and a way of carrying himself that reminded you of a uniform in spite of the casual school togs he was wearing now. "Judd," she begged, "tell them about the time the goat got loose—"

"You'll have to tell it, Patti," he laughed. "I've got to be getting on home."

He left a few minutes afterward. Mother asked him to stay for dinner, but he refused, saying that his own mother was waiting dinner for him. "What a nice boy," Mother observed after he'd gone. "Now, if all men would only be as considerate when a woman has dinner on the table—"

Patti came back from showing Judd to the door, her eyes shining, shaking back her long bright bob. Patti is fifteen, as full of life and movement as sunlight dancing upon water, and as irrepressible. "He's wonderful!" she





cried. "Just think, he was almost two years on a destroyer, and he was wounded twice, and next fall he's going to go to college and take aeronautical engineering. I mean—didn't you think he was wonderful, Joyce?"

Joyce laughed and got up to follow Mother out to the kitchen. "I think," she said, "that your enthusiasms are wonderful, Patti. I wonder sometimes that you don't fly apart in all directions."

That was the trouble—we all put Judd Marsh down as just another of Patti's enthusiasms. She had her own circle of friends of her own age, including Tommy Taylor, who lives near us and whom she saw nearly every day, in school and out, and her closest girl friend at school, who was lovingly and unflatteringly called Birdbrain. Then there was a whole galaxy of acquaintances, boys we heard of in great detail for the brief while that they held Patti's interest, and whom we rarely, if ever, got to see. If the football captain bought her a cake at the sweet shop, we heard all about him for the next day or so, about his tastes and habits and the tones of his voice—until he treacherously took another girl to a school dance, or until someone else, equally glamorous, treated Patti.

From the first we put Judd in the same class with the football captain and other boys who had captured Patti's imagination for all of a week. She was dazzled by his career in the service, by his being older than the other boys at school; it was a clear case of hero-worship, it seemed to us, and we took comfort in the thought that hero-worship rarely works both ways.

None of us ever dreamed that Patti was sorry for Judd. If we had, we might have been concerned from the start because Patti with a cause to sponsor is a Patti blind to everything else. And yet, I should have realized that she was sorry for him in a way; Patti herself as much as told me so that first time she brought him to the house.

IT WAS much later in the evening; I was in my room, getting ready for bed and waiting for Bill to finish his last look at the sports page and to come upstairs. While I brushed my hair I found myself listening for his step on the stairs, and I thought how queer it was, and how sweet, and—yes, it was a little frightening, too—to be married to a man, to have lived day in and day out with him for weeks, and still to be a little uneasy if he were not right in the same room with me. Then there was a tap on the door, and Patti's voice said, "Rosemary? May I come in?"

She didn't wait to be invited. She came in and curled up on the foot of my bed, rested her elbow on the footboard and her cheek on her elbow. "Rosemary," she said after a moment, "what did you think of Judd?"

I couldn't help smiling at her in the mirror. The question was exactly what I'd expected; I'd been asked it before, about a good number of other boys. "Why," I said, "I thought he was very nice."

"Yes, he is," Patti sighed. She watched me a moment, dreamily. "You have the loveliest hair, Rosemary, so beautiful and shining. . . . Rosemary, didn't you think that Judd was—well,

a little sad?"

I very nearly dropped the brush. "Sad!" I exclaimed. "Why, no—I mean, why should he be sad?"

"He's lonely," said Patti firmly. "He never goes down to the sweet shop, and he never talks to anyone around school—not even to the boys, hardly. He'd probably never have talked to me today if we both hadn't stayed late to work in the library. I think it's because of the war, and because he's been through so many things that the rest of the kids couldn't possibly understand."

I began to see the picture in Patti's mind, the picture of Judd as a lonely, heroic figure, whose very eminence cut him off from other people. I didn't think it fitted the Judd who had had us all laughing in the living room that afternoon. "Perhaps," I suggested, "he's just interested in getting his work done so that he can graduate this spring. Perhaps he has quite a lot to catch up on—"

"Oh, I know!" Patti cried. "He told me so himself, on the way home. But still—everyone has to have someone to talk to, don't they?"

I agreed with her from the bottom of my heart, thinking, with the deep, sweet contentment that always came with the thought of him, that I had Bill to talk to for the rest of my life. "Maybe he has someone, Patti. After all, you see him only in school—"

She shook her head violently. "No, he hasn't. I asked him, and he said he didn't know what had happened to his old friends. He said that some of them were married, and some had gone away to work in other towns, and some just don't have the same interests that he has now."

I couldn't help smiling at the case Patti was building for herself. But I said reasonably, "If he wants company, surely, with a whole school full of students—"

"Oh, the older girls!" she cried scornfully. "You should see the play they make for him! Always trying to flirt with him, and to get him to walk down the halls with them, and to get him to take them to dances—and Judd doesn't care about anything like that. He likes things like fishing and swimming and being out-of-doors, and talking the way we talked when he walked me home today. About the things he's going to do in college, and the things he's going to do afterward. And, Rosemary, don't you think a girl of fifteen is just right for a boy of nineteen, almost twenty—even if he is a lot older? I mean, don't you think they have lots in common and lots to talk about—"

There! I'd heard Bill trying the front door to make sure it was locked, heard him start up the stairs. I got up to hug Patti. "I'm sure of it, darling," I said. "I'm sure you'd find lots to talk about with anyone."

SHE hugged me tight, and then she started for her own room. "I knew it," she said over her shoulder. "I knew you'd feel the same way I do about it. And oh, Rosemary, isn't it exciting? I'll be seeing him in English class tomorrow—"

A moment later Bill came in, grinning. "What was all the chatter about up here?" he demanded. "I heard you clear from downstairs."

I smiled up at him, thinking how wonderful he was—how wonderful it

was that we were together. "Can't you guess?"

He pulled me close to him, ruffled my hair. "I wouldn't dare," he laughed. "But I'll bet his initials are J.M."

As it happened, Bill and I went out with Patti and Judd on their first date. It wasn't a real date, in the sense that it was prearranged. Judd simply stopped by the house after dinner one evening to show us his new car—that is, a second-hand car, but one that was newly his. Bill was watering the lawn with Patti and me standing by supervising, but after Judd drove up, I found myself wielding the hose, while Bill and Judd discussed the used car market. Then Bill was waving to me from the curb, calling, "Honey, come on! Judd's going to take us for a ride."

"Bill, no—" I glanced at Patti, ensconced with almost possessive pride in the front seat. I was sure that she would rather be alone with Judd. But Judd himself insisted, "Please come, Rosemary, just for a trip around the block—"

The trip around the block turned into a couple of very enjoyable hours. We drove out to the nearby airport and watched the planes come in on the slanting rays of the sunset. It was an incredibly beautiful sight—the little black specks that appeared out of the crimson heart of the sky and turned before our very eyes into great silver birds settling to the ground. Bill and I were in the back seat, and we couldn't see Judd's face, but there was longing in his voice as he said to Patti, "That's what I'm going to do some day. I'm going to design those ships."

Patti sounded (Continued on page 54)

Rosemary, the story of the life of Rosemary Dawson Roberts and her husband, her mother and her sister, is heard each Monday through Friday at 2:30 P.M., EST, over CBS. In the picture on pages 20 and 21, clockwise around the table are Rosemary (Betty Winkler), Bill Roberts (George Keane), Mother Dawson (Marion Barney), Dr. Cotter (Arthur Kohl), Patti (Jane Allison). The Rosemary program, as heard on the air, is written by Elaine Carrington.



Father's Day in the LIFE of RILEY

For just a moment it looks to Riley (played by William Bendix), as if his whole house is full of grinning people. Surging forward to greet him are three members of the Brooklyn Patriots of Los Angeles (played by Ashmead Scott, Reuben Ship and Allan Lipscomb); Digger O'Dell (John Brown); a neighbor (Dink Trent); Junior (Scotty Beckett); Mrs. Riley (Paula Winslow); and Babs (Sharon Douglas).



A fellow ought to have one day in the year strictly to himself, Riley reasoned. Strike while they're in a soft mood, said he, and staged a rebellion

COOL, late-afternoon shadows stretched their length over sidewalks and trim little lawns. But the smile on Chester Riley's big, homely face was nothing if not sunny.

"A man's home," he was telling his friend, Julius Pitlack, as the two walked home from work, their lunch boxes swinging against their overalled legs, "is his castle. Take me, for instance, with Mom and the kids—why, I wouldn't trade places with any king. A fambly man, that's me."

"King? I believe ya," Julius was heavily sarcastic, "the way you fambly men get crowned every time you open your mouths at

home. Ya poor dope—that ball-and-chain's draggin' on your legs and you're too dumb to know it hurts." Julius was a bachelor and his views on matrimony were not even charitable.

Riley was irritated.

"Ball of chain, me foot! You insinuat'ing I'm hen-plucked?"

"I'm your pal, Riley. If you want to go on foolin' yerself—and there's nobody do a better job!—well, who am I to pull the wool off from your eyes? Ignorance is blissful, as the poets say."

"I'll have you know, Julius, there's a special day they set aside just for fathers. Father's



"I was the tenor in our U.E.P.G.C.," Digger related to the enthralled Riley. "That's the Undertakers, Embalmers and Pallbearers Glee Club."

Day, it's called, and that's tomorrow. Where will you be tomorrow, when I'm baskin' in the tender lovin' care of my kids and Mom? Who'll be respectin' you and lookin' up to you and showering you with presents?" Riley demanded.

"Who'll pay for them presents? You will. And while you're baskin' I'll be out fishin'. Can you do that? Can you go fishin' when you want to? And take a friendly game of cut-throat poker with the B.P.L.A.—with our fellow Lodge members of the Brooklyn Patriots of Los Angeles—can you take a hand any ole time and stay out as late as you want?"

Riley gulped. He was remembering a little passage-at-arms he had had with Moms on that subject only last Saturday.

"And how about the times your Missus is on a diet," Julius was inexorable, "and you get lettuce and tom-ah-to sangwiches? And I'm steppin' up to a rest'runt and ordering steak and french fries and apple pie every night?"

Riley's big mouth was watering. "Don't you worry none. Father's Day

tomorrow, I'll be having all the steak and fries and pie I can eat. Tomorrow I'm the boss in my house!" But his boast was a growing doubt, a weak defiance.

"Hah! Tomorrow you'll be eatin' ladyfingers and sooflay and then you'll be washin' the dishes and then you'll be takin' the kids to the park, while I'm—"

"I will not!"

"Prove it! If it's your Day—then we go fishin' tomorrow!"

"Just you get the boat hired and come by in the afternoon and I'll be ready—I'll show my family fathers have a right to—I'll show you—"

"It's a deal." It was also Julius' corner to turn off and Riley had no chance to reconsider his hasty decision. Already Julius' back was disappearing down the street.

Next morning:

"Pop!"

The mound of bedclothes heaved slightly and then was still . . . except for the slight fluttering of the pillow where snores came and went in regular succession.

"Chest-ster!!"

"Hmmp? Foof? Yah—Dumplin'—I'm coming!" Riley turned over, rubbed his eyes and stretched luxuriously. Another day and a Sunday at that and delicious odors of breakfast wafting in through the door. Oh, man!

And then he remembered.

"Things are comin' to a pretty pass when a man can't even sleep in fi' minutes later on a Sunday," he grumbled to Junior who was watching him shave. "And on Father's Day, at that."

Junior was fascinated by the progress of the razor on his Pop's big, craggy face. Pop was no Clark Gable at any time, but the distortions of shaving gave him a distinct resemblance to the map of the Rocky Mountains in Junior's geography book.

"All the more reason, Pop. You gotta make a day like this stretch out . . . you and me gotta have time to fix my bicycle, you know."

Nothing Riley liked better than tinkering with machinery, but hadn't Julius prophesied something like this? "Nothin' doin'. Today I ain't goin' to be bothered with no kids—I'm emancipated."

Junior gaped at this heresy. But there was no chance to discuss the point because Mom could be heard complaining bitterly that the flapjacks would be as tough as leather if certain people she knew didn't hurry for breakfast.

The little mound of packages at Riley's plate restored his good humor.

"Aw, you shouldn't of—Dumplin', that's real touchin'! A new lunch bucket with my name engraved on it! And Babs, honey, that's just about the best-looking tie I ever threw my neck into. Red, green, and poiple stripes! I don't know as I ever used any of this bubble gum before, Junior, but your old man's willing to try. Anyway, it's the thought that counts." Riley rummaged happily.

"Gee, Pop, you didn't read the card I made up to go with the gum."

"And mine for the necktie," Babs echoed.

"*'A happy chew for no one but you'—think of that! 'You can tie to this: I think you're a wonderful Father.'*"

LIFE of RILEY

the story of the ups and downs of a very good guy and his very swell family, is heard every Saturday night on NBC, at 8:30 P.M., EST. In the pictures on pages 24, 25 and 26 are seen the actors who play these parts in the weekly comedy.

Dumplin'—we got kids what are genius! Imagine them makin' up poetry like that!"

Breakfast over, Riley went as far as the kitchen door with Junior. The sun was shining and it glistened on the chrome of the bicycle leaning against the garage, waiting to be mended. Riley's hands itched to be working on it but remembered his resolution.

He strode back to the living room and headed for the sofa, papers in hand.

"Oh, no, you don't, Chester Riley! This room was just cleaned within an inch of its life yesterday and I won't have the sofa smudged up with your boots. And picking up papers after you! I've got a special reason for keeping it nice today!"

"And I've got a special reason for wantin' to read my papers in peace and takin' a nap afterwards! Isn't this Father's Day? Besides, I'll take my shoes off."

"Oh, Pop!" wailed Babs from the kitchen. "Won't you ever learn to sit in the house with your shoes on? Mr. Witherspoon even wears a tie at home."

Riley was stunned. "What's the matter with him—ain't he acquainted with his family?"

"Now don't be unreasonable," Mom placated, picking up the newspapers and shoving them under Riley's arm and giving a shove towards the door. "Go on, Riley. You know you don't enjoy Superman unless you can talk him over with Junior, anyway."

Gloomily, Riley made his way outside. But he paused at the door to give a parting shot.

"Well, anyway—I'm goin' fishing today. Me and Julius Pitlack has it all fixed up for this afternoon."

He wondered at the quick exchange of looks between Mom and Babs. And he was surprised still more when Mom only said, mildly:

"Of course, Riley. I think that would be nice for you."

Mighty suspicious, Riley muttered to himself, as he made for the garage. *Looks like they're trying to get rid of me. It's just like Julius says—if you don't watch them every minute, you're just plain hen-plucked.*

He sat for a few minutes trying to get absorbed in the baseball news, but out of one corner of his eye he could see Junior's futile attempts with the wheel spokes. Finally he could stand it no longer.

"Here. Lemme at that. You sit here and read me what Dick Tracy's up to today and I'll take a whack at the bike."

It was pleasant out there. The low drone of bees in Mom's flower patch mingled drowsily with Junior's voice and the distant sound of street noises. Junior was a very satisfactory storyteller—he even put in all the POWS! and BANGS! and sometimes he even got so excited he acted out the best parts. Riley liked that better than reading the comic-strips himself—he didn't have to concentrate so hard.

And the mending job was right up his alley. His big hands that were so awkward handling a tea-cup were deft and competent here.

But underneath this state of well-being, there simmered in Riley a feeling of injustice. Hadn't he promised himself a nap on that couch?

"There," giving the wheel a final tap, "that's done."

"Gee, Pop—that's swell! I'll buy you an ice cream cone out of my allowance."

The mention of food gave Riley to think.

"Hey—Dumplin'!" he lumbered into the kitchen. "I saw somethin' looked like a steak in your ice box yestiddy. How's about it and some French fries and apple pie for lunch, huh?"

Mom put her hands on her hips and glared. "In the middle of the day? You think I want you and the kids to have headaches in this sun at the zoo today with all that heavy food?"

"The zoo!" All of Julius' predictions were coming true. "I'm not taking anybody to the zoo today—I'm goin' fishin'. Besides, you're just tryin' to change the subject from them steaks and french fries—"

"Okay—then you peel the potatoes."

Mom saw Riley wilt at the prospect so she followed up her advantage. "And it won't be out of your way to take Junior and Babs to the park. I'll send Julius over the minute he comes, with the car and your fishing tackle."

As Riley had found out long ago,

Mom and her logic were a combination he couldn't beat. But—doggedly—he clung to one last resolve. He was going fishing!

Vegetable soup. Tomato and lettuce salad. Peach custard for dessert. A fine lunch that was for a hungry man, he gloomed as he and the two youngsters walked to the park entrance. But he brightened at the sight of the peanut-vendor's machine and at the two men standing beside it.

"Hi Muley! Hi, there, Gillis! You bin up there gettin' acquainted with the monkeys?"

"You know I don't get along with none of your relatives, Riley." These heavy-handed pleasantries exchanged, Gillis got down to facts. "Nope. We're just passin' through. We're on our way to the baseball game over at Schnozzle Schmerhorn's. It ain't the Dodgers but it's a game."

Riley winced. He might be goin' over there himself, with the kids, after they finished the zoo! Still, he shamed himself, fishin' was the sport for a man—no kids, no wimmin.

But the regret lingered and prompted him to boast.

"Me and Julius Pitlack are rentin' a boat this afternoon and goin' fishin'. And this evening I'll be joinin' you knuckleheads in a little game at the Club." The (Continued on page 93)

Junior was a very satisfactory funny-paper reader. Sometimes he got so excited that he even acted out all the best parts.



Radio Mirror will pay, each month, fifty dollars for the poem selected by Ted Malone as the best of those submitted. This month's choice is "Window Shopping" by Edith Grames Schay.

WINDOW SHOPPING

A window-full of baby clothes
Holds such a simple guile
That every woman passing by
Must stop to stare awhile.

Each woman sees beyond the clothes
Some baby she has known:
The child of sister, brother, friend—
Or, best of all, her own.

Some women gaze into the past,
Where small, warm memories lie;
And some look forward, shy yet proud;
While others smile, or sigh.

A window-full of baby clothes
Transmits so strong a beam
That every woman window-shops,
If only for a dream. . . .
—Mrs. Edith Grames Schay

Here are other original verses by readers, selected for publication this month, as well as some of Ted Malone's favorites among the poetry which has stood the test of the years.

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.
—Francis William Bourdillon



TO THE VIRGINS

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.
—Robert Herrick



BETWEEN the BOOKENDS



From "ENDYMION"

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
breathing.

—John Keats



THE LITTLE BLACK LAMB

I am the only little black lamb—
The only one, that's what I am;
All of the rest have little white faces
I guess I'm a whole family tree of disgraces.

There was no moon the night I was born in—
All the old ewes stood and looked in the morn-
ing;
Mother was worried and low hung her head,
I folded my black knees and sat on my bed
And right then and there I made up my mind
To leave wild oats alone, and maybe I'd find
That people would like me, and always look
back,
Saying, "Look at that dear one, the one that is
black."

—Helena K. Beacham

RETIREMENT

I praise the Frenchman, his remark was shrewd,
How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet.
—William Cowper

RADIO MIRROR will pay FIFTY DOLLARS each month

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other poem so submitted which is printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. None will be returned. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends feature.

BY TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's poetry and human philosophy each morning, Monday through Friday, at 11:45 A.M., EST, over ABC.



OLD MAID

I never married; no one knew
That when Luke Johnson passed my door
It was as if a flower grew
Where nothing ever grew before.

The neighbors always wondered why
I never married. No one knew
My heart was a river, frozen, dry
Where a desolate cold wind blew.

Luke Johnson and my cousin Sue
Were married many years ago;
I never married, no one knew
Of the river's undertow.

And if my days are never fleet
And squandered laughter, bitter brew,
Let darkness reign on unthreshed wheat,
I never married, no one knew. . . .
—Hannah Kahn

HOMES

The snail sleeps in his silver house;
The tree-toad makes a tent of rain;
In webs of satin spiders drowse.
Safe in his nest the neat-eared mouse
Dreams of the farmer's shining grain;
And all alone in a secret space
The mole has found his dwelling-place.
—Erle Veatch



JENNY KISSED ME

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me.
—Leigh Hunt

RHYME WITHOUT REASON

Chloe turned a perfect rhyme,
While Katy did not boast
That she'd been known the country round
To turn a perfect roast.
When John took Chloe for his wife,
She rhymed but should have reasoned
That he would long for Katy's roast
Who found her own unseasoned.
—Elizabeth Charles Welborn



BEAUTY

Beauty isn't compassed
By a stern, stone wall,
Beauty isn't measured
By longitude at all.

Beauty wears a ragged shore
Upon a ruffled lake;
It's a bluebell married to
A crocus by mistake.

It's a small wind blowing
Wrinkles in the sand;
Beauty's in your heart before
It can touch your hand.
—Margo Wharton Bird

ON TAKING A WIFE

"Come, come," said Tom's father, "at your
time of life,
There's no longer excuse for thus playing
the rake.—
It is time you should think, boy, of taking
a wife."
"Why, so it is, father,—whose wife shall
I take?"
—Thomas Moore

A home's a growing thing

It wasn't, the MAYOR OF THE TOWN decided, that Elsie was a bad

DID YOU ever notice how almost every good instinct in the world, if handled wrongly, can turn into a bad one? You've seen school teachers who wanted so much to cram knowledge into their pupils' heads that they turned into grim tyrants without a spark of humanity or humor? And stenographers who try so hard to please the boss that they end up being useless timid little shadows? And politicians who try to do what everyone wants them to do, so that finally they never do anything? Call it over-zealousness, over-conscientiousness, whatever you like, but when people get wrapped up in any one thing to the exclusion of everything else, it's likely to turn out unhappy. No matter how good it was to start with.

I got to thinking about mother love the other day. I saw Elsie Phillips on the street one afternoon, and it started me off on that line of thought. She was a perfect example of trying to do something good so hard that it turned bad. If she hadn't had a smart husband who loved her so much he was willing to take a chance on making her hate him, she wouldn't be the woman she is today. And all because she was trying too hard to do what she thought was right.

I've known Bill and Elsie Phillips all their lives, just about. I can remember Bill when he was a tow-headed bare-foot kid with a fishing pole over his shoulder, trudging down the pike all by himself, on the way to the Creek to catch a couple of fish for supper. And I can remember Elsie—little Elsie Brown she was then—swinging on the Browns' front gate, her turned-up nose sunburned and her pig-tails bouncing on her shoulders as she watched Bill going down the pike. They pretended not to like each other in those days. That was fitting and proper. It wasn't until they got to high school that they could come right out and prefer each other to anybody else in town.

I used to see them together during

their high school days and it always warmed my heart to watch them. Elsie so dainty and vivacious and Bill so sturdy and sort of extra responsible for his age. And both of them so crazy about each other. Everybody in town felt a little bit the way I did about them. When things get complicated and the going gets a little rough, it's nice to be able to think about one thing that seems absolutely perfect. It kind of braces up your backbone and makes you think it's a pretty good old world after all.

So when Bill and Elsie finally got married and settled down, the people in our town went around for a few days with smug looks on their faces. It was almost as though they'd accomplished something good and satisfying themselves. Bill and Elsie were a symbol of the best things in life, and it made people feel better just to think about them.

I lost track of Bill and Elsie then, for a while—for quite a while. You know how it is—you get wrapped up in your own everyday affairs, and you nod to people on the street or pass the time of day and don't think anything more about them. Then all of a sudden one day you realize that you really haven't talked to folks you've known well all your life for a month of Sundays or even longer.

That's the way I was about Bill and Elsie. They'd been married about five or six years, I guess, and I'd known they had a baby and had even chucked it under the chin a couple of times when Elsie brought it downstreet in the carriage. I thought at the time that Elsie was looking a little peaked, but it didn't make much impression on me. I probably figured it was the heat or something. It wasn't until the day I saw Bill in the drugstore that the whole thing came out.

I was sitting there at the counter, having my favorite double-scoop chocolate and vanilla walnut sundae with chocolate shots and whipped cream on

top, when Bill came in, sort of slow and quiet like. He went to the other end of the counter and sat down, not seeing anybody, and ordered a cup of black coffee. While Harry was fixing it for him, he just sat there with his head propped up in his two fists, staring into space. He looked downright whipped.

Like I was saying a minute ago, it struck me all of a sudden that I hadn't really talked to Bill for years. So I picked up what was left of my sundae and moved down the counter next to him. He looked up and saw me and gave me a ghost of a smile.

"Hello, Mr. Mayor. How are you?"

"Why, I'm fine, Bill," I told him.

"How are you?"

"Pretty good, I guess. Kind of tired."

"Job got you down?" Bill had bought the new gas station in town and from all reports he was doing very well with it. And if he was doing well with that station, it meant that he was putting in a lot of time and effort at it.

Bill brightened up a little. "Oh, the job's fine. Had more business last month than I knew what to do with,

mother. She was too unbearably good!



almost. Have to put on another man if this keeps up."

"That's great," I said. "How's Elsie?"

The brightness went out of his face. "Oh, she's getting along fine. Pretty busy these days. Jackie takes up a lot of her time."

"Jackie must be getting to be quite a boy by now."

"Yeah." He sipped at his coffee and stared off into space again. I didn't say anything. Then he turned to me and asked, almost as though he were talking to himself, "Mr. Mayor, do you think it's natural for a woman to get so wrapped up in a child that she doesn't know what else is going on around her?"

"HMMM," I thought to myself, "so that's what's bothering him." I pushed my empty sundae dish to one side and leaned against the counter, facing Bill. "Maybe you better tell me more about it," I suggested.

He hesitated for a second and then plunged in. "Well, I suppose I oughtn't to talk about it—it's my own problem, but, gosh, it's gotten to the point now where I don't know what I'm going to do. You see, Mr. Mayor, Elsie's become almost a different person from what she was when we were first married. Ever since Jackie was born she hasn't been able to think about another thing."

He stopped for a minute, as he thought about it. "That's not so unusual," I commented, "most young mothers get wrapped up in their first young ones. Wait'll she's had a couple more."

"She says she won't have any more," Bill stated flatly. "She thinks it would be unfair to Jackie—it would divide her attention. She says it takes so much time to bring him up properly that she couldn't possibly have any more children. I thought it was something she'd get over after a while, too, but it keeps getting worse. And Jackie's almost five years old now. She treats him as though he were still about two. And me! I don't think she knows who I am half the time." He laughed and there was bitterness in his tone. "I've worked pretty hard to take care of the two of them, and I think I've done fairly well. But it's not much fun to be the Great Big Provider when the people you're providing for look at you as though you were some kind of an undesirable bump on a log,—if they even bother to look at you at all!"

I snorted a little at that. "Oh, it can't be that bad, Bill."

"Oh yes, it is," he said quickly. "Elsie doesn't even care how she looks any more. She hasn't used her lipstick for the last three months, and I think it's been over a year since she bought a new dress. She doesn't give a hoot about anything but that baby, I tell you! I bet she wouldn't even cook a meal, if Jackie didn't have to eat. Honest, Mr. Mayor, it's getting so I almost don't like my own son any more. Not that I get much chance to see him—Elsie thinks he might catch germs or something from me."

It sounded bad, all right. "Look,

Bill," I asked him, "have you talked to Elsie about this? Have you tried to straighten it out between you? Sometimes if two people can bring the things that upset them right out into the open and discuss them, they don't seem half so bad, and are easier to handle."

Bill shook his head. "I've tried. I've tried dozens of times. She either cries or says I don't understand or just plain doesn't listen. You'd think she was the only woman in the world who ever had a baby."

"I'm right sorry to hear about this, Bill," I told him as I reached for the check for my sundae, "and I don't know what to tell you. But I'll start thinking about it, and if I get any bright ideas I'll let you know."

"Thanks, Mr. Mayor. I'd sure appreciate any kind of ideas. I'm licked so far as my own are concerned right now."

I thought about Bill and Elsie for a couple of days without coming to much of a conclusion and then one afternoon I wandered over to Elm Street where they lived. Might pay to hear Elsie's side of it, I thought. They had a pretty little white stone house on the corner. Bill kept the lawn and the hedges in tiptop shape, and the house had a warm comfortable look. I walked up the slate flagstone path and knocked on the door.

When Elsie came out, I almost wouldn't have known her. Her hair, that used to frame her face in glossy little curls, was pulled straight back. Her nose was shiny and she didn't have a speck of make-up on. Not that I hold with make-up, particularly, but when a young woman who's used to a little lipstick and powder stops using it all of a sudden, there's apt to be something wrong. She'd gotten thin, too, and her face had worried little lines in it that



THE MAYOR OF THE TOWN that kindly man who is the friend and helper and advisor of the Town's entire population, has been played by Lionel Barrymore since the program's inception. His lovable housekeeper, Marilly, is played by Agnes Moorhead. The program is heard Saturdays on CBS, 9:30 EST.

never used to be there. And instead of one of those bright looking house-dresses that most of the young wives wear around the house, she was all dressed up in a white nurse's costume. Spotless, it was, and starched to a crisp.

"My goodness, Elsie," I burst out, almost before I'd said hello to her. "You taking up nursing or something?"

"Oh, hello, Mr. Mayor. Won't you come in? I haven't got but a minute—it's almost time for Jackie to wake up, but come in for a little while. How's Aunt Polly?"

"She's fine, Elsie. But what's the idea of that nurse's outfit?"

"Oh, this. Well, it's more sanitary for looking after the baby. I wear them all the time."

"The baby? Oh, you mean Jackie. But he must be getting to be a big boy now, isn't he?"

"Oh, no. Jackie's still a very small child—he isn't much over four years old, you know. Takes all my time to look after him."

The back doorbell rang just then. "Oh, excuse me, Mr. Mayor," she said. "That must be the laundry with Jackie's clothes. I have them launder his things separately. Just a minute, I'll go see."

She ran out to the kitchen and I took a good look around the living-room. It certainly didn't look very lived-in. All the chairs were covered with those dust-cover things that they use when they close up houses for a long time. More sanitary, I supposed. There wasn't a speck of dirt anywhere, and the whole room had a kind of hospital air. Clean but not very home-like.


What a place to spend an evening, I thought, and sighed with sympathy for Bill. Not an ashtray in the room. I knew Bill smoked, and wondered if he weren't allowed to smoke in that room or if he did, whether he had to bring an ashtray from another room and hold it on his knee until he'd finished his cigarette. No books. Dust-catchers, no doubt. And no magazines or newspapers lying around. Nor old pipes. Nor kid's toys. Nor women's knitting or embroidery. Not a living-room at all—more like a lobby in an old-fashioned hotel up in Boston or some place.

Elsie came back pretty soon and we chatted for a while. But everything she said had some connection with Jackie. She couldn't seem to get away from him even in her conversation. I gathered that he'd been kind of sickly lately—she'd been taking him to the doctor every afternoon, and had to get up to look after him three or four times every night. I asked her if she'd seen any of the basketball games down at the high school gym last winter, but she said no, she hadn't been able to leave Jackie. She hadn't even been to a movie for months, she said. She just couldn't trust Jackie to any of the young girls who earn a little extra money by sitting up with folks' children of an evening.

While she was saying all these things, I somehow got the idea that she felt every- (Continued on page 81)

In Living Portraits—The Romance of

HELEN TRENT



HELEN TRENT is chief gown designer of Parafilm Studios of Hollywood. In her thirties, charming and talented, her friends include many motion-picture stars, and other prominent, interesting people. (Played by Julie Stevens.)



SYLVIA HALL is an attractive but unscrupulous young woman of about twenty-four, whom Jeff Brady recently appointed as Helen's assistant in the gown designing department at Para-film Studios. Sylvia is utterly selfish and schemes constantly for her own advancement at the expense of others. She has Jeff Brady pretty much under her thumb and is secretly conniving to have Helen discharged as head designer, so that she, Sylvia, can fall heir to the much-coveted position.
(Played by Alice Goodkin.)

AGATHA ANTHONY is a kindly, elderly, understanding woman who shares Helen Trent's Hollywood apartment, as her good friend and confidante. Agatha has no income, and her only living relative is a second or third cousin in Chicago whom she rarely sees or hears from, so she considers Helen to be her "family". Helen, of course, supports Agatha, but is very happy to do so, because of her great fondness for her, and because Agatha's friendship is very important to her.
(Played by Bess McCammon.)

GIL WHITNEY, handsome attorney, is well known in the legal profession on the West Coast. For a great many years he has been in love with Helen Trent, but unexpected circumstances have always intervened in time to prevent their marriage. It was only very recently that Gil was able to come back to Hollywood and his law practice—and Helen—after a long absence in the East. There he underwent a series of treatments for a partial paralysis which followed his injury in a train wreck some time ago. Gil owns a comfortable, attractive white house in the valley outside Hollywood, and he hopes, now that he is able to be back at work again, that this house will some day be the home to which he brings Helen as his bride.
(Played by David Gothard.)





Conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert.

Heard Monday through Friday, CBS.



BUGGSY O'TOOLE is Gil's general handyman. It was during the war, in the course of Gil's confidential government work, that the two became friendly. Buggsy is a rough but likeable person, and is very devoted to Gil. (Played by Ed Latimer.)



CYNTHIA CARTER, in the short time that Helen has known her, has changed from a sensitive, attractive, considerate person to one who lives only for herself. This change began to appear in Cynthia's character when she fell in love with Gil, and tried unsuccessfully to take him away from Helen. When Gil became cool toward her, Cynthia, on the spur of the moment, married the multimillionaire, Dwight Swanson, Helen's ex-fiance. But Dwight died two days later, and now Cynthia is one of the richest women in California. And, what is more important to Helen, Cynthia is half-owner of Parafilm Studios. Thus, it is within Cynthia Carter's power to discharge Helen, should she wish to—and who can tell? She may very well wish to one day, for she and Helen are definitely no longer good friends. (Played by Mary Jane Higby.)

JEFF BRADY (above, with Helen) is one of the top producers at Parafilm Studios, and is Helen's immediate boss. Jeff has a great admiration for Helen, and very frequently seeks her advice, not only on studio matters, but concerning his wife, with whom he doesn't get along too well. Jeff Brady is much too easily influenced by other people. (Played by Ken Daigneau.)

HARRIET EAGLE is a girl of nineteen whom Helen some time ago befriended. She has a cruel father, and ran away from home to come to Hollywood, because she is interested in a career in the movies. Harriet has very little money, and is living with Helen, who is doing everything she can to help the girl get started on her picture career. (Played by Amzie Strickland.)



Radio's favorite comedienne, Joan Davis, gets her

hands—and both feet—into a serious problem of love



Tangle with Cupid



By JOAN DAVIS

The Joan Davis show, with Andy Russell and Harry Von Zell, is heard Mondays at 8:30 P.M., EST, on CBS.

"Listen, Terry," I began, sitting down. "For your own good, I'm going to have a little talk with you."

TERRY BROWN is an engineer down at the Power and Light Company and I can always be thankful to him for teaching me that logarithms have nothing to do with boogie woogie. Terry is intelligent and maybe some day he'll grow up to be intellectual. That's what happens unless a fellow makes so much money he forgets what he started out to do.

And Connie Miller, his girl, looks more like a movie starlet than most starlets do. Honest, she's a darling. Connie, as well as being completely in love with Terry, is in love with life. She is the happiest little lark ever to sing everything's going to be all right. Connie is the kind of girl who was born with good looks and who makes the

most of them. But above all, Connie loves the people in this world, generally speaking, as though they belonged to her. I mentioned these traits of Terry and Connie just to explain how different they are—especially from each other.

It all began one Saturday afternoon when the streets were drenched with sunshine, one of those early autumn days when it seems as though the summer can't quite make up its mind to leave us and, like the man who came to dinner, decides to hang around for a little longer in the hopes that your hospitality can stand his presence. I didn't mind a bit; I felt wonderful and if the tea room was crowded with folks who stopped in for a snack after shopping,

well, that was certainly fine with me.

I remember it well because that was the day I sent Serenus out to sweep the sidewalk, and he disappeared. Serenus has a habit of disappearing whenever there is work to be done so it is nothing unusual for him to be gone for an hour or two. Andy Russell offered to do the sweeping, but I needed Andy in the kitchen.

"Gee! What a crowd in the tea room today, Miss Davis," Andy said. "I guess everybody was down to the stadium to watch the first game of the season. Maybe that's where Serenus went to."

Just like that genius-in-reverse, I thought. Serenus probably heard the crowd talking about the game and

didn't bother to find out whether it was over or not. He was probably sitting down at the empty stadium. The idea of sitting down would always appeal to him anyway.

"I'm glad *you're* here, Andy," I said and he nodded. I'm sure he meant he was glad to be working so he could earn more money for his college courses.

I went out front again to see how the service was. A new waitress was having trouble taking all the orders so I helped her out. The first table I came to had Terry Brown and Connie Miller seated at it.

"Hello, Joan," Connie said, her eyes as bright as anything. "You know Terry Brown. You should have been

down to the stadium, Joan. The team was super today. Gosh, I hope they win all their games. Terry had to work—at least he said he did—and he met me after the game . . ."

"I didn't really have to work," Terry chimed in, his voice serious and subdued. Terry was so conscientious it seemed as though he always wanted the record kept straight, even in ordinary conversation. "I just thought I'd help out on the new conduit blueprints," he explained. "That big viaduct job requires more concentration than other work. Mr. Smith said I didn't have to come in to the powerhouse today but I thought I might just as well be there in case I was needed."

"What will you folks have?" I asked,

changing the subject rapidly. "Tea and crumpets? Mrs. Hipperton gave us a real old English recipe for crumpets. I think you'll like them."

Connie said that would be fine for her but Terry seemed lost in heavier thinking.

"I believe I'll have a roast beef sandwich on whole wheat bread," he finally decided. "I didn't have quite enough calories in my luncheon for a proper diet. A fellow has to watch his health, you know."

On the way back to the kitchen I wondered why it was that two people who were so basically different could be attracted to each other. There was vivacious Connie, all eyes for the people around her. (Continued on page 75)

ONCE WE'RE WE'RE MARRIED.

ONE OF AUNT JENNY'S
REAL LIFE STORIES

IT MUST have been soon after Christmas that I noticed how often Phil Ruskin was coming to visit me. It hadn't occurred to me sooner, because the young folks of Littleton are always dropping into their Aunt Jenny's house, to help themselves to doughnuts from the stoneware jar in the kitchen and sit and talk for awhile. They know I like them, every blessed one of them, and I'm proud to say they like me.

But this particular evening I hadn't been at home. Old Mrs. Henderson had fallen and broken her leg, and I had taken her a jar of my grape marmalade. I got back about eight o'clock, and walked into my sitting room to find Phil and Sally Burnett there. Sally was in the corner of the Chesterfield couch, and Phil was in a chair drawn up close, and their heads were nearly touching while Sally read Phil's palm. They both jumped when they saw me, and Phil snatched his hand away. That was when it came to me how much of Phil I'd been seeing for the last couple of weeks—and always on the nights Sally happened to drop in too.

"Oh, hello, Aunt Jenny," Sally said. "We—we wondered where you were."

"Did you now?" I took off my hat and coat, and stowed them in the closet. "Well, before curiosity burns you up, I'll tell you I've been down to see Mrs. Henderson, and she's getting along fine."

Phil was standing up, looking as if he didn't quite know what to do with his hands, now that Sally was no longer holding one of them. He was a handsome boy, just about the best looking one in town, I guess—almost too handsome for his own good. I don't mean that he was conceited about his looks, because he wasn't; but maybe they'd always made things a mite too easy for him—them and the fact that he was



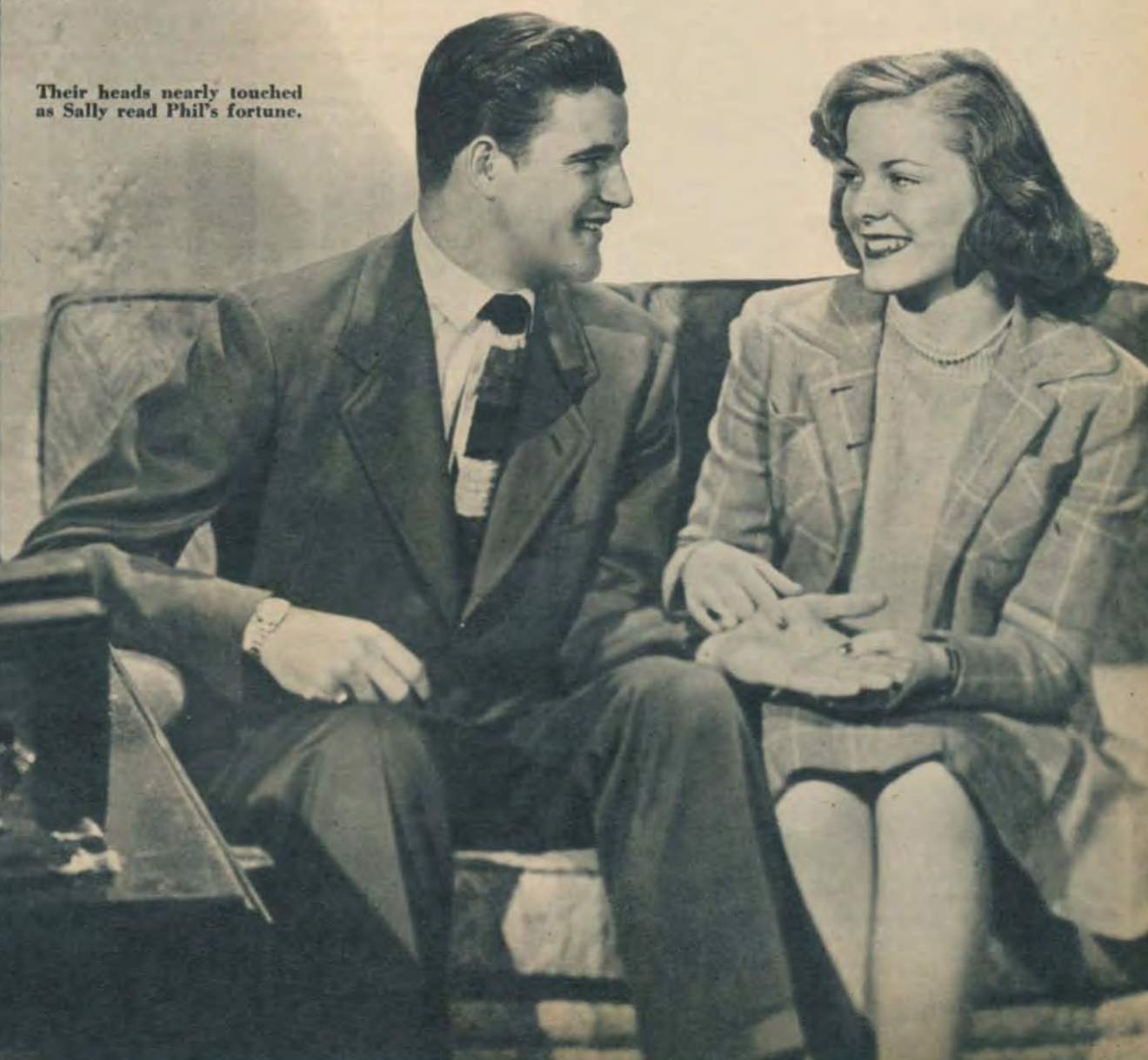
Phil and Sally were worlds apart. That's what everyone in Littleton said
—except Aunt Jenny. Even Phil realized Sally came from "the
other side of town" and what that could mean in heartbreak for them both

the only son of Berg Ruskin, who owns the Littleton Bank. He had darkish hair growing down into a peak on his forehead, and a shy, wide grin that could melt your heart even when you were my age, and big dark-blue eyes. And even after two years of fighting in the Pacific, he still had an air of being very young and very innocent.

"Mother wanted me to ask you, Aunt Jenny," he said, "if you'd bake a cake for the church tea next week. One of the maple cakes, she said."

He hadn't come around just to ask me that, because Helen Ruskin could have called me on the phone as easy as not. Besides, I'd already promised to bake the cake at the last Guild meeting. Still, I didn't say anything. If Helen had given him that message, it meant she knew he was coming to my place. It may seem funny that I should make a point of that. Phil was twenty-two, and a veteran, and might have been considered capable of deciding where he'd spend his time without consulting his mother. But his mother happened to be Helen Ruskin, who somehow or other had got herself into the notion that Phil hadn't ever gone past the age of twelve. A fine, good woman, Helen is, but it sometimes seemed to me that where Phil was concerned she was never able to see farther than the end of her nose.

Their heads nearly touched
as Sally read Phil's fortune.





Sally jumped up. "Come on, Aunt Jenny," she said. "I brought in some of that sandwich spread you like. Let's have a party."

A party. Sally didn't need sandwiches for a party; life itself was a party to her. Oh, I knew it was easy to sniff at people like Sally—it was easy to sniff at the whole Burnett family, for that matter, and a good many leading Littleton citizens did just that. Just the same, it takes all kinds to make a world, and there was nothing really bad about Sally, or her family either. Poor, yes; poor as so many sparrows. Jim Burnett never earned more than fifteen dollars the best week in his life, and the chances are that Grace, his wife, spent most of that on a fancy dress for one of the kids. But the Burnetts had something a lot of families miss. They meant something to each other. They didn't interfere in each other's affairs, but somehow they were a team. And they knew how to live—little as they had to live with.

SALLY had left school as early as the law allowed, and gone to work in Simpson's drug store. At first she must have tried out every brand and color of lip rouge Cal had in stock, and spent her wages on the flashiest clothes she could find. But she was observant, and quick to learn, and by the time she was eighteen she was making the best of her dark, dramatic beauty. People said she was wild, which meant that in summer you could find her dancing every night at Cotter's Pavilion, and in winter sometimes at the Log Cabin on the Metropole road—and having a good time both places. It meant too, I guess, that she always had a joke on her full, red lips, and that she knew all the latest slang, and walked with her head up and her hair swinging loose and free on both sides of her oval face, as if to say she wasn't ashamed of being a Burnett.

I'd known her and Oliver, her twin brother, since the days when they came asking for a handful of the cherries off the tree in my backyard—their brown eyes big in their grimy little faces, their little six-year-old bodies as active as gnats—and I liked them both. If you took the trouble to treat them like respectable human beings, you couldn't ask for nicer youngsters. I remember once, Sally caught three boys from down the street trying to pick those cherries. She sailed in and chased them off all by herself—and got a bloody nose doing it, too.

If Phil Ruskin had been my boy, I couldn't have wanted anything better for him than friendship with Sally Burnett. But he wasn't mine, and once I'd seen what was happening I couldn't help worrying. I noticed, that evening when I walked in and found them together, that Phil left about five minutes before Sally did, and it didn't take much imagination to picture them meeting again outside.

I waited a week or so, thinking maybe I'd been mistaken, but on the evenings Sally came to see me it always turned out that Phil showed up too. There wasn't any doubt about it—no doubt, either, that his eyes were constantly following her slim figure about the room, or that when someone turned the phonograph on it was Phil's arms into which Sally slipped first. So when Phil happened to come one night, ahead of Sally, I made up mind to talk to him.

"Sit down, Phil," I said dryly. "I expect Sally'll be in any minute. You arranged to meet her here, didn't you?"

He blushed, and glanced through the open door into my kitchen, where two or three other youngsters were congregated. "Well—yes, Aunt Jenny," he admitted. "We did, in a way."

"More than a couple of Littleton romances started in this house," I said, "and I'm proud to say they've all turned out mighty well. So I can't object on that score. But I'm wondering what your mother and dad think of you seeing so much of Sally Burnett."

He glanced down at the floor. "They—they don't know," he said. I didn't say anything to that—what could I have said except, "I'm not surprised"?—and after a couple of

In front of his father's bank Phil stopped and drew her into the doorway. "I've got to talk to you, Sally!"

seconds Phil burst out irritably. "They seem to think—especially Mother—that I'm not smart enough to decide anything for myself. It's 'Do this, son—do that,' from morning to night. Oh, they mean well, but they just don't understand. Good Lord, I was a sergeant when we invaded Okinawa! I had to make up my mind about things that meant the difference between living and dying—and now I can't even pick out a suit of clothes for myself. Mother went along when I bought this one!"

"It's a very nice suit," I said. "But I don't see what it has to do with Sally."

"Oh, yes you do," Phil said gloomily. "If they'd give me credit for being grown up now, I wouldn't have to pretend I'm going to see you when I want to meet Sally—I don't mean that I don't want to see you, Aunt Jenny, but—"

"That's all right, Phil." I patted his hand. "My feelings are hard to hurt. But speaking of being grown up, don't you think the best way to prove that you are, is to tell your folks about Sally—maybe take her to visit them?"

He gave me a stricken look. "Mother'd have hysterics," he said.

THEY'RE not fatal. Anyhow, you're going to have to tell them someday—that is, if Sally means anything to you. And I gather she does."

He was sitting on the edge of the chair he'd taken, leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees. When he answered, he was talking to the floor. "You gather—just about right," he said.

"Then—" But I had to stop, because Sally came in from outside, came in with snow powdering her coat, and her eyes shining softly. "Hello, Phil," she said, and I might as well not have been there at all.

Watching them together, that night, I thought again about the town's favorite adjective for Sally—"wild." It just went to show, I thought, how mistaken people could be. Out at Cotter's Pavilion with one of the pool-room crowd—and she hadn't been above going with them, either—Sally might have looked too wise for her eighteen years. But in my parlor, sitting next to Phil Ruskin, she was only a girl timidly in love, so pitifully easy to hurt, so trusting and bemused with enchantment, that my heart ached for her.

On an impulse, I said to her, "Come to church with me Sunday, Sally—and then come back here to dinner," and she agreed delightedly.

I hoped Phil would invite himself to come along, and prove that he wasn't afraid of appearing in public with Sally. He didn't though.

Sunday was one of the mild days we get sometimes in January, with slush underfoot and a deceptive feeling of spring in the air. Sally and I picked our way carefully over the curbs. She was wearing a new blue suit, very plain and well cut, and when I complimented her on it she confessed, "Phil told me to get it. He saw it in Parkers' window, and wanted me to buy it as a present from him. Of course I wouldn't do that, though." With one hand she stroked the soft material of the sleeve—lovingly, as if she were touching Phil. "Isn't it beautiful?" she murmured.

"I asked you to come with me today because I wanted to talk to you about Phil," I said. "Are you in love with him, Sally?"

She turned her child's face to mine. There was a dreamy little smile on her lips when she said simply, "Yes, I am."

"Does he love you? Has he said so, I mean?"

Dancing beside me, she said, "Oh—not in words. But

he doesn't have to. I can tell. And don't look disapproving, Aunt Jenny. Phil's not like—well, like some boys I could name. His intentions are perfectly honorable."

Phil's intentions were so vague they almost didn't exist, I thought, but I didn't say so.

I'm afraid I didn't pay as much attention to the Reverend Marvin's sermon as I should have. I didn't know what to do. All I wanted was to make sure that Sally and Phil didn't get hurt. Principally Sally—because after all, Phil was a man, and his family had money. I didn't doubt that he loved Sally, but loving her wasn't enough, in his case. He had to be ready to do something about it, and I didn't believe he was.

After the service, Sally came back to the house and helped me fry the chicken and bake hot biscuits. "Just think," she said wonderingly, "someday Phil and I'll have a house like this—and on Sundays I'll cook exactly this kind of dinner for him! I've never paid much attention to cooking until now. You and Mama will have a lot to teach me."

"But Sally—" I turned away from the stove. "Sally, how can you be so sure? If Phil hasn't even said he loves you— And besides, his family's the oldest and richest in Littleton, and—"

"I know," Sally said quietly. "And I'm only one of Jim Burnett's children. But that isn't important to Phil. He's the most democratic person in the world. Why, he doesn't even want to go back to that big Eastern college, because it's so snobbish. If he goes back to school at all, he says, it'll be to the State University."

"Has he told his folks that?"

"Yes, and they don't like it at all."

I could believe that, but I wondered just how firmly Phil had stood up to his father and mother on that point, too.

"Sally," I said, "just promise me one thing. Don't do anything foolish. Don't run away with Phil, or marry him secretly."

"Oh, I wouldn't!" she exclaimed, wide-eyed. "I wouldn't think of it, Aunt Jenny. Because when Phil and I get married, we're going to have a real church wedding—a big one, with the organ playing and me in a white dress and veil—The kind of wedding I've always dreamed of," she said, her face luminous.

Just a baby, that's all she was—a baby, building her castles in the air, refusing to see what was there in front of her as plain as my kitchen stove—that Helen and Berg Ruskin would never consent to a marriage between her and Phil, and that Phil wasn't strong enough to defy them.

It went on like that through the rest of January: Phil and Sally meeting at my place, later stealing away to have a few furtive moments together on the dark streets before Phil took her home to the tumbledown Burnett house on Harrison Street. The other young folks who came to visit me knew what was going on, of course, and some older people must have known too, from seeing them together outside, no matter how hard they tried to escape being noticed. It was only a matter of time before someone would tell the Ruskins, and then there would be an explosion.

I could have told them I didn't want them meeting in my house. I thought of it, and I was tempted when I imagined some of the things Helen might say to me. "You're responsible, Jenny Wheeler—you're responsible for the whole thing. They met at your place to begin with, and you permitted them to go on seeing each other there. You encouraged them!" And more, (Continued on page 67)



Once We're Married is a brand new Aunt Jenny story. Listen daily to Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories—every Monday through Friday, 11:45 A.M., EST, CBS.



"The little things of home"

More happiness than they'd ever had before—what more could any two people ask of marriage?

BY KARL SWENSON
of Our Gal Sunday

SOMETIMES I feel that I could give sharp competition to poet John Milton—at least in the one he wrote beginning "When I consider how my years are spent—" Only my poem would go on differently from there. It would run as follows, "When I consider how my life is spent—my seven-room apartment, my four children, my three radio serials—"

Life for me is full every moment—and wonderful. But frankly I don't have time to work on a piece of poetry. Practically every minute of my day is accounted for. My wife is a wonderful person—and my four sons are wearing but fascinating. Fifteen rehearsals a week—five recordings—and ten broadcasts might leave me gasping, but the busier I am the more I seem to accomplish.

I mentioned Virginia and our four sons. No one could have foreseen the possibility of marriage for us when we met.

It was her brother Ed Hascom who introduced us. Ed and I were working together in a stock company in New London, Connecticut. I was playing the lead in "The Pursuit of Happiness" and Ed was in charge of the props for the play.

One night a little dark-haired girl with hazel eyes came backstage. She was Ed's sister. He and I were rooming together then and of course he wanted Virginia and me to be friendly.

But it didn't work out that way. We just didn't like one another. She made remarks to the effect that I was a conceited actor. And I thought she was

frightfully aloof. People say that sparks flew when we were around each other.

After the season was over Ed asked me to stay for a while with his family. I thought this over for a couple of days. Much as I liked Ed there was the problem of having to see that awful girl who was his sister. I finally said yes because I thought Ed and I could avoid her pretty well if we had to.

But a subtle change in my relationship with Virginia began to take place during that visit. We couldn't avoid seeing each other so we started to fence a little. Both of us got a big kick out of the joking and wisecracking.

And then we began literally to be thrown together. Virginia's mother used to love to take automobile trips through the autumn countryside. She felt better when Ed was driving. Ed used to insist that I go along and Virginia wasn't the type to stay home alone and miss any fun.

The car was a roadster and since mother obviously couldn't sit in the rumble seat Virginia and I were consigned to it. When you ride in a rumble seat six or seven times with someone you dislike you either get over your dislike or someone goes overboard.

The night I left Connecticut to come back to New York saw the actual change in our relationship. I had an appointment the next day with a producer. There was a chance for a good part for me in New York. Therefore, although there was a cloudburst I insisted on going through with my plans.

I had a lot of bags and stuff—enough to fill the rumble completely. Since I

still didn't know how to drive, Ed was chauffeur again. This time both women squeezed inside with Ed.

Somehow I climbed up on top of all my luggage. In fact I was sitting so high that I had to hold on to the framework of the hood. Suddenly I felt a comforting hand over mine. It was Virginia's. After a few moments of this I began to think that it was more than a matter of security to Virginia. When a girl holds your hand for fifteen miles on a skiddy road you get notions about her.

Well, I made my train and all the way to New York I tried to figure out whether or not Virginia was really beginning to like me. I was sure that I was sunk.

A month later Ed, Virginia and their mother came down to visit in New York. I started going out with the whole family and in a week or so found that I was dating Virginia alone.

We seemed to be getting along better than we had in Connecticut and I made up my mind that I was going to marry her. (Continued on page 72)

The Swenson family at home—Peter, 10; David, 7½; Virginia with John, 3; Steven, 5. Also in the picture, though you can't see them, are Lorenzo Jones of NBC's daytime show, and Lord Henry of CBS's Our Gal Sunday, because both are played by Karl Swenson. See Radio Mirror's program guide, page 51, for air time on Lorenzo Jones and Our Gal Sunday.



DEAR BUTCH

A "MY TRUE STORY"

Be sure to tune in the My True Story program, heard Monday through Friday mornings on the ABC network, 10 A.M., ET; 9 A.M., CT; 11.30 A.M., MT; 10:30 A.M., PT

Pink, it was, with a skirt star-studded in rhinestones—the wonderful dress that symbolized new love, new hope for Gerry

IN A WAY, I think that dress was symbolic.

I saw it in Coleman's window as I was going to work that morning. I called Mrs. Traynor as soon as I got to the office, and asked her if she could meet me, and look at the dress, on my lunch hour. You see, that particular dress was to be bought for a very particular purpose—Mrs. Traynor's son, Tom, was coming home. And to me, that was just the same as saying that the world was going to start to come alive again.

Ordinarily, I don't get very excited about clothes. At home I'm strictly a blue-jeans-and-old-sport-shirt girl. But this dress! "It's perfect," Mrs. Traynor said, the moment she saw it. "Simply perfect!" And it was.

An off-the-shoulder pink formal, it was, with a fitted bodice and a sweeping skirt star-studded with rhinestones. I could picture myself wearing that dress when Tom came home, dancing in his arms.

My eyes met Mrs. Traynor's, over the froth of the dress. "Shall I try it on?"

She nodded emphatically. "Try it on? Of course you'll try it on, darling. You've got to have it—it's perfect," she repeated. "It's just the sort of thing—well, just the sort of thing that will do the trick." And she smiled that conspirator's smile at me—the smile we had exchanged so often, she and I, since Tom had been away.

The saleslady slipped the dress over

my head, and I knew for sure, then, that it was meant for me. Somehow it seemed to be the token of all I felt for Tom, of all the things I had never been able to put into words, or write him.

Tom had enlisted in the Navy on his eighteenth birthday. That was two years ago. Since the end of the war he had been stationed at a base in Korea, but now he was due home any day.

The saleslady's voice brought me back from my wandering. She was saying a very odd thing, "You make me ache to be very young again, my dear!"

"I'm nineteen," I told her. That is not very young, I thought, defensively. It's old enough, at least, to know where your heart lies.

Her smile widened as I took a couple of dance steps. The skirt seemed to flow around me and it sparkled in the light. "You look as if you came straight out of a Strauss waltz," she said. "With that lovely dark hair of yours and those green eyes, it's beautiful! . . . I'm so glad the other girl didn't buy it this morning."

"Another girl wanted it?"

"Well, she said she would be back later to decide. A blonde girl by the name of Garth. Do you know her?"


I nodded. In a town our size you know almost everybody. Estelle Garth had been in our high school crowd. "Queenie" the boys called her. She was a pink and gold girl, and she had a special heartbeat for Tom, too. He had

been writing to her and to several of the other girls as well as to me. Oh, he was far from being mine exclusively! You can't go on forever being just a pal to a boy. And for years that is what I had been to Tom. The girl who baited his hook, and played shortstop on his team, and was his sounding-board when he got into trouble. But he never thought of me in connection with moonlight-and-roses. Never in any romantic fashion. We were too young for that when he went away. But things would be different when he came home again. They *had* to be.

I had just paid a deposit on the dress (it was costing more than I could afford really), and had said goodbye to Mrs. Traynor, who had some other shopping to do when Estelle came in. She was all excited. "Gerry," she cried, "have you heard the news? Tom Traynor will be home this week! I got a letter from him today. He'll probably be here in time for our big class reunion dance. Isn't that wonderful? I'm going to buy a *divine* dress for it."

I said uncomfortably, "Look, Estelle, I'm terribly sorry but I'm afraid I bought the dress you were looking at. I didn't know you were even considering it until after I had tried it on. If you really want it, though . . ."

For a moment she stared at me. Then she laughed. The kind of laugh that would make you shrivel inside if you were the shriveling type—which I'm not. "Oh, you mean you bought the



His hand slid under my chin
and he tilted my face to his.

little pink dress?" she said. "But, darling, that's for an infant! This is the one I am getting," and she waved a hand toward a daring black gown draped on a model in a show-window.

"Then you aren't disappointed. That's fine," I said. As I turned away, the clerk gave me a cute wink and I grinned back at her. It was like a little salute between us to the pink dress. Because, young or not, that dress was still a dream!

I telephoned home as soon as I got back to the office. Just from the chuckle in mother's voice when she answered I knew she had good news for me. Sure enough, Tom had written me, too. A postal-card. She read it to me: "Dear Butch," (he always called me that) "I'll be seeing that monkey-face of yours sometime this week. Dust off the welcome mat and get out those Benny Goodman records. S'long now, Tom."

Not exactly what you'd call a love letter, but it started lovely chimes ringing inside me, and a pink cloud came and sat on my desk.

The Traynors lived only a short distance from us and on my way home I dropped in to see Tom's mother, to see if she'd had a letter, too. She was out on the service porch giving Bunkie, the half-cocker, half what-is-it, a bath. He was the laziest, cutest dog in the neighborhood and he worshiped Tom. Susie, the cat, was curled up near the door watching the process with sleek satisfaction. (Continued on page 58)

Life can be beautiful

Papa David and Chichi choose this month's hundred-dollar letter—the letter sent in by a reader telling her own Life Can Be Beautiful story

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

Each Month For Your

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Letters

What experience in your lifetime has taught you that Life Can Be Beautiful? Do you recall a time when the helping hand of a friend, a kindly word of advice, changed your whole outlook? When some chance of circumstance showed you the way to happiness? Papa David would like to hear about these experiences of yours, and for the letter sent in each month which in his opinion best expresses the thought, "Life Can Be Beautiful," RADIO MIRROR Magazine will pay one hundred dollars. For each of the other letters received that month which space permits us to print, RADIO MIRROR will pay fifteen dollars. Letters received before the first of each month will be considered for the following month's payments. The opinion of the editors is final; no letters can be returned. Address your letters to Papa David, care of RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. LISTEN TO LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL DAILY ON YOUR LOCAL CBS STATION—Check program guide, page 51, for local time.

EVERY DAY, Chichi and I become more aware of the fact that Life Can Be Beautiful, and our realization of this truth is daily strengthened by you—our readers and listeners. We have received hundreds of letters, from all parts of the country, each of them telling a true story of how someone, somewhere, learned that courage and faith can bring happiness and contentment.

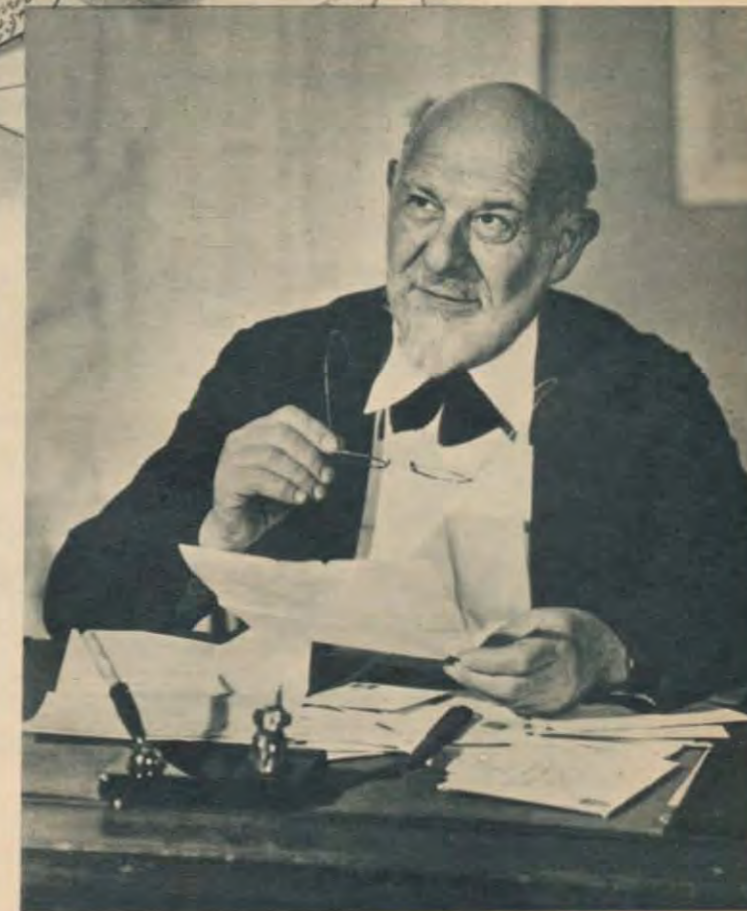
Chichi is pretty busy these days, and, although we'll continue to read your letters together, I am going to take over the burden of the work entailed in bringing this department to you each month through RADIO MIRROR. So—will you address your letters to me, hereafter?

Before we get to this month's letters, I'd like to remind you of a little incident that happened to us not so long ago—an incident which proves that life, as well as the people who live it, is a blending of good and bad, but no life is bad in its entirety, just as no individual is beyond redemption. Chichi and I relearned this lesson when Oscar Finch was killed in his attempt to save Chichi. He had seemed to us, before that, to be the perfect example of a man whose years had been wasted, whose thoughts were for no one but himself. Suddenly we realized that no matter what sins he had, his going was useful, even sacrificial. It was the instinctive act of a brave man.

I said, then, to Chichi, that the way things work, the pattern of destiny, the manipulation of the fates, the will of God—whatever you want to call it—is strange; we cannot always understand it, but we can believe in it. It makes me happy to find extra proof, through your letters, that you, too, have found that belief, along with Chichi and myself—the belief that Life Can Be Beautiful.

And now, here is the letter which Chichi and I have selected as the best which has come to us for this month—the writer will receive this month's hundred dollar check for her letter.

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, is heard daily over CBS.



DEAR CHICHI:

I am going to try to tell you how I have found out that Life Can Be Beautiful. When I was sixteen years of age I first began to go with a boy by the name of Dairs. I fell in love with him and I know he loved me, too. We went together for about six months and then one night we decided to get married. My father must have overheard us for the next morning he got after me about marrying. I could not tell my father a lie, so I told him all about it—but he must not have understood, for he bade me to not even think of marriage and he told me to tell Dairs not to come to our home any more. I did as he asked; I broke off with Dairs.

Then I began to go with an Army boy whose name was Raden. We thought a lot of each other and we decided to slip off and get married. When we did my father did not bother us. I went to live with Raden's people and liked them very much. Raden only came in for the weekends but that was almost too much for me because it was all I could do to keep up my pretending game. I did not love him—but he never caught me day dreaming at all. I made believe to him that he was the sweetest man on earth.

What made it terrible was that Dairs lived close to Raden's family home and he would come over a lot. I never would have anything to say to him for I was ashamed that I had married without telling him. After awhile I went back to my father's house for I thought if I could get away from Dairs I could make a go of my marriage—but I was more lonely than ever so I finally went to live close to

Fort Bragg where Raden was. We got along fine after we got a place by ourselves. Three months after I went to live near Fort Bragg, my husband was shipped overseas. I was glad in one way and sad in another. It meant being lonely and so I decided to get a job, but I got sick a week after he left. The doctor told me I was pregnant. The last thing in the world I wanted was a baby. I did not write Raden about it.

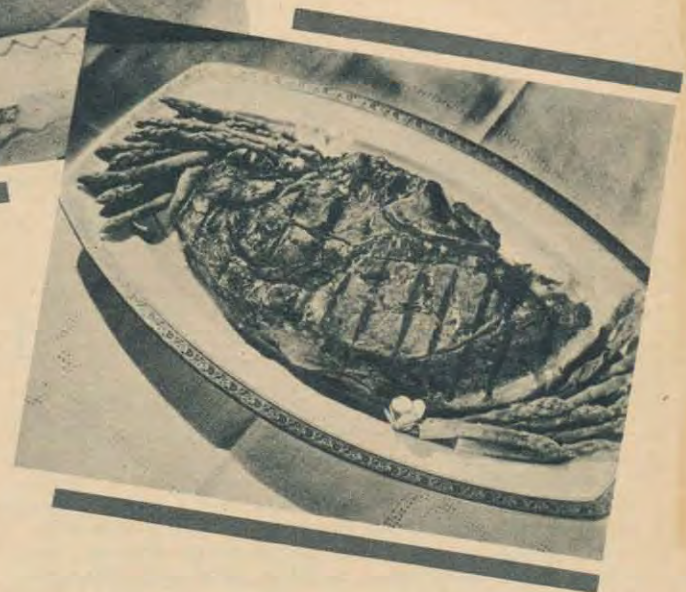
I thought more of Dairs during those months than of Raden. I was wishing it could be Dairs' baby instead of Raden's. I wrote sweet letters to Raden but it was hard to do. I told a friend of mine that I was going to quit pretending. She begged me to be faithful to my husband. I decided I'd better, for the baby's sake.

Four months after Raden went overseas he was reported missing. Well, I thought in my heart that it was best, because I thought I would never want to live with him any more. But the more I thought of him—that he might be dead—the worse I felt. So I started praying that he would be found and that I would forget Dairs and love Raden with all my heart. Then the baby was born. He was just like Raden. Then I knew that I loved Raden, but I thought it was too late. They finally informed me that he was dead. They sent me his insurance. I bought a farm close to my father's and stayed there. My sister and her husband tended the farm with me. Dairs came and tried to get me to marry him, but I did not for when I looked at Dairs I hated him. So I told him one night to leave my home and never set foot in it again.

(Continued on page 89)



If you ask Father what he'd like for dinner on his Day he'll be very likely to vote for steak, with a good, rare roast beef with all the trimmings running close second.



For DAD, with Love

WITH Father's Day almost here I know all of you are planning to make it the best-ever feast day for him with the foods he likes best served up to the king's taste. If the man in your family is like most of the men I know, he will vote for steak as his first choice with roast beef a close second, so here are menus based on those favorites and recipes for the accompanying dishes.

Sirloin Steak

- Mushroom Gravy
- Broiler French Fried Potatoes
- Green Asparagus French Bread
- Raw Carrot Strips, Radishes and Scallions
- Strawberry Shortcake
- Coffee

Roast Beef

- Oven-Browned Potatoes Gravy
- June Peas and Scallions
- Mixed Green Salad
- Hot Biscuits
- Banana Splits
- Coffee

Sirloin Steak

Allow ½ pound of steak per serving. Preheat broiler 5 minutes. Wipe steak with a cloth, grease broiler rack lightly with lard and place steak in rack with surface of meat 3 inches from heat.

Brown steak on both sides, turning once. For rare steak cut 1½ inches thick, allow 12 to 15 minutes; for a rare steak cut 2 inches thick allow 15 to 18 minutes. Increase time for medium or well-done steak. Sprinkle both sides of cooked steak with salt and pepper, and if desired dot with butter or margarine.

Broiler French Fried Potatoes

Cook potatoes in their jackets in boiling salted water until done. Pare and cut in strips as for French fried potatoes, brush with a little melted lard and brown on broiler rack with the steak, turning several times.

Mushroom Gravy

- 1½ tbs. steak dripping
- 1½ tbs. flour
- ¼ cup canned mushrooms, sliced
- 1 cup mushroom liquid and water

In broiler pan, blend drippings and flour, add mushroom liquid and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add mushrooms. Serve piping hot with steak.

Roast Beef

Wipe meat with a cloth, season well with salt and pepper and place in shallow baking pan with the fat side up and cook roast in a low oven (325° F.) until done. For a rare roast allow about 18 to 20 minutes per pound or until thermometer registers 140° F.; for a medium roast allow 25 minutes per pound or to 160° F.; for a well-done roast allow 30 minutes per pound or to 170° F. For the last hour of cooking place peeled raw potatoes around the roast in baking pan, turning frequently.

Banana Splits

For dessert combine strips of ripe banana with scoops of your favorite ice cream, top with crushed pineapple, marshmallow sauce, chocolate sauce, strawberry or raspberry jam, sprinkle with chopped nuts, garnish with maraschino cherries.

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.



Saturday

So Very Young

(Continued from page 23)

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: Musical Novelty Group	
	8:45	CBS: Margaret Arlen	
8:30	9:00	ABC: Wake Up and Smile	
8:15	9:15	NBC: Home Is What You Make It	
8:15	9:15	CBS: The Garden Gate	
6:15	9:30	CBS: Carolina Calling	
	9:30	NBC: Fashions in Melody	
	9:45	NBC: A Miss and a Male	
9:00	10:00	ABC: Galen Drake	
11:30	10:00	CBS: Give and Take	
	10:00	MBS: Albert Warner	
7:00	10:00	NBC: Eileen Barton Show	
	10:15	MBS: Southern Harmonizers	
	10:15	ABC: Club Time	
	10:30	MBS: Smiling Ed McConnell	
	10:30	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor	
11:00	10:30	NBC: Adventures of Archie Andrews	
	10:30	ABC: Teen Town	
4:30	10:45	MBS: Southern Harmonizers	
	11:00	ABC: Harry Kogen's Orchestra	
	11:00	NBC: Teentimers Club	
8:05	11:05	CBS: Let's Pretend	
	11:15	ABC: Bible Message	
	11:30	MBS: Land of the Lost	
9:45	11:30	ABC: Betty Moore	
	11:45	ABC: Note From a Diary	
9:00	12:00	CBS: Theater of Today	
	12:00	MBS: House of Mystery	
9:15	12:15	NBC: Consumer Time	
9:30	12:30	MBS: Stars Over Hollywood	
	12:30	ABC: American Farmer	
9:30	12:30	NBC: Music for Saturday	
	1:00	NBC: National Farm & Home Hour	
10:00	12:00	CBS: Grand Central Station	
10:00	12:00	ABC: Symphonies for Youth	
10:00	12:00	MBS: Opry House Matinee	
	1:30	CBS: County Fair	
10:30	12:30	NBC: The Veteran's Aid	
	1:45	NBC: Edward Tomlinson	
11:15	2:00	NBC: Your Host is Buffalo	
	2:15	MBS: Don McGrove's Orchestra	
	2:30	CBS: Columbia Workshop	
	2:45	NBC: Stories by Olmsted	
	3:00	MBS: Sinfonietta	
	3:00	NBC: Orchestras of the Nation	
	4:00	NBC: Doctors at Home	
	4:30	NBC: First Piano Quartet	
2:15	5:00	ABC: Tea and Crumpets	
2:00	5:00	CBS: Philadelphia Orchestra	
	5:00	NBC: Easy Money	
	5:00	MBS: Sports Parade	
2:30	4:40	5:30	NBC: John W. Vandercook
3:30	5:45	5:45	ABC: Charles Jordan
	5:45	NBC: Tin Pan Alley of the Air	
	6:00	MBS: Cleveland Symphony	
	6:00	CBS: Quincy Howe	
4:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: American Portrait
	6:30	6:30	ABC: Hank D'Amico Orchestra
	6:30	MBS: Hawaii 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	NBC: Our Foreign Policy
	7:00	MBS: Hawaii Calls	
4:00	7:00	7:00	ABC: It's Your Business
	7:15	7:15	ABC: Correspondents Abroad
9:30	7:30	7:30	ABC: Green Hornet
	7:30	NBC: Jimmy Edmondson	
4:30	4:30	7:30	CBS: The First Nighter
	7:45	7:45	MBS: I Was a Convict
8:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: The Dick Haymes Show
	8:00	MBS: 20 Questions	
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC: Life of Riley
8:00	8:00	8:00	ABC: Dick Tracy
	8:15	8:15	ABC: Here's Morgan
8:30	7:30	8:30	ABC: Famous Jury Trials
	8:30	CBS: Mayor of the Town	
	8:30	MBS: Harry Savoy Show	
8:00	7:30	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
	9:00	CBS: Your Hit Parade	
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: National Barn Dance
9:00	9:00	9:00	ABC: Gang Busters
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC: Can You Top This?
	9:30	MBS: Break the Bank	
6:30	9:30	9:30	ABC: Boston Symphony
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
	10:00	10:00	MBS: Theater of the Air
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Judy Canova
7:15	7:15	10:15	CBS: Celebrity Club
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC: Grand Ole Opry
7:30	10:30	10:30	ABC: Hayloft Hoodwain

awed. "They're beautiful," she said. When we came home, Bill and I thanked Judd and went on into the house. Patti's farewells were more prolonged. "I had a beautiful time, Judd," we heard her saying at the door. Judd sounded surprised. "Why we didn't do anything," he said. "We just knocked around the way I usually do." "But I had a wonderful time!" Patti insisted. "Every single minute—"

Judd laughed. "Well, I'm glad of it. I'll put you in my pocket and take you along again sometime."

And that's exactly what he did, so casually and informally that none of us realized how often Patti was seeing him. On Saturday mornings he'd stop by the house to take Patti fishing; in the afternoons, as the weather grew warmer, they went swimming; one or two evenings a week he would turn up at the house after dinner, and then they would be off to the airport or for a drive down along the lake. He always brought her home early, and in spite of the fact that Patti was always bursting with news as to where they had been and what they had done, we didn't stop to think that they were really alone together a great deal, that Judd's haunts were not those where the boys and girls from school gathered.

IT was on a Saturday afternoon that Patti dropped her bombshell. She'd been fishing with Judd that morning; she came home in time for lunch, and sat down at the table just as she was, in her slacks and shirt. "I guess I'm just not hungry," she sighed. "I think I'll go up and change my clothes."

Later that afternoon I tapped on her bedroom door, and I entered to find her curled up on the window seat. She was still wearing the slacks and shirt, and the look on her face was indescribable—dreaminess and radiance and sheer elation. "Rosemary," she breathed, "I've just got to tell you. This morning, Judd asked me to marry him."

I sat down, simply because I was suddenly too weak to stand. "What—what did you say to that?"

Patti shook her head. "Oh, I didn't say anything," she confessed. "I was too dumfounded. You see, Judd has never—I mean—he's never tried to kiss me, or—or anything like that. I couldn't think what to say, and the next moment he got a bass on his line, and after that he didn't talk about marriage any more."

"It's all so wonderful," Patti went on, "and yet so sort of—sort of scary too. Oh, Rosemary, I think I know now exactly how you felt when Bill first told you he loved you—"

"But, darling," I began, "Bill and I—"

"Oh, I know I'm not old enough to be married," she said quickly. "Not for years and years yet. But I could be engaged to him."

"But Patti, darling, when you're engaged, you don't go out with other boys. Are you sure you care enough about Judd to tie yourself down—"

"I wouldn't be tied down; I'd have Judd. I didn't know how I felt about him, but ever since this morning I've been thinking about it, thinking how happy he'll be when I tell him that I—well, that I belong to him. And I do love him, Rosemary, I'm sure of it. All I want is to make him happy. And, Rosemary, don't tell Mama about it just yet, will you? I'm going to see Judd

tonight—I expect we're going out to the airport—and I want him to be the first to know."

Readily, I promised not to tell Mother. Mother had problems enough without being troubled with this—this madness of Patti's. But I hadn't promised not to tell Bill, and the minute he came home that afternoon, I took him aside and told him the whole story. He listened soberly enough until I reached the part about the bass' interrupting Judd's proposal, and then his lips began to twitch and his eyes to twinkle. "It isn't funny, Bill," I finished sharply. "It might be, if Judd were—oh, say, Tommy's age. But he isn't. He's older, not only in years but in experience. And if he's taken it into his head that he's in love—"

"But, darling, that's just it—I'm sure he hasn't. Judd's a pretty level-headed boy, and I've an idea this proposal business is something Patti's built up in her own mind. Judd probably told her that she'd make someone a wonderful wife some day, and Patti probably took it to mean that he wanted her to be his wife. Do you see?"

I was still doubtful, but I couldn't help feeling better about it. I had great faith in Bill's judgment. We went out that evening and stayed quite late. By the time we returned home Patti had come in from her date with Judd and was in bed, asleep. Mother told us so; Mother had waited up to talk with us. "I suppose you know what it's about," she said when we sat down with her. "Patti told me she told you. She says—" and as she spoke, Mother looked as if she still hadn't recovered from the blow, "that she's engaged to this Marsh boy."

Bill patted her arm. "Don't worry, Mother Dawson," he said comfortingly. "—I think that both you and Rosemary are making a lot out of a little. I don't think for a minute that Judd is serious about Patti, and I'm sure it will be some time before Patti is capable of being serious about anyone. Next week it will be someone else—"

"But that's just it," I objected. "She hasn't seen anyone else. Even Tommy and Birdbrain—and you know how thick she used to be with them. She's dropped away from all of her friends. Judd never takes her to places where the school youngsters go—"

BILL refused to be moved. "Well, then," he suggested, "get her back into the crowd—or bring the crowd back to her. Give a party. If I know Patti and parties, she'll be the first to cooperate."

The more we thought about it, the more the idea of a party appealed. And when we mentioned it to Patti, Bill proved to be completely right about her reaction. "A real, big party?" she demanded. "You mean I can invite everybody? Oh, Rosemary, could we have it soon?"

I think that she was as glad as we were to have Judd removed, at least temporarily, from the center of interest. No one had openly opposed her "engagement," but she couldn't help knowing that we didn't approve of it. And in a family as closely knit as ours had always been, even this little, silent opposition was disturbing.

In the next few days, for the first time in a long time, his name was scarcely mentioned. Instead, there

(Continued on page 56)

MRS. CHARLES BOYER—
glamorous wife of the screen's
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“Enticing!”

says Mrs. Charles Boyer,

“No wonder TANGEE SATIN-FINISH
Lipstick is a Hollywood sensation.”

Glamorous colors? Of course! But that alone doesn't explain the popularity of Tangee Lipstick in Hollywood. There's another reason—SATIN-FINISH! This amazing development gives a lipstick wonderful “staying power”...so that you aren't constantly taking time out for “repairs”. And even on a hot day, Satin-Finish doesn't get soft—does NOT run or smear. Remember, only Tangee has Satin-Finish.

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SITROUX Tissues

SAY
SIT-TRUE

(Continued from page 54)

were endless discussions with Mother and me about what to serve and how to serve it, discussion with Tommy and Birdbrain, over the telephone, about whom to invite and what to wear; the telephoning of the invitations alone occupied two full evenings. It was too casual, Patti felt, simply to tell her friends about the party when she saw them at school. Judd was the first to be invited, but when he dropped by on Wednesday night, Tommy was at the house, sorting records with Patti. "I can't go out, Judd," she said. "We've got to go to Kenny's house and get his boogie records—"

JUDD drove them to Kenny's, and when they came back, he dutifully helped them to sort their loot. I felt that the party had already justified itself. This was the way things should be—Patti and friends of her own age, with Judd welcome so long as he fitted in.

The party itself went off beautifully. It just couldn't go flat—not with all of Patti's friends there, and the rugs rolled and the floor waxed for dancing, and the newest records on the phonograph, and with Patti's own enthusiasm to touch things off. There were incidents, of course—the little accidents that are the price of every party. Someone's dancing heel caught in a lamp cord, and the lamp crashed spectacularly but harmlessly into Birdbrain's lap. And toward the end of supper I stupidly and unwittingly embarrassed Judd. He was ineffectually attacking the stiff meringue of his baked Alaska with his coffee spoon. The meringue skidded off his plate and grabbing at it he upset his coffee. He jumped to his feet and began mopping up the mess with his napkin. "Judd, I'm sorry!" I exclaimed. "Didn't I give you a fork?"—And then, too late, I saw that he did have a fork, lying clean and unused beside his dessert plate.

Still, everyone seemed to have a wonderful time, and Judd was no exception. He danced with the girls and talked flying with the boys, and when Dr. Jim Cotter, our oldest and dearest family friend, stopped by to see how the party was going, Judd held him fascinated with an account of an operation he had witnessed at sea.

It was a successful evening, but we were exhausted when it was over. Patti slept late the next morning; both Bill and Joyce had left the house when she came downstairs. She came down very quietly; mother and I were busy with the breakfast dishes, and it was a minute or two before we realized that she was standing in the kitchen doorway, looking at us. "Patti!" Mother exclaimed. "What—" and stopped. Patti's face was dead white, her eyes black with—something. Anger, unshed tears, some mute and turbulent emotion.

"Well, you showed Judd up," she said in a low voice. "Is that why you gave the party? To show me that he didn't know little unimportant things like which fork to use? If it was—"

Mother's mouth went tight; her hurt showed only in her eyes. I was too astonished to feel anything at all. "Patti!" Mother cried, and Patti crumpled into a tearful heap on a kitchen chair. "Oh, I know you didn't mean it!" she sobbed. "I didn't mean to say that you did—but I'm just so—so mad on his account! It's not his fault that he doesn't know all the little fine points. He was born on River Street and then he was in the N-navy—"

Mother crossed over to her and put her arms around her and let her cry. Then she said gently, "Patti, listen to me, please. No one else but you paid any attention to these things you're talking about. No one else noticed them. I'm sure Judd himself didn't feel that he was shown up, as you call it. He had a lovely time—"

Patti pulled away from her. "He didn't! He was wretched! He nearly died when he s-spilled the coffee. Oh, I'm so miserable! We've always been such a happy family, and I love you so much and I don't want to do anything to hurt you—but I can't let Judd down now. He'd think it was because I was a snob. I've got to go on being engaged to him. I've got to make it up to him some way. I—I'll marry him the minute he wants me to—" And then she was gone.

Mother and I just looked at each other. I sat down. I was trembling. She said, "I think you should talk to Judd."

I nodded. I couldn't talk; there was too much going through my mind. Judd seemed to be such a level-headed boy; it didn't seem possible that he could be in love with a fifteen-year-old girl, could expect her to wait years for him. Certainly it wasn't possible that he'd want to marry her at any time in the near future, and yet—Disquieting pictures, news captions ran through my mind, of servicemen and their teen-age brides, adolescent girls married to boys who were hardly more than adolescents themselves. If Judd were mad enough to want to run off with Patti, she was romantic enough, and defiant enough right now, to go with him. . . .

And then the doorbell rang. "You go," Mother said. "Please. I don't want to see anyone. I—I think I need some action, to help me think." And she turned and began attacking the dishes as if they were enemies.

I went through the front of the house, opened the front door—to Judd Marsh. "Good morning, Rosemary," he said. "Can I talk to you for a minute? I need your help. It's about Patti."

"Of course." I led the way into the living room. "Sit down, Judd. What is it—about Patti?"

HE sat down, folded his hands, unfolded them, thrust them into his pockets, drew them out again. "She thinks I want to marry her," he blurted. "And I don't. It's the craziest thing—I thought she was just kidding when she first started talking about it, last Saturday night, out at the airport. We were sitting in the car, watching the planes, and all of a sudden she turned to me and said, 'I've decided, Judd. I can't marry you for years and years, but I'll be engaged to you. I'll wait for you.' I thought she was fooling, only it didn't seem at all like her kind of fooling. And then I saw she was serious. She actually thought—"

I drew a long shaky breath of relief. I knew what was coming. Dear Bill, I thought, you were so right. . . . Aloud I said, "She thought that you—"

Judd nodded violently. "I know. It dawned on me after I'd thought it over. That morning, when we were fishing, I'd told her that she was the sort of girl every fellow dreams of marrying. I didn't mean anything by it—I mean, anything personal. We'd been talking about the war, and what the fellows thought about when they were away from home. . . . And I didn't know how to set her right—"

"You didn't want to hurt her." He gave me a quick, grateful look.

"You can just bet I didn't want to hurt her! You see, the funny part of it is, I do care about her, a lot, in a way I'd never thought of caring about a girl. I think the world of her for what she is—a real person, who's sweet and genuine and straightforward and honest. I know it sounds crazy, and it's hard to explain—but I'd never thought about girls as people. I always figured a fellow flirted with them, if he felt like it, or took them to dances, if he felt like it—and if he didn't feel like it, he let them alone and went about his own business. Patti showed me that a girl could be a companion to a fellow. I hope—I just hope that someday, when I do fall in love, it will be with someone as wonderful as she is. And I know she isn't really in love with me. She just thinks she is—Oh, good God—"

HE was staring at something over my shoulder. I turned, sat paralyzed by a glimpse of Patti's skirt disappearing around the landing of the stairs. "She must have heard everything," he whispered. "Oh, Lord—"

I rose, weak with relief, weak with nausea. Oh, poor Patti, my poor baby sister . . . "You'd better go," I said. "I'll talk to her. Thank you for coming, from the bottom of my heart. I'll get in touch with you."

I hurried up the stairs. The door of Patti's room was closed, but not locked. I let myself in, sat down beside the huddled little figure on the bed.

A very small voice said, "Go on, Rosemary, tell me what a fool I've been. All that stuff about knowing how you felt when Bill fell in love with you—"

And then, miraculously, I did find the right words. "I don't see why," I said reasonably. "I'd feel pretty wonderful if I were you."

Patti didn't move, but she thought it over. "Why?"

"Because you've just been paid a wonderful compliment. Didn't you hear Judd tell me how he felt about you, about the whole new outlook you've given him? You've made his life richer and better—"

The shining head lifted a little, dropped back to the pillow, despairingly. "But he doesn't love me."

I sat silent. Then I asked, "Do you love him? Enough to spend all the rest of your life with him, with never a thought of anyone else? Did you really want to be engaged to him—never to have a date with another boy? Honestly, now Patti? Remember, one of the things Judd likes about you is your honesty—"

Patti spoke to the pillow. "I guess I didn't want to be engaged, not really. Oh, I do want to—but I want to have fun with the other kids, too. But I do—did—care about him, more than about any other boy I've ever known—" She sat up suddenly, faced me squarely, her eyes widening. "Maybe that's it!" she whispered. "Maybe Judd was right—and I just thought I loved him because I'd seen him so much, because I'd got to know him. Maybe if I got to know other boys that way, like Stretch McGinnes or Lyman Harper—if I got to know them as *people*, not just as part of the crowd, maybe I'd find out that they were wonderful people, too. Oh, Rosemary!" she burst out. "Isn't it all just confusing?"

"Oh, darling—" I kissed her, and then I just had to laugh—a laugh of happiness, of gratitude. Perhaps everything was very confusing, but I was sure that Patti was on the right track. And best of all, most important of all, she sounded exactly like Patti again.



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First for softness
MODESS



Dear Butch

(Continued from page 47)

She and Bunkie had a kind of armed truce and kept their distance from each other as a rule. I put a big apron over my office dress and picked up the scrub brush. "I'll finish washing that pooch," I said, "on condition that I get a piece of that apple pie I see in the kitchen!"

Mrs. Traynor reached over and kissed my nose. She looked flushed and happy as a girl. "You'll stay for supper, that's what you'll do," she said.

She had been a widow for years, and two other sons had married and were living in California. Tom was all she had left really. Her house had been like a second home to me ever since I was a child. And I knew if I stood out in Tom's mind above the other girls it was because of her gentle partisanship. Since he had been in the Navy, she had waged a campaign in my behalf in all her letters to him. I realized now how much I had come to expect of that campaign, how much I hoped it would influence Tom!

MEMORIES crowded my mind. The night before Tom left . . . I still could not think of that night without a lump coming in my throat. We had walked down the river path to a point above the bridge where we used to fish, and I had wanted so desperately to have him kiss me. There were thin clouds across the face of the moon and everything was very still as if the whole world were waiting. And after a while he said, "You know, Butch, I've never even seen the ocean. D'you suppose I'll get seasick?"

I looked helplessly up at the moon that had just appeared between two clouds. I wanted to put my arms around him and say, "Look, you lug, won't you please think of me for just a minute? Don't you know I love you?" But all I could actually say was, "You don't get seasick on the roller coaster. And you love boats."

Tom said, "Yeah. And by the way, here's the key to my rowboat locker. You can use the old tub while I'm gone." He said it very off-handedly but my heart gave a great leap because that rowboat was his dearest possession, next to Bunkie. I've worn that key on a chain around my neck ever since.

I fingered it now, sitting there in the little dinette with Mrs. Traynor. Surely Tom would not have given it to me if he had not cared a little bit. At least, that is what I kept telling myself. And there was a surprise waiting for him when he saw that rowboat! It was a secret that I had shared with no one except his mother. Mrs. Traynor and I had had no secrets from each other these past three years.

After supper, Bunkie decided to walk home with me and he chased imaginary shadows all along the block. It was a soft Spring evening, almost warm, so I stopped at the corner drug-store to take some ice cream home to the folks. Estelle was there with a couple of boys, obviously giving them what she calls "the works." She hailed me in a languid sort of way. "Darling," she said, "did you really buy that *jeune fille* dress?"

"Why yes," I said. "I like it."
"Atta girl! Don't let her bait you!" someone whispered at my elbow. It was Chris Holmes, the football coach and math instructor at high school. Every girl in town was crazy about him. He was young, unmarried, and

terribly attractive—a smooth type.

"I'm going down your way. Mind if I walk home with you and Bunkie?" he asked. Estelle's eyes popped when she saw us leaving the store together. I think that's what he did it for. He had always been kind to me, since those early days when Tom and I took him fishing with us. When we reached home Chris stood at our gate talking for a few moments. "Sorry I can't come in tonight. But let me some other time, eh?" he said in that nice, warm voice of his. Then he went off and I hurried into the house with the ice cream, Bunkie still at my heels.

Mother and Dad were reading in the livingroom with Bettina—my sister, aged eleven—prone on the floor between them. There was a merry uproar when I mentioned ice cream. I escaped to my room and climbed into my trusty dungarees and old checked shirt. When I came down again Bettina said, "Ah, Glamor Gal!" insinuatingly, and the folks smiled, and we all settled down for a pleasant evening. Bunkie gave me a reproachful look so I went out to the kitchen to hunt him up a bone. I was bending over the icebox when something went *zing* against my legs. I whirled.

And there was Tom Traynor, complete in Navy suit and white cap, framed in the back door. "Trying to steal my dog behind my back. What a pal!" he shouted and swung me up with a big warwhoop. Bunkie made a flying leap of pure joy and we all went down together on the kitchen floor.

It was not exactly the welcome I had planned—with soft lights, music, a dreamy dress—but it was a rousing good one. Tom looked wonderful, and changed in some way I could not quite put my finger on. It was something more than just a new assurance, a new adult quality. Late that night as I lay in bed it came to me what the change was—it was in his eyes. They had an old, defensive look as if they had seen too much too quickly. A rush of tenderness for him swept over me. I had a fierce desire to protect him from any further hurt.

AT noon the next day he picked me up at the office in his old rattletrap of a car and we drove down to the river to where he'd always kept his boat.

My knees were watery with excitement as he opened the shed. He stood back for a minute and gave a low whistle. Silently I gave him the key from the chain around my neck. He took it without lifting his eyes from the boat. "Who did this, Butch? You?" he said.

I nodded dumbly. "But how?" he wanted to know. "You didn't give it that swell paint job yourself?"

"Yes, I did. On my Saturday afternoons off. It didn't take long really."

"And that outboard motor I always wanted. Where did you get the money for that, Butch?"

"None of your business!" I laughed. It was a shaky little laugh, I guess, because that is the way I felt inside. Tom gave me a long, slow look, then an appreciative grin broke over his face. For a moment—for one blindly ecstatic moment—I thought he was going to kiss me. But all he did was put a hand on my shoulder awkwardly. "You're about the best pal a guy ever had, Butch. That is a *keen* job! Come on, let's try it out."

I was wearing a yellow jumper with a crisp organdy blouse. Not exactly the thing for a boat ride but I didn't hesitate. We got the boat into the



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water and shoved off. There was no time to go very far out on the river because I had to get back to work. I had brought along some sandwiches and cake and we ate them as we skirted an inlet. "You'd make a swell ship's cook!" Tom stated, pushing back his hair in that old remembered gesture. "You know those cookies you used to send me? You should have seen 'em disappear!"

That had been his mother's suggestion, to send him home-made things. Part of her kindly plot to make me "stand out" in his mind . . . as his girl. I'll never forget her words that night of the graduation as we walked home together. "You're basically so honest, Gerry. And I'm beginning to realize that you love Tom in the whole-hearted way you do everything else. I can't tell you how glad I am about that—because you will be good for him. Very good, my dear. I'll help all I can." And she had.

TOM was lolling back in the bow, regarding the river with vast contentment. "Ever use that new barbless hook, Butch? It's swell. You have to hold the line taut every minute or the fish gets away. Say—tomorrow's Saturday and you have the afternoon off, haven't you? Let's go fishing."

Tomorrow was also the day of the dance. The big high school reunion dance for all the boys come back from service. Had Tom forgotten? The pink dream dress was hanging in my closet that very minute and I had a swift picture of myself in it, coming down the stairs to meet him . . . He would realize then how much I had changed.

"Well, how about it?" Tom was persisting. "We could fish 'way up by Milford's where the run's so good . . ."

"But what about the dance?"

"Oh that," Tom gave a casual shrug. "By the way, Butch," he added as a complete afterthought, "do you want to go with us? I'm taking Estelle Garth."

Just a few words—and my whole little world was breaking up, my heart along with it. The river seemed to blacken and grow sluggish, ugly. I had, somehow, taken it so for granted that I would be Tom's date. Everything had been so wonderful between us since his return. But he had said those words as a good-natured older brother might have said them. I was still the kid sister.

I said dully, "I have to get back to the office now," and we headed for the landing. Our picnic, and my private dream, was over.

That evening, almost as soon as I got inside the door of our house, Mrs. Traynor called on the telephone.

"Gerry, dear," she began, in that breathless way of hers, "I'm so glad I was able to catch you. I wanted to talk to you before Tom gets home. Did you know? I mean, has he told you . . ."

"That he's taking Estelle to the dance?" I helped her. "Yes, I know."

I could hear her small sigh. "I just wanted to tell you not to worry about it, dear. It's just that—well, he hasn't had time to realize that you're grown up. But he will, when he sees you tomorrow night. There's nothing like a pink dress to make a man see a girl in a different light, Gerry! You just be there, and all he'll have to do is take one look at you . . ."

I heard myself agreeing, automatically, trying to match her enthusiasm. But I couldn't. Always, before, when she'd had some idea for attracting Tom's attention to me, I'd fallen in with her plans with (Continued on page 62)

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Pinwheel Red . . . A true glowing red tone with all the warmth of red blood.

(Continued from page 60)
all the enthusiasm in the world. She knows, I'd tell myself. She knows what to do—she knows what Tom likes and dislikes.

But this time, as I trailed wearily upstairs, I couldn't make myself believe it. All I wanted to do was to throw myself on the bed and let the tears come until I was exhausted. Perhaps I'd have some peace, then, when I was too tired to think or feel any more. But instead I found myself standing at the open window, with the cool night air on my hot cheeks, thinking some pretty startling thoughts.

What was it Mrs. Traynor had said? *He hasn't had time to realize that you're grown up, but he will when he sees you tomorrow night in that pink dress . . .*

"Pink dress!" I said it aloud, and my voice was scornful. "Grown up!" You see, I suddenly knew what an awful idiot I'd been to think that a pink dress could accomplish what I wanted. Or all the cookies and cakes in the world, sent overseas. Or all the outboard motors or—well, it was ridiculous! If you wanted somebody to know that you were grown up, that you were a woman, then you had to be grown up, you had to be a woman!

I HAD depended on Tom's mother to make Tom notice me, and love me. How terribly silly that seemed all of a sudden! Why, if Tom were going to notice me—if he were going to love me—it would be for myself. Because I had made *myself* noticeable, because I was, *myself*, lovable. If I ever wanted to mean anything to Tom, or to any man, I had to learn to stand on my own feet. Love—grown-up love—doesn't need an agent.

I don't know how long I lingered there, thinking things out. But gradually an idea shaped itself in my mind. I combed my hair, put on some fresh lipstick, and went downstairs, and out.

Chris Holmes was usually in the high school gym on Friday nights. I met him just as he was locking up. He looked pleased when he saw me standing there. It had always been easy to talk to Chris with his quick understanding and friendliness. He tucked his hand under my elbow. "Let's go for a walk," he suggested. "My car is in the repair shop as usual."

"I'd like to walk," I said. We crossed the big athletic field, drenched now in moonlight, and I explained everything to him. He listened attentively, saying little. All through high school he had been Tom's ideal, and he was the one person who could make my plan work. "And so," I finished lamely, "I was wondering if you'd—if perhaps you could . . ."

"Take you to the dance tomorrow night? Why, Gerry, I'd love it! It's time Tom Traynor woke up!"

"No," I said, "It's time I woke up."

On Saturday afternoon I had arranged to have my hair and nails done, and to take long hours dressing. But it was not to be that way. When I came home at noon I found Bettina looking like a pathetic calico doll with her small face all broken out in red blotches. She had gone hiking with some other youngsters and had managed to get into a patch of poison ivy. It developed that during the course of the morning she had also managed to eat six hamburgers, eight chocolate bars, two dill pickles, and a nice green apple. I have never seen a sicker little girl. And to make matters worse, Mother was away. She had gone out to the farm for the day to visit Aunt Lil. I called Dr. Harvey and it was

hours before we got Bettina quieted. Mother came back about six, and there were dozens of things yet to do. When I looked at the clock again I had just twenty minutes to get ready for the dance. "I'd better telephone Chris and call the whole thing off," I said. "Of course you're going," Mother said. "Come along, I'll help you. Bettina is perfectly all right now."

The doorbell rang and it was a messenger with a corsage box. Inside were pink camellias and little Cecile Brunner roses—and a note that said, "Clear the decks and man the guns! For galantry in action to a very charming girl... Chris."

A strange excitement began stealing over me. I whirled and ran up the stairs. There was so little time... First, my bath with my best geranium bath salts. Then mother brushed my wild curls into something like a smooth wave. And finally I was slipping that lovely, foamy gown over my head just as the doorbell rang again.

"Ice cream! How can you think of such a thing after what you've been through today!" Mother groaned.

As I went into the livingroom Chris turned and smiled at me. The kind of admiring smile designed to give any girl confidence. And I needed it a moment later—I needed all the assurance I could get—when Tom arrived with Estelle Garth. Tom gave me a startled look and then whistled the way he had done when he saw his boat all fixed up. "Neat," he grinned. "Very neat, Gerry." It was the first time I ever recalled having him call me Gerry. He shook hands with Chris and there was a funny, puzzled expression on his face as if he were trying to readjust some ideas. Estelle was watching the little scene through half closed lids. She was wearing the black dress, and she looked—well, I guess "devastating" is the word. Suddenly I felt very young and inexperienced but I was not going to let it get me down!

Chris seemed to have forgotten that we were playing a part. Or perhaps he had entered more into the spirit of my little plot than I had dared to hope for. I found excitement mounting in me as we swung around the dance floor. "It looks," he whispered, "as if the stag line has discovered you. Here they come..." And sure enough, boys I had barely known during high school began cutting in. I had a confused impression of one uniform after another... of words that began to fall into one pattern. "How you've grown up, Beautiful!"... And then I was in the arms of the Navy, and Tom was smiling down at me...

It was just as I had imagined. I relaxed against him in sheer happiness, and the rhythm of our steps was echoing in my pulse. I loved him so much that dancing with him this way was heaven. We didn't say much. Tom steered me away from a sergeant who wanted to cut in. "Gunny, how different you are tonight," he said after a while. "Let's go outside and talk."

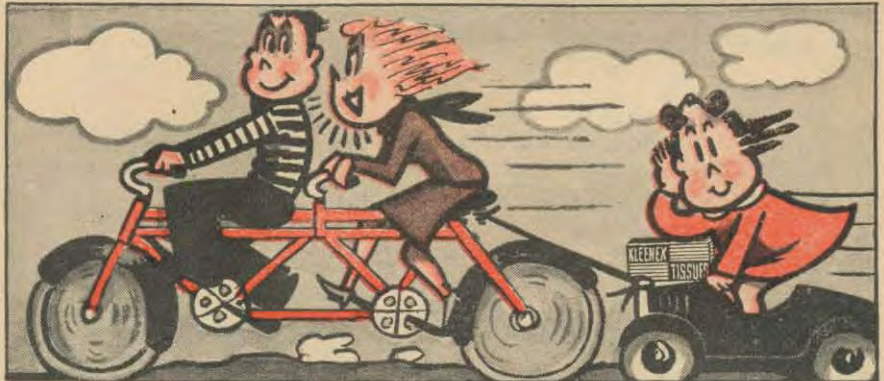
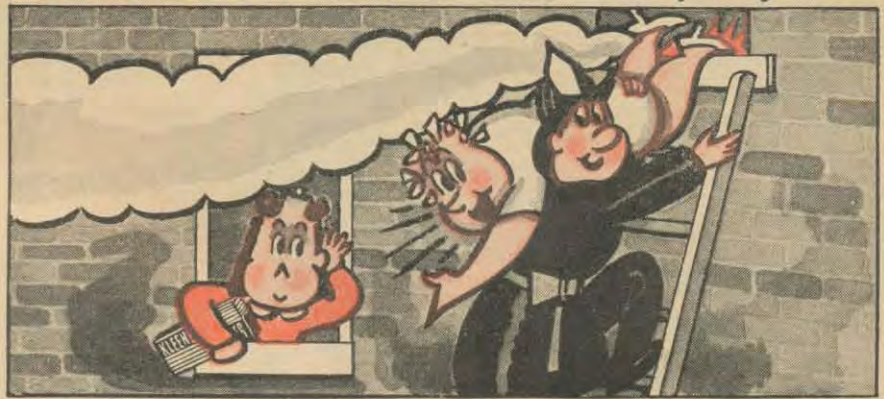
There was a small park in front of the auditorium where the dance was being held, and we sat on one of the stone benches beside a pool filled with waterlilies. I slipped my hand into Tom's, and it seemed the most natural gesture in the world.

He put the other hand up tentatively and touched my hair, my cheek—almost, I thought, as if he were trying to see if I were real.

"You think you know a girl as well as you know your own self," he said huskily, after a moment, "and then you

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find that you don't know her at all. You find that she's—that she's way up and beyond you."

That frightened me a little—and then I knew what he meant. He meant that he had all of a sudden, tonight, realized that I was grown-up. And that was what I had wanted, what I'd been dreaming about, wasn't it?

"But I'm not way up and beyond, Tom—I'm not. I'm—I'm just me. Just the way I've always been, only a little older, a little more grown-up, after three years. That's all."

For answer, his hand slid under my chin and he tilted my face up to his. Very gently, almost hesitantly, he kissed me. Every part of my being came alive with that kiss, like Sleeping Beauty's awakening. And I could feel the surge of new joy in him, too. Both my arms slipped around his neck, and then he was crushing me to him. His kiss, then . . . well, I don't know. When your heart goes into something like that, you stop thinking. His lips were demanding, tender and loving, all at once. And I was proud to respond to all of that in him. That's the way it has to be, when two people love each other.

WE must have been there a long time, in each other's arms, when a cool voice behind us brought us back. "Well, well—isn't little Gerry doing well, this evening?" Estelle, of course, standing there, detached and mocking, in the shadow of the trees. "I was looking for you, Tom. This is our dance."

He stood up, still clinging to my hand. "I'll be back," he told me. And there was something direct and sweet in his glance that was like an unspoken promise between us.

I hurried around to the other entrance, and there was Chris. "So you've come back—don't tell me. I can guess from your face what's happened. You look as if somebody had presented you with the moon and a couple of stars thrown in!" He looked so happy himself that I was not surprised when he added, "I know just how you feel. I'm in love, too, Gerry—I feel as if I can let you in on the secret, now. She's a nurse. I met her in the East last summer, and we're going to be married in a few months."

I waited for Tom to claim the next dance, but he had disappeared. So had Estelle. Later I saw her dancing with an Army captain, but still there was no sign of Tom.

At last, I walked out into the park, and went swiftly to the lily pool. And Tom was there, pacing up and down.

He turned to me and demanded swiftly, before I could speak, "Why didn't you tell me?" I had never heard him use that tone of voice before.

"Tell you what, Tom?"

"That you were going steady with Chris Holmes. That you were his girl?" Anger rose swiftly, sharply in me, and I found that I was suddenly trembling all over with the fury of it. "You must have an excellent opinion of me," I told him, keeping my voice steady with a great effort. "Do you think I would have acted like—like that—with you, if I were his girl? Don't you know me any better than that? And where did you get this information, anyway, Tom? Did you—"

He interrupted roughly. "I could see it for myself—when you were dancing with him a little while ago."

I shook my head, and somehow I found myself able to laugh a little. "Oh, Tom—I've been dancing with different boys all evening. Are you sure you didn't see what you wanted to

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see, because you'd been prompted? Didn't Estelle, perhaps, tell you? Did you think to ask me? To ask Chris?" And when he would have interrupted me again, I went swiftly on. "Let me tell you something, Tom. I asked Chris Holmes to bring me here tonight. Because I didn't have an escort. Because I'm not going steady with Chris or anyone. Because I'm not anyone's girl!"

And I turned on my heel and ran from him, before he could see the tears in my eyes.

The next morning—Sunday—Mother came into the kitchen to find me dressed in my old dungarees and shirt, finishing a cup of coffee.

"Bettina seems to be all right this morning," I told her, "so I think I'll go out to Aunt Lil's for the day."

Mother asked no questions. She just said lightly "Better take your green suit so you can go with Aunt Lil to church."

I caught the 8:10 bus, and an hour later I was getting off at the junction which is only half a mile from the farm. Aunt Lil is mother's younger sister, and for years she has kept the old family farm going. She is a big, brisk woman with lots of humor.

I got into my green suit just long enough to go to the little community church with her. It was pleasant and still, and a kind of peace came over me as I listened to the minister. But as soon as we were back at the house I went off to see the new lambs. I love the smell of Spring, the new green things coming up, and the damp, spicy earth. I picked up a little ewe, who promptly cried *Baa-aaa* for her mother.

"Aren't you ashamed—taking a baby lamb like that away from its lunch?" For the second time in a week, Tom Traynor had caught me like this—blue jeans, undignified position and all. He followed it up hastily with, "I've come to take you fishing."

"How did you know where I was?"

"Easy. I asked your mother. Butch—Butch, darling, what are you trying to run away from?"

RUN away! For a moment, anger welled up in me again. How dare he . . . ? And then I remembered that I was trying to run away, and only children deny the obvious truth.

"Butch—I want to tell you something. I was jealous last night. That's what it was. Estelle lied to me, and if I hadn't been as blind as jealousy is supposed to make a guy, I would have known. I—I talked to Chris after you left. I told him that I was ashamed of myself, and—well, I want to tell you that, too. You see, I was never jealous of any woman before, and it's kind of hard to get used to." He grinned at me.

And how could I help returning the grin? Hadn't he said he was never jealous of any woman—any woman—before? And wasn't it perfectly logical that if you're jealous, you have to be in love to prompt the jealousy?

"When I saw you with Chris Holmes," he was saying, "and I thought you were in love with him—well, I just couldn't take it. Why Butch—you're a part of me. We belong together."

That was a moonlight-and-roses sort of speech. The kind I'd been waiting for. But it was high noon. And besides, I knew, somehow, that I would never have to plan and scheme again. I could just be myself.

So I was myself. "Let's go fishing," I said. And I turned my mouth up for a kiss—an everything's all right with us, now and forever, sort of kiss, before we went looking for tackle.

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The Only Hope

(Continued from page 19)

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2. Everybody knows the atomic bomb can only be used in aggressive, offensive warfare. Yet we continue to manufacture atomic bombs and wonder why other nations view us with suspicion.

3. We are grim about Great Britain's clinging to its Empire and Russia's trying to set up sympathetic governments on its borders—yet we think nothing of demanding Pacific bases thousands of miles from our borders.

4. Our press is free to attack Russia, Great Britain, smaller nations; our industries are free to play ball with German industrialists, and both may make open gestures to rebuild a strong Germany as a bulwark.

WHICH brings us back to the UNO. That is the world court where irritations between nations are to be solved. It isn't easy—your morning radio broadcast attests to that—but it is the only road toward a better solution.

What is that solution? One that is based on the essential truth that I've learned living among the peoples of twenty-nine countries. *People never want war.* Only sovereign states want war. So, in the end, we must get rid of sovereign states. UNO is a confederacy, a loose organization of states. But if we could have an organization composed of the peoples of the world, that would be a world government which could outlaw war. Such a government would pass laws to forbid destructive weapons; a police force of all the peoples would enforce that law. It sounds idealistic—but it's not!

And if you believe, as I do, that it is the only hope, you will let your congressman and the President know your wishes. Let them know that you want us to stop thinking in terms of war!

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Once We're Married

(Continued from page 43)

along the same lines. But if I did refuse to let them use my home as a meeting-place, I knew what would happen. They'd simply meet somewhere else. And it was safer to have them with me.

The decision was taken out of my hands finally, because Phil asked Sally to elope with him.

They'd left my house together, going out into a cold, icy rain. Usually they went a roundabout way to Sally's house on the other side of town, to avoid the business section—and to postpone the moment of saying good-night. But tonight the weather had kept most people at home, and they went along Main Street, heads down against the wind. Sally didn't mind the rain. She laughed at it, although before they'd gone two blocks her thin cloth coat was soaked through. But Phil was glum and abstracted.

In front of his father's bank he stopped, and drew her into the shelter of the entrance. "Let's stand in here a minute," he said. "I've got to talk to you, Sally. I've got to."

She waited, her face raised to his, her lips a little parted. The faint red light from the neon sign over the Littleton Café, across the street, showed her Phil's troubled mouth, his restless eyes.

"We can't go on like this," he said. "Seeing each other only at Aunt Jenny's, and for a few minutes when I take you home. We can't . . ."

"No, Phil," Sally said.

He put his hands on her waist and pulled her toward him. She came without protest, closing her eyes to his kiss, and for a long time they stood there. No one passed on the sidewalk, but if someone had, they wouldn't have cared.

Still holding her, hardly raising his lips from hers, he said, "We've got to be married, Sally."

"Yes."

"I love you so much—I can't live without you. I don't want to live without you. There's no sense to anything when you aren't with me. I just find ways of getting through the time until night, when I can go to Aunt Jenny's and find you there, waiting for me. But it isn't enough."

Again Sally echoed him. "No, Phil. It isn't enough for me, either."

"Listen," he said hurriedly. "Tomorrow I'll get hold of the car. I'll pick you up—not downtown, but at that little ice-cream store near your house. We'll get to Metropole just before the courthouse closes, and get our license. Then we can get married. Nobody can keep us apart, once we're married."

Sally didn't step back, away from him. Only her hands fell down from where they had been laid on his shoulders—slipped down slowly, limply.

"But your family?" she said in an uncomprehending voice. "You mean—you wouldn't want to tell them beforehand? And you wouldn't want me to tell mine?"

"Lord, no!" Phil said. "Not until it's all over, and there's nothing they can do about it."

"I couldn't do that, Phil. I—just couldn't. Running away, as if being married was something to be ashamed of—Why, Mom and Pop wouldn't ever forgive me, and your father and mother—they'd be mad too."

"They'd get over it," Phil insisted. "They'd have to. But if we told them



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first—my parents, I mean—there'd be an awful fuss. Dad's sore at me now, because I wouldn't go back to college."

Sally leaned back in his arms; she turned her body, and slipped out of them entirely. "Phil," she said, "you're afraid of your father and mother, aren't you?" He didn't answer, and she went on: "I suppose that's true, but it's hard for me to believe. Being afraid of your parents—why, that's like being afraid of yourself."

"They think I always ought to do exactly what they tell me," Phil said explosively. "They always have, ever since I was a kid. At first I didn't know any better—I let them order me around any way they wanted to. But now I've helped to fight a war, and I'll do as I please."

Sally—a new Sally, one who was beginning to grow up—saw past his bluster. "It isn't doing as you please to run away and get married, Phil," she whispered, "behind their backs. Not really. That's not standing up for your right to live your own life. Oh," her voice tightened, "can't you see, Phil dearest, the only way to make them realize you're your own boss is to walk right up and tell them what you're going to do—and then do it!"

Aunt Jenny was right, Sally was thinking. *She told me not to do anything foolish, and I didn't understand her. But this was what she meant.*

"It sounds easy," Phil said sulkily. "But you don't know my family."

"I'd like to," she answered. "Will you take me to see them tomorrow night? And while we're there, you can tell them we're going to be married."

Phil hesitated. He hated unpleasantness, and ever since he could remember he had been afraid of his father's quiet unbending habit of command. He hadn't told Sally the truth about the argument over his return to college; it wasn't settled by any means, and his parents still expected him to return to his old college in the fall. Berg Ruskin had said, "I want you to go back there," and that pretty much settled it, as far as Berg was concerned. It would be the same with Sally, Berg and Helen would be icily polite to Sally, they would let her see that she wasn't wanted, and then, when they had him alone, Helen would cry and Berg would say, "This is nonsense. You're too young to think of marrying—you're not even out of college yet. I didn't think a son of mine would be foolish enough to get himself mixed up with a Burnett." He wouldn't see, because he wouldn't want to see, that Sally wasn't just a Burnett—she was Sally, and unique.

But if he could bring Sally to them and say, "Here is my wife"—then, he felt vaguely, he could stand up to them without flinching. He could take all the tears, all the anger, and it wouldn't matter.

"Phil," Sally said when he still didn't answer her. "I'm sorry. But it's the only way I'll marry you—only if you tell them first."

"All right," he said, defeated. "We'll—we'll do it."

"When?" Sally asked eagerly. "Tomorrow night?"

"Might as well."

"I'll meet you at Aunt Jenny's," she promised, "and we can go over from there. I'll—I'll tell my father and mother after we've told yours."

Standing on tiptoes, she threw her arms around him and kissed him, and he took a little courage from her vibrant warmth. He laughed, shakily. "You'll make a man of me yet, Sally,"

he said, before they went out again into the rain.

It's odd to think that they should have been standing just there, across the street from the Littleton Café. If they'd stayed a few minutes longer, they would have seen everything that happened. Sally might even, through the driving rain, have seen who was driving the car.

Myrtle Allard came rushing in to tell the news the next morning before I'd finished my breakfast. "Did you hear about the hold-up?" she demanded, her bangs quivering with excitement, and didn't wait for me to answer. "Two men walked into the Littleton Cafe last night, bold as you please, just as Art was getting ready to close up. They both had guns, and one of them says to Art, 'Come on—this is a stick-up,' and the fellow points his gun at Horace and Gracine Mealey. They were the only other people in the place, and you can bet they didn't move! Then the first one went over and opened the cash register."

"Well, what happened then?"

"Well, you'd hardly believe it, but Art jumped him—just as if he didn't have any gun at all. He grabbed up a pot off the stove and went after that armed bandit," Myrtle said happily. "And the gun went off and Art was hit. He's in the hospital this very minute, but Doc Evans says he'll be all right—the bullet went clean through the fleshy part of his shoulder. Well, after that the first man grabbed all the paper money out of the till and they ran outside and jumped into their car, and Gracine started to scream, and Constable Ernie Todd came peltin' down the street from wherever he'd been all this time—down in the corner beer parlor, most likely." Myrtle never has liked Ernie Todd. "He never would've caught the robbers if it hadn't been for just—one—thing. Who do you suppose was driving the car for those two men?"

"How would I know, Myrtle Allard?"

"Oliver Burnett. Sally Burnett's brother. And he was so rattled he didn't start the car right away, so Ernie Todd was able to jump on the running board and capture all three!"

"Oh, no!" I gasped. "Not Oliver!"

"It certainly was, and if you don't believe me you can go down to the jail and ask. The other two men are strangers here, but I did hear they've been seen hanging around the last few days."

I sat back in my chair, feeling sick—and remembering things. I hadn't seen Oliver for weeks, and once when I had

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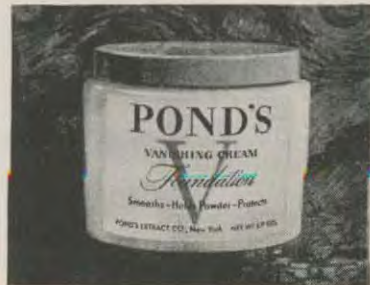


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asked Sally about him she had looked troubled and said, "He's not working, Aunt Jenny. He had a good job, you know, but he quit it, and now he sleeps all day and stays out most of the night. He won't tell us what he does—not even me. He'll be drafted pretty soon, I guess, and maybe it'll be a good thing."

It was so pitifully easy for an eighteen-year-old boy to get mixed up with the wrong people. Wanting money, wanting a good time, excitement—I could see how it had happened. Not that that was any excuse for Oliver, or any comfort for Sally and the rest of the Burnetts.

All day I hoped Sally would come to see me, but she didn't appear. Toward the middle of the afternoon I went downtown and stopped in at Simpson's drugstore, not really expecting to find her there. But she was behind the counter, her face paler than usual and a tight, defiant expression around her mouth. She smiled when she saw me, and I bought some hand-lotion I didn't need, just so I'd have a chance to say, "Come over and see me tonight, Sally, if you have time. And if there's anything I can do—"

"I know, Aunt Jenny. But I'm afraid there's nothing anyone can do. Not right away, anyway." She lowered her voice. "Mom and I went down to the jail this morning, as soon as we heard, and they let us see Oliver. He's in an awful state, Aunt Jenny. He thinks he's disgraced us all. But he says he didn't know those two men were going to hold Art up."

"Does he now?" That sounded like good news to me. "Well, then, I can't see where he has an awful lot to worry about."

"I don't know." Sally's eyes filled up with tears, and she wiped them away impatiently. "Maybe they won't believe him. After all, it's just his word. I believe him, but he's my brother."

Mr. Simpson peered at us through the door into the back room where he puts up prescriptions, and I said, "Well, don't you worry. And I'll see you tonight."

"Oh, yes," she said. "I'll be over. I'm—" She stood very straight. "I told Phil last night I'd meet him there."

I had that to think over, on my way home. I didn't know then, of course, why their date for tonight was so important, but something in Sally's voice told me that it was—that a great deal depended on it. If Phil didn't keep it—

But he did. He was there before Sally, before anyone else, while I was still washing the dishes. He stood beside me at the sink, wiping them dry, and told me about the night before.

"Sally said she wouldn't marry me," he said, "unless I told Dad and Mother about it first. She made me promise to take her there tonight, to meet them."

"She was perfectly right," I approved. "I don't believe in young folks running away to get married."

"But you know my people," Phil groaned. "They'd have thrown a fit anyway—and now, with this business of Oliver—" He reached up to put my platter away. "Of course, Sally won't expect to go see them now, after what's happened."

"Don't you be too sure of that," I told him. "If I know Sally, that's exactly what she will expect."

"She can't! Not tonight! Why—"

"Of course I want to go see your father and mother tonight. Why

shouldn't I want to meet them?"

Phil gasped, and we both turned. Sally had come into the house quietly, and she was standing in the kitchen doorway looking at us. She was wearing the new blue suit and a little blue hat. Her hair had been brushed until it glistened, and it hung down to her shoulders on both sides of a face that suddenly looked pinched by cold.

"Why shouldn't I?" she repeated, coming farther into the room. "What Oliver did doesn't change me at all. I'm the same person I was last night."

"But, Sally," Phil protested, "it's just bad timing. Right now, with Oliver in jail and Art in the hospital—can't you see what Dad and Mother would think?"

"Yes, I can see. But does it matter? You told me last night they'd be against our marrying," Sally said desperately. "Can they be any more against it now? They can't, you know they can't. Just because Oliver got mixed up in a hold-up he didn't even know was going to happen—how can that make any difference to you and me?" She clasped her hands together at her waist—an unfamiliar gesture for Sally, and it told me that she was holding back hysteria, fighting it with all her strength. She was proud, and she had gone through the whole day with her head up, meeting the stares of everyone who came into the drug-store. That had been hard enough to do, but to come in needing Phil's sympathy and love and find him drawing away from her—that was a thousand times harder.

"It doesn't make any difference to us," he said miserably. "None at all. Only this is a tough spot we're in, Sally. We can work things out, if we have time—"

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"Hey, Joe! Hide that Pepsi-Cola. She's supposed to act sad in this scene."

"Time!" she said. "Last night it was you that said we couldn't go on like this any longer. But now you want more time!"

"I don't want to have a row with my family—not until we're married and there's nothing they can do about it." Phil was becoming stubborn too now—badgered, confused, torn between his love for Sally and the old, deep-seated fear of his father. Marriage to Sally was a kind of goal he'd set for himself—something he had to accomplish before he would be his own man. It was a false goal, of course; he was wrong and Sally was right. But it was the only goal he could see.

"There's nothing they can do about it right now—tonight—if you'll stand up to them!" Sally cried. "But you won't. I can see you won't. Nothing I can say will make you. And I know why—it's because you're really ashamed of me. You always have been, even before Oliver—"

"That isn't true, Sally!"

"Then prove it! Take me up there, right now, to meet your father and mother. Tell them we're going to be married!"

They had both forgotten me. Sally's challenge hung between them, and for them both it was the only thing that existed in the world. I saw Phil try to speak, but he couldn't—the words wouldn't come. And Sally saw it too.

"All right, Phil," she said sadly, gently. "That's my answer, isn't it?" She lifted one hand in a tiny gesture of farewell, and then she turned. We heard the quick tap-tap of her feet going down the hall, until their sound was cut off by the closing of the front door.

In the July Radio Mirror, Aunt Jenny tells more about the love story of Phil and Sally. Be sure to get your copy, on sale at your newsstand on Wednesday, June 12th.

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The Present with a Future

John, the baby, has blue eyes like mine.

I kept getting fairly steady work in radio and two and a half years after we were married—that's nine years ago—I landed leading roles in three radio serials. I am Lorenzo Jones in Lorenzo Jones; Lord Henry in Our Gal Sunday; and Dr. Danny Grogan in Linda's First Love—a transcribed series.

When people ask me what I do with all my money the answer is simple. I always tell them, "I bought a twelve-room house and four children with it."

Our twelve-room house is a farmhouse set in the midst of eighty-one acres in Rock Tavern, New York. Rock Tavern is somewhere between Goshen and Newburgh. That purchase was made after the number two boy was born.

Virginia and I refer to our sons that way when we are discussing them with others. We have to. It saves a lot of explanation.

We have a cook and a maid now but even so I still get my hand in. And Virginia still complains about it. She says that when I cook I am constantly telling someone—either her or one of the four boys—to "hand me that—get me this."

But she is mad about the sensational curried shrimp I worked out. I cut down the curry to one-half of what is usually called for. This keeps it from being too hot but still gives it that curry flavor. Saute diced onions in peanut or olive oil. Butter makes the sauce too dark. Then add your curry, mustard, pepper, salt, sugar and three bouillon cubes. Thicken the sauce with rice flour which doesn't muddy it up. Cook the shrimps separately of course. When the sauce thickens add the shrimps. Now cut a lime in two and turn the heat off under the curry. Then squeeze in the lime juice.

It's a good idea to make more than you need because I have a wonderful plan for what's left over. I put the rest of the curry in a bowl and into the refrigerator. The next day we heat the outside of the bowl and turn it upside down. Presto, we have jellied curried shrimp.

IN addition to what Virginia calls "messaging around in the kitchen" I am interested in painting. Incidentally, all four of our boys are too. There are quite frenzied goings-on in the apartment when the four youngsters get to work with their show card paints. One of the boys who saw one of my paintings the other day said to me with some condescension, "You should do more, Daddy."

Virginia and I have begun a collection of good paintings. We haunt art galleries and auctions and find it a lot of fun.

Someone asked us the other day if we had ever quarreled. I asked in return, "What married couple doesn't?" But our quarrels are usually boiled down to a pattern. They start invariably after the eleven o'clock news broadcast. Because you see Virginia and I are still carrying on our discussions.

People also think it's queer because I never call my wife Virginia when we are together. It's always Gertrude or Ermintrude or Edna St. Vincent. She says that I only call her Virginia when I'm angry or being very formal.

Would I do this all over again? I certainly would! Ermintrude and I have never had so much fun in our lives. It's a daily round of surprises, jokes and laughter. And plenty of people envy our happiness—four children and all.



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Tangle With Cupid

(Continued from page 39)

Easy-going as can be. Full of life and happiness. And there was Terry, worrying about calories.

Yet they were crazy about each other. One look at them would tell you that they lived just for each other.

Terry was a good-looking lad with dark hair, nice teeth and a manly manner. He was more than six feet tall and he used to play on the football team although he never mentioned that.

When I brought their order Terry and Connie were talking to a young couple at another table. At least Connie was talking to them, but Terry began to eat his sandwich and took no part in the conversation.

"Oh, I just love him when he dances," Connie exulted. Then she turned to me. "Did you see Gene Kelly in his latest picture, Joan? Isn't he wonderful?"

I agreed with Connie that Gene Kelly was somebody out of the ordinary but Terry was too absorbed in his roast beef on whole wheat to become elated over a song-and-dance-man. With his left hand he ate the sandwich and with the other he held a pencil.

"LOOK here, Miss Davis," he said pointing with his pencil, "the viaduct will run through Chestnut Lane and out past the old dam. You can see where it ends."

"That's very easy to see where it ends," I remarked as casually as I could. "It ends right at the other end of my nice clean tablecloth."

"I'm sorry," Terry apologized, and his eyes had a worried look for a moment. Then he heard me laugh and he smiled, too.

"Oh, Joan, isn't that Barbara Weathered over by the cashier?" Connie asked. "Gee, she surely is pretty. Isn't she, Joan?"

"Pretty? Humph," I replied, turning to look at Barbara. Then Harry Von Zell came to report on next week's orders, and things got generally involved. When, some time later, I glanced over at Connie and Terry, I saw that she was talking to some people, and Terry, looking faintly bored and annoyed, was fiddling with his pencil and watching her. Finally she rejoined him, and they went out together, turning to wave to me. But Terry was still frowning slightly.

And he was, too, when I met him a couple of weeks later, on the corner of Main and Maple. In fact he almost got by me, so absorbed was he in unhappy thought. "Now wait, Terry," I hailed him. "So it's bad. So it can't be that bad!"

"Oh, hello, Joan," he responded, flashing a weak sort of smile. "I'm kind of—oh, drat. Why do things always have to happen when other things have to happen, anyway?"

Looking as sympathetically intelligent as was possible under the circumstances, I nodded, and he caught himself up. "Oh, you don't know what I'm talking about, do you?"

"Well, no," I answered, reasonably. "Dance, tonight. I'm taking Connie, or at least I was, and I want to, Joan, I want to like anything, but now there comes up this thing at the plant. They're working something over, tonight, with a specialist lecturing and all, and if I stayed I could learn a lot about—"

"Yes, yes," I swiftly interrupted. "But if you promised Connie, after

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all . . . she'll be expecting to go." He nodded. "Yeah, I did. Well, I guess I can get Tommy Haig to take notes for me, and then give it to me second hand tomorrow. Can't disappoint Connie, I guess. Well, so long, Joan, thanks. You're right." And he bumbled off down the street, looking as sad from the back as he did from the front.

I was glad I had talked him into coming, though, when I saw Connie at the dance that night. She wore a fluffy blue dress. She was radiant and lovely. Restless, too. She kept looking over my shoulder between excited sentences. Finally she explained, "It's Terry. He couldn't get out on time, but he's coming later. Joan, do you think he'll like this dress? I feel kind of special about it,—because it's blue, I guess. He once said he liked a blue dress in a window, and I made up my mind I'd get one as soon as I could." She whirled to show me the spread of blue-froth skirt. "Oh, there—" she rose on tiptoe, then came down again and her shoulders came down an inch or so, before she straightened. "Not yet, I guess. Oh, well, he'll be along."

"Sure he will," I beamed at her, and off she went to dance with Harry Von Zell.

IT was really a great dance, that firemen's ball. Everybody came, from the mayor down to Serenus, my dim-witted brother-in-law, and the music was wonderful. So were the refreshments which the Women's Club had prepared. The cake-and-sandwiches corner was the most popular place in the room, in fact.

But that wasn't why Connie Miller spent most of the evening in it. I saw her there a couple of times, eating and laughing—she was never without a partner. But pretty late in the course of events, I realized that there she was again, eating what must have been her sixth piece of lemon layer cake, and the boy with her wasn't Terry. I edged over to them and asked where Terry was.

Connie stared at me, and the cake in her hand trembled. She took it all down in one last bite, licked her small pink mouth, and finally said, as if it didn't matter much, "Oh, Terry. He's not here. Never showed up."

Her eyes were stricken, though she tried to smile. I just stood there unhappily dumb, and then managed, "Oh, well, maybe he was held up . . ."

"No," Connie said. "He told me there was a lecture or something he was anxious to go to at the plant tonight, but he also told me that he wasn't going because he'd rather take me to the dance. Only he'd be a little late, he said. I guess—I guess he changed his mind again at the last minute and decided the lecture was more important. Anyway," she turned to Bill Kent, who was holding out his arms to her for the next dance, "it's a wonderful dance. Best—best I've been to all year."

I was so unhappy, and so mad at Terry, that the rest of my own evening just up and died on my hands. So I went home early. I got a good night's sleep, comparatively speaking, so the next day I was keen and alert, and just spoiling for a fight. I wanted to jump right into the affairs of Connie and Terry and straighten them out by main force. I figured that there must be some reason why Terry hadn't shown up, but I also knew how furious I'd be with him if I were Connie, and all in all I knew those two nice youngsters were at a dangerous stage in their little romance. They needed help,

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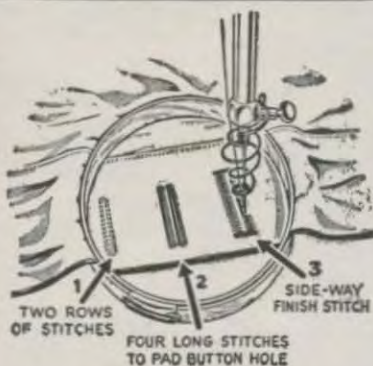
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someone experienced and older like me. Yes, like me. I'd take over and I'd shake both of them till they got some sense . . .

Neither of them showed up at the tea room for lunch, so it wasn't till seven o'clock that night that I got a chance to get my hands on them. It was Connie who came wandering in, looking pinched and pale and completely forlorn.

"I guess there was a reason for Terry's not coming to the dance, Joan. If only he hadn't promised me he'd be there! I was so hurt, Joan,—he didn't even bother to call."

"I'm certain something happened to keep him away," I said eagerly. "I didn't tell you last night, but I met him on the street, and he had every intention of coming. Wait till he comes to-night, Connie, as I'm sure he will, and let him tell you. It will be all right."

She sighed and pushed her salad around a while. "You know Joan, I wonder . . . I'm sort of scatterbrained, and Terry's so different. I—maybe I'm fooling myself; maybe he doesn't like me as much as I—oh, Joan, I'm just crazy about him!" And her face crumpled.

"Now Connie," I began, "you know there are all kinds of people in the world. You're somebody and Terry is somebody else, but you're attracted to each other. Now let's take Terry. He's the studious type. He loves his job and some day he'll be a big success."

"Oh, I know," Connie cut in, "down at the lighting company . . ."

I let her run on for a few minutes, then I continued where I left off.

"You see Terry's all wrapped up in his work. Do you ask him all about his work when you see him? Do you just enjoy yourself and take it for granted

that Terry has a good time?"

Her eyes opened wider.

"Golly, I never thought about that. Maybe I'm just too selfish. I always thought it would be better for Terry to have more fun. But maybe that's not the kind of fun he'd ever really like."

I nodded vigorously. "That's right. He has fun his own way, and if you could try to understand it—you know, talk to him about his work and everything—you'd both be happier."

Connie looked thoughtfully down at the table. Suddenly her eyes lighted on her watch, and with an abrupt motion she jumped up. "Look, Joan, it's after eight. He isn't coming. He didn't come last night and he isn't coming now. He doesn't want me around, and that's all there is to it. I'm just fooling myself, but no more!"

By the time I reached the door, she was around the corner, out of sight.

And sure enough, not ten minutes later, Terry barged in, casting frantic glances into all the corners of the tea room. I hadn't any smile for him; now I was really angry, thinking of Connie's small tear-stained, pathetic face. Right after her good resolutions, too.

"Well!" I said to Terry. "Whatever you have to say, say fast, because it won't do you any good anyway."

"Oh, gosh, Joan, where is she? Where's Connie? I must see her."

I shrugged. "I don't know; she tore out of here a little while ago, and if I'm any judge she's gone for a long walk to work off steam. You're in trouble, my boy."

"I know, I know, I've been trying all day to get her on the phone, but that place of hers is so awful about personal phone calls. I tried last night too, but they couldn't find her at the hall . . . and I knew she'd be here to-

night. I tried my darndest to get here earlier, but the boss—"

"Last night," I cut in. "Tell me about that. You might as well practise on me, because it'll have to be good." But I was beginning to feel sorry for him all over again.

Terry sighed. "It was just a nightmare. You remember, I told you about that visiting lecturer—about the wiring—I thought that the lecture was optional. I mean, I thought we could go to it if we wanted to, or stay away if we wanted to, and that nobody cared one way or the other. But when I got back to the plant I found out that we all had to go; it was orders from the head office. So I couldn't get away, Joan, there wasn't any way; and by the time I got to a phone to call Connie she had left for the dance. And then I tried a couple of times to have her called to a phone, but I guess it was just too crowded . . . you believe me, Joan, don't you?" His eyes pleaded with me.

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...and now a short solo

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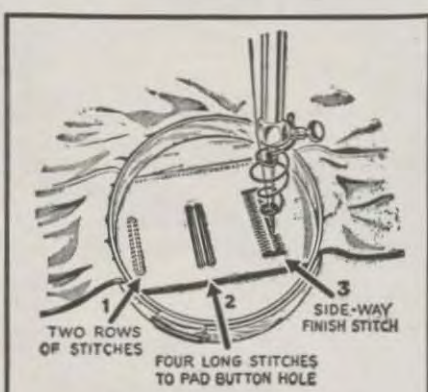
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all... she'll be expecting to go."
 He nodded. "Yeah, I did. Well, I guess I can get Tommy Haig to take notes for me, and then give it to me second hand tomorrow. Can't disappoint Connie, I guess. Well, so long, Joan, thanks. You're right." And he bumbled off down the street, looking as sad from the back as he did from the front.

I was glad I had talked him into coming, though, when I saw Connie at the dance that night. She wore a fluffy blue dress. She was radiant and lovely. Restless, too. She kept looking over my shoulder between excited sentences. Finally she explained, "It's Terry. He couldn't get out on time, but he's coming later. Joan, do you think he'll like this dress? I feel kind of special about it,—because it's blue, I guess. He once said he liked a blue dress in a window, and I made up my mind I'd get one as soon as I could." She whirled to show me the spread of blue-froth skirt. "Oh, there—" she rose on tiptoe, then came down again and her shoulders came down an inch or so, before she straightened. "Not yet, I guess. Oh, well, he'll be along."
 "Sure he will," I beamed at her, and off she went to dance with Harry Von Zell.

IT was really a great dance, that firemen's ball. Everybody came, from the mayor down to Serenus, my dim-witted brother-in-law, and the music was wonderful. So were the refreshments which the Women's Club had prepared. The cake-and-sandwiches corner was the most popular place in the room, in fact.

But that wasn't why Connie Miller spent most of the evening in it. I saw her there a couple of times, eating and laughing—she was never without a partner. But pretty late in the course of events, I realized that there she was again, eating what must have been her sixth piece of lemon layer cake, and the boy with her wasn't Terry. I edged over to them and asked where Terry was.

Connie stared at me, and the cake in her hand trembled. She took it all down in one last bite, licked her small pink mouth, and finally said, as if it didn't matter much, "Oh, Terry. He's not here. Never showed up."

Her eyes were stricken, though she tried to smile. I just stood there unhappily dumb, and then managed, "Oh, well, maybe he was held up..."

"No," Connie said. "He told me there was a lecture or something he was anxious to go to at the plant tonight, but he also told me that he wasn't going because he'd rather take me to the dance. Only he'd be a little late, he said. I guess—I guess he changed his mind again at the last minute and decided the lecture was more important. Anyway," she turned to Bill Kent, who was holding out his arms to her for the next dance, "it's a wonderful dance. Best—best I've been to all year."

I was so unhappy, and so mad at Terry, that the rest of my own evening just up and died on my hands. So I went home early. I got a good night's sleep, comparatively speaking, so the next day I was keen and alert, and just spoiling for a fight. I wanted to jump right into the affairs of Connie and Terry and straighten them out by main force. I figured that there must be some reason why Terry hadn't shown up, but I also knew how furious I'd be with him if I were Connie, and all in all I knew those two nice youngsters were at a dangerous stage in their little romance. They needed help,

someone experienced and older like me. Yes, like me. I'd take over and I'd shake both of them till they got some sense . . .

Neither of them showed up at the tea room for lunch, so it wasn't till seven o'clock that night that I got a chance to get my hands on them. It was Connie who came wandering in, looking pinched and pale and completely forlorn.

"I guess there was a reason for Terry's not coming to the dance, Joan. If only he hadn't promised me he'd be there! I was so hurt, Joan,—he didn't even bother to call."

"I'm certain something happened to keep him away," I said eagerly. "I didn't tell you last night, but I met him on the street, and he had every intention of coming. Wait till he comes to-night, Connie, as I'm sure he will, and let him tell you. It will be all right."

She sighed and pushed her salad around a while. "You know Joan, I wonder . . . I'm sort of scatterbrained, and Terry's so different. I—maybe I'm fooling myself; maybe he doesn't like me as much as I—oh, Joan, I'm just crazy about him!" And her face crumpled.

"Now Connie," I began, "you know there are all kinds of people in the world. You're somebody and Terry is somebody else, but you're attracted to each other. Now let's take Terry. He's the studious type. He loves his job and some day he'll be a big success."

"Oh, I know," Connie cut in, "down at the lighting company . . ."

I let her run on for a few minutes, then I continued where I left off.

"You see Terry's all wrapped up in his work. Do you ask him all about his work when you see him? Do you just enjoy yourself and take it for granted

that Terry has a good time?"

Her eyes opened wider.

"Golly, I never thought about that. Maybe I'm just too selfish. I always thought it would be better for Terry to have more fun. But maybe that's not the kind of fun he'd ever really like."

I nodded vigorously. "That's right. He has fun his own way, and if you could try to understand it—you know, talk to him about his work and everything—you'd both be happier."

Connie looked thoughtfully down at the table. Suddenly her eyes lighted on her watch, and with an abrupt motion she jumped up. "Look, Joan, it's after eight. He isn't coming. He didn't come last night and he isn't coming now. He doesn't want me around, and that's all there is to it. I'm just fooling myself, but no more!"

By the time I reached the door, she was around the corner, out of sight.

And sure enough, not ten minutes later, Terry barged in, casting frantic glances into all the corners of the tea room. I hadn't any smile for him; now I was really angry, thinking of Connie's small tear-stained, pathetic face. Right after her good resolutions, too. "Well!" I said to Terry. "Whatever you have to say, say fast, because it won't do you any good anyway."

"Oh, gosh, Joan, where is she? Where's Connie? I must see her."

I shrugged. "I don't know; she tore out of here a little while ago, and if I'm any judge she's gone for a long walk to work off steam. You're in trouble, my boy."

"I know, I know, I've been trying all day to get her on the phone, but that place of hers is so awful about personal phone calls. I tried last night too, but they couldn't find her at the hall . . . and I knew she'd be here to-

night. I tried my darndest to get here earlier, but the boss—"

"Last night," I cut in. "Tell me about that. You might as well practise on me, because it'll have to be good." But I was beginning to feel sorry for him all over again.

Terry sighed. "It was just a nightmare. You remember, I told you about that visiting lecturer—about the wiring—I thought that the lecture was optional. I mean, I thought we could go to it if we wanted to, or stay away if we wanted to, and that nobody cared one way or the other. But when I got back to the plant I found out that we all had to go; it was orders from the head office. So I couldn't get away, Joan, there wasn't any way; and by the time I got to a phone to call Connie she had left for the dance. And then I tried a couple of times to have her called to a phone, but I guess it was just too crowded . . . you believe me, Joan, don't you?" His eyes pleaded with me.

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She might even have taken herself to a movie, she was that unhappy. Better listen to me and then when you go after her maybe you'll say the right things."

He dropped back, and I continued. "You know you put the damper on that sweet kid with all your chatter about your work. When you date Connie don't you tell her how pretty she is and flatter her a little bit? Don't you dance with her when she wants to dance and do all the things she likes to do?"

His jaw dropped a full inch. "No, you don't do any of those things," I went on, feeling like Mr. Anthony and A. L. Alexander and Dorothy Dix all at the same time. "You just run on with your diagrams and stuff."

Terry was the kind of fellow who wouldn't hold still if there was any debating to do, but he knew when his arguments would sound foolish.

"You know, Joan," he conceded, "I've been thinking along the very lines you are now. Maybe I should show a little more life when I'm out with Connie. I do love her, you know. I'll make a big effort to do the things she likes to do. I think you're entirely right, and I'm going right over to her house and wait for her, and tell her so."

"OH, no you're not," I contended. "That would spoil everything if you tell her your plans. You just date her tomorrow night and show her how you can take an interest in her favorite pastimes. Actions speak louder than words."

The next night brought on the strangest episode of all. Connie and Terry came into the tea room together. I judged, from the way they were holding hands, that Terry's explanation had gone over.

Terry broke the ice by asking me to turn on the little radio I keep on a high shelf near the window.

"Give us something lively," he boomed. "I feel in an expansive mood. Joanie, we saw the smoothest picture of the year. Gosh those gals could dance. I wanted to sit through it again, but Connie had enough."

Connie unfolded her napkin delicately and looked at the menu in an abstracted way.

"I wanted to hear more about your work, Terry," she said quietly. "You didn't fully explain that new assignment you started to tell me about."

"Oh, to heck with all that, honey," he replied. "I'd rather tell you how beautiful you look tonight. Isn't she delicious, Joanie?"

I went to get their order and on the way back I heard Terry laughing loudly in a rather false way. He smiled at the people around him, at Connie and at himself. He really put it on.

And Connie responded with a strange silence. She hardly looked around her, barely noticed her friends at the other tables and once she even took out a pencil and a little pad she carried in her pocketbook, began drawing something on the pad and handed it over to Terry.

"Is that the way the new viaduct will look, dear?" she asked plaintively. For a minute I thought Terry might forget himself. He almost had that old look in his eye. But he only glanced at the pad and handed it to Connie.

"My little pigeon," he fairly cooed. "Let us leave the mundane things to the workaday world. Right now I feel like dancing. Do you suppose that roadhouse is still open out in Tannersville? We could hop in the car and



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get out there in a half hour."

Connie's expression almost gave her away when he suggested dancing but she, too, caught herself quickly and made a nice recovery.

"Don't you think it's rather late, Terry? You have to be to work early in the morning."

Terry looked confused, then he paid the check and took Connie by the hand in a very youthful way. It was Connie's turn to look confused, and when they climbed into Terry's car and sped off toward Tannersville I turned away from the window where I was watching them and sighed deeply.

I didn't see Terry and Connie for a full week after that night, and for that week I had waves of misgivings, happiness, confusion and a definite feeling that, somehow, I had interfered with the destinies of two young people I liked very much.

But the main stream of my thoughts concerned the conviction that I had, through my advice to each of them, changed the personalities of Terry and Connie. Connie was no longer the happy-go-lucky little lady who was always the life of the party, according to the gossip I heard in the tea room.

And Terry, according to other informants, was acting like a juvenile. He was spending all his time and Connie's down at Tannersville or at a roller rink in Swanville.

I kept looking for my two proteges every night but there was no sign of them until one night in the second week of their absence. And even then I didn't see them immediately. It was Connie who called me on the phone. Her voice sounded like the echo of a broken heart.

"It just didn't work, Joan," she confided. "Terry's so changed I hardly know him. All he talks about is night life, movies, hot recordings and dancing. I try to get him to talk about his work, and I give him all my attention like you said I should, but he's off in a cloud."

I was at a loss for words at first, when I put on my boldest front and told Connie to come right over to see me.

"It's working out just the way I wanted it to," I fibbed. "Come on over tonight." Connie sounded a trifle more courageous when she hung up.

BUT when she came in the door of the tea room my heart went right out to her. She had lost all her spark.

"Now look, Connie," I began, searching for words as I went along. "Terry is bound to notice the attention you give him and his work. Keep drumming it home. He can't help but notice all that attention you're giving his career."

She looked at me sadly and I saw those little tears springing up like raindrops on a window pane.

"But . . . but, Joan, I don't like Terry the way he is now. I used to love him when he was quiet and reserved. You don't know how he's changed."

I didn't know just what to say to that for I had to keep my confidence with Terry, too. But I began to wonder if there wasn't some truth to what Connie said. Maybe Terry had really changed from the quiet type to something else. That thought was not too pleasant. I decided I had better wait and see for myself.

Just then Terry came in the door and I almost jumped out of my seat at the sight of him. His hat was at a jaunty angle, and I didn't like the sound of the tie he wore. He flashed me a tooth paste smile and strutted over to the table where Connie was sitting.

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"Hi, chick," he exclaimed. "Called your house and your mother said you came over here. Let's get started or we'll miss some of the early numbers at the dance."

Connie gave me a hopeless look and got up to leave with Terry. I wasn't positive I saw a sacrificial expression in Terry's eye as he went out the door, but I hoped it was what I thought it was.

Not until late that night did I get the real story from Terry. He came in the tea room just as I was locking up.

"Got a glass of milk for an exhausted man?" he inquired. Then he gave me the same kind of expression Connie had presented earlier that night. "The gag didn't work, Joan," he said between sips of the milk. "I did my darndest to put it over, but something went wrong. I guess Connie really doesn't like me."

What can one say in a situation like that? I felt pretty badly over the whole affair, and I might have expressed my guilt if I had not suddenly acquired a bright new thought.

"You used to play football, Terry," I said. "You know what it means to reverse your field. When trouble comes up in front of you, then you hit off in another direction—maybe the opposite direction."

HIS eyes brightened and he slapped the table vigorously.

"I get it, Joanie. I'll take up right where I left off." He sighed with relief and wanted to hug me right then and there but I was worried about what passersby might think if they looked in the tea room window. Ours is that kind of a town.

So now I've brought you right down to the final scene in our little drama when Terry and Connie came together to the tea room and I could see that the patches on their problems had been well-sewed. Connie was bubbling again and Terry relaxed with a problem that had to do with thousands of feet of wire and hundreds of conduits.

And sure enough, as I watched, proof came that I hadn't done such a bad job as I had begun to be afraid I'd done. Their eyes met, across the table, and in the next instant that whole corner of the room was lit up by the smile they exchanged. There was more than just love and happiness in that look. There was . . . there was understanding.

There! I thought. That's what they needed all the time, understanding of how the other one worked. And trying to act like each other, maybe they learned something about what went on inside the other one's head . . . I was getting tangled in my mind, but I knew what I meant. Terry and Connie were two people who had really found out about each other. Because each of them had honestly tried to put himself in the other's place. Now Terry knew why Connie liked to laugh and dance and joke, because he'd spent some time that way himself, and gotten a little fun out of it even if it wasn't really his style. And Connie had a better understanding of why Terry's work absorbed him so. She couldn't understand his diagrams, of course, any more than Sanskrit, but she could see that his mind had to have that kind of exercise, that he was as stimulated by equations as she was by swing.

And I had done it! I, Joan Davis, singlehanded!

From the corner of my eye I saw Barbara Weatherly bearing down on me, and I turned to meet her onslaught without hesitation. I wasn't afraid of anything, right then—I could handle Barbara, and more!

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A Home's a Growing Thing

Continued from page 32

body should admire her for her attitude toward her child. She thought she was being a good mother. And all I could think of was "Poor Bill—poor Jackie—poor Elsie." Finally, Jackie must have waked up from his nap, because I could hear him calling from upstairs.

"Oh, dear," Elsie said as she started up, "I hope you won't think I'm rude, Mr. Mayor, but Jackie's awake now and I must give him his medicine and get him dressed for his dinner. It upsets him terribly if his schedule is off. You can come again some time, can't you?" And almost before I could answer, she had dashed upstairs to her precious son.

Women are the very dickens, I thought, as I plodded home. It beats all how they can get so snarled up in one thing that they can't even see daylight any more. When I got home I went straight to the kitchen. I knew that my

housekeeper, Marilly, would be out there fixing supper. I felt a lot better after I'd told her all about it and how I couldn't see any answer any more than Bill could. Being a woman herself, she didn't take it so seriously.

"Oh, shucks," she said as she beat away at the cake she was making. "She's just got herself into a rut and nobody's helped her get out of it. Bill probably pampered her to death when the baby was first born and she just got into the habit of thinking that's all there was to marriage. Now she doesn't know how to get out of it. What she needs is a little of the right kind of help."

"Well, Great Scott, Marilly," I exploded, "that's just what I've been telling you. But how can you help a woman who won't even listen to what you're saying to her?"

"What Elsie needs," said Marilly thoughtfully, "is to have so much

responsibility piled on her that what she's doing now will seem like child's play."

"Maybe Bill could lose his job," I suggested, "or maybe he could catch double pneumonia. I wonder how you'd go about catching double pneumonia?"

Marilly got a faraway look in her eyes. "No, that'd be too obvious. What she ought to do is have the job of looking after a whole bunch of children instead of just one. She ought to change places with Mrs. Meredith."

"Who's Mrs. Meredith?"

"WHY, you know. Tom Meredith's aunt was old Milly Stander. They live out on the North Road, in the old Stander place. Mr. Meredith was out of work for a long time and finally got a job in Chicago. He sends what money he can to Mrs. Meredith, but with those four young ones of hers, she's

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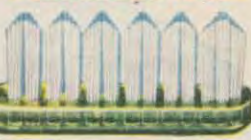


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having a hard time. She hasn't been well lately, either. But those children are the nicest babies I've seen in a long time. Too bad things like that can't be divided up a little better."

We ate our supper shortly after that and got to talking about other things, but I couldn't get Bill and Elsie out of my mind.

The next day it almost seemed as though the hand of God were mixed up in the problem when I stopped to chat with some folks in front of the drug store. He'd just been out to see Mrs. Meredith, he said, and he was worried about her.

"She needs to go to a hospital," he told me, "and she won't go because of the kids. There's nobody to take care of them. And if she doesn't get to a hospital pretty soon, she'll never be able to take care of them herself again."

"Can't they go to the Children's Home for a couple of weeks?" I asked.

"That's what I suggested," he sighed, "but she says she's afraid they'd be unhappy without a mother's care. What can you do with a woman like that?"

"Women—they're all alike," I agreed, and then the idea struck me like a thunderbolt. Why, this was just what Marilly had talked about last night. She had said that what Elsie needed was to have Mrs. Meredith's job for a while. And here were Mrs. Meredith's children, needing a temporary home.

"LISTEN, Doc," I said to him excitedly, "do you think Mrs. Meredith would go to a hospital if she knew her children would be taken into the home of a respectable and responsible young couple here in town who have a child of their own?"

"Sure," he said, "that's exactly what she'd like."

"Well, you go tell her we'll fix it up. I'll see that the kids are picked up this afternoon, and you can get her into the hospital before dark." I told him a little about Bill and Elsie, then, and he agreed to follow it through with Mrs. Meredith.

I hurried down to the gas station and got Bill to one side. I explained the whole thing to him, along with Marilly's ideas, and after a few minutes hesitation he agreed that it was worth trying. So that afternoon we went out to the Meredith place and collected the children in my car. They were nice little kids, but there seemed to be dozens of them instead of just four. They were all over the place. The oldest was about seven and the youngest couldn't have been much over a year old. They were well behaved, but very active. When we got them all into the car, I had to look twice to be sure that the windows and doors were all closed so there wouldn't be any danger of their falling out.

I let Bill out at his door and helped him carry the suitcase full of clothes and the baby's basket up to the house. Then I cut and ran for the car before Elsie could get to the door.

The rest of the story I got from Bill, at intervals, and also from Elsie some time later. Right then, though, I wouldn't have faced Elsie at that door with four small children for a thousand dollar bill. I'll always give Bill credit. He was a brave man that day!

Elsie came to the door finally, Bill told me, fretting because she had had to leave Jackie alone in the kitchen for a few minutes. Bill could hear him screaming, clear from the front porch. When she saw Bill standing there with a baby in his arms, three small children

clinging to his coat, and a basket and a big suitcase at his feet, she could only say, "Why, Bill!"

He elbowed his way inside, and the children followed right after him. He put the baby down on the livingroom sofa and went back for the basket and the suitcase, with Elsie staring at him speechlessly.

He finally got everything inside and got down on his knees and began taking the children's hats and coats off. Then Elsie found her voice.

"Bill Phillips, just what is the big idea?"

"Listen, Elsie," he said, "these are the Meredith children. Their mother had to go to the hospital today for an operation. They didn't have any place to stay nor anyone to look after them. So I told Doc Ballard we'd take care of them for a couple of weeks until their mother gets well."

"But, Bill," Elsie stammered, "they can't stay here."

"Why not?" Bill inquired in a reasonable voice.

"Well, there isn't room. We've only got the guest room. That's not enough for four children. And besides—what about Jackie?"

BILL'S voice got a little hard. "All right, what about Jackie?"

Elsie's eyes wavered as she turned toward the kitchen and then back to the livingroom again. "He might catch something from them, Bill. What if he gets sick? It'll upset him to have all these strange children around."

"If he gets sick, we'll call Doc Ballard. And it'll be good for him to have some other children around."

But Elsie was beginning to get her feet under her again. "It's impossible, Bill. They can go to the Children's Home while their mother's in the hospital. We can't keep them here."

The children sensed the tension in the air, although they couldn't have understood exactly what was going on, and the next to the youngest began to cry. Benjie, the oldest boy, stuck his lower lip out and glowered at Elsie. The baby slipped from her sitting position on the sofa and tried to get down on the floor. Bill hurried to pick her up.

"I'm sorry, Elsie," he said firmly, "but I promised we'd take care of these children. They've got to have a bath first and then they've got to be fed and then they've got to be put to bed. And if you won't do it, I will."

Elsie just stared at him. Bill shifted little Phyllis to his left arm and beckoned to the rest of the children. "C'mon kids—upstairs to the bathroom." And they followed him solemnly up the stairs.

Elsie stood dumbly and watched them go. Then, as though in a dream, she went out to the kitchen where Jackie was banging on his high-chair tray with his spoon, demanding more food. She fed him hurriedly and then she took him and went upstairs to the bathroom. She could hear shouts of laughter and Bill's deep tones through the door. But when she opened the door and went in, she could hardly believe her eyes.

Bill had taken off his jacket and his shirt and was on his knees in front of the tub in his undershirt, up to his elbows in suds. In the tub were the four little Merediths, all lined up chronologically. The baby first, then Mary, then Tommy, then Benjie. Each had a washcloth and a piece of soap, and each was industriously scrubbing the back of the child in front of him. Except the baby, Phyllis. She was beating the water with her soap and

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washcloth and yelling at the top of her lungs in sheer delight. Bill was wielding a washcloth of his own and trying to get at the faces, necks and ears of all four children at once. For a fleeting moment the thought crossed Elsie's mind that he looked happier just then than she'd seen him look in years. But she quickly erased that thought and bore down on the melee in the tub. "Honestly, Bill," she sputtered, trying not to laugh, "what a way to bathe children."

Bill looked up at her, twinkling. "Well, this is the age of mass production. And it seems to work. Get some towels, will you?"

Helplessly, Elsie went after towels. When she came back, Bill was lifting Phyllis out of the tub and she was kicking in protest. "Here," he said as he handed her to Elsie. "Dry her off, will you? I'll get their night clothes out of the suitcase."

Phyllis was dry when Bill came back, and together he and Elsie got her into an oversized nightgown. Then, one by one, they got the others out of the tub, dried, and into nightgowns. By that time Elsie was filled with such a mixture of surprise, tenderness and outrage that she just worked automatically without talking. Then they all went downstairs to the kitchen and the children were propped up on chairs at the kitchen table. Jackie stared at them curiously while Bill elaborately introduced him to them. Elsie fixed them orange juice and cereal and bread and jam and milk, and when they had eaten their fill, took them back upstairs again. Bill came after her, lugging Phyllis' basket. In the guest room, Mary, Tommy and Benjie fitted nicely into the big double bed, and Phyllis' basket became her bed in a corner. The children's eyes gleamed as they watched Bill and Elsie from the bed, and Bill bent over them and kissed each one good night.

As they closed the door behind them and started down the stairs, Elsie turned to Bill. "They'll have to stay this weekend, I suppose," she said firmly, "but on Monday we'll send them to the Children's Home."

Bill just grinned and pinched her cheek, and only grinned more widely when she pulled away from him.

The next day, Bill hurried away to the gas station early, leaving Elsie to face the music of five small children all clamoring for breakfast at once. He

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didn't even wait for his morning cup of coffee, but just clapped his hat on his head, struggled into his coat and ran out the door. When he got to the corner, he looked back, smiled ruefully, blew a quick kiss to the white stone house, crossed his fingers on both hands, and went on to work.

Back at the house, Elsie was struggling with angry tears. All the little Merediths had trooped down to the kitchen in their nightgowns and Jackie, hearing them, wouldn't wait to be dressed. Wriggling out of Elsie's detaining arms, he ran down the stairs with all buttons flying. She followed him as quickly as she could and when she got to the kitchen found the Merediths lined up at the table, with Benjie lifting Phyllis into the high-chair. Jackie began to protest that it was his chair, but Benjie just pushed him aside.

"You're too old for high chairs," he said shortly. Without a word, Jackie sat down in one of the chairs at the table with the other children. They were all quiet, then, watching her. It was too much. She began to laugh, and the laughter turned to sobs. How was she ever going to manage all those children? She leaned against the sink, trying to regain her composure under those five pairs of eyes. Suddenly, Jackie grabbed a spoon and began to pound the table.

"Breakfast—breakfast—breakfast," he chanted. And he handed spoons to each of the other children. They followed his lead and all began to pound on the table. "Breakfast—breakfast—breakfast—"

It galvanized her into action and she hurried to the stove to start their breakfast. Breakfast over, the problem of getting them cleaned up and dressed presented itself. She picked Phyllis up

and told the other children to follow her upstairs. Once up in the guest room, she seated them all in a row on the bed, following Bill's example of mass production; went into the bathroom for a damp washcloth and a towel and came back and washed each face and pair of hands in the row. Then, keeping her eyes on all of them, she got them dressed, one by one. Benjie was last and as she buttoned his last button he said, "Now can we go outside and play?"

"I'll show you," Jackie piped up, "in the back yard. I got a sand box and a swing and a teeter totter and a cart. C'mon."

In a rush, Jackie and the three oldest Merediths made for the stairs. Phyllis, seeing them leave, set up a wail. Elsie snatched her up and carried her downstairs. The children were getting into their coats, with Benjie helping the littler ones. Elsie got Phyllis into her coat, too, and took her out the back door and put her into the sandbox. Then she went back into the kitchen and watched them from the window for a while. They had spread out all over the big yard and seemed to be safe for the moment. Then, thinking of the shambles of the bathroom and the guestroom upstairs and the breakfast dishes to wash, and the noon meal to prepare, she rolled up her sleeves and went to work.

Ordinarily, Jackie would have been in the kitchen around ten, screaming for something to eat. Today, though, she glanced at the clock and found it was ten-thirty and Jackie hadn't even put his head inside the door. Hurriedly she set five glasses on a tray, filled them with milk, and took them out to the back yard. Sitting down on the edge of the sand box, where Phyllis was

happily filling a pail with sand, she called the other children to come get their milk, and helped Phyllis with hers. When they had finished and gone back to their play, she sat for a moment and watched.

Mary was tugging at Jackie's cart and Jackie went over to take it away from her. Benjie looked up when she started to cry, saw what was happening, and ran to them. Pushing Jackie away roughly, he picked up the cart handle and gave it back to Mary. Jackie glared at him and his face screwed up, ready to cry.

"Cry baby," Benjie jeered, and Jackie's face unscrewed itself. Mary went off with the cart. Jackie and Benjie glared at each other a while longer, and then they, too, went off. Jackie climbed into the swing and began to hum to himself.

That afternoon, after lunch, when it was time for all of them to have a nap, Jackie insisted that he wanted to sleep in the same room with the others. Elsie said "no," and Jackie began to cry. Benjie, who had been listening, said scornfully, "We don't want no cry-babies in our room."

Jackie dug his fists in his eyes and stopped crying immediately. Elsie looked at him for a long moment and then made up her mind. "All right," she said, "I'll move your crib into the room with the others." Jackie beamed, and they all went upstairs.

With the children tucked in, Elsie hurried downstairs again to wash the dishes. She felt the compulsion to hurry pushing at her constantly, but when she had tidied up the kitchen, swept the hall, dusted the livingroom and washed the vegetables for supper, she found that the whole list of chores had taken only a little over an hour.

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Then she straightened up and took the handkerchief out of his breast pocket and wiped her eyes. "Oh no, we won't," she said firmly and blew her nose. "Those children are going to stay right here. Only, after this, you're coming home for supper!"

Bill stared at her. "You're kidding, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not," she said. And then she told him all the things that had happened during the day, and all the things she had thought.

"You know, Bill," she said slowly, "it made me realize that I haven't been fair to Jackie. What he needs is a little brother or sister." She paused and grinned up at him impishly.

Bill reached for her and hugged her to him tightly. "You're wonderful, Elsie. And you know what else?" He bent his head back and looked at her.

"No, what else?" she smiled.

"You're beautiful, too." And he kissed her soundly.

"Bill," Elsie murmured.

"Yes, darling?"

"Bill, I really must get some new clothes. Have we got enough money for me to buy some new dresses and a hat and maybe some fancy shoes?"

"We'll mortgage the homestead, if necessary."

"I love you, Bill."

"I love you, too."

I saw Bill and Elsie standing on the line outside the movies the other night. Elsie was mighty pretty in a soft blue suit that matched her eyes and a red hat that matched her lipstick. Bill looked proud as punch and couldn't keep his eyes off her. I asked about Jackie, and Elsie said he was spending the night at the Merediths. She and Mrs. Meredith had worked out a fine arrangement, she said. They rotated the children between their two homes. It gave Elsie and Mrs. Meredith a lot more free time.

Just before I left them Elsie whispered in my ear. "Mr. Mayor," she asked, "would you like to be Godfather to Jackie's new brother when he comes? Or sister, in case he's a she?"

I felt like a million dollars right then. "You bet your boots I would!"

Watch for This!



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

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



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It's safe-



It's sure-kill for fleas

• Get the improved SKIP-FLEA Powder, Boss! It has DDT combined with other important ingredients. It kills fleas without stirring them up . . . without irritating us. It's been laboratory tested on dogs, too . . . you know every Sergeant product has to be just right. It's sure and it's safe. Stop in at the drug store right now, Boss, and get some Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Powder and Soap so we can get rid of these pesky fleas.

Sergeant's

SKIP-FLEA POWDER



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PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. C-65, CINCINNATI, O.



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Don't let unlovely skin embarrass you or keep you lonely! Get help from Nadinola Cream! Clinically-proved and praised by thousands, famous Nadinola is the 4-way treatment cream that helps to loosen and remove ugly blackheads—clear up externally caused pimples—fade freckles—lighten and brighten dark, dull skin. Used as directed, Nadinola's tested medication helps freshen skin to creamier, satin smoothness. Watch your own complexion improve with Nadinola Cream! Full treatment-size jar just 55c, with money-back guarantee; trial jar, 10c. Also—

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WORLD-WIDE DIAMOND COMPANY Dept. G905
2451 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago 16, Illinois

Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 49)

A year passed. Then the war was over and one month later I got a telegram saying Raden had been found in a Jap prison camp. I was a proud, lucky woman. Then I began praying, more than anyone could know. In a few months he was home. Now he has been home two months and I can say I am very happy.

Dairs is married to a nice girl. I do really thank God for bringing my husband home to me. He still looks mighty thin but I am hoping that some of my cooking will bring him out. He loves our son very much.

Mrs. I. L. S.

We find it increasingly difficult to choose the "best" letter each month—so much so that we have decided to print as many others of the letters we've received as space permits, and to send, as a token of our appreciation, a check for fifteen dollars to the writers of each of the other letters which space permits us to print each month in Radio Mirror. Here are this month's selections:

Dear Chichi:

Our world is full of contrasts. Were it not so, our life would be a humdrum, dreary, monotonous affair.

When I was a boy of nine I, in company with the town's other boys, spent many wintry hours skating on the ice above the river dam. One day a warning went forth that the ice was melting and that there was danger of a general crackup. But I, foolhardy lad, to demonstrate my superior courage, ventured alone over the forbidden spots and you've guessed it. The ice broke under me and in I went. The kids didn't know what to do to save me. They were afraid to venture out for fear they meet the same fate. Fortunately at the critical moment, a large sized boy arrived on the scene, sized up the situation, and knew instantly what to do. He grasped a long board lying on the shore, shoved it out in my direction, threw himself down on the board and worked himself toward me. He grasped my hand, also my hair, and forcibly pulled me out of the water on to the board; and shouted to the boys to pull the board with its double load to shore. They soon had the water out of me and my breathing apparatus in working order. They then lifted me to my feet and I looked around in a daze upon a host of smiling faces. I found the sun still shining and all seemed well with the world. I then realized to the full that life was beautiful—very beautiful.

Yes, friends, I'll repeat: if you want to enjoy a little of Heaven you must first experience a little of Hell.

Mr. G. W. W.

Dear Chichi:

When I write about a program like this, I feel that I am writing from experience, because like Stephen in your story, I have never been able to walk, but I still find ways to keep my faith. What makes me think Life Can Be Beautiful is the kindness towards me that our neighbors show. That, really means a lot to me.

Billy G.

Dear Chichi:

I am now forty-one years of age, married twenty years and have a son (my only child) in the Navy. When he

BLONDES!

Guard Your Youthful Charm—Keep the Gold in Your Hair!



● Lucky you—born to be lovely—blessed with the allure of blonde hair. But don't take your charm for granted! For the most vivid blonde-ness can be a passing thing, if it's allowed to become dulled or darkened by time. Use Golden Hair Wash too, if you're blonde by choice, to keep your hair at its glistening, golden best.

Carefully perfected by experts in hair care, the new Marchand's lets you achieve the exact degree of lightness desired! Whether you're a blonde, brunette or redhead...whether you want to preserve your natural hair shade, lighten it several shades or merely add golden highlights...trust Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to produce the perfect effect.

Not a dye—not an expensive "treatment"—the new Marchand's is complete in itself, easier than ever to use at home. P.S. It's ideal, too, for lightening arm and leg hair!



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 Save 30c C.O.D. charge by mailing money order for amount plus 15c postage. In Illinois, add 2% sales tax
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was born I was very unhappy, strange to say, because to my great surprise my husband had become very selfish and self centered (everyone said I had "spoiled" him with affection). He resented the nuisance and responsibility of a baby. He made the best of it, but showed neither of us any affection to speak of, in fact became more indifferent to me than I could stand. When our son was two he developed a mastoid infection. One Sunday afternoon we realized he was dying. Some great form of panic hit my husband. He got on his knees in front of me and prayed, crying like a baby, to have his son spared to him. He pledged the rest of his life to make it up to the boy for not wanting him and said he would love him dearly if he lived. Well he did, and they are the most outstanding father and son combination you ever saw. It was a miracle but made my life, along with theirs, a beautiful one. Today my husband is a new man, a perfect father and a devoted husband.

Mrs. L. C. S.

Dear Chichi and Papa David:

This incident that happened in my life several years ago has helped me to realize that you always gain by helping others.

I am a farmer's wife. I used to have an old log spring house where I kept my milk and butter. I had just finished churning one day when a neighbor girl called and said her mother wanted a pound of butter but did not have the money to pay for it. I studied a minute and called back, "Come and get it!" knowing full well that I had meant to sell that butter to buy myself a pair of hose to wear on a trip that I had been planning for weeks. When I was building a fire to prepare supper, I picked up some papers to start it with. I was just idly looking through them when my eyes caught sight of something that looked like a check and sure enough that was what it was.

I had written a letter to a farm magazine some weeks before on what improvements had been made in the last year on our farm. There was a ten dollar prize for the best letter. And there it was—I had been the lucky person. You can't imagine the reaction I had when I saw that check. I am just as sure now as I was then that, if I had refused that widow woman and her children that butter, I would have burned the check when I built the fire.

Mrs. R. L. G.

Dear Chichi and Papa David:

Am writing to tell you of my experience which has taught me that "Life Can Be Beautiful" even though at times you may think it very dull and dreary.

Everything was going along at a joyful pace when—Crash! the news that we were at war struck like a thunderbolt. This certainly changed my routine of living a lot because the fellow I loved joined the Navy and went off to war. I went to work in a defense plant and spent my spare time writing to him. Finally the joyful news that he had five days liberty came only with the bad news that, after those five days, he was being shipped out. Well believe me we crammed all the enjoyment we could into those five days and then—Goodbye till we knew not when.

A year or so passed, with his being away making life very lonesome and dull. Then two things which made me wonder if I wanted to go on living happened.

First I was taken home from work,

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and, after summoning a doctor, learned that I had blood clots in my muscles of both legs and might never walk again. Orders were to stay in bed with my legs packed in ice. Well I took this fairly well because I had hopes of walking again and praying that I would soon. In the meantime, however, Jerry's (that's my boyfriend) letters were far and in between when finally they ceased. A month of worrying passed and then his folks received the news that he was missing in action. This knocked me for a loop because the thought that I might never see the fellow I loved more than anything in the world again just made life seem worthless. One just can't die when he or she wishes however so the next few months of my life were spent in praying to God to make me well and bring the one I loved home to me safe. If I ever doubted in my life that praying does not help, I certainly can think of no better remedy when life seems hopeless.

The doctor came every day and seemed pleased with the progress of my legs. Finally the happy news that I could try walking a bit was mine. Oh how much brighter the world looked now although I still had no word from my loved one.

The first day I went outside for a walk was the happiest walk I'll ever take. The red flag was up on our mailbox meaning that we had mail. I opened the box not caring much about doing it because I didn't expect any mail. There were two letters—one for my mother and the other—yes, it was in that familiar handwriting. It was a letter from Jerry himself saying he had a little mishap over there but was now headed home. If I never had the feeling that this was the most beautiful world I had it then. The sun seemed brighter and now—yes now—I had everything to live for. We are happily married and ready to face anything that may come along.

Yes, "Life Can Be Beautiful" if you hope and pray when things go wrong and the road is rough.

Mrs. J. K.

Dear Chichi:

When my husband and I were married, our greatest wish was for a baby of our own. After waiting four years and visiting many doctors we were still without a baby of our own. Then I went to the hospital for an operation. Can you begin to know our happiness when three months later we found that we were to have a baby. In due time our little boy arrived, but with a broken neck. However he lived, and we loved him so! He was brighter than the average child and otherwise healthy. But it made our hearts bleed when we looked at his little crooked head and the cast and braces that he had to wear. Then someone told us of a doctor in Dayton. We took him there and, when the doctor told us that he thought he could help him, our joy knew no bounds. Now after two years of operations, braces, exercise—and prayer—he runs and plays as well as any child. His head, once so crooked, is now almost perfectly straight.

A year ago our second child was born dead. If it hadn't been for the love of the finest husband a girl could have, and the needs of a little boy at home, I don't think I could ever have survived it. But somehow you do go on and time passes. Your grief grows a little less.

Today the mail man brought me a letter that I have been waiting for—a letter telling me that the two little girls that we had applied for, for adoption,

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1. Does not harm, permanently tint or bleach the hair.
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are to be ours—two little girls whose father went down in the explosion of the U.S.S. Oklahoma.

We are not rich—just happy and contented. We have our own home and a little business, our precious little boy, and now two little girls for our very own.

Mrs. H. F. W.

Dear Chichi:

I learned that Life Can Be Beautiful simply by receiving a slip of paper in the mail. I was born in Europe and upon arriving in the United States I entered school immediately and devoted myself to learning the Constitution of America so that I could apply for citizenship papers.

All through my studies I was restless and impatient to learn all I could so that I would obtain my papers without any difficulty.

I succeeded, and on that wonderful summer morning when the mailman delivered the long envelope with my papers enclosed, my efforts were truly repaid. Only then could I say, "I am an American."

Mrs. F. B.

Chichi Hamilton:

I hesitate to write this but I do hope I may say something that will strengthen someone's faith.

When I was sixteen I thought the world was built around drinking, dance halls and bad girls. At this time my mother took a girl named Maggie into our home for a companion for my younger sister.

This girl, with her lovable disposition, her faith in her church, and friendship for others, completely changed my life. In time we married, and she made us the happiest home any two people ever had. We never had any children, but we raised two girls and put them through high school.

We also had the care of my wife's father and mine for twenty years. Her father passed away at ninety, my father at ninety-one. Everyone knows what it means to care for anyone at this age but she did it always with that tender loving smile—never able to do enough for others.

In 1938 she had a very severe stroke that left her almost helpless. She could only move from place to place with my help. So I quit my job to care for her. And what a pleasure it was to do for one so cheerful and bright, who never complained of her condition, met everyone with a smile, and told them it could have been so much worse. All who knew her loved her. Two years ago, she was taken to her home of rest, and looking at the smile on her face in her last moments, how could I help but think that Life Can Be Beautiful.

T. M. F.

That's all we have room for this month. It's not by any means all that we have wanted to print. Many of your letters for which we did not have space proved more strongly than we ourselves had hoped that life has a thousand ways of going from ugliness to beauty. But keep on sending your letters to me, Papa David—and in order to help me to keep my records straight, will you clip the box telling about the hundred-dollar offer from the first page of this article, and attach it to your letter? That way, we can tell which letters, of all of those we receive, are intended for this Radio Mirror department.

Can't SLEEP?
Maybe It's NERVES

Don't take the day's worries to bed with you—good advice but hard to follow when we're Nervous and Restless. **MILES NERVINE** (Liquid or Effervescent Tablets) helps to relieve nervous tension, to permit refreshing sleep. Why don't you try it when you are Nervous, Cranky, Restless? Get it at your drug store—Liquid, 25c and \$1.00. Effervescent Tablets, 35c and 75c. Caution; read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

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Clear it with **KREMOLA** aid! KREMOLA is a medicated M.D. formula, especially for pimples, blackheads and muddy skin. Gently hastens removal of old cuticle, revealing fresh skin. After others fail—put KREMOLA to the test. Ladies will envy, gentlemen will admire. At druggists or write KREMOLA, Dept. MAC-17, 2975 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 18, Ill. Send \$1.25 for 2 oz. jar, plus 20% tax, or 10c for generous purse sample, for daily powder-base. Use only as directed.

PULVEX DDT
FLEA POWDER

now also contains

Kills the fleas QUICKLY!
Keeps others off for days!
Still 25c and 50c

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Father's Day in the Life of Riley

(Continued from page 27)

other two looked dubious and Riley hastened to reassure them. "Don't you worry none—I'll be there. This is Father's Day and I'm assertin' my rights. Mom can make me play chaperoney to the kids now—but I'm a free man after this."

When they had parted and gone their separate ways, Muley and Gillis looked back.

"Huh—the big, dumb ox! Actin' like he was drug here against his will—if anyone's enjoyin' the zoo, it's Chester Riley and not his kids."

Indeed, it seemed that way. The spiel Riley was giving Junior and Babs could never have been found between the covers of any of their school books, and the two young ones looked wise—but tolerant. On the other hand, Riley was in his glory.

"See that big animal there? That's an orangeytongue." Behind Riley's back, as he talked, Babs could read the sign over the cage that said, "Orangou-tang, Borneo." But she kept her knowledge to herself.

"And look at them giraffes! You wanta know how they got their long necks? The way I see it, it was like this—once upon a time they was just as small as other animals. But they was wise-guys. They started beefin' about how tough the leaves were at the bottom and how there were more calories and vitamin alphabets up above and finally, one day, there they were—in the air and no way to get down!"

The appearance of Julius Pitlack at that moment, loaded down with fishing tackle, stopped the lecture.

"Come on, Riley! We're goin' to have to spread ourselves if we want any fish! It's pretty late in the day, as it is."

"Don't rush me . . . goodbye, kids! Here's a dime for the soda fountain—Junior, you go home when Babs tells you—goodbye—" Riley's spirits were soaring.

Now he was living! The afternoon stretched out in front of him, free of worry, free of trouble. The harassment of the morning faded away, leaving Riley with the comfortable conviction that a family man who looked after himself and his own interests, who stood up for his rights now and then, was a wise man.

The breeze was warm in his face, the car rattled along past the few remaining city streets and into country and trees. Julius made no protests against his smelly old pipe; there were no women around to watch his grammar or jack him up on his appearance. No "Riley, do this" or "Riley, don't do that" every minute of the day.

Oh, sure, his conscience reminded him, uncomfortably, there had been good moments in the morning with Mom and Junior and Babs. But that was only marking time. This was the real stuff.

"Yee-yow! Makes a man glad to be alive!" Riley exclaimed as they drove up to the little dock at the lakeside. "Just look at that water, gleamin' like the ocean useta at Coney Island—except here you can see it and there all you can see is what passes for human bein's in bathing suits. This is for me, Julius."

"Didn't I tell you?" his friend asked, smugly. "When I saw you with those two kids hangin' on your arms at the zoo, I thought to myself, 'Julius, it's about time you rescued poor Riley from them shackles.'"

Riley didn't particularly think the description appropriate to his kids, but he was too happy to protest.

It had been some time since he had rowed a boat but he quickly got the hang of it and he and Julius pulled away from the shore to a spot which the boatkeeper promised was teeming with fish.

"And the guy's right!" Riley had just pulled in his second in twenty minutes and was holding it up for admiration. "Look at that beauty! Wait till Mom gets that in the frying pan! What're you goin' to do with yours, Julius?"

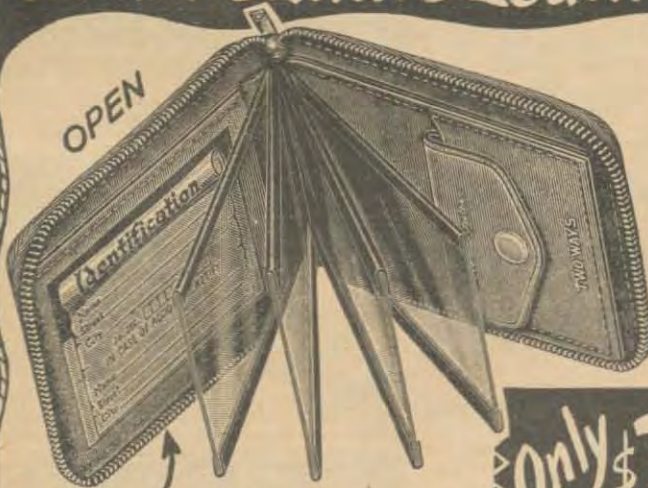
Julius' face fell. "Crimeny, I forgot! Mrs. Pooley, my landlady, said not to bring them scaley, smelly things around again. Maybe I can get Mr. Kakapopulous at the Busy Bee Diner to fry 'em up for me."

"Oh, well—" Riley consoled him—"you've had the fun of catching 'em and that's enough. But," smacking his lips, "I can tell you, when Mom gets through rolling them in cracker crumbs and maybe a bit of bacon she's got saved and dabbles a little lemon on 'em—"

"Stop!" his companion groaned. He shot Riley a look of near dislike.

But Julius got his revenge a little later. The sun was broiling hot by now. "Ain't you gettin' a little purple around the ears, Riley? Your nose

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looks like a piece of raw hamburger."

Riley rubbed his hand over his face and yelped.

"Forgot the sunburn lotion! And me with a face that peels like an onion! I forgot all about it—it's always Mom who remembers and brings the stuff and makes me put it on and she's not here. Gee—" he lamented, as his face grew hotter—"I wish she were here! She'd think of something!" He looked around him desperately. "She make me a hat out of them big leaves over there on the bank. She did that once when I forgot—"

"For Pete's sake. Mom isn't here and she can't make you nothin'! Can't you get along without your missus for a few hours?"

Riley withered him with a look, but subsided. He would have a painful case of sunburn in the morning, he knew, but there seemed to be nothing he could do about it at the moment. If only Mom were here—

But she wasn't. And the fish were still biting good and in a little while a breeze sprang up that cooled his face.

The quiet was abruptly shattered—by a sound not usually heard in polite society. Julius burped.

"A little indigestion," he apologized to the rudely-awakened Riley. "Them shoestring potatoes were a bit on the greasy side this noon, and the steak—" he burped again. Riley watched him, pityingly.

"Kinda heavy for a hot day, huh?" unconscious that he was merely quoting Mom's warning to him that noon.

"Heavy! The steak must have been made of horsemeat." Julius waxed bitter, as his insides protested uncomfortably. "The Diner ain't what it useta be. You useta could depend on it—now it's gettin' so Digger O'Dell, the undertaker, stops by twice a day, checking up on business."

His discomfort never left him, but seemed to get worse. Riley, smugly remembering the perfection of Mom's cooking—even if she did lean a little towards peach custards—tried to distract him with a profound lecture on the beauty of the flora and fauna crowding the shores of the lake. But it

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left Julius cold. In fact, he even disputed Riley's claim to knowing anything at all about nature.

Riley was affronted. If his kids were here, they would be looking up to him and listenin' to him and taking it all in. Just like at the zoo today, they realized their old man knew a thing or two—not like this pig-headed Julius Pitlack!

Conversation died away to curt exchange of near-insults.

And then it happened. There was a tug on Riley's line. There was a tug on Julius'. Both men leaned over their separate sides of the boat—both men pulled with all their might.

"Hey! We're tangled up—let go!" Riley shouted.

"Let go yourself!" The boat was going around in circles with the motion of the fierce see-saw of lines and fish.

"The oar!—the oar on your side! Grab it, you big gaboon!" "Grab it, yourself!"—"Ya clumsy ox—get out of the way!" "Sit down!" *If Mom were here, he could tell her to sit and she would sit—not like this crazy Julius, thrashing around, getting in the way!*

Splash! And the oar slipped, eel-like, into the water, beyond their grasp.

Both men were now lunging together on one side of the boat, their faces red with exertion, panting, grabbing frantically for the oar that, second by second, got beyond reach. Under them the boat tilted—careened dangerously. "Watch out!"... but it was too late.

THE solid boards slipped out from beneath them. For a brief second of time Riley saw the danger as the boat seemed to stand on end—and then they were overboard, the little craft smacking the water almost on top of them! "Of all the—" Riley sputtered, coming to the surface and grabbing hold of the upturned craft—"of all the shinin' performances of unmilligated, stooopendous lunk-headedness, you take a prize! Tippin' us over—"

"Who tipped us over?" Julius' wet head bobbed in his vehemence from the other side. "I suppose you thought you were a balley dancer, the way you was sashaying your two hundred pounds beef around in that boat. People like you shouldn't be let loose in a battleship, let alone a rowboat."

Recriminations and insults flew back and forth and only the advent of the boatkeeper pulling up beside them—wearily, disgustedly—to the rescue, saved them from mayheming each other into a watery grave.

Dripping wet, they pulled themselves up on the wharf. Their fish had been lost. Riley's sunburn was worse. Julius' indigestion had not been helped by the shock of the cold water or the excitement of the ducking. Mr. Jenkins thought them both fools who shouldn't be let out in daylight without a keeper.

And there was still the rental of the boat to be figured.

"Let's see—you owe me for two hours' fishin'—that's four dollars. Another dollar for my time coming out there to save you and for having to right the boat. And another dollar for any damage there might be to my prop'ity. Six dollars, in all," Mr. Jenkins announced firmly.

Riley knew the folly of arguing. His wallet, left in the locker, was dry and he fished out three ones and kept his dark thoughts to himself.

"That's half. Now, where's your share?" Even as he asked, Riley knew something was the matter. Julius was fidgeting in his wallet. It didn't take a house to fall on Chester Riley—he could tell the worst was still to come.

"Look, old man—" Julius gulped—

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"old pal, it could happen to anybody. It's just one of those things. I got into a little game last night and—you know how it is—three queens look pretty good—" He edged away from Riley whose face was turning purple—"look, old pal, I'm only askin' you for a little loan. I'm not askin' for your life's blood. I'll pay you back—"

Wearily, Riley turned away. What was the use! He pulled more folding money out of his wallet and slapped it into Mr. Jenkins hand and made for the car. Julius' car—and every fiber of Riley's being shrunk from riding back to town in it, sharing that much more of his day with that—that Julius!

That was why the sudden sight of a little car pulling up to the wharf struck Riley with such explosive joy.

"Digger! Digger O'Dell!" Riley shouted, panting up to the car. "What are you doing here? My pal, Digger—"

"Your missus said she thought you might be wanting a ride home about this time," explained the little undertaker, his usual melancholy tinged with pleasure at the sight of his friend. He opened the door and Riley, without a backward glance at the soggy Julius, climbed in.

"Gee—this is sure swell of you, Digger. How come Mom asked you to look after me?"

"Oh—everyone comes to me. In the end."

"Digger! You don't need to remind me like that—I nearly had a watery grave, meself, today!"

"I see you're a trifle wet, Riley. How did it happen?"

"Because I'm a fool. Because I don't know when I'm well off."

"Ah, yes. Something like that happened to me once. I was the tenor in our U.E.P.G.C.—the Undertakers, Embalmers, and Pallbearers Glee Club. People used to flock to our concerts. We laid them out in the aisles."

Riley sneezed. "Got an aspirin, Digger?"

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You Rascal, You. But I didn't know when I was well off—I made a mistake.

"I sang solo at one of our concerts. The undertakers considered it inappropriate. It was *I Love Life*—and *I Want To Live*."

"The way I feel right now, I don't want to live. I have to go home and face my lovin' family—after them giving me all them presents this morning and lettin' me fix their bicycles and take them to the zoo and all—and me thinkin' all the time they was ball-and-chains. How can I face them!"

"Don't worry, Riley. A man is never down till he's in."

"You mean 'till he's out'."

The little undertaker coughed delicately. "In our profession, Riley—it's in."

Riley sneezed again. Wet clothes—well, he was going home to be fussed over and Mom would see to it he had dry clothes to put on and maybe even a mustard plaster and make him soak his feet in hot water. Who was going to fuss over Julius? The poor stiff would have nobody but a landlady and she yelling at him not to drip all over her clean carpet.

THE realization had come home to Riley slowly, minute by minute, that a Father's Day should be spent—well, being a father. All of the hours he had really enjoyed had been spent with his family. They had taken it for granted that his pleasure would be in being with them, helping them, working with them, playing with them. And they were right.

A guy can sure get into trouble trying to be somethin' he ain't, Riley gloomily philosophized to himself. Here he was, the luckiest man in town, and Julius had sold him a bill of goods about being hen-plucked—gosh, he was dumb! Just wait till he got home—he'd show Mom and the kids how swell he thought they were—he'd help Babs with her homework—he'd wash the dishes for Mom.

There was no more forlorn figure than Chester Riley as he squished his wet boots up Mom's clean back steps onto the porch.

"Look at you! What in the world—" Riley braced himself. "Aw, now, Dumplin' . . . I fell in the lake—that Julius—"

"Never mind how you did it—you come straight into the kitchen and pull off those wet boots and that sweater and then go upstairs and take a hot bath—"

"Now, Dumplin'. I can go up the way I am and change up there." Riley told her and started to move.

"No, you don't, Riley. I don't want you going into the living room in your stocking feet, not right now, the way things are. Oh, there you are, Junior—hurry, Riley put them on!"

Wonderingly, Riley did so. There was a strange air of suppressed excitement about all three, about Mom and Junior and Babs, that had finally penetrated to him. And the kitchen itself looked different.

A little cough behind him. He whirled. "Digger! What're you doin' here?"

Mom opened the dining room door.

"SURPRISE!"
For just a moment it looked to Riley as if the whole house were filled with people, all of them surging down on him.

He was struck dumb.
"Well, you got here at last . . . we were just about ready to send out a posse for you . . . you're holding up the

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party, Riley . . . you didn't know your missus had invited us all over for dinner tonight, did you? . . . hi, ya, Riley—"Happy Father's Day!"

Riley got his breath. "You mean you knew it all the time? When I was talkin' to you in the park today, Muley?"

"Sure—we was laughin' up our sleeves. Come on, Diddlebock—Witherspoon—Digger—let's give Riley the old Lodge welcome— For he's a Jolly Good Fellow—"

Under cover of the singing, joined in by wives and kids, Riley escaped upstairs. He was too happy to talk.

How it had all come about he wasn't really sure, but once again, Mom had saved him from the consequences of his unfortunate bragging. Muley and Gillis were here. Digger was here. The whole house had a festive, party air and the people he liked best were in it. There would be no game in a smoke-filled room, no empty pockets to show in the morning, no headache to explain away to Mom.

What a bee-yoo-tiful world! Upstairs, Riley did a clumsy buck-and-wing in front of the glass, looking at his empurpled nose with beaming good pleasure as he yanked on the new tie Babs had given him.

Waiting for him to come down in his dry clothes were friends—married friends—who would talk his language and enjoy the same kind of an evening he did . . . the women yapity-yapitting in one corner over clothes and babies and food, the other men and himself postmorteming the baseball game and arguing over the Dodger's new line-up. Mom in her old blue dress that was his favorite, Bab's proud eyes when she saw him in his tie, Junior telling old Muley how his Pop fixed his bicycle—

And—for dinner—he had peeked in the kitchen—steak and French fries and apple pie!

The back of Riley's hand to all bachelors. Fathers were king!

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