

Radio Mirror

July
15¢



Marilyn
Erskine

4
17624

Your Life Can Be Beautiful! SEE PAGE 49

Just One Cake of Camay

Brings Softer, Smoother Skin!

HE 8670
.R16



Like a dream come true, your complexion is clearer, fresher—with your very *first cake* of Camay! Yes, new loveliness can be yours when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise under exact clinical conditions—on scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had softer, smoother, younger-looking skin!

MRS. RUSSELL FLAGG GREER
the former Gloria Harpe of Coral Gables, Fla.
Bridal portrait painted by **MANICKE**

NOTES ON THE ROMANCE OF THE GREERS



Shell-hunting on the golden Florida sands, Russ wooed and won lovely, blue-eyed Gloria. Her complexion is fair as the skies that smiled down on their romance! "Camay is my standby for skin care," Gloria discloses, "since my very *first cake* of Camay brought out a real sparkle in my complexion!"

Publisher's Bind.



Cherish Camay—use every sliver. Precious materials go into making soap.

Gay goings-on at the Greers'! And the fresh beauty of this charming hostess rates applause. "Russ often compliments my complexion—thanks to *mild* Camay care!" So Gloria promises, "to keep my skin winning praises, I'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." You can make *your* skin lovelier, too! Every Camay wrapper tells you how.



"What're you looking at, Sis?"



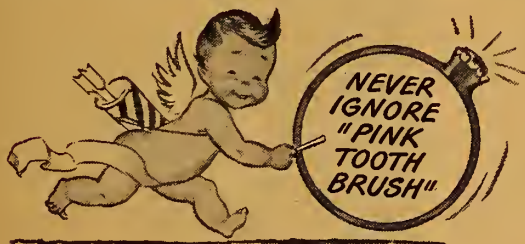
GIRL: Gal can dream, can't she? *Look* at engagement rings, can't she?

CUPID: Sure. But what's the good when she looks like you?

GIRL: Why you little—! Listen, I may be a plain girl—

CUPID: But, Baby, you wouldn't look it if you'd just sparkle at people once in a while. Smile at 'em. *Gleam!*

GIRL: With my dull teeth, I should *gleam*? I brush 'em but all I get is no gleam. And lately, "pink tooth brush."



CUPID: And your dentist . . . ?

GIRL: What dentist?

CUPID: *What dentist?* Don't you know that "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist*? He may find today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise and suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: Pygmy, are you talking about my dentist, my smile, or what?

CUPID: The works, Sis. Because a sparkling smile depends largely on healthy gums. And Ipana is specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you're on the way to a sparkling smile . . . one that'll put a gleam in the eye of every lad who sees you!

For the Smile of Beauty **IPANA AND MASSAGE**
Product of Bristol-Myers

**COMING
NEXT
MONTH**



NBC's Barry Cameron comes alive for our readers in the August Living Portraits, with pages of vivid pictures of Barry's friends—you'll see the way they look, the places they live in, the things they do.

What happens * * * on a * Honeymoon In New York? Well—NBC's show, Honeymoon In New York, has a lot of answers to that, and one of the most moving is told in Radio Mirror next month by the woman who lived it. It's a story that will leave you smiling a little — or weeping, just a little.

All your regular departments, as usual: Papa David chooses his favorite Life Can Be Beautiful letter, Ted Malone his favorite poem from among those you have sent in; Kate Smith cooks up some midsummer specialties. And on the cover, Betty Jane Rhodes in a hat no woman could resist.

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"How to have more fun on dates"



DIANA LYNN

starring in "OUR HEARTS WERE GROWING UP"
A Paramount Picture

The dates I like to remember are the ones where everybody had a good time. Where nobody told any jokes that reflected on any race or religion. Where nobody acted snooty because he or she had more money, nicer clothes, or a fancier education. It's

silly to be a snob or snide-guy . . . when real people have so much more fun! Fleeer knows how much little things can mean . . . guess that's why they make such good gum.

FLEER'S is that delicious chewing gum with the super peppermint flavor. Twelve flawless fleerlets, in a handy green-and-white package, for only five cents. Fleeer's is fresh, flavorful, refreshing. Enjoy Fleeer's today!



Candy Coated — Chewing gum in its nicest form !

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILADELPHIA, PA. ESTABLISHED 1885

COVER GIRL



Blonde Marilyn Erskine stars in half a dozen network dramas.

By ELEANOR HARRIS

WHEN Marilyn Erskine was six years old, she disrupted her life (and her parents' lives) forever—by coming to New York City to visit her grandmother. While the little golden-haired girl was lunching calmly with relatives she met an agent. Feverishly he offered her parts in movie shorts and in radio—and Marilyn promptly made New York her home. What could her parents do but string along with her?

By the ripe age of twenty, Marilyn's been in eleven plays including "Our Town" and "Primrose Path," in endless movie shorts, and in countless radio shows. Right now her busy list includes Lora Lawton, The Eileen Barton Show, Let's Pretend, Road of Life, and Young Widder Brown. You might say Young Widder Brown is her life work. She's been on it nine years now!

Once in New York City, she sandwiched the Professional Children's School in between her radio shows—where her schoolmates were Frankie Thomas, Johnny Downs, and January's Radio Mirror Cover Girl Eileen Barton.

Around the house she wears slacks or lounging pajamas—the most over-used pair being purple slacks with a fuchsia-and-green blouse. Her hair is ash blonde, her eyes blue, her height five feet two; and she collects gold jewelry avidly, and shoes—her latest shoe-triumph being almost invisible, since it consists only of a couple of tiny straps. Bags too attract her like a magnet. "My pet is a transparent plastic one," she says. "It keeps me neat since everyone can see into it—and also I can put a gardenia on top of it and make it look lovely."

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It isn't your necklace they'll notice, Pet!

No one overlooks underarm odor—
so look to Mum for protection

IT'S A GIFT—the way you wear jewels for smart effect.

But, honey, can't you see? Even the loveliest of trinkets fails to be effective when charm itself fades away.

So don't stop at washing away *past* perspiration. But *do* guard against risk of *future* underarm odor. Let Mum give un-

derarms the special care they need.

Mum smooths on in half a minute. Keeps you bath-fresh and sweet—safe from offending underarm odor all day or evening long.

Mum is harmless to skin and clothing. Creamy, snow-white Mum is so quick and easy to use—before or *after* dressing. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Why take chances with your charm when you can trust Mum? Get a jar of Mum today.

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



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ACING the MUSIC

By **KEN ALDEN**



Perry Como's Monday-through-Friday Supper Club show, 7:00 P.M. EDT on NBC, piles up the fan mail to such a point that the singer's whole family has to pitch in to help him read his way through it.



Ex-Major Lanny Ross combines his romantic tenor voice with the smartly-styled singing of Evelyn Knight (right) on the Lanny Ross Show, which is heard Monday through Friday at 7:00 P.M. EDT, over the CBS network.



PERRY COMO, whose single recording of "Till The End of Time" sold more copies than any other disc of the year, and who has clicked in recent 20th Century-Fox films, will probably have a new sponsorship deal in 1947 when his cigarette show runs out. Perry is now on NBC but the rival web, CBS, is promised the baritone.

Don't be surprised if Dinah Shore and her husband George Montgomery form a daytime radio partnership, a la Kate Smith and Ted Collins. The idea might be experimented with next season on a regional west coast hookup and if successful, go national.

Count Basie is writing a history of jazz and boogie woogie and MGM is interested in seeing the script for possible screen use.

Look for Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou, one of radio's better ventriloquists, to be back on the air this Fall co-

starring with Ginny Simms on CBS. Riggs was in the service.

Don't be surprised if Frank Sinatra shifts his broadcasting time to an earlier hour to satisfy his kid fans.

Jean Tennyson, soprano star of CBS's Great Moments in Music, is planning to set up a musical scholarship, only Broadway show and chorus girls to be eligible.

Jean Sablon, the French Crosby, has returned to Paris. American networks couldn't work out a satisfactory deal to keep the baritone over here.

Music lost another great composer when Vincent Youmans passed away at the age of 47, a victim of t.b. His beautiful songs like "Tea for Two," "I Want to Be Happy," carry on forever.

STAN UP AND CHEER
It takes more than talent to become a

successful bandleader. It takes guts, too. Slim, sincere Stan Kenton, whose fine young orchestra rates the highest popularity potential of 1946, is the current case in point.

"I never had trouble playing piano in bands," Stan told me as we brunchted in Lindy's, "it wasn't until I decided to have my own band that things got tough."

Stan is a master of understatement. Things weren't tough. They were desperate. Stan organized his band on a shoe string.

"What made things worse was that my wife, Violet, was expecting a baby."

When the band didn't work Stan stuffed his pride in his bare pocket and collected unemployment insurance. The Kentons moved in with Violet's folks. One night, Stan, anxious for his wife's health, was all for giving up his ambitious plans and throwing in the baton.

"Don't do it, honey," his wife pleaded. "This is what you want. Soon the public will appreciate the kind of music you want to give them."

The baby was born without mishap. Stan was sure this was a lucky omen. He persuaded the local radio station to put a line into the Balboa ballroom. Pearl Harbor day came and the networks stayed on the air continuously. They needed remote dance band music to fill in between breathless bulletins.

"What they got was Stan Kenton," Stan recalled, "whether they liked it or not. We went on, from coast to coast, three times a night."

By the time Stan's loyal crew left Balboa, he owed the radio station \$1,200 for line charges but it was worth it. People had listened to a strong, swing-minded band. A one night engagement in a Long Beach auditorium attracted 2,000 paying patrons. A Los Angeles disc jockey, Jarvis, scouted the turnout, put in a hurry call to Maury Cohen, manager of that vast ballroom, the Palladium.

Cohen, needing a fill-in band for five



“There she was waiting at the church!”

THERE she was waiting at the church . . . because the cutest boy of the neighborhood playing “groom” to her “bride” walked out on her . . . *and told her why.*

Lucky little Edna—to learn so young what some people never realize at all—that halitosis (unpleasant breath) is a fault not easy to pardon. It was a lesson she never forgot. Later in life, attractive and sought-after, Listerine Antiseptic was a “must” before every date.

How is Your Breath?

Can you be sure that at this very mo-

ment your breath is sweet and agreeable? You can't always tell!

Why take chances . . . why risk offending others needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic so often offers such an easy, delightful precaution?

Simply rinse your mouth with it morning and night and especially before any appointment where you want to be at your best. Almost at once your breath is fresher, sweeter . . . less likely to offend.

While sometimes systemic, most cases of unpleasant breath, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial

fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth, gum and mouth surfaces.

Lucky for you, Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts this fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes.

Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic; it's part of your passport to popularity. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

Before every date
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for oral hygiene

got Kenton at bargain prices. I would think that was the end of troubles but it wasn't," Stan con-
 "Too cocky, we headed east and K until we got into Roseland in New York. Booked for six weeks, we had three. Our style just didn't fit." Back on the coast, Bob Hope hired a band to replace Army-bound Skinn-
 Ennis. Stan thought this was the opportunity, but the gag-filled Hope now had little room to show off the musical wares of Kenton. The band got lost between irium and Jerry Colonna. But their Capitol records clicked.

In two years the plucky pioneer saved \$25,000, owned two cars, and a luxurious Hollywood home. Eager to keep improving his band, he poured money back into it for better musicians and singers.

Stan is 34 now. He was born in Wichita, Kansas, the son of an auto mechanic and a piano teacher. The family moved to the coast shortly after Stan was born. Their son went to school in Long Beach, started studying music under the watchful eye of his mother when he was 14.

The depression prevented Stan from going to college. He joined a local dance band, drifted from one to another, playing a polished piano. But he soon became bored with routine music and routine arrangements. The band-leading bug bit him early. He met his pretty wife while playing in one of these clap-trap outfits.

"If it wasn't for her we'd have given up long ago. When we signed contracts which called for a girl vocalist, Vi would make believe she was the girl vocalist even though she had never sung professionally in her life."

Now that the sweat and tears days are over, Violet Kenton concentrates on being a wife and mother.

"Now that we're moderately successful Vi doesn't bother too much about it. But I'm sure if anything went wrong again she'd be in there pitching."

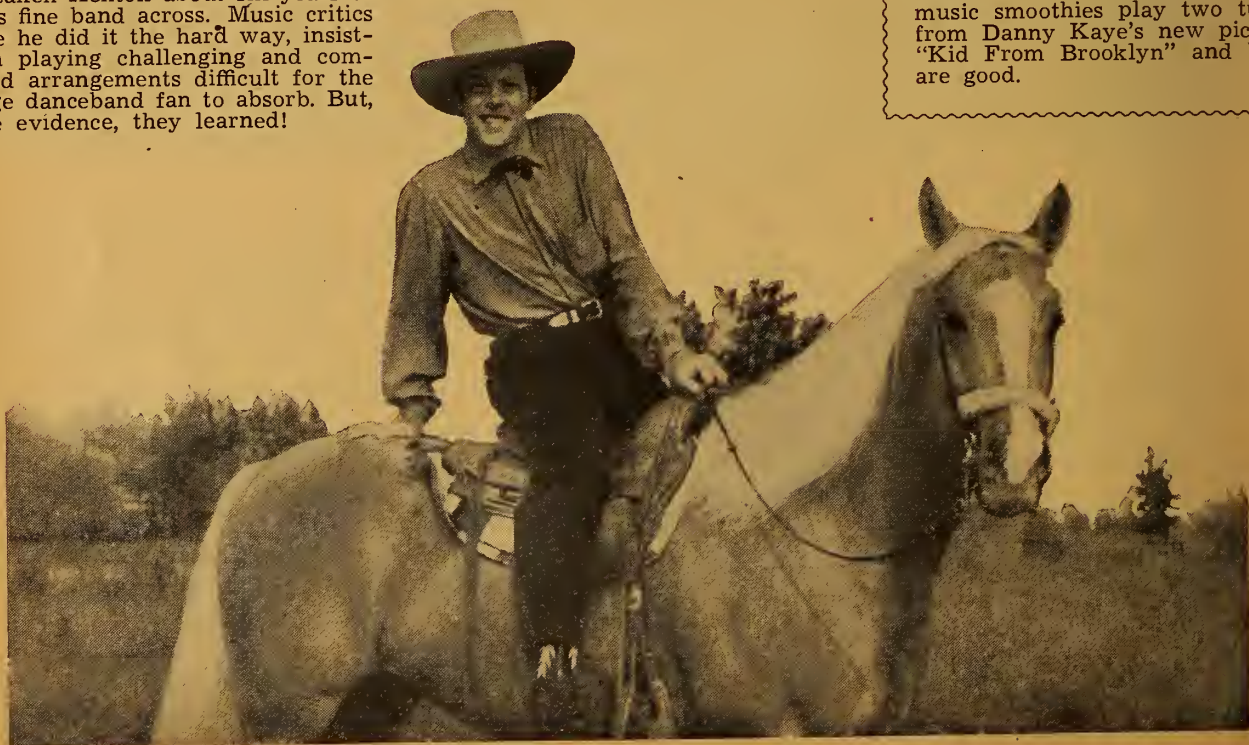
It's taken Kenton about six years to put his fine band across. Music critics believe he did it the hard way, insisting on playing challenging and complicated arrangements difficult for the average danceband fan to absorb. But, on the evidence, they learned!



Life was easy as a musician, hard as a bandleader—but Stan Kenton wanted to lead a band.



Vivacious Nanette Fabray is the vocalist on NBC's Saturday night Jimmy Edmondson Show, at 8.



Baritone Dick Haymes steals as many hours as he can from movies and his CBS show (Saturdays at 8:00 P.M. EDT) to ride and train the horses on his Encino Valley ranch—Thunderbolt is one.

NEW RECORDS

(Each month Ken Alden picks the most popular platters)

JO STAFFORD: The languorous Californian offers an album (Capitol) filled with memorable hits of yesteryear.

DINAH SHORE: Dinah is herself again with this effortless version of "The Gypsy" and "Laughing on the Outside." (Columbia)

JACK SMITH: The Prudential Family hour favorite turns in a pleasant coupling of "I'll Be Yours" and "Let's Put Out the Lights." (Majestic)

NORO MORALES: Majestic thinks mighty highly of this rumba disciple. "Maria" and "Tambo" are the tunes and an easy-to-learn rumba lesson written by Arthur Murray is on the jacket.

PHIL MOORE FOUR: Another slick Musicraft mixture by this quartet featuring "September Song" and "Danny Boy."

JOHNNY GUARNIERI: "Body and Soul" and "Nobody's Sweetheart" show off an honest piano style and he gets understanding help from drummer Cole and string bassist Haggart. (Majestic)

GEORGE AULD: Here's a band due to climb. Listen to them as they play "You Haven't Changed At All," a lovely tune, and "Daily Double." (Musicraft)

FRANK SINATRA: The Voice rejoices with two fine songs from "Centennial Summer"—"All Through the Day" and "Two Hearts Are Better Than One."

FREDDY MARTIN: Our favorite music smoothies play two tunes from Danny Kaye's new picture "Kid From Brooklyn" and both are good.

... "NOW, MUMMY,
IT SAYS — 'ONE AND
A HALF CUPS OF DOLE
CRUSHED PINEAPPLE'"



A BLISSFULLY COOL SHERBET is in the making here. With Dole Crushed Pineapple from Hawaii contributing its tropic goodness, this dessert is bound to be a delicious climax for a summertime supper.

Try this recipe for Dole Pineapple Sherbet, also the other recipes shown here. Dole Pineapple Upside-Down Salad with deviled eggs is a meal in itself, and the Catsup-glazed Pineapple Chunks are an appetizing accompaniment for broiled meats. For refreshment anytime, drink chilled Dole Pineapple Juice.

DOLE PINEAPPLE SHERBET

Stir together until sugar is dissolved: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup light corn syrup, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar, 2 cups top milk, dash salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Dole Crushed Pineapple, 2 teaspoons grated lemon peel, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice. Freeze in ice cube trays until firm. Put contents in chilled bowl and beat until fluffy; fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites; finish freezing. Makes about 1 quart.

DOLE PINEAPPLE UPSIDE-DOWN SALAD

Add 2 tbsps. plain gelatin to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water; let stand 5 minutes. Stir in $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 tsp. salt. Drain $\frac{1}{2}$ cup syrup from Dale Pineapple Slices and add, with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice; cool. Pour thin layer in bottom of loaf pan, chill till almost firm; arrange 2 slices pineapple on gelatin, with pimiento in centers, chill till firm. Dice 1 or 2 slices pineapple, mix with 3 cups shredded cabbage, 1 cup diced radishes or cucumbers or celery, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup each diced pimiento and green peppers; fold into remaining gelatin, pour over pineapple in pan; chill. When firm, turn out and serve with mayonnaise. Serves 6 to 8.

CATSUP-GLAZED

DOLE PINEAPPLE CHUNKS

Drain Dale Pineapple Chunks. Melt a little butter or margarine in a skillet; add drained pineapple. Dash generously with catsup, then sprinkle lightly with brown sugar, and heat, gently stirring occasionally, about five minutes, until chunks are glazed and hot. Use as a garnish for broiled chops or hamburgers.

DOLE
HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE
PRODUCTS



START YOUNG, STAY YOUNG

with
VICTOR H. LINDLAHR

Victor Lindlahr, author of "You Are What You Eat," outlines in this Radio Mirror feature minimum requirements for a beauty diet. For more about food as a health and beauty foundation, hear Victor Lindlahr daily, 11:45 A.M., MBS.



THESE are the pleasant days when, the poets tell us, a man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love . . . providing he has something lovely to look at.

Whether or not he is going to look at you a second time depends, to a large extent, on your complexion—your "skin." So take a look in the mirror to get an idea how you'll make out in the "June is bustin' out all over" sweepstakes. Make an honest appraisal, too. Try to see yourself as others see you.

Do you look older than your years . . . or younger? Has your skin the soft, velvety appearance of youth? Does it have that smooth, creamy-like feel? Or does it appear to be a bit "tough," leather-like, or have some other of the unmistakable signs of aging?

Take a good look and remember that you are "young," "middle-aged," or "old" in the eyes of others according to the texture and appearance of the skin of your face.

You can fib about your birthdays or keep them a well-guarded secret, but the skin of your face is there for all to see.

Fortunately though, you are literally never too old to improve the tone, texture and tint of your skin through the use of certain selected foods. Here's how it's done:

Your skin is made up of layers and layers of tiny cells. The outer ones are continually shedding, and being replaced by new ones formed in the layers

which are functioning underneath.

Whenever you eat, you feed these cells from within. In other words, the skin of your face is constantly in the making.

You can begin today to make sure that your skin will have a better texture a few weeks from now, because the skin cells are formed from certain factors you get in certain foods.

For example, you have all heard of Vitamin A. It does a lot of good things for you. For one thing, it determines the texture of certain cells in your skin, the kind physiologists call "Epithelial cells." They will be soft and velvety or hard and leathery according to the amount of Vitamin A they get.

This food factor actually *forms* the epithelial cells, and if you run short of it, your skin may show it in a number of ugly ways.

In other words, you are not only "what you eat," you "look what you eat," too.

Take the classic bugaboo of old-age skin . . . wrinkles. They crop up very readily in the skin that has been deprived of Vitamin A, and while we associate a mighty high score of birthdays with wrinkles, they might start to form as early as your thirtieth year, if you don't eat the right foods.

Consider deep-green lettuce, for example. It's a grand source of the carotene which your body forms into Vitamin A. The fine ladies of Ancient Rome paid fancy prices for deep-green

lettuce. They ate it to "aid the complexion," and it really helped. However, the wily herb-sellers claimed that the lettuce had to be picked when the stars were in certain array. Of course that isn't true, but it justified special prices which the patricians gladly paid.

You can get a grand supply of Vitamin A from a crisp lettuce salad made with a touch of French dressing. A few strips of pimento spread over it would be double-extra good. Pimento is one of the richest food sources of Vitamin A.

Cleopatra once gave a herb seller three large pearls for a secret formula which was reputed to have magical qualities for "preserving the youth of the skin." In the light of modern nutrition science, it was probably worth the price, at least to Cleopatra. Here is the formula:

- 1 part parsley
- 1 part deep green watercress
- 1 part the outer leaves of broccoli

The whole to simmer for a few minutes in any water which might stick to the leaves, to be macerated, (finely chopped), and to be taken in the amount of a small wineglassful (about two ounces), fresh-prepared each day.

At least that's the essence of the prescription stripped of all the mumbo jumbo the herb seller recommended.

One Roman historian records that Cleopatra used this concoction every day. It certainly calls for three of the top-ranking (Continued on page 58)

Of all leading brands we tested . . .

No other Deodorant

STOPS PERSPIRATION AND ODOR SO EFFECTIVELY, YET SO SAFELY!

You who value your precious clothes, will adore the wonderful new, improved Postwar Arrid! It gives you maximum protection against perspiration and odor with safety for your clothes and skin. This new smooth, creamy Arrid is the improved deodorant you've been waiting for!



Fine Fabrics Return

Pure linen . . . pure organdy! These wonderful fabrics, which were war-time casualties, are now available again in summer clothes! Don't let perspiration mar their beauty. Use Arrid daily! No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely. Our tests show it!

so Soft! so Smooth! so Creamy!



★ All Postwar Arrid packages have a star above the price.

FOR FORMAL EVENINGS, this stunning white linen dress . . . with transparent midriff and drop shoulder of organdy! To guard your precious clothes against perspiration, use Arrid daily. Arrid gives *maximum protection* against perspiration with safety to clothes and skin!

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 tests.
3. Does not rot clothes. Does not irritate the skin.
4. Soft, smooth, creamy . . . easy to apply. Greaseless and stainless, too. Antiseptic.
5. Awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

39¢ plus tax Also 10¢ and 59¢

New Improved Postwar **ARRID**

Some of the many stars who use Arrid:

Georgia Gibbs • Grace Moore • Ilka Chase
Carol Bruce • Beatrice Lillie • Diana Barrymore
Barbara Bel Geddes • Eleanor Holm

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



Jackie Coogan stars in CBS's *Forever Ernest*, with Lurene Tuttle and Arthur Q. Bryan, Mondays, 8 P.M. And Janet Waldo remains CBS's *Corliss Archer*, Sunday nights at 9.



By
**DALE
BANKS**

WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

OUR hat's off to the new Superman! Now that the stratosphere-cleaving hero has taken to bashing away at real menaces instead of mythical ones, we're one hundred percent for the show. The new story line, designed to teach millions of kids the dangers of racial and religious intolerance and to deal with the many real problems that face the kids of today—and tomorrow—is a vast improvement. The script is more exciting now than it ever was, and that's basically because it deals with familiar things rather than Jules Verneish imaginings.

Superman has grown up and even adults need no longer admit with a snicker that they listen to it—they can say they do openly and without embarrassment.

* * *

Had a talk and a very interesting one with Valerie Bayan, lovely young actress currently in *True Detective Mysteries*. Valerie'd just got back from Honolulu, where she'd gone to be near her husband, Lieutenant Stubblefield. The war kept her husband pretty busy and Valerie filled in the empty hours by teaching dramatics in a local high school. Valerie found it lots of fun, but she also found it very educational in terms of democracy. Her classes were made up Chinese, Japanese and Hawaiian children.

Department of higher mathematics—of a sort. E. Power Biggs, organist at CBS, set himself a project at the beginning of the year. The project called for devoting all or part of every one of his Sunday morning broadcasts to performing Bach's compositions for the organ—until he had presented the entire Bach organ literature. He finished the project early in March and then did a little adding up and figuring. Here's the report. He performed 228 Bach works and he estimates that it would take an entire day and night to play them all one after the other. He also says that his practice on the Bach works has consumed about 10,000 hours over the past twenty years. That's a lot of hours—but in this case well worth it.

* * *

Neat trick! Nannette Sargent, who has played the part of the baby, Paulette, in *Ma Perkins* for five years—from the first baby cry to the present five-year-old child—was recently switched to the role of Fay, Paulette's mother! Mother and baby doing fine.

* * *

We like stories about Harry Elders, because Harry Elders is a very nice guy. This one comes to us via grapevine from Chicago, where Harry's being the leading man on the *Curtain Time* program—as well as the leading man in a number of activities that tie

“Captivating!”

says Mrs. Gary Cooper,

“And that’s why GAY-RED is a sell-out in Hollywood.”

Wherever the elite of Hollywood gathers...you’ll see alluring Tangee lips capturing admiring glances. Usually the cause of all the excitement is the thrilling new hit-color—Tangee Gay-Red. So let *your* lips go gay with Gay-Red, the light-hearted, carefree lipstick color *that gives you a lift!* And don’t forget—Gay-Red comes in Tangee’s exclusive Satin-Finish—long-lasting and lovely-to-use.

Cake Make-Up that Thrives on Hot Weather!

Look cool and inviting all summer long...by using the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up. This Tangee triumph does not get “streaky” from perspiration—lasts for *extra hours* no matter what the weather man says.

Presented in six fascinating shades.



MRS. GARY COOPER—
*beautiful wife of one of
Hollywood’s most
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CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN,
*Head of the House of Tangee
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Tangee Gay-Red Lipstick
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Use *Tangee...*

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"Of course you know about Midol
BUT
HAVE YOU TRIED IT?"



Be fair with yourself! And this very month *prove to yourself* that the natural pain of the menstrual process can be relieved simply by taking Midol.

You see, Midol tablets are offered *specifically* to relieve functional periodic pain, and their action is both *prompt* and *sure*. Prompt because relief is generally obtained in a few minutes. Sure because *three* fast-acting ingredients work in these ways to bring welcome relief: *Ease Cramps—Soothe Headache—Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue"*.

Let Midol keep you brighter. Take it confidently and see how comfortably you can go through those trying days. Ask for Midol at your drugstore.

MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope.
 Write Dept. N-76, Room 1418,
 41 East 42nd St. New York 17, N. Y.

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

actors into their functioning as citizens. Not so long ago, Harry asked his four-and-a-half year old son whether he'd like to see one of his father's broadcasts. The tike is very blase, however, and didn't get very enthusiastic. This is one of Harry's light "burdens"—his son's lack of appreciation for his talents. So Harry took a neighbor's child along to the show instead.

The next morning, Harry was greeted very coldly by his son at breakfast.

"I hear you kissed another woman last night," his son said accusingly. "Joe," that was the boy Harry had taken to the studio, "Joe saw you. He told me all about it. Joe doesn't think you're very nice to do that when you have a wife and two children."

It took a couple of minutes for Harry to realize that Joe had seen him go through his regular mike routine at the end of the show, which consists of standing by the mike with his arm around his leading lady, Jane Elliott. Harry laughed and explained, but he's not quite sure his son is convinced yet of his complete fidelity. Small boys have a tendency to be very literal-minded. They believe what they see and hear.

Clint Johnson, CBS director, is back after a three year stint in the Army Air Forces. Lots of things happened to Clint, but the one he got the biggest kick out of was this. While he was still on Private Johnson and doing K.P., up to his ears in greasy pots, a messenger arrived with a special delivery letter for him. He opened it and read it aloud to his fellow pot scourers. "We have the honor to inform you that you have been included in the 1943 Who's Who," the letter read.

Eloise Kummer has twin nieces, six years old. They are ardent devotees of their aunt's Guiding Light program, and as a result a very puzzled couple of little girls. They've heard her go

through a marriage and a divorce and they've become very fond of her son in the script, Ricky Lawrence. The thing that bothers them terribly is that they have never been allowed to meet their cousin Ricky, who, they think, sounds awfully nice. Eloise has had a hard time trying to tell them that when she's on the air she isn't their aunt, but a character in a play. That only makes them more confused.

If you'd like to have for reading some of the fine shows that were done on the Army Hour during the war, they're available in book form, now. Ex-Sergeant Millard Lampell's "The Long Way Home" is in the book stores and in buying a copy you'll be helping a good cause. Millard, who's an up and coming and hard fighting guy, even out of the Army, has directed that all the royalties from "The Long Way Home" are to be contributed to the Committee for Air Forces Convalescent Welfare.

Speaking of books, there's another one you might like to have, just for the fun of it. It's called "Radio Alphabet" and is intended to make English speaking people acquainted with the peculiar form of English that's flung around in radio studios. For instance, the book would help you translate the following:

The studio contained a live mike and a pedal pusher looking at a wood pile. No god box in the studio. Not even an eighty eight. You feel sure the pedal pusher couldn't possibly work on the wood pile, even if he had long underwear. What should you do. The answer is simple. Kill the mike. Dead air is better than a turkey.

Translated this goes: A room especially constructed for the production of radio programs contained a microphone that was connected to the complete electrical system used for the transmission of radio. Also present in the studio were an organ player and a xylophone. But there was no organ in the studio. Not even a piano. Knowing that the organ player couldn't play

CBS family gathering: Bill Bendix, star of *Life With Riley*; Barry Fitzgerald, Judge Fitz of *His Honor the Barber*; Louise Erickson, star of *Date With Judy*; and Archie, of *Duffy's Tavern*.





M. C. Win Elliot of County Fair (CBS Saturdays, 1:30) and Allen La Fever fit a new hat on Phoebe.

a xylophone, even if he had sheet music, what should you do? You should disconnect the microphone circuit. Complete silence is better than complete failure of a program.

* * *

Not too many years ago, a young song writer planned and hoped to make his two daughters stars in the entertainment world. While he became famous with such musical hits as "Louise," "Sleepy Time Gal," "Till We Meet Again," and "One Hour With You," the daughters grew up without showing the slightest interest in his plans for them. They showed no signs of a desire for a career in the theater. In fact, their father rather hopelessly confided in a close friend that they didn't seem to have any talent, at all.

But Dick Whiting was very wrong. One daughter, Margaret Whiting, is the singing star of Celebrity Club and the other, Barbara, is a film star whose most recent success was "Junior Miss." Maybe it's sometimes best to leave the kids alone—they'll come around in their own good time.

One of the qualities that help get top-notchers to the top and keep them there is a persistent aiming at perfection. Eddie Cantor is a fine example. Take his theme song, "One Hour With You," which has been sung hundreds of times on his radio show. Eddie never lets anyone, including himself get sloppy about the least detail. He still insists on having the theme rehearsed every week.

* * *

If you've ever known any band leaders, you know that one of their biggest headaches is dodging the song pluggers. Every band leader's life is made terrible by song pluggers haunting his nights trying to put over the latest publication of the music houses. Believe it or not, most songs are not sung into popularity, they're plugged into it.

We like the way Fred Waring has solved this whole deal. Fred does a little music publishing of his own, but he also uses the products of his business rivals. After all, he makes with the music in a big way. Fred's pretty busy and he doesn't like people under foot and in his hair—so he holds a weekly



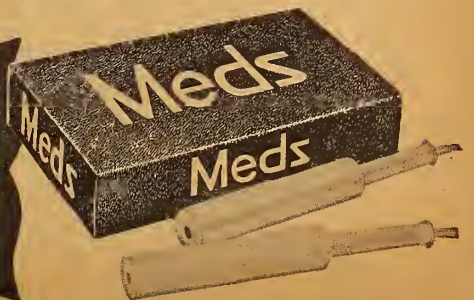
**A summer of freedom,
Of comfort and ease,
For every wise woman
Requesting "Meds, please!"**

Every day is a "free" day when you use Meds internal protection! You're free from pads, belts and pins; from odor and chafing; from embarrassing bulges and wrinkles. Free, too, from nagging worry—for Meds' "Safety-Well" gives you security *plus!*

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

Meds *only 25¢*

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS



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

"Ageless"?



DRESS BY CHAPMAN

It's your skin that dates you!

SO HERE'S a worthwhile tip—make every effort to keep your skin at its lovely best by guarding against loss of natural skin moisture. For many beauty experts tell us that the longer your skin retains its *natural* moisture, the longer it will remain smooth and supple and beautiful. Avoid, as far as possible, the things which



Skin cream—A wonderful make-up base that vanishes smoothly into the skin, leaving complexion satiny and daintily scented. Let it act as you sleep! This fine, lightly-textured skin cream contains "cholesterol." Helps keep skin soft and supple, neutralizes any excess acid accumulations in outer pore openings, guards vital skin moisture. 60¢, plus tax.



dry out your skin: Neglect of proper skin care... too much exposure to winter's harsh winds and summer's hot, drying sun.

Choose Your Creams Carefully. Use creams that will *do* something for your skin. They needn't be the most expensive... try the two fine creams that bear the proud name of Chas. H. Phillips.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream. Contains "cholesterol"... a *special* ingredient that protects against loss of natural skin moisture. Also soothing, softening oils that assist in keeping skin smooth and supple.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream. Especially prepared to remove make-up, surface dirt and accumulations from outer pore openings.

Both creams contain genuine PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA.

Phillips'

MILK OF MAGNESIA CREAMS

Cleansing cream—A light, daintily-scented cleansing cream that tissues off easily. Liquefies as you smooth it on your skin. Leaves your complexion looking dewy-fresh and sparklingly clean. 60¢, plus tax.

luncheon to which all the song pluggers are invited. There they are given the time and attention necessary for them to put over their latest musical wares and Fred is free of them for another week. There's nothing like using your head a bit and getting things organized.

* * *

Did you know that Guy Lombardo has gone into yet another business venture? Guy and his brother, Carmen, are now the operators of the Long Island Airlines, a commutation service running between Montauk Point, Long Island, and New York City—some 120 miles. The line is the first of its kind to be operated in and around New York. Guy opened the line in May and the infant venture is doing very well, thank you.

* * *

Now you'll know the difference between "conductor" and "Bandleader"—and never again use them as though they were synonymous. Lloyd Shaffer, maestro of the Supper Club show, explained it all to us. Shaffer says that the boy who fronts a dance band is a "leader," because he merely beats time, which is only one phase of conducting—and which, Shaffer says, can usually be accomplished more satisfactorily by the drummer. The conductor, on the other hand, not only beats time, but changes the tempo as well as directs every movement of the orchestra. Lloyd is a conductor.

Incidentally, Lloyd will be busy while he's in Hollywood. He's talking to Fred Astaire, hoping to interest the dancing star in playing the leading role in "Atom and Eve," a musical comedy written by Shaffer and scheduled for a Broadway premiere this fall.

* * *

Maybe this proves something—Sherman Drier, producer-director of Exploring the Unknown science dramas could have got to the same goal, probably, without finishing school. In fact, he was well on the way to the same career at the age of sixteen, when he had his own radio production office in Minneapolis, Minn. That venture was a financial success, too, but Drier decided that a complete education never hurt even a radio producer, so he went to the University of Minnesota. He was



CBS's Big Sister, Mercedes McCambridge (daily, 12:15 P.M.), divides time between stage, radio



Summer sauce: Penny Singleton, star of CBS's *Blondie*, shows off a new star of her big hat collection.

graduated in three years, winning a Phi Beta Kappa key, and was immediately offered the job of director of radio for the University of Chicago.

* * *

Only in radio can this happen. Announcer Charles Lyon and commentator John W. Vandercook have been working on the same program, *News of the World* (NBC), for five years—but until a short while ago, they had never met one another. Lyon delivers his commercials from Chicago and Vandercook does his commentating from New York. They saw each other in person for the first time after five years awhile back when Vandercook went to Chicago on business.

* * *

Licia Albanese, singing star of Mutual's *Treasure Hour of Song* and the Metropolitan Opera's leading soprano, has earned herself the title of the "Bernhardt of Opera," because her acting is every bit as fine as her singing. In her career, this is not the greatest honor that's been accorded her. She's been decorated by a Pope—Pope Pius XI—and she had the distinction of singing at the coronation of King George VI.

* * *

Lanny Ross was in Milwaukee during that city's recent Centennial celebration. The Mayor asked Lanny to take part in the program featuring stars of radio, stage and screen who were born in Milwaukee. Lanny protested that he was a native of Seattle, whereupon Mayor Vohn made him an honorary citizen of Milwaukee right there and then. Lanny sang and exceeded the big program.

* * *

You can't always tell from what they say. . . . For instance, after listening to Kenny Delmar and Deems Taylor on the RCA Victor Show, you'd think Kenny couldn't stand the sound of anything less than a hot combo beating out the latest and best in jazz and that Deems would be impervious to anything but the classic. 'Tain't so, though. We actually spotted Delmar at the Vladimir Horowitz piano recital at Carnegie Hall awhile back—and later the same evening ran into Taylor bouncing his feet to the "One O'Clock Jump" at a 52nd Street bistro.

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¢

Phone Again, Finnegan, they keep telling worried Stuart Erwin in his NBC comedy-drama program.



Modeling to movies to radio is the way Kay Campbell arrived on NBC's daily Ma Perkins.



Threesome-ing at a party of the Academy Award Theater (Saturdays at 7, CBS) director Dee Engelbach, radio's Hedda Hopper, and Esther Williams of the movies.



WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from page 15)

This is something we'll have to see. We hear that Alan Reed, better known to you as Falstaff Oppenshaw—"Precisely why I am here!"—plays a dramatic part in the new film "The Postman Always Rings Twice." Reed is called on for some heavy dramatics in the picture, we're told, and he also gets, according to the script, one of the worst maulings that's ever been recorded on film, in a scrape with the film's star, John Garfield. The thing that delights us is that we can remember Alan in his early days, when he was a physical training teacher and his specialty was wrestling. He's a tremendous fellow and a tremendously strong fellow and we get a kick out of figuring how John Garfield really puts it over. Enthusiasm and determination, probably. At that, Garfield's succession of tough roles will turn out to have been good preparation for his battle with Reed.

Did you know that "Kate Smith" was used often as a password during the war? It was and we heard tell of one particular instance. A number of Americans had to contact the Dutch underground and they needed a password that would definitely identify them as Americans. It had to be something only Americans would use—and the password? "Kate Smith." Simple—and a natural.

Lynn Murray has a new feather in his cap. He's been added to the faculty of the Juilliard School of Music.

Jon Gart, conductor on the Carring-ton Playhouse and The Harry Savoy Show, always has trouble getting people to leave the "h" out of his first name. His name is spelled like that—J O N—because he is the son of the famous European baritone, James Jongart.

Having had somewhat similar trouble ourselves on occasion, we're deeply sympathetic with Johnny Coons, actor on the Captain Midnight show. He just got a new phone—but an old number, said number having belonged to a laundry before. Practically every morning he's awakened by angry housewives wanting to know where their shirts, socks, sheets and towels are. Our old number used to belong to a cleaner and tailor. People were always calling us to come and pick up their pants for pressing.

Maurice Copeland was born and raised in Alabama. Before tackling radio, Maurice spent lots of dough and lots of tongue-tiring hours to get rid of his soft Southern drawl. So comes the pay-off. At a Human Adventure rehearsal, Copeland had to stand there like a nice quiet boy, while director Morrison Wood explained to him why his version of a Southern gentleman wasn't authentic.

Curley Bradley—Tom Mix on the air—is really going all out for the kids. He hopes he'll soon have a real western-style ranch where he'll be able to entertain city children—all for free.

GOSSIP FROM AROUND AND ABOUT. . . Alfred Drake, singing star of the stage success "Oklahoma," will emcee the new Ford Sunday Hour for the summer. . . Benay Venuta has chosen the West Coast as a permanent home. Benay will star in a new radio show, coming from California, in the fall. . . Carmen Lombardo is now in the music publishing business, too. . . Walt Disney is writing a radio show based on his screen characters, the show slated for airing in the fall. A complete drama will be presented each week. . . Johnny Desmond, singing star of the Philip Morris Follies of 1946 and of the Supper Club, will be a father any day now. . . Rumor has it that Warner Brothers are angling to get Jackie Kelk of the cracked voice comedy for a picture. So far, Jackie's tied down to New York by his radio commitments. . . The newish radio show Honeymoon in New York has been sold to the movies for filming. . . Ditto One Man's Family, filming to start in three or four months. . . Bill Stern, noted sports commentator and announcer has turned author. His book is called "My Favorite Sports Stories" and is on the book stands. . . Paul Lavallo will conduct some of the New York Philharmonic concerts at the Lewisohn Stadium in New York this summer. . . We hear that Judy Canova is writing a book about her life in the theater, titled, "There's a Punch in Judy." . . Everyone's writing—maybe we'd better stop for now. Nice listening and nice vacationing. . .

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Made to be admired—the exciting new *Elgin American* compacts. Each one, a show piece of *Elgin American's* exquisite designing, enduring jewelry finish, and precision craftsmanship. Each one, a credit to your fine taste in accessories. The perfect gift.

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Where Beauty "reigns"

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



IT'S SHINING BRIGHT! It's beautifully behaved! It's Drene-lovely hair! Yes, you bring out all the natural beauty of your hair, all its alluring highlights . . . when you use Drene with Hair Conditioning action.

"I always use Drene," says glamorous fashion model and Cover Girl Lisa Fonssagrives, "because it reveals far more sheen than any soap or soap shampoo." As much as 33 percent more lustre! Drene is not a soap shampoo. It never leaves any dulling film on your hair as all soaps do. And the very first time you use Drene, you completely remove unsightly dandruff.

Here you see Lisa at the shore with her gleaming hair in a practical, fetching top-knot. Below she shows you another favorite hair-do 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 the wonderful improved Drene with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.



▲ **AT THE SUMMER PLAYHOUSE**, you're the evening's star with lovely, lustrous hair. "This dramatic hair-do is so easy to fix," Lisa says, "right after shampooing with Drene with Hair Conditioning action." Just comb all hair back to point below crown, tie firmly and form three large buns. Don't forget the rosebuds!



Drene
**Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action**

WHAT ABOUT

Television?

I—CBS: THE CASE FOR COLOR

By WORTHINGTON C. MINER
DIRECTOR, CBS TELEVISION



The controversy over television is this: shall we have it now, in black and white, or shall we wait until color is ready? The Columbia Broadcasting System is championing the cause of color television. Only through color, CBS believes, can the wonderful new medium of television give most people what they want and expect from it. It is argued, on the other hand, that getting the sending apparatus and the receiving sets for color under way will take too long—that the public wants television now even if it has to take only black and white. Mr. Miner, Director of Television for Columbia, presents the CBS side of the question, contending that the wait for color will be very short and well worth while. Mr. Miner writes—

Here are some facts:

The president of a large radio manufacturing company, on the day after he had seen one of Columbia's recent demonstrations of ultra-high frequency color television, publicly stated that the pictures were "just out of this world when compared with black-and-white." From now on, he said, his company would produce color receivers exclusively.

Some ninety television set owners, after having seen a CBS color broadcast, were given a check-list of twenty-two words to be applied either to color or black-and-white television. The predominant reactions to each are seen in the following words: For color, "beautiful," "brilliant," "exciting," "magnificent," "easy to see." For black-and-white, "acceptable," "passable," "tame," "drab," "dull."

Later, another and somewhat larger group of non-set owners was asked, "What is the longest time you will wait for color after black-and-white sets are on the market?" The answers of seven out of ten ranged from "one year" to "indefinitely."

Since Columbia first began its daily demonstrations of ultra-high frequency color late last January, forty-three broadcasters have withdrawn their applications for licenses to operate black-and-white television stations in the lower frequencies. Many of these have definitely committed themselves to the development of ultra-high frequency color television.

The Federal Communications Commission—final arbiter in the matter of high vs. low-frequency television—stated as long ago as January, 1945, that it was "fully convinced" that better black-and-white pictures as well as high-definition color pictures could be achieved in the ultra-high frequencies. Columbia fulfilled that prediction ten months later with experimental laboratory equipment, and even more convincingly last January with new equipment of commercial design and construction.

The F.C.C. has also warned the industry that there is not enough room in the frequencies now allotted to television for "a truly nation-wide competitive television system." This means that, in order for people in all our cities to have an abundant choice of television entertainment—and in some cities, any choice at all—television must move into the higher frequencies where Columbia is now broadcasting its color pictures.

I have asked you to read these half-dozen scattered paragraphs because I believe they indicate fairly and clearly the direction in which television is moving. In four separate, (Continued on page 70)

A DAY



Gramps, who has promised Linda and Tommy (played by Coletta McMahon and Richard Leone) to help put the new cannon together, keeps his word as Prudence (Florence Freeman) watches.



TO REMEMBER

In 1866, A Woman Of America celebrated Independence Day. Now, in 1946, her great-granddaughter Prudence Barker learns a new lesson of hope and faith

IT WAS still very early. The light from the bedroom windows was faintly pink with dawn; the moist, sweet air smelled of trees still wet with dew, of grass fresh-cut on the neighboring lawns. Prudence lay drowsing, thinking that this was for some reason a special day, unable to think why. At the moment she didn't care why; at the moment she didn't want to wake up. She had been dreaming, and the dream had been beautiful. In it there were no complications, no painful reality—just Walter Carlin and Prudence, walking hand in hand through some lovely field, talking. She couldn't remember their words, or what they had talked about, but it had been about happy things; they had been happy. The sound of their voices had run like background music through the dream.

A door banged down the street; there was a scraping sound on the sidewalk, a boy's laugh, a sharp, protracted sputtering. Prudence raised herself on her elbow, blinking. She remembered now what was special about the day. It was the Fourth of July.

The sound came again—the scrape, the sput-sput-sput. "Son-of-a-guns," she thought. She remembered them from her own childhood—the little flat discs, wrapped in red tissue, that were set off when you ground them under your heel. She fell back on the pillow, thinking sleepily, "Goodness, I hope he hasn't torpedoes or anything really loud—not this early." And she closed her eyes, trying to recapture her dream and all its sweetness. Walter had been saying—she could hear his voice, the deep warm tones of it, as clearly as if he were in the room . . . he had been saying. . . .

It was no use. Another door slammed down the street; there was a loud report—a firecracker this time. Prudence sat up, the dream gone for good. There would be little rest this morning for those who slept lightly.

Her own household was quiet. Gramps Barker, her father-in-law, and Sylvia, her daughter-in-law, and the children, Tommy and Linda, were still sleeping, but the stillness had a more profound quality than that of slumber. It was the stillness that had settled in the house when John and Val had enlisted, had deepened with Ginger's marriage. Three children gone out of a household of five—it made a difference; you noticed it especially in the quiet moments, early in the morning, late at night; you didn't quite get used to it after months, after years.

She drew on a dressing gown that matched the deep pansy-blue of her eyes, sat down before the mirror to brush her heavy dark hair. The face that looked back at her was fresh and lovely, her figure as slender as a girl's. Strange, thought Prudence, how little your appearance changed, for all the changes that came to you. So little was revealed of your inner life: your longing to see your sons again, the constant pressure of the necessity of earning a living for yourself and your children, and now this new and wonderful second love

as intense, as bitter-sweet, as all-consuming as first love. Walter—

Her brush moved briskly. It was no good thinking of Walter. Dreaming about him was different; in dreams there was no Madeleine, nothing to stand between them. It was better to think of practical things, such as using these extra morning hours to make one of the upside-down coffee cakes the family so loved for breakfast.

There were footsteps in the hall, the sound of a door closing, a soft, stifled moan. Prudence put down her brush and rose. Sylvia was up, and Sylvia must be ill—

She went noiselessly down the hall, knocked lightly at Sylvia's door. "Come in," called a pinched voice. Sylvia was huddled under layers of blankets; her face was white and drawn, her eyes enormous. Prudence knew a prick of fear at the sight of her. Swollen and misshapen as her body was, Sylvia still looked too slight, too frail to be carrying twins. Prudence sat down beside her, placed her palm against the cold, damp forehead. "Can't I get you something?" she asked. "Some hot broth—"

Sylvia's head moved in negation. "Nothing, thank you. I felt dreadful for a bit, but I'm better now."

Prudence rubbed the slim hands, felt rewarded when color began to show in Sylvia's face. But she could not drive the shadow from Sylvia's eyes. "I'm all right," Sylvia insisted. "The firecrackers woke me, and then I got to thinking, and it's just—oh, that everything seems so hopeless sometimes. Here it is July—nearly a year since the war ended, and it's still going on for people like me. It won't be over for me until John comes home. If he ever does come home," she added bitterly.

"Of course he's coming home, soon. He said himself in his last letter—"

"Oh, yes—" She moved restlessly. "But what does he know about it? What does anyone know about what's going to happen? No one feels that there's any real peace or any security—and after all the terrible fighting! What was the war for, anyway, if it wasn't to give us peace and security and a better future? I can't help feeling sometimes that Johnny will never see his babies—"

Prudence's heart ached for her. It wasn't easy to be young these days. It wasn't easy to be facing your first childbirth, with your husband several thousand miles away, with no one to whom you could confide all the precious hopes and wonderings and fears. Oh, Sylvia had Prudence and Gramps and the rest of the family, but it wasn't like having John. It wasn't anything like having John with her. "You're tired," said Prudence gently.

"You awoke too early. Everything always looks bad when your vitality is low. I'll go out and tell the children to play farther down the street so that you can sleep—"

"Don't, please. They don't really bother me. It was just that I got to thinking in circles, and I got so depressed."

A WOMAN OF AMERICA

A Woman Of America is Prudence Dane Barker's story, and the story of every woman who has learned to use, as a guide to happiness, her own bravery and intelligence, refreshed by the heritage of the past. Listen to it each Monday through Friday, 3:00 P.M., EDT, on NBC.

ou shouldn't." Prudence
ed over and kissed her
ckly on the forehead. "Re-
mber, John is happy, and
s you and the babies who
re making him happy. You
have so much to be glad
about— Now, lift up a little—"

She was working as she
talked, plumping the pillow
behind Sylvia, smoothing the
bedcovers. When she had fin-
ished, Sylvia stretched out
with a tired sigh. "Thank you,
Moms; that feels so much bet-
ter. You're wonderful; you
never let down the way I do;
you never lose courage." And
then, while her lips curved in
a little smile, a tender, proud
little smile— "You're right
about John, too. He is happy,
and I'm a dodo to fuss. . . ."

The words followed Pru-
dence back to her own room
like so many mocking little
street urchins: *You never let
down; you never lose cour-
age. . . .* She felt let down now,
lost suddenly, almost panicky.
And it was the girl's smile
that had done it, because John,
who was on the other side of
the world, was actually much
closer to Sylvia than Walter
and Walter was right here in Danesville.

SYLVIA and John belonged to each other, for all the
world to know; no matter how far apart they were,
no matter how long they were separated, they *belonged*.
But Walter and Prudence—they could work together, see
each other every day, be as close as was possible for two
people who did not share the same house, and yet they
must remain individual, separate. They could plan no
common future.

She put her palms to her eyes, wishing for the relief of
tears, knowing that she couldn't cry. What good was
love if you could be happy in it only when you refused
to think, refused to face reality, when you dreamed as
children dream of a wondrous, impossible Someday when
everything would magically come right and be exactly
as you wanted it to be? What good was loving if it did
not bring happiness to the one
you loved? Walter must have
moments like this, when the
unsatisfied longings seemed too
great to be borne, when love
was more a burden than the
joyous thing it was meant to
be.

She moved to the window,
stared unseeingly down at the
street. *I should have stopped
it*, she thought—and then she
wondered ruefully how, and
when. Perhaps when he had
first come to Danesville, to
take over the mortgaged
Courier, the newspaper that
had been founded by Pru-
dence's great-grandmother, the
first Prudence Dane. Perhaps
she shouldn't have agreed to
go on working for him as edi-
tor of the paper; perhaps she
should have let him tell her
about Madeleine, his wife,
when he had first wanted to
tell her. But she knew in her
heart that none of it would
have made any difference.



Sylvia who feels
bitter because "the
war is still going on."
(Frances Carlon)

They had known from the very beginning, both of them,
and Madeleine—knowing about Madeleine only made
Prudence ache to make up to Walter for all he had missed.
Madeleine had never been a real wife to him; he had
never known the happiness Prudence had had in her own
marriage.

BUT I can't do anything for him the way things are,
she thought. *We'll only make each other miserable.*
I ought to go away—and then she smiled at the very ex-
travagance of the thought. She could no more leave
Danesville than she could stop loving Walter. Danesville
was more than a place to live, more than home; it was an
extension of her own house; its people were a second
family to her. Generations of Danes had helped to build
the town, had put their lives and their ideals and their
labor into it; her sons had taken something of it with them
when they'd gone off to war; they wanted now only to
return to live in the town and for the town as their ances-
tors had. It was their own particular corner of America;
it was still home to young Ginger, after months of follow-
ing her new husband through the northern wilderness.
As for Prudence herself—the town had never been so
dear as in the past war-racked years; it was unthink-
able that she should leave it, leave the *Courier*, now in
these days of uneasy peace.

She looked down at the
street, fresh-washed in morn-
ing sunshine, at the gracious,
spreading trees, the comfort-
able houses. Except for the
knot of small boys gathered
on the walk a few doors
down, the neighborhood was
quiet, holiday-neat. There
were no lawn-mowers out
this morning, no coaster-
wagons and bicycles and toys
left over from yesterday's
play. Oh, yes, Prudence
thought, John and Val and
Ginger would be thinking
about home today; they
would be remembering other
Fourth—

"Moms."

She turned. Tommy stood
in the doorway, bare-footed,
pyjama-clad. Behind him was
Linda. Linda was upright,
but hardly awake. Her face,
still babyishly round, was
puckered with sleep; she was
blinking hard in an effort to
open her eyes. Tommy's eyes
were wide with distress; if



Johnny who des-
perately wants to ar-
rive before his babies.
(Ogden Miles)

he hadn't been a boy, and all of eight years old, he would
have been in tears. "Moms," he said, "Gramps won't get
out of bed. I tried and tried to wake him, and all he does
is turn over and say he's sleepy—"

"But Tommy, darling, it's so early—"

"But he promised!" Tommy protested. "He said he'd
help put my cannon together—first thing in the morning"
he said. And all the other kids are out with their fire-
crackers and stuff—"

Prudence flinched as a burst of artillery from the street
testified to the truth of this statement. She wanted to hug
Tommy, but she knew that it wouldn't do. He had come
for assistance, not babying and sympathy. Instead, she
scooped Linda into her arms. "I don't think he meant to
get up at the crack of dawn," she observed. "Gramps
will be up in a little while to help you. And, Tom, you
shouldn't have wakened Linda. She's still asleep—"

"She wanted to go along—"

Linda sighed drowsily. "I wanted to," she agreed plain-
tively, "but it isn't morning yet."

"I think Gramps is sick," Tommy announced. "He looks
funny, and he won't get up. He must be sick."

Gramps sick—Prudence's heart buckled at the thought.
"I'll go see him," she promised. "You can get dressed,
Tom, and I'll help you with your cannon if Gramps can't."



Madeleine whose
very existence means
misery for others.
(Helene Dumas)



Working together is hard for Prudence and Walter Carlin, for it emphasizes the unhappiness of the time they must spend apart. (Walter played by Bartlett Robinson).

And Linda, baby, you go back to bed—”

Tommy paused in the doorway, looked back at her critically. “You look funny, too, Moms. What’s the matter with you?”

“Eight,” thought Prudence, “and I can’t hide anything from him. What will it be like when he’s older?” Aloud she said, “I’ve got the vapors.”

“What’s vapors?”

“Just what it sounds like. A kind of misty, blurred feeling, except that it’s all in your mind.”

“Oh.” He looked uncertain for a moment; then he grinned at her. “I guess it doesn’t hurt very much, or you wouldn’t be smiling.”

Prudence tapped on Gramps’ door, and, when there was no answer, she turned the knob softly and looked inside. Gramps raised his head irritably. “What the—Oh, it’s you, Prue. Is anything the matter?”

“That’s what I came to ask you. Tommy said you weren’t feeling well.” As she looked at him, she was almost sure that Tommy was right. She was used to seeing him spruce and clean-shaven; in the morning light, his face looked furrowed and shrunken.

He snorted. “Nothing wrong with me that an hour of shut-eye won’t cure. You’re the one who looks peaked, Prudence Dane Barker. What’s bothering you? You look as if everything’s getting on top of you.”

“Nothing, Father Barker.” She didn’t want to discuss Walter with him, not now. But the old man’s eyes were bright upon her, shrewd, waiting. He was awake now, wanting to talk, she realized. She hedged truthfully, “I was thinking of the children. Ginger—I did so much want to see her settled, and when one stops to think of it, one could hardly say that she’s very much settled, off in Alaska on the trail of a gold mine with Wade. She’s so young to have to adjust not only to marriage, but to an entirely new kind of life—”

Gramps looked skeptical. “Her letters sound happy, don’t they? You don’t have to worry about Ginger, Prue. She’s got spunk—your kind of spunk. Whatever happens, she’ll come out on top, someday.”

“And the boys,” Prudence went on. “Not just John and Val, but all the boys who have been away for so long. You should see some of the letters that come to the Courier from people asking when the (Continued on page 54)



I went with Sally several times to see Oliver before his preliminary hearing

Even sympathetic, experienced Aunt Jenny couldn't work things out for Phil and

Sally. Their happiness was in their own hands—hands made unsteady by youth and pride.

LITTLETON'S young folks have a way of dropping in on their Aunt Jenny fairly often, so I wasn't surprised, just before Christmas, when Phil Ruskin, who was just out of the Army, began coming over fairly frequently in the evenings. But it wasn't long before I realized that he always seemed to pick those nights when Sally Burnett was there, too. And, having seen that far, it wasn't hard to see beyond, too—to realize that those two youngsters were in love.

I guess practically anyone would have said they were worlds apart, those two. Phil was Berg and Helen Ruskin's son; Berg owns the Littleton Bank, and Helen is very much a leader in town social life. Sally, on the other hand, was from what might be called "the other side of the tracks." I don't suppose her Dad had ever earned more than fifteen dollars the best week of his life, and her mother was one of those easy-going housekeepers. It was easy for Littleton folks to sniff at the whole Burnett family.

Maybe it wouldn't have been so bad, if Phil hadn't been quite so much under his parents' thumb. But he was, and that was that. Helen still considered him her baby boy, and Berg had his whole life mapped out, down to the last detail. So you can understand how impossible it seemed to Phil to tell his mother and father that he wanted to marry Sally Burnett—one of those Burnetts!

But at last, with much persuasion, he made up his mind to do just that. You see, Sally—and she was wiser than her years, that girl—absolutely refused to elope with him. She said that if they couldn't be married in church, right in front of everyone in Littleton, then their marriage didn't have a chance. Phil had to tell his parents—and he finally agreed that she was right.

He would have told them, too—but the night before he planned to break the news, Oliver, Sally's twin brother, was arrested! He'd driven a car used by two fellows who held up a diner in Littleton. Oliver said he was innocent—and Sally and I, at least, believed him. He simply didn't know why those men were going into that diner. But be that as it may, Phil, when he came to my house that next night to meet Sally, flatly refused to tell his parents about wanting to marry Sally. It was bad timing, he said. It would have been hard enough at any time, but now, with Oliver in jail—well, it was simply impossible! And then there was the inevitable quarrel. Sally asked Phil to prove that he wasn't ashamed of her by taking her to see his

And Phil refused. And Sally simply walked out.

Phil looked down blankly at the dish he had been wiping when Sally entered, and which he still held in his hands. Very carefully, he laid it and the towel on the table, and then he stood there, his head bowed, his fingers nervously tapping the oilcloth. "I'm sorry you had to hear all this, Aunt Jenny," he said in a faraway voice. "I'm sorry anyone had to hear it . . . Because Sally's right. I'm a coward, where my family's concerned."

"Maybe," I said. "But I don't know, Phil. Sally's never had to argue with her dad and mom. They've always treated her like one of themselves—they love her, but they let her go her own way. She can't understand how it's been with you, all your life. It's hard to go against your own flesh and blood. Sometimes, though," I added, "it has to be done."

"Yes," he said softly. "Sometimes it does. I've known that all along. I knew it when I first realized I was falling in love with Sally." He picked up the dish and put it away. "Do you mind if I run along now, Aunt Jenny?"

"Of course not, Phil." I didn't ask him where he was going or what he was going to do. I hoped I knew.

He went out, and walked slowly down the street, then turned to the right at the intersection. He could see his own home, his family's house, from here. Naturally, it was the biggest house in town—square, tall, covered with jig-saw gingerbread but still managing to look gaunt and

bare. Lights shone in the livingroom windows. Still not hurrying, Phil went as far as the wide front porch. There he stopped and squared his shoulders before he opened the front door.

His father and mother were in the livingroom—his father beside the radio, the newspaper he had been reading dropped to his knees while he chuckled at a comedy program, his mother's knitting needles catching the light in turn as they shuttled in and out of the sweater she was making. A sweater for him, of course, he thought. His mother would do anything for him, give him anything she possessed—except the one thing he wanted.

"Hello," he said. "Dad, could you turn the radio off? There's something I want to tell you." It would have been better to wait until the program was over, but he had to get it done now—right away.

His mother dropped her knitting into her lap, and his father stared at him before he reached over and clicked the radio into silence. He felt apprehension spring up in both of them. That was it, that was the trouble, he meant



ONCE
WE'RE
MARRIED

AN AUNT JENNY
REAL LIFE STORY



so very much to them, there was nothing he did or thought or planned that wasn't of more importance to them than their own actions, thoughts, plans. It had been that way, all his life. He could see the change in them that had come about while he was away in the Army. It had been only two years, but they had each aged at least ten—because they had been afraid every minute of the time. And now he was back, safe, but changed as much as they were, resenting their well-meant kindness, oppressed by their love.

"All right, son," his father said. "What is it?"

"I'm in love," he told them. "I want to get married."

They took it in ways that were natural to them. His father sat still, waiting for him to go on. His mother put her hands on the arms of her chair, leaning forward, saying in a shaky voice, "Married? Phil, who . . .?"

"Sally Burnett," he said.

Berg Ruskin frowned, his heavy brows coming down over his eyes. "Sally Burnett?" he said sharply. "Are you crazy?"

"No sir." Phil was watching his mother. She had gone quite white, and she was staring at him in horror.

"Jim Burnett's daughter—Oliver's sister?"

"Yes sir. Though I don't see what difference that makes."

"I'll ask you to be civil to me, Philip!" Berg Ruskin's implacable temper was beginning to show itself now. His eyes narrowed, and he drew himself upright in his chair. But to his own amazement, Phil was not impressed. He felt a surge of relief. Sally had told him that he could stand up to his parents if he would only try; he hadn't believed her, but it was true. "Sorry. I don't mean to be rude. I really don't see what difference it makes."

"Phil—you're joking." His mother tried to smile, to smooth things out between her two men. "You—you are joking, aren't you?"

"No, Mother, I'm not."

"But—Sally Burnett!" she burst out. "I didn't think you even knew her! How could this have happened—where have you been seeing her? I simply," she said pitifully, "don't understand!"

"I met her at Aunt Jenny Wheeler's house, about a week after my discharge. I've been seeing her there ever since."

"Aunt Jenny! And she permitted it!"

"There was nothing she could do about it, Mother. It just—it just happened."

"Just happened!" his father said scornfully. "I can see what happened, plain enough. A young fellow just out of the Army—hasn't seen a girl for months—falls for the first pretty face he comes across!"

"It wasn't that. I've seen other girls since I've been back."

"Maybe none that was quite so anxious to marry you! Those Burnetts—they're a shiftless, thieving lot—"

The clear skin of Phil's face turned a brick red. "Dad—don't talk about Sally like that!"

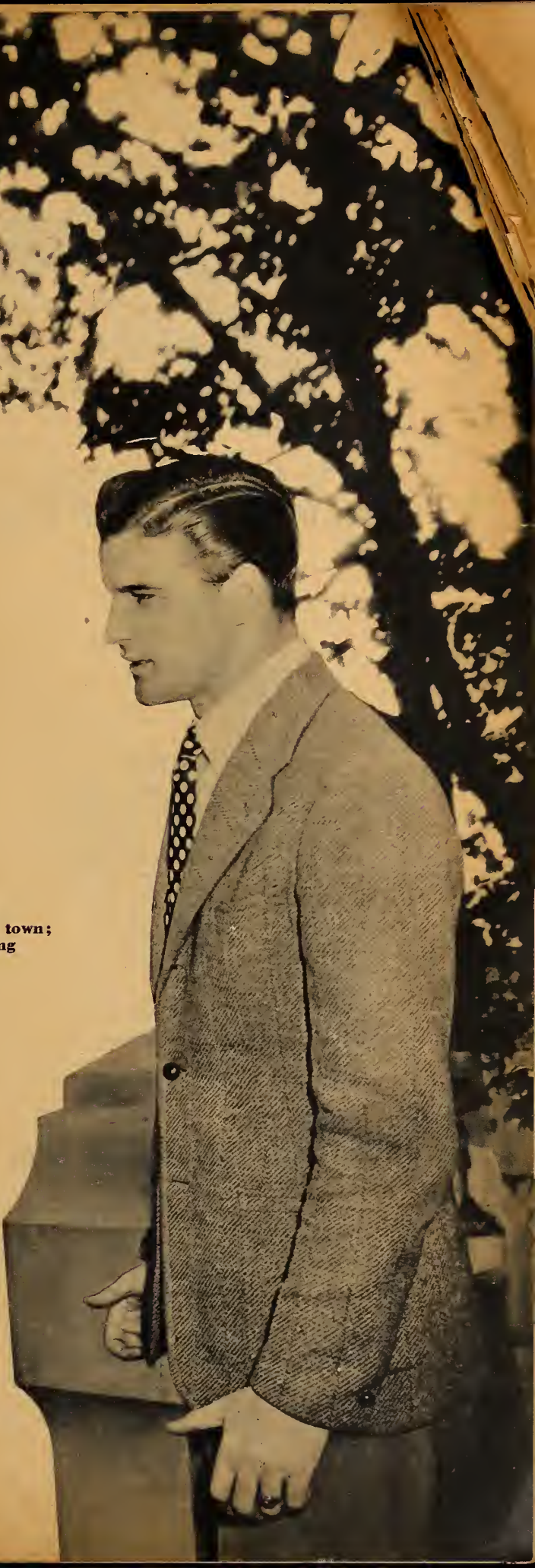
"I'll tell you the truth about her and her family, if you aren't smart enough to see it for yourself!"

"Phil—Berg!" Helen pressed the palms of her hands against her face, against cheeks that were wet with tears. "Wait—don't quarrel, please! Phil, don't you see—we only want you to be happy, we want you to marry a girl you can be proud of. You're so young, and you're at loose ends since you got out of the Army—how can you tell, how can you be so sure? If you'd only wait—go back to college, or to the university if you'd rather—and in two or three years, if you feel as you do now—"

"No," he said. "I want to marry Sally now—right away."

For an hour, that was his answer to Helen's tears and to Berg's outraged anger. It was still his answer when, at the end, Berg stood up, saying, "All right. I've done my best. If you won't listen to reason, I can't stop you. You can break your mother's heart and ruin your own life—but you'll do it by yourself! Not one cent of help will you get out of me. Make your choice."

Phil went upstairs to his own room—knowing that he had won, but feeling defeated. He had been afraid of his parents, afraid of their love and their disappointment, and he'd conquered his fear, but in its place was a depression so terrible that he threw himself down on his bed without turning on the light and lay there with his eyes open in the darkness. The prospect of having to make his own way in the world didn't bother him particularly; he and Sally could move to Metropole, and he could get some sort of a job. They'd get along. But there was a regret in his heart he hadn't (Continued on page 71)



Littleton is a very small town; Phil couldn't help knowing when Sally began to have so many dates.

BETWEEN the



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 "Wild Strawberries" by Eunice Mildred LonCoske.



WILD STRAWBERRIES

Today I sit and watch two youthful lovers
Run through the cloud of daisies in a field.
The laughter-bells ring out as she discovers
Where the wild strawberries are concealed.
The scarlet juice has stained her fingertips;
And when he runs to kiss her and to take
A berry like her own red laughing lips,
I turn away. My stoic calm may break.
We live again in their glad flesh, as yet
Untouched by anything but love and mirth.
In their frail happiness I can forget
That Junes have turned your merry mouth
to earth.
The quails are singing to them, sweet and
clear,
As once they sang to us . . . my dear . . .
my dear!

—Eunice Mildred LonCoske

Here is a handful of poems Ted Malone has chosen, old ones that are favorites—new ones that will be favorites.

I LOVE TO THINK OF DEAR OLD LADIES

I love to think of dear old ladies,
When every chick and child has flown,
Puttering 'round in plant-filled windows,
Hugging the privilege of living alone.

I love to think of string-saving ladies,
With lots of room for their souvenirs,
Drinking fat cups of strong black coffee,
Pouring weird tales into other old ears.

I love to think of spry old ladies,
Free as the wind to come and go,
Speaking their minds with wild abandon,
To those they do and do not know.

I love to think of happy old ladies,
Doing nothing they ever are told,
Going about in layers of clothing,
As I will do when I am old.

—Helen Dahle

SONG FROM "PIPPA PASSES"

The year's at the spring
And the day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

—Robert Browning

IT WAS ENOUGH

It was enough that I should think of you,
And, thinking, hear old voices in my heart;
And that o tender tune our gladness knew
Should from its long oblivion stir and start.
These were enough to wake forgotten tears.
Why did there also come, like drifting musk,
A final magic to restore lost years—
The scent of ripening apples through the dusk?

—Silence Buck Bellows



NOCTURNE

Moonlight is the touchstone
That brings you back to me.
I remember moonlight
Through a lone and leafless tree.
You were there beside me
In the silence that was sound,
And the snow was sequined velvet
On the winter-sleeping ground.
I remember moonlight
In the perfumed month of June
When the summer wind on water
Played o liquid crystal tune.
Gladly I forgot you,
Readily and soon,
But often I see moonlight
When the sun tells me it's noon.

—John D. McKee

ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

I strove with none, for none was worth my
strife.
Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

—Walter Savage Landon

Put you into a pleasantly reflective warm-weather mood

BOOKENDS

BY TED MALONE



Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday through Friday, 11:45 A.M., EDT, on ABC.

CONQUEST

Walking through a jungle lush and green, quite
unaware
I looked before me and I saw a—tiger standing
there.
The monstrous head, the heated breath, the large
and amber eyes
Poked from the leafy curtain; and I stood there in
surprise.
It wasn't that I know no fear—I simply couldn't
speak,
For I had looked for tigers every morning of the
week;
But you'll find there is a difference (and I know it to
be true)
Between when you look for tigers and when tigers
look for you.
So I stood there, freezing slowly and considering
with dread
The simply awful deeds performed by cots of
which I'd read.
While those dreadful eyes blazed at me like two
yellow plates of glass,
I could see myself reclining very dead upon the
grass.
The tiger stood and I stood, too; and it was rather
late
To change my mind, so calmly I resigned myself to
Fate,
For I said, "From such o'erwhelming things one
surely can't get far,
And—who knows? He may be different from what
other tigers are!" —Margaret McAndrew

SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON

Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.
—William Shakespeare: *The Tempest*



AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!
—Katharine Lee Bates



FOR, LO, THE WINTER IS PAST

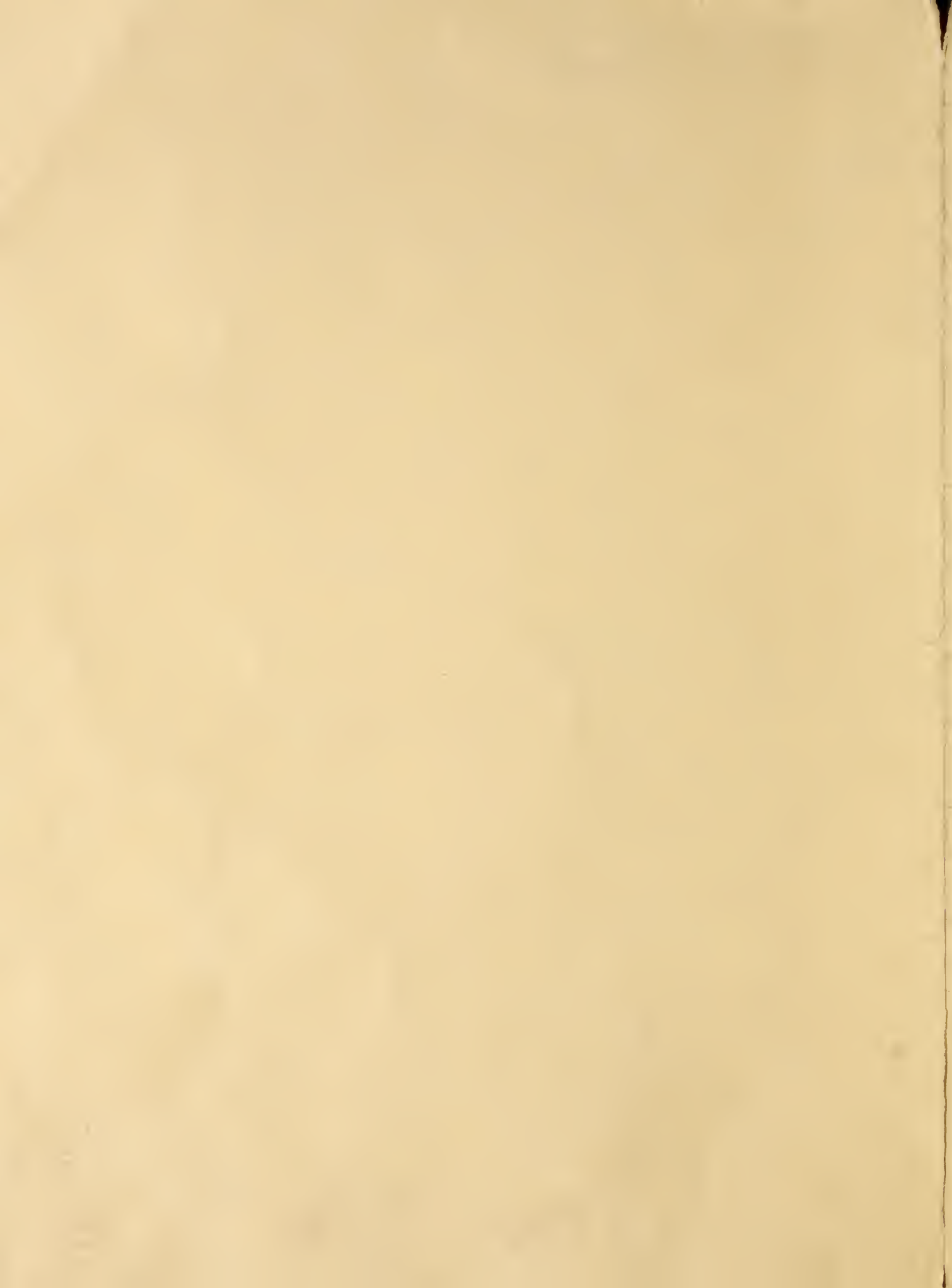
My beloved spake, and said unto me,
"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
The fig tree putteth forth her green figs,
And the vines with the tender grape give a
good smell.
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."
Holy Bible, Song of Solomon
2:10-13

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

I hear America singing, the varied carols
I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as
it should be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures
his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready
for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him
in his boat, the deckhand singing on the
steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his
bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on
his way in the morning, or at noon inter-
mission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of
the young wife at work, or of the girl,
sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her
and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night
the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong mel-
odious songs.

—Walt Whitman

Have you written a poem, long or short, sad or gay?
Would you like to read it in print? Turn the page, then,
and find out how Ted Malone makes his selections each month.





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Where the wild strawberries are concealed.
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be true)
Between when you look for tigers and when tigers
look for you.
So I stood there, freezing slowly and considering
with dread
The simply awful deeds performed by cats of
which I'd read.
While those dreadful eyes blazed at me like two
yellow plates of glass,
I could see myself reclining very dead upon the
grass.
The tiger stood and I stood, too; and it was rather
late
To change my mind, so calmly I resigned myself to
Fate,
For I said, "From such overwhelming things one
surely can't get far,
And—who knows? He may be different from what
other tigers ore!" —Margaret McAndrew

SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON

Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.
—William Shakespeare: *The Tempest*



AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!
—Katharine Lee Bates

Have you written a poem, long or short, sad or gay?
Would you like to read it in print? Turn the page, then,
and find out how Ted Malone makes his selections each month.

BETWEEN the BOOKENDS

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HIGH SCHOOL JUNIOR

I saw the paper lying idly there,
Open for all to see, not put away,
And so I picked it up and read your life,
The years so uneventful till today.
Experiences of work and play and school,
Mention of father, mother, younger sister
And then within the closing paragraph
You uttered this pronouncement, mister:
"When I grow up I'll be a bachelor."
I smiled, although of course, it might come
true;
And yet I think somewhere a schoolgirl
writes
"Some day I'll marry" and she'll marry you!
—Louise Darcy

LETTER TO ONE ESTRANGED

My Dear,
Estrangement cannot make us strangers;
The fronds of memory unfold and thrive
In spite of enmity and arid dangers—
We two have stood beneath a rainbow's
rafter,
And watched a bluebird write his signature,
And supped on lines of Keats and so here-
after
The bond we forged in beauty will endure.
Irene Wilde

From
DELIA

If this be love, to clothe me with dark thoughts,
Haunting untrodden paths to wait apart;
My pleasures horror, music tragic notes,
Tears in mine eyes and sorrow at my heart.
If this be love, to live a living death,
Then do I love and draw this weary breath.
—Samuel Daniel

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.

LISTEN TO TED MALONE, MONDAY THROUGH
FRIDAY OVER ABC, AT 11:45 A.M., EDT.

FORGIVE ME, POETS . . .

Forgive me, poets, for my breach of trust,
My easy handling of the fluid ward.
No verse of mine was from an inner "must—"
I leave my written page unchanged, unblurred.
I know the anger of a desperate heart,
And passions, lewd and lovely, have been
mine,
But never can I tear the wards apart
And march them, weaponed warriors, in a
line.

And yet I write, because it gives me pleasure.
Forgive my inch against your yardstick measure.
—Dorothy Babcock

QUESTIONNAIRE

Do you ever wish on stars
And loads of hay?
Do you thrive on candy bars?
Three times a day?
Did you ever hunt and fish
Long, long ago?
Do you prefer a satin swish
To calico?
Are you fond of candlelight?
Are you witty?
Do you like a rainy night
Am I pretty?
Will your image always haunt me?
By the by,
Do you think you'll ever want me?
Will you try?

—Emily Crandall



LARK'S WAY, WIND'S WAY

Take a hearth and a house and a quiet man,
Darling, when you choose,
Not a slim man for laughter nor moons nor
stars
Nor a quicksilver gown nor the dancing shoes.

For there's little to dance to when years come
down.
And laughter is much, but there's much to be
said
For the apron and bungalow kind of a life,
And sleeping at night in the same sweet bed.

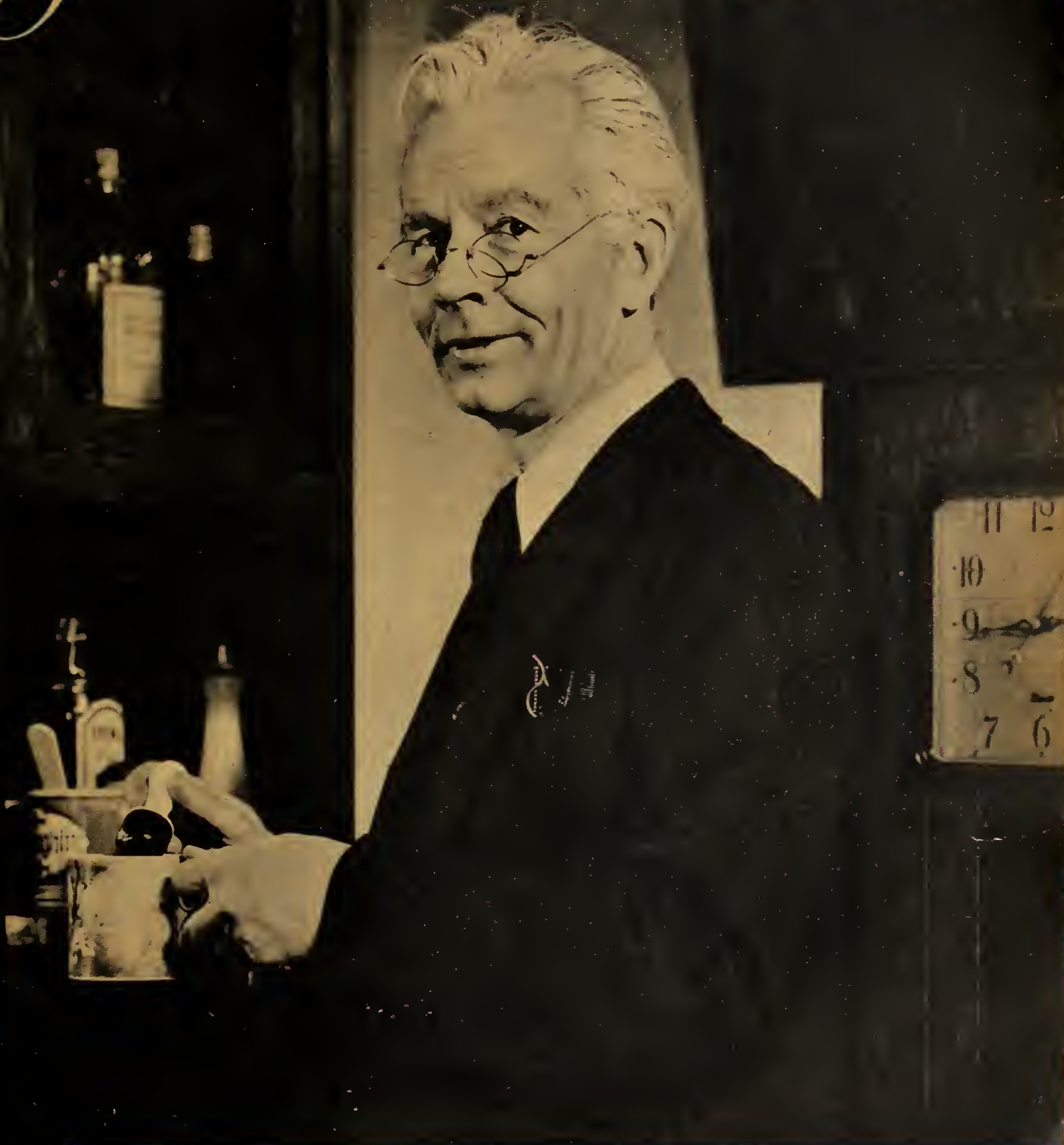
And it is not very far to fall,
If you never climb with dreams at all.

Lark's way, wind's way, days hurry you on,
Out of heart's reaching. Daughter, daughter,
And the sound of wisdom no more to you
Than the running and singing of water.

—Bianca Bradbury

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Just Plain Bill



11 12
10
9
8
7 6

—through whose barbershop pass the hopes, fears, the life of all of Hartville



WIKI is Bill's grandson, a lively youngster who has been brought up by Nancy and Kerry Donovan in the true American traditions of family life. Between Wiki and his grandfather there is an almost conspiratorial accord, and yet Bill's authority over the boy, whenever he feels any need to exercise it, is unquestioningly obeyed. (Played by Michael Artist)



ELMER EEPS, owner of the general store across from Bill's barbershop, knows everyone in town. His store is an active clearing-house for all current gossip. On the second-hand bicycle which he bought recently to speed up his delivery system, Elmer has become the terror of Hartville's usually quiet traffic. (Played by Joe Latham)

KERRY DONOVAN, Nancy's husband, is a lawyer whose judgments are sound and logical. He and Bill like and respect one another, though they don't always agree. (Kerry is played by James Meighan)



NANCY, Bill's beloved daughter, has learned from her father many of the traits of character and facets of personality that have made him such a vital factor in Hartville life. Warmly generous, sympathetic, Nancy's eager interest in people sometimes carries her into real involvement in the lives of others, but her independent mind and ready sense of humor balance a tendency toward impulsiveness. As a mother, Nancy functions intelligently and affectionately, and her relationship with Kerry is rich and happy because there is always room for a vigorous, friendly exchange of opinion.
(Nancy is played by Ruth Russell)



REBA BRITTON, feeling that her sister Katherine stole the man she loved, married John's brother, though she never gave up her dream of some day winning John's love for herself. When Katherine died, Reba attempted to set her plans into motion, but Bill knows that Reba's desires are built on resentment and jealousy, and will not bring her a fraction of the happiness she might still have with her husband.
(Played by Charlotte Lawrence)



JOHN BRITTON is a young writer whose wife, Katherine, died with tragic suddenness in Bill's barbershop. Grief-stricken, friendless among strangers, John and his little girl have found more than mere temporary sympathy in Bill's quick assistance. With characteristic warmth and sanity, Bill and the Donovans are helping John to straighten out his affairs so that he can once again begin to find some happiness in his work.
(Played by William Woodson)



BILL DAVIDSON, the kindly harber of Hartville, holds to a philosophy of life that is as direct, as unfaltering, as all-embracing as the Bible itself would counsel us all to strive for: no man shall call another man a stranger. With Bill this has been more than a creed to which he gives verbal allegiance. Every man—particularly every man with a problem—becomes at once Bill's personal concern, to be helped, advised, sheltered with the same fervent sympathy with which he would turn to the problems of his own family: his daughter Nancy, her son Wiki, his son-in-law Kerry. Bill is never anything but a simple, kindly man, but his gift for sympathy has given to his simplicity and patient wisdom the stature of true dignity. (Bill Davidson is played by Arthur Hughes)

*A New Adventure of
Mr. and Mrs. North*

MURDERER FOR TWO

"I JUST don't understand what we're doing here," Pamela North said plaintively to her husband Jerry. She waved vaguely at the smart foyer in which they stood. It went with a regally-appointed Park Avenue apartment house.

"We're doing what everyone else in New York City is doing right now—hunting for an apartment," Jerry said patiently. He waved a classified advertisement in her face, clipped from the Herald-Tribune.

"But I'm still baffled," Pam persisted. "When there isn't a foot of space in the whole city for rent—what makes you think a fancy Park Avenue job is going begging? Particularly when it's been on public view for two whole days before the atomic Norths get there?"

But before Jerry could answer her, a big and beaming man had swung open the ornate grilled door. Bowing them in graciously but hurriedly, he burst into endless talk. "I'm Mr. Bower, the superintendent of the building. I presume you're anxious to see the advertised apartment? I'm anxious to show it to you! You'll love it! Step right this way to the elevator!"

Pam's mouth hung open in astonishment. "What year is this—1932?" she whispered to Jerry as they followed Mr. Bower into the highly polished elevator.

"—Three sun-flooded rooms, beautifully furnished down to the sheets, towels, ash-trays. . . ." Mr. Bower was saying enthusiastically.

"The catch? What's the catch?" Pam mumbled to Jerry.

"Shut up," he didn't mumble back.

"But he's stuffing it down our throats!" Pam muttered undaunted.

"Well, my throat's all set for the stuffing! It's mighty tasty!" Jerry said in amazed pleasure as they walked into the livingroom. It was indeed. Mr. Bower, almost fawning on them by this time, swept them hastily through the gracious, brocade-draped livingroom, the smart rose-colored bedroom, the sparkling kitchen and bathroom. His hasty tour brought the bemused Norths and himself back to a stop in front of the charming little bar in the livingroom. Jerry wandered behind it and said, "Scotch!"

It was too much for Pam. But she thought she



Mr. and Mrs. North are heard each Wednesday night at 8:00 P.M., EDT, over The NBC Network. Pam is Alice Frost; Jerry is Joe Curtin.



Pam awoke in sheer terror, frightened before she saw the reason for her fear—the shadow of a man on the wall. And that's where the trouble begins in this Mr. and Mrs. North story written for Radio Mirror by Eleanor Harris.

Things were bad, Pam and Jerry thought—they couldn't find an apartment.

Then they found one, and things were even worse, because they had rented themselves a homicide case too!

saw the light, at last. She whirled on Mr. Bower. "Aha, my fine man," she said. "I have the answer to the puzzle—the rent. It must be Rockefeller-type. What is it?"

But again she was wrong. "Oh, that!" scoffed Mr. Bower. "Why—er—anything you care to offer." Then he added, "Within reason," but only as if it were a belated afterthought.

"Well," Pam said, thinking out loud, "in these times it must be stupendous. But before the war, probably \$100 a month—"

Mr. Bower cut in rapidly. "Splendid! It's done! \$100 a month—year's lease—sign here!" The blinking Norths saw a swirl of leases, Mr. Bower's fountain pen, and Mr. Bower's insistent, eager smile. They signed in a daze. Jerry was still signing his name to the first month's rental check when Mr. Bower whipped it from his hand. Rapidly he began backing to the door, waving the check cheerily. "Well, so long!" he roared genially.

"Wait!" Pam shouted after him. "When do we move in?"

"You've moved in!" Mr. Bower shouted back. Then he did a strange thing. He gave a sudden hysterical yelp of laughter. Just as suddenly he sobered. "I beg your pardon, Mr. and Mrs. North," he said gently. The door closed on him.

Pam and Jerry stared at each other in the sudden quiet of their new home. Then Pam spoke. "The whole thing mystifies me. There just must be a reason for getting this glamorous apartment so easily in these times." She drifted aimlessly into the bedroom.

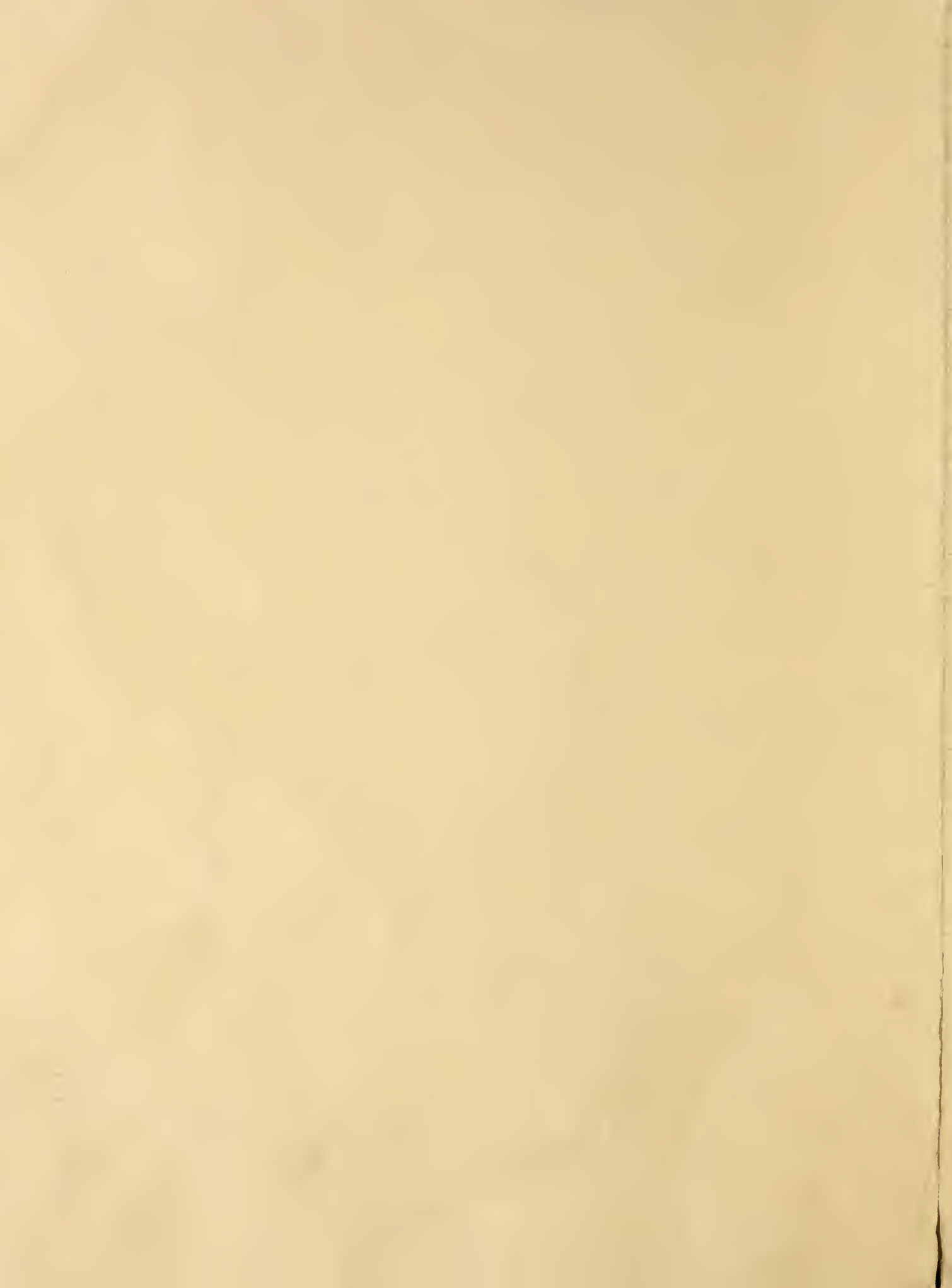
"Now, now!" Jerry said reassuringly. "Don't look a gift horse in the mouth—especially when it's an Arabian steed."

They were interrupted by the sharp ringing of the doorbell. They moved practically in lock-step to open the door.

Outside in the hall stood a charming-looking older woman, whose white hair was in perfect contrast to her all-black clothes. She wore no hat, coat, or gloves. She came slowly into their livingroom, and her voice, when she spoke, was oddly sad.

"I'm Mrs. Stone, from the apartment right under you," she said. "Mr. Bower told me that he had finally rented this apartment, and I came right up to call."

The Norths mumbled their names, gestured toward a chair. But like a deep and quiet brook—or Mr. Bower—she went on. (Continued on page 77)



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By
MARGARET WHITING

Engaged to Hollywood's William Eythe, Margaret, in New York, can only sing to him. And this she does, Tuesday nights at 8, on NBC.

OF COURSE I've dreamed of romance—who hasn't? And I have included in those dreams, as any girl does, rosy pictures of "our" first meeting. The unknown man and I often met at dances or splashed into each other while we were swimming—in my dreams.

But it didn't happen that way—does it ever? One fine Hollywood day I walked into a record shop on Vine Street. I have a big record collection and wanted to make some additions. I made an addition that day—but not to my record collection.

A very handsome young man was talking intently to the girl behind the counter. "Yes, I'm sure that's a good record too, but it's not what I came in for. The only thing I want today is that wonderful, marvelous recording of "My Ideal" with Margaret Whiting doing the vocals."

I was thrilled of course, but also a little embarrassed. My impulse was to turn around and leave the record shop. But my plans didn't have a chance to jell. The salesgirl sang out, "Why, that's Miss Whiting right now."

The tall young man with the wonderful smile and wavy dark hair turned around swiftly. Looking straight at me he said to the salesgirl, "Now that is strange. I've wanted to meet Margaret Whiting for a long time."

I suppose the girl record-seller did perform a formal introduction but I can't remember it distinctly. I was in such a daze because I knew that Bill Eythe was IT. I hadn't met him at a dance as I had dreamed, but here he was. We chatted for a while in the record shop and then I asked Bill to come out to my house. I promised to play him some more of my records. And the romance was on. It hadn't happened quite the way I had day-dreamed it but it *had* happened.

Temporarily there's a bit of sadness in the romance. My voice, which brought us together, is at present keep-

ing us apart. I have three *East Coast* commitments—the Frolics broadcast on Tuesdays, the transcribed Barry Wood show and the CBS Celebrity Club Saturdays. And Bill's career is thriving on the *West Coast*. You will all remember him as the thrilling lead in "The House on 92nd Street". He was such a success in that picture that his career in the movies is now assured. He has just finished "Centennial Summer" and will start soon on "Methinks the Lady".

But I am sure that the little god who arranged our meeting in the record shop will create a set of fortuitous circumstances that will permit our marriage fairly soon—and a long happy life together.

I wish my father could have lived to see Bill. He really brought us together, you know. I'll tell you about that in a little while. Dad would adore Bill as much as I do. My father was Richard Whiting. You will remember him as the composer of "Louise", "Sleepy Time Gal", "One Hour With You", "Ain't We Got Fun", "Crazy Over Horses", "Japanese Sandman", "Till We Meet Again" and many other wonderful songs. He also wrote "My Ideal" which was my first recording, and the song that brought Bill and me together.

Mother is a non-professional but her sister Margaret Young, who lives with her now, was a sort of Sophie Tucker back in the days of the first World War—and a big seller on records. The other member of the family is a younger sister who is riding fast towards fame and an Oscar. Her name is Barbara but she will always be known as Fuffy—her big part in "Junior Miss".

Of course Dad, who made his living "in the business", didn't want either one of us involved in it. But you can't wish away anything like my sister's obvious acting talent.

And it was impossible for me to stay away from singing. As a matter of fact Dad and Eleanor (that's what

So far away—

There's three thousand miles between Margaret and Bill, right now. But the way Margaret sings love songs, all those miles just disappear

I call my mother) started the whole thing. When I could barely talk they used to play records for me and watch my reactions. Even then I knew pitch and could sing out the names of different notes.

It was Johnny Mercer who egged me on. He and Dad had been writing songs together and Johnny encouraged me to sing them. Finally he suggested me as the singer on a radio musical show—Our Half-Hour. It was a sustaining program on the coast and for two years I got my radio experience the hard way and the right way.

Then I got an agent—and the agent got busy. He played some of my records for possible sponsors and bingo! I got three top spots. I sang on the Hit Parade, the Jack Carson show and the Frank Sinatra show.

Along about this time Johnny Mercer signed me for Capitol Records. For luck—and for deeply sentimental rea-

sons—I decided that I would sing one of my father's songs for my first recording job. That song was "My Ideal".

And "My Ideal" is the song that paved the way to our engagement—Bill's and mine. As I said before, it was Dad who brought us together. It's a funny thing—we *were* together for two whole years. We dated steadily all that time and in November 1945 we became engaged. Since then we have been consistently three thousand miles apart—through no wish or design on our parts.

Once in February Bill got as far as Chicago. He was doing a benefit and the troupe had every expectation of getting to New York or fairly close to it. But Bill was definite about it. He was coming to New York even if he could only see me for an hour or so. In Chicago the tragedy happened. Bill got a phone call from the studio to fly back to the coast for re-takes.

Now our current hope is a picture that will take *me* back to *him*. Johnny Desmond, one of my co-workers on the Frolics show, is about to sign for a picture with Warner Brothers and that means the whole group may go along. Johnny says I nag him about it to the point of desperation. Of course I do—if he takes the show to the coast then Bill and I can be together.

Even though we aren't together right now—and how we agonize over it!—our private double talk goes on via letters and telegrams. To Bill I am Thrush. To me he is Hambone. I'm crazy about him because I never know what he's going to do next.

Like the time at a dance when Bill said suddenly, "Let's go find a roller coaster." We did. Our friends say we act like ten-year-olds at an amusement park. Fortunately Bill is the only one who doesn't worry when I stand up like a mad (*Continued on page 66*)



It was Scotty who realized what had really happened to Tex. He is quiet, Scotty is, but awfully wise. He understood right away that Tex was badly confused about what he wanted, as many soldiers are when they first get home. Tex did want to play a guitar and sing, but not in the way he thought he did.



Take Your

The National Barn Dance means an evening

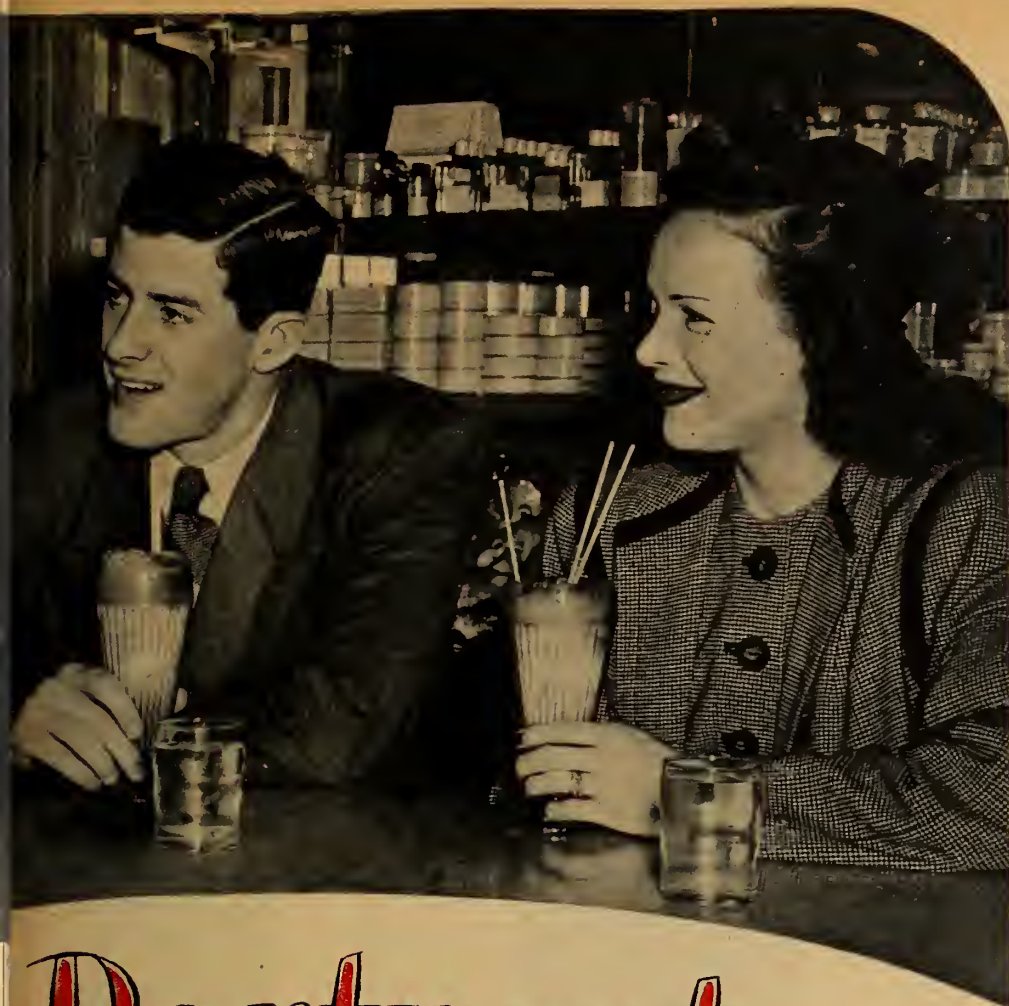
A WISE philosopher said one time that a man always is looking for a woman to boast to and a woman always is looking for a shoulder to put her head on. I think that's true—especially the part about the man's wanting to seem important to the woman he loves. When a man is proud of himself, he looks into a woman's eyes and uses them for tiny mirrors to reflect his courage, and talent, and power. And when he is ashamed—when he feels defeated and small and unsure of himself—he cannot look at the woman he admires for fear that he will see his defeat written in her eyes. I know that, because that's what hap-

pened to Tex and me. He was miserable, and in his defeat he turned away from me and left me confused and frightened. It was then that Lulu Belle and Scotty stepped in to tell me what was happening to us. But I'm getting ahead of my story—my strange story that began one Saturday night at the WLS National Barn Dance at the Eighth Street Theater in Chicago.

I don't believe in love at first sight—not real love, anyway. I know that true love has to be founded on mutual respect, and happiness in little things, and memories. But, still, love does have to begin some place, doesn't it? And, many times, that starting point is

just a glance, a meeting of eyes which seems to say, "Hello, there. Who are you? I like you very much, you know. You're my kind of person." That's what our first glance said—Tex's and mine.

I saw him before he saw me the night he came to the theater. It was at the end of the National Barn Dance broadcast and I was standing in the foyer when I noticed the tall, rangy man looking thoughtfully at the people who were leaving the lighted auditorium. I haven't known a lot of them, but you do get to know people when you work as an usherette in a Chicago theater, and I knew that this man was nice. I knew that before he looked at me, and



Anyone could tell, just from the way Lulu Belle smiled over at Scotty as he told about their farm, that although the Wisemans have been married for years, they're still sweethearts. They could remember all the careless barriers that young couples like Tex and Janie sometimes build up to wreck a shy new love.

Partner!



fun to most people, but to Tex and Janie it meant the beginning of love

then when our eyes met, I was sure. His eyes were deep, and blue, and kind, and they looked into me without seeming curious or forward, as if he saw in me just what I saw in him.

I was glad that he was seeing me for the first time at the theater instead of at our crammed grocery store where I worked during the week. I knew I looked all right in my best black dress with the touch of white at the throat, and I knew that my legs looked pretty in my only pair of nylons. I was glad, too, that my part of my job was making visitors feel at home. That gave me an excuse to talk with him.

"Are you looking for someone?" I

asked him. "Maybe I can help you."

He smiled, and now there was gratitude in his eyes.

"I couldn't get a ticket for the show tonight," he explained.

I nodded sympathetically. "We were sold out a half hour ahead of time."

"And I had a special reason for wanting to get in there," he went on. Then he seemed to want to confide in someone, because he began to tell me the reason for his coming. "You see, I saw the Hoosier Hot Shots when they were over in Italy last year, and I played for them and sang a little. They asked me to look them up when I got back."

I knew that he'd just been released from the Army even before he told me. I could tell that from looking at his wild tie and the green sweater he was wearing under his coat. Here was a fellow who had been starved for color in a world of khaki. Here was a person who was going to make up for lost time, who was going to begin to live.

I found myself wanting to help him. I felt maternal and responsible for him, as if I were appointed to answer his most bothersome questions. I realized that I wanted to help him find his dreams. I did what all women do when they feel their hearts going out to men they admire. I mothered him.

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Take Your Partner!



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pened to Tex and me. He was miserable, and in his defeat he turned away from me and left me confused and frightened. It was then that Lulu Belle and Scotty stepped in to tell me what was happening to us. But I'm getting ahead of my story—my strange story that began one Saturday night at the WLS National Barn Dance at the Eighth Street Theater in Chicago. I don't believe in love at first sight—not real love, anyway. I know that true love has to be founded on mutual respect, and happiness in little things, and memories. But, still, love does have to begin some place, doesn't it? And, many times, that starting point is

just a glance, a meeting of eyes which seems to say, "Hello, there. Who are you? I like you very much, you know. You're my kind of person." That's what our first glance said—Tex's and mine. I saw him before he saw me the night he came to the theater. It was at the end of the National Barn Dance broadcast and I was standing in the foyer when I noticed the tall, rangy man looking thoughtfully at the people who were leaving the lighted auditorium. I haven't known a lot of them, but you do get to know people when you work as an usherette in a Chicago theater, and I knew that this man was nice. I knew that before he looked at me, and

then when our eyes met, I was sure. His eyes were deep, and blue, and kind, and they looked into me without seeming curious or forward, as if he saw in me just what I saw in him. I was glad that he was seeing me for the first time at the theater instead of at our crammed grocery store where I worked during the week. I knew I looked all right in my best black dress with the touch of white at the throat, and I knew that my legs looked pretty in my only pair of nylons. I was glad, too, that my part of my job was making visitors feel at home. That gave me an excuse to talk with him. "Are you looking for someone?" I

asked him. "Maybe I can help you." He smiled, and now there was gratitude in his eyes. "I couldn't get a ticket for the show tonight," he explained. I nodded sympathetically. "We were sold out a half hour ahead of time." "And I had a special reason for wanting to get in there," he went on. Then he seemed to want to confide in someone, because he began to tell me the reason for his coming. "You see, I saw the Hoosier Hot Shots when they were over in Italy last year, and I played for them and sang a little. They asked me to look them up when I got back."

I knew that he'd just been released from the Army even before he told me. I could tell that from looking at his wild tie and the green sweater he was wearing under his coat. Here was a fellow who had been starved for color in a world of khaki. Here was a person who was going to make up for lost time, who was going to begin to live. I found myself wanting to help him. I felt maternal and responsible for him, as if I were appointed in answer his most bothersome questions. I realized that I wanted to help him find his dreams. I did what all women do when they feel their hearts going out to men they admire. I mothered him.



It was no disgrace for Tex to fail. There aren't many people as good at making their kind of music as Frank Kettering, Ken and Hezzie Trietsch, and Gabe Ward—the Hoosier Hot Shots.

"You wait right here," I said. "I'll find the Hoosier Hot Shots for you—one of them, anyway. I know they'll want to see you," I said with encouragement.

"They told me to come," the tall boy repeated, "over in Italy last year."

"Aren't they swell?" I said enthusiastically. "They helped me get my job, too."

"Do you work with them?" my new friend asked with awed approval in his eyes. "Why, I'd rather have a job like yours—I'd rather be on this radio show—than anything else in the world."

I didn't mean to deceive Tex—I didn't want him to think things about me that weren't true. But I just didn't have time to correct his mistaken impression. Because right that minute Hezzie and Ken and Gil and Gabe came trooping past us out the door. I had to attract their attention or let them get away.

"There they are now. Just a minute, I'll be right back."

I grabbed Ken's arm just as he was going out the door.

"Ken," I said quickly, "there's a man

here tonight you met in Italy. He wants a job. He wants to talk to you."

All of the boys in that quartet are married and like to get home right after the show, but Ken turned back and said with a smile, "Where is he? I want to talk to *him!*"

I guess nobody ever was as thrilled as Tex was when Ken came back and shook hands with him. He couldn't remain shy with Ken, although he was for just a minute, because Ken is the kind of a person who can make you feel at home in the middle of Wabash Avenue.

SUDDENLY, Tex was talking and laughing all at the same time, and he was saying as he pumped Ken's arm, "Gee, it was swell of you to write my mother a card after you got back to Chicago from overseas. She listens down in Texas every Saturday night, and when you wrote and told her you'd seen me over in Italy and I was all right—why, she just couldn't get over it."

Ken was embarrassed. "That wasn't

anything," he said quickly. "We wrote to all the guys' mothers." Then, he changed the subject. "Tell me about yourself. What are you doing in Chicago?"

"Well," Tex began hesitantly, "I'm here—well, you told me to look you up in the United States—and—"

"And you did it," Ken finished, but he looked a little worried.

"I played my guitar for you over there," Tex said. "Remember—you said to drop in for an audition some time."

"How long are you going to be here?" Ken asked, and he was business-like now.

"I thought I'd go see my mother and then come back. I'd kind of like to hear the show from out front before I play for you."

Ken frowned. "That's a pretty long trip just for an audition," he said.

"Oh, I'm not coming just for that," Tex said quickly. "I mean to live in Chicago, anyway."

Ken smiled. "That's a good idea," he said, and then he turned to me, "Fix him up with a ticket for next Saturday

night, will you, Janie?" He winked at me. "If you get here a little early next Saturday night, I'll have a ticket for you," I said quickly, and I was rewarded with a swift look of gratitude from Tex, before he nodded goodbye and went out of the theater.

I don't live a very glamorous life during the week. My father owns a little grocery store in one of Chicago's most crowded districts, and I clerk there for him. The people who trade there are tired and cross and overworked, and they're quick to criticize. I don't know what I would have done in those years after high school if I hadn't had my Saturday night job. That was the one bright thing in my life. And the week after I met Tex Saturday night began to seem more attractive than ever, my life away from the theater more drab. The days seemed endless, as I counted the hours until I would see him again.

I had no thought of continuing to deceive Tex—of making him believe that I was part of the show instead of just an usherette. But I had no choice, because on this night of all nights, I was late.

I believe in Fate, now. I know that something outside of ourselves makes almost unbelievable things happen. Because never before in my year and one half at the theater had I been late. And never before in my life had I been in such a storm.

THE storm broke with a terrific clap of thunder when I was on the street car riding toward the loop. The water fell in great sheets, and the power line broke, and we sat in the middle of a world gone mad with thunder and lightning and rain. When finally we did get started, we crawled to the loop, and I had to run through the rain to the theater.

I was wet and bedraggled and nervous. I hated being late. My job was important to me, and I knew that the cast up there on the stage depended on me to help seat our visitors who came to see the show. But there was something more than my job troubling me this night. I was afraid that Tex wouldn't be here—that the storm had prevented his coming.

One of the girls who worked with me came to talk with me. "I got here just before it broke," she said, "or I would have been in the same boat you were in."

"I wish I had been in a boat," I said ruefully.

"A lot of people didn't show up tonight," Betty said, making conversation.

"I wonder if a big, tall fellow came," I said, trying to act unconcerned. "Ken wanted me to save a ticket for him."

"He's in there," Betty told me. "I got him a ticket—there were a lot of extra ones tonight."

I guess I didn't realize right that minute what the memory of a pair of blue eyes could do to me. I was more glad that Tex was in the theater than I ever had been about anything before. But I was embarrassed, too.

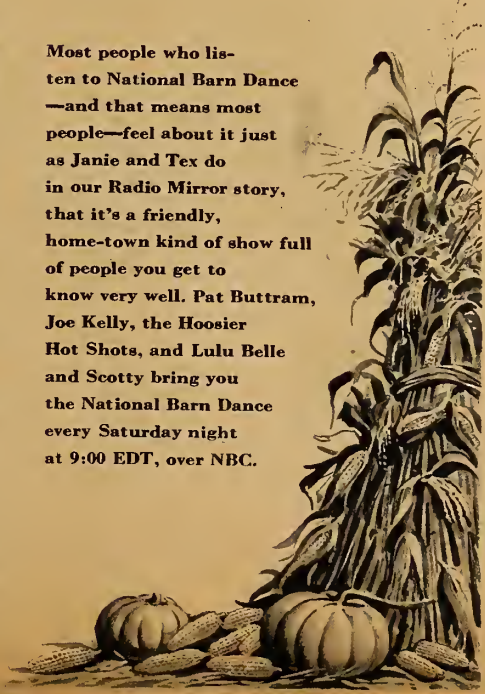
If you've ever liked anyone very

much but you weren't quite sure whether or not he liked you, you'll understand how I felt as I stood in the darkened rear of that theater. I was glad that he was tall—that gave me a chance to find him almost at once. I stood staring at his straight back and broad shoulders as he gazed with rapt attention at the stage. Usually I watched the show with enthusiasm, loving every minute of it, never getting tired of a shred of it from the time Joe Kelly said, "Hello, everybody, everywhere," down to the very last note of the finale. But tonight I didn't hear a word of that show. I just stood there watching Tex and wondering what I would say to him later.

I COULD tell from the way he never moved his head that he was drinking in this program the way a thirsty man swallows water on a desert. He'd been waiting for this night, thinking about it, building air castles. I guess it was then in the darkened theater that I made up my mind to go on letting him think that I was part of the show. I wanted this new man, who was more attractive to me than anyone I'd ever known, to find me attractive, too. And I knew that he would admire me if he believed that I was part of the National Barn Dance. I'm not good at thinking up lies, and I never would have deliberately told Tex an untruth. But now that he believed that I was part of the show, I didn't feel too wicked in letting him go on in that belief.

If you've ever been in love, you can understand my reasoning. You'll know why I stood back in the shadows of the theater watching Tex until the crowd thinned. You'll understand how I followed with my eyes when he rose reluctantly at last and started slowly up the aisle. You'll know why I hurried out at that same time, pretending to be rushing home.

Most people who listen to National Barn Dance—and that means most people—feel about it just as Janie and Tex do in our Radio Mirror story, that it's a friendly, home-town kind of show full of people you get to know very well. Pat Buttram, Joe Kelly, the Hoosier Hot Shots, and Lulu Belle and Scotty bring you the National Barn Dance every Saturday night at 9:00 EDT, over NBC.



It would be so easy to be a man! If Tex had wanted to see me, he could have asked one of the girls where I was and who I was and if I had a telephone. But girls can't act that way. They have to pretend—they have to wait. That's the reason I had to pretend to be rushing out of the theater, pretend to run into him accidentally. But he was glad to see me. His face lighted up and he smiled at me.

We left the theater together in a world which was quiet after a storm. Our walking out of there together seemed the most natural thing in the world. We matched our steps the way you always do when you're walking with someone you like, and we didn't see the soggy strewn paper and we didn't feel the rain water which dripped from sagging awnings. We just knew that we were together and that we were walking toward a drugstore down the street, just the way boys and girls do in Iowa and Kansas and Missouri and Idaho—just the way young people do everywhere when they're falling in love.

We did begin to fall in love for sure that night—I know we did. This wasn't just a pick-up—it wasn't like a pick-up at all. Instead it was one of those wonderful things that happens to every girl, if she's blessed with a certain amount of luck and recognizes the real thing when it comes along. And I knew that this was the real thing. I realized it completely as I sat beside Tex in a Chicago drugstore on a Saturday night, which is the busiest night in the world. As I chewed at the end of my straw and played with my chocolate soda, I leaned a little toward Tex the way you do when you're attracted to someone.

Sitting at that stool at the fountain, Tex told me about the long months he had spent overseas, about how lonely he'd been for his home, and about how in the evening he and the fellows had sat around and sung the songs that reminded them of America.

"That's how I got to playing the guitar in the first place," Tex explained. "There were a lot of us stuck in Rome for a long time, and I picked up this old guitar in a little shop, and I—well, I got to be pretty good." He was embarrassed about this burst of confidence, but I smiled at him, and he went on.

"Pretty soon the fellows got to calling for me at all the camp shows and that's when I started really practicing so I could give them what they wanted to hear."

"That was wonderful of you, Tex," I said softly. "You made them happy that way."

He smiled into my eyes and went on talking.

"It was after I'd been playing quite a while that the Hoosier Hot Shots came over to a theater in Rome." He was thoughtful. "I'd been playing a long time by the time they came."

"I'll bet you were glad to see those fellows."

"Glad! I'll say we were. We all felt we knew them already just from listening to them back home, and then at the theater they asked us to come up and see 'em after- (Continued on page 60)

DON'T YOU KNOW

I Love



Merry had waited a long time, with hope in her heart. Now hope was gone, but somehow she found she was still waiting, as women will, for her beloved's return

SOME LOVE STORIES shine softly through tears. Like singing melodies from great composers, lost for a breathless moment in the crash of great harmonies, they always return. And they bring with them the whisper, fragile and lovely, that spring will return, in season.

Because I love music, I suppose, I build even my thinking around musical themes. It was music that brought me Dick, my husband. And it was music that finally widened the breach between us until it became impassable, before he went away to the Pacific. Music kept me from despair during those long, desolate months when I didn't know where he was, or what he was doing.

And now as I stood at the entrance to Gate 4, my face pressed against the wiring that shut me away from the incoming train, my heart was a symphonic battle-ground of confused emotions, through which the melody of my love for Dick ran clear and pure. I watched the train come slowly to a stop. Suppose—suppose after all Dick wasn't on it! Suppose he'd meant it when he wrote it might be better if we didn't meet again! That it would be easier for us both that way!

I searched the faces of the crowds pressing through the gate breathlessly, lest I miss that one face. Dick wouldn't be expecting me, he'd written me not to meet him, that he'd come right out to the house. But that was my surprise for him. I wouldn't be at mother's where he expected to find me, but at the little cottage where he'd taken me as a bride. The couple to whom I'd leased it had gone back to their home in the West, and I'd snatched at the opportunity to get it back before Dick got back. This way, I planned eagerly, we'd get a new start. And it would be right this time. I wouldn't try to keep Dick all to myself. I wouldn't nag if he wanted to be alone, or with the Pads. Pads—I smiled, that was the

absurd name for Dick's reporter friends. They took great pride in the name, and the group. They were quite chesty about it, in fact.

Everything would be quite different now, I planned. This time the Pads were with me; they had become friends, close friends, during Dick's absence. They didn't hold it against me any longer that I'd tried to shut them out of Dick's life, and they wanted us to be happy together again. Particularly, Darling wanted it, Darling whom I had hated most, and feared. Three years can make a great difference in a person, and it was longer than that since I'd seen Dick. During that time my heart had been almost torn out of me with fear for him. Three years! They'd seemed like a lifetime to me. They'd been a lifetime—a lifetime of readjustment, of heartache, of learning!

I pressed forward, watching eagerly.

And then, miraculously, he was there.

"Hello, Merry," he said, half frowning. "Thought you weren't coming. Isn't that what we said?"

"Yes," I admitted, unable to check the nervous tears that were spilling down my cheeks. "But I had to come. I couldn't wait. Aren't—are you glad to see me, Dick?" Without waiting for an answer, my arms were about him, straining him close to me. All the years of longing, of pain, and hunger were in that clasp.

For a moment, Dick's arms held me close, then he began to gently free himself. "Here, here," he said, "this won't do. There's certainly nothing to cry about now. This time I'm home."

"I know it. That's why I'm crying—because you are home. I'm just so glad, so happy, Dick."

He laughed lightly, and encircled me with his arm. "Well, we can't talk here. That's certain! Let's get going."

He signaled a cab, and we got in. I leaned forward and softly gave the address to the driver. Dick didn't seem to notice. He was leaning back. "Gee, it's good being on your own again! Makes you feel like a real human being. Right now all I want to do is sit still, and relax. Sort of take it all in. Mind? We can talk later."

I nodded, and watched him light his cigarette. It was good to have him with me again. Maybe we could start all over! Maybe he wanted it as much as I did! I let my eyes feast on him. The crisp brown hair that lay so close to his head; the lean sunburned face; the eager, engaging smile I loved; the dark eyes that were searching, and yet could soften to such tenderness.

Abruptly the cab jerked to a stop. "Welcome home, darling," I said eagerly, and held my breath. Would he be glad I had moved back? Would he remember how happy we'd been when he first brought me here—or would he remember the unhappiness?

I couldn't tell what he was thinking. He was smiling as he paid the taxi driver and helped me out, but there was a closed look about his face, as if he were hiding his real self away.

"So you've moved back, Merry," he said quietly. "Was it wise? Is your mother with you? You haven't been staying alone, have you?"

"No—just the last few days. I wanted to be alone then. It gave me more time to think about us—to sort of plan. You've been gone so long, Dick—I just wanted to get used to the idea that you'd soon be here. To look forward to it!"

Dick didn't answer. He took the key I handed him, and fitted it into the lock. Then he stood back for me to

A "MY TRUE STORY"

My True Story, real-life dramas of real people, is heard every Monday through Friday, 10 A.M., ET; 9 A.M., CT; 11:30 A.M., MT and 10:30 A.M., PT, over ABC.

you?



"I'll love you," I whispered, "as long as I live."

enter. We had come home, together.

The house was all lighted up. I'd purposely left it like that so Dick wouldn't have to see it first all dark, but bright and cheerful, and welcoming.

"Come on in, darling," I urged, holding out both hands. "You're home—home—" the words seemed to swell like music in my heart.

All around us the fragrance of lilacs and daffodils filled the house. It was just as it had been that day in early April when Dick had brought me here a bride. Would he remember? I'd

taken such pains to have everything as it was then. Even the dinner, waiting, almost ready to be served, was the same.

I looked up at him, adoring him. "Dinner's almost ready to go on the table," I said unsteadily. "I thought it would be fun to dress up for it, as if we were having a party—just you and me. Oh—" for the first time, I realized we hadn't brought any of Dick's luggage with us. I had been so absorbed in Dick, himself, I hadn't even noticed it. Now I looked at him in dismay. "Dick, we've left your luggage. We'll have to go back for it, or can you manage tonight without it? All your things are here just as you left them when you went away. I believe you'll be able to manage—"

"It'll be all right," he said quietly. "I left it on purpose. After dinner I want us to talk things over—then I thought I might go on to Mother's for the night. I'm afraid she isn't very well."

"She's all right, Dick. I've seen her. I've gone and stayed with her often while you were away."

"Well, I thought I'd go, anyhow. I want to see her."

My hand, resting timidly on his arm, dropped to my side. I had been hoping his would reach up to cover it, but I felt now that it wouldn't. *First night home—first night home* ran through my mind like a foreboding chant. Dick's first night home he wanted to spend at his mother's. He didn't care, then; he'd come back unchanged, still certain our marriage had been wrong.

"All right," I said. "Change as quickly as you can, then, and I'll have dinner on the table when you come down. Oh, by the way—" he was already halfway up the stairs, and he turned to look down at me almost impatiently—"I've put your things in our old room—my room—instead of the spare room where you left them when you went. I thought perhaps you'd want . . ." I stopped and shrugged, and forced a smile. "Anyway, they're in there. Anything you want, just yell."

"Merry," Dick began, and cut himself off. "No, we'll talk later." He went on up, and I went into the kitchen to finish preparing dinner. It took just a few minutes to finish everything. I lighted the oven, waiting until the last minute to put the biscuits in. Dick always liked them piping hot. Then I stood undecided. Dick would still be in the bedroom. I could hear him whistling as he dressed, and the cheerful sound tore at my heart more than anything else had. How could he be so unconscious of my pain? Didn't he care about what was happening? Had those years away made him hard, insensitive to pain in another?

I couldn't think now—didn't have to, I reminded myself bitterly. I could think when he was gone. And the Pads, whom I'd invited over to surprise him—I must call Darling and tell her not to bring them. Some sort of excuse—but I couldn't plan it now. And I couldn't face Dick yet, I decided. I opened the door and stepped out into the cool stillness of the backyard. It was here we had stood on the first



night of our marriage. We hadn't wanted to go away. We'd just wanted to get into our own little house, and shut ourselves away from the world. Together! Just the two of us! We had stood just here, screened from prying eyes by the big lilac bush. All around us the cool, yet intoxicating fragrance of lilacs drifted, as piercingly sweet, as unforgettable, as the moment itself.

Could the rapture, the wonder of that night ever be forgotten? Actually forgotten? Wouldn't it always remain in our minds and hearts, whether we wanted it to or not—in Dick's, as well

as mine? Wasn't it worth fighting for—fighting hard for? It might be too late, and it would take courage. Did I have enough? Could I endure Dick's indifference, and still fight on? It would be harder than even the pain of his absence. I lifted my face to the night, and set my lips in a straight line of determination. I would win this fight if it could be won. I would save my happiness, and Dick's. It was little enough for me to do. I turned and walked quickly back into the house. Dick had finished dressing, and was standing in front of the mirror in our

room, enjoying the look of himself in civilian clothes.

"Merry, Merry, it's unbelievable," he said, catching me in his arms. I caught my breath in sheer joy at the naturalness of his action. An aching impulse to laughter rose in my throat—and died, leaving only the pain and a chill stirring of bitterness. In his pleasure, he had wanted to share the moment with me, whether he realized it or not. But I mustn't let him guess its significance. Not yet. It was something to build on only if I were wise enough to use it. *(Continued on page 84)*

I saw Dick glance at me and then look away, puzzled. He didn't know that I had learned to enjoy myself.





A story of friendship is told in the letter
 which Papa David liked best this month—
 friendship that saved a troubled life from tragedy

Life can

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Don Becker and Carl Bixby, is heard Monday through Friday at 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

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—1:00 P.M., EDT; 12 Noon, CDT; 11:00 A.M., MDT; 10:00 A.M., PDT.

BOTH Chichi and I believe and try to guide our lives by this philosophy: for those who choose to find it that way—for those who choose to make it that way, *Life Can Be Beautiful*. It has afforded us more than a little pleasure to know of the many people who agree with us that beauty can rise from ugliness.

The many hundreds of letters sent to Chichi and me by our listeners and RADIO MIRROR readers, pointing out the truth of the *Life Can Be Beautiful* credo, have not only exceeded all our anticipations, but given us a great deal of gladness. Chichi joins me in thanking you for these letters and in urging you to continue to send them. We are anxious to hear how more of you learned that love and faith and kindness are basic to happy living.

Only the other day I came across a little old lady who had learned this lesson well. We were both in a florist shop when a small, shabbily-clothed boy came in, showed the sales-girl a fistful of pennies and asked for a glass-enclosed tropical garden. The sales-girl told him he didn't have enough money.

"But it's thirty cents," he said earnestly. "I saved it weeks and weeks for my mother's birthday."

His lips began to quiver when she shook her head again. The little old lady whispered something to the clerk, who immediately turned to the boy and said she had made a mistake; there was one tropical garden which cost just thirty cents. The boy went out, happily clutching his mother's two-dollar birthday gift, and the little old lady paid the salesgirl the difference.

Just one small incident—but an incident that supplies heart-warming evidence that goodness is close to beauty!

And now Chichi and I would like you to read a letter that we think will be an inspiration to our readers—the letter, chosen from hundreds of others, as the most tangible proof that *Life Can Be Beautiful*. RADIO

Mama is mailing a check for one hundred dollars to the writer of this letter:

Dear Papa David:

I am a Japanese American. At the outbreak of war I was among the thousands sent to camps. We went through bitter experiences which we'd like to forget and I do not care to relate them here. But I also had two of the best friends anyone could ever have. One of them had two sons fighting in the Pacific.

After selling our furniture, cars, farm, etc., we left our winter clothing and small valuables with these two ladies. Many people in camp had their homes burned and belongings stolen, but I am proud to say we had no worry whatsoever. They wrote us letters to keep our broken spirits up, sent us little things, such as preserves,

see and remember the beautiful things of life.

He was irritable and hard to get along with and our little eighteen-month-old son seemed to make him more nervous and we were all so unhappy. Then I just happened to pick up a little pamphlet with some pictures of the Redwood trees here in California, and they seemed so giant-like that it was almost unbelievable (we're from the Midwest and not used to many trees) so I asked my husband if we couldn't take a trip to see the Redwoods as it isn't too far from here. He grouched and argued but finally agreed to go. So we left early on Friday morning.

To start with we saw a beautiful sunrise, then we had to cross the big bridge from Oakland to San Francisco which is really a beautiful sight, then we were finally out

many things to mention, but it took that trip to the big trees to make us see the little things in life.

We're much happier now and there's more understanding and love in our house. We're thankful because we see so many things around us now that we never seemed to notice before.

Mrs. A. F. K.

Dear Papa David:

I am a girl 22 years old; but I have only lived six months of that 22 years. For something happened to me that changed my whole outlook on life six months back.

I was the child of a feeble-minded woman, and even though I didn't inherit feeble mindedness I had adopted her ways of acting. I was an outcast in school and in everything. I am sure I was the most unhappy child that ever lived. I often wished that I could die, but of course I couldn't. There didn't seem to be anything in the world I could do.

When I was seventeen I married a nice boy. He loved me very much at first. Then he became unhappy; I could tell by his behavior. I thought it was because he didn't love me and accused him of it. He denied this saying that he did love me, but that I was a poor homemaker and had awful habits, and that we would always live poorly if I didn't improve. Of course I didn't see it his way then and blamed him entirely. Things got worse and worse and I knew I had lost my husband's respect. Crying became a habit. I cried almost night and day. I knew my husband was staying with me only out of a sense of duty for I was going to have a baby. I didn't want my baby and cried and raved all during my pregnancy. I made life awful for myself and my husband.

And then my baby was born. And I found that I loved my baby better than anything in the world.

My little boy cried night and day, because he wasn't getting the proper attention. I tried so hard, but I wasn't efficient enough to care for my baby properly. This went on for two months. And then a wonderful thing happened for it changed my whole life. In the mail one morning there was a book on Infant Care sent by our Congressman. It was Children's Bureau Publication No. 8 of the United States Department of Labor. I sat up night and day reading this book, grasping slowly the facts of life.

I learned that the health, happiness, and efficiency of the older child and of the adult depend largely on the habits formed in early childhood.

I have followed the things I learned from the book. And now my baby is a healthy normal youngster. And I am a happy normal woman. I am also very efficient thanks again to the book. My husband praises my home making. And he says he couldn't possibly be happier.

Mrs. J. G.

Dear Papa David:

Many years ago we were a happy family in our little farm home. Then came a day when the doctor said we must go to a different climate in search of health for our dear husband and father.

So, hoping and praying we left one day to travel—six of us going to "live in a trunk" for goodness only knew how long. The three boys were fourteen, ten and five and little sister was eight years old. We could so ill afford such expense but papa would not go without his family.

Christmas had meant so very much in our home always, and to be away from home on Christmas was (Continued on page 67)

be beautiful

candy, and nuts and pressed flowers from their farms. Many of our "friends" were no longer so and some even fought against our return, as you've read in the papers. And I know of some who thought we were O.K. but were afraid to voice their opinions. But these two ladies and their families taught me that "Life Can Be Beautiful" by the kind, straight-from-the-heart friendship they extended us.

About a year and a half ago I became seriously ill and developed a bad case of asthma. Doctors all told me my only hope is to go to the Coast. I was afraid to after reading all the things that happened to returnees but I took the chance. We, my husband and three small children and I, came here jobless, homeless and with a dwindled bank roll. After weeks or months of trying we found a government project house and my husband a janitor job in a restaurant. And after getting settled we went to see our two dear friends. It was just wonderful! They just welcomed us with open arms—I was so happy I had to cry. We visit each other often and they still call my folks mama and papa just as before. As time goes on people become more friendly and are good to us. I just had to tell you how these two ladies showed me that in this all mixed up world Life Still Can Be Beautiful! I shall always believe in it.

Sincerely,

A. O.

And here are other Life Can Be Beautiful letters we would like to share with readers. Checks for fifteen dollars go to the writers of each of these.

Dear Papa David:

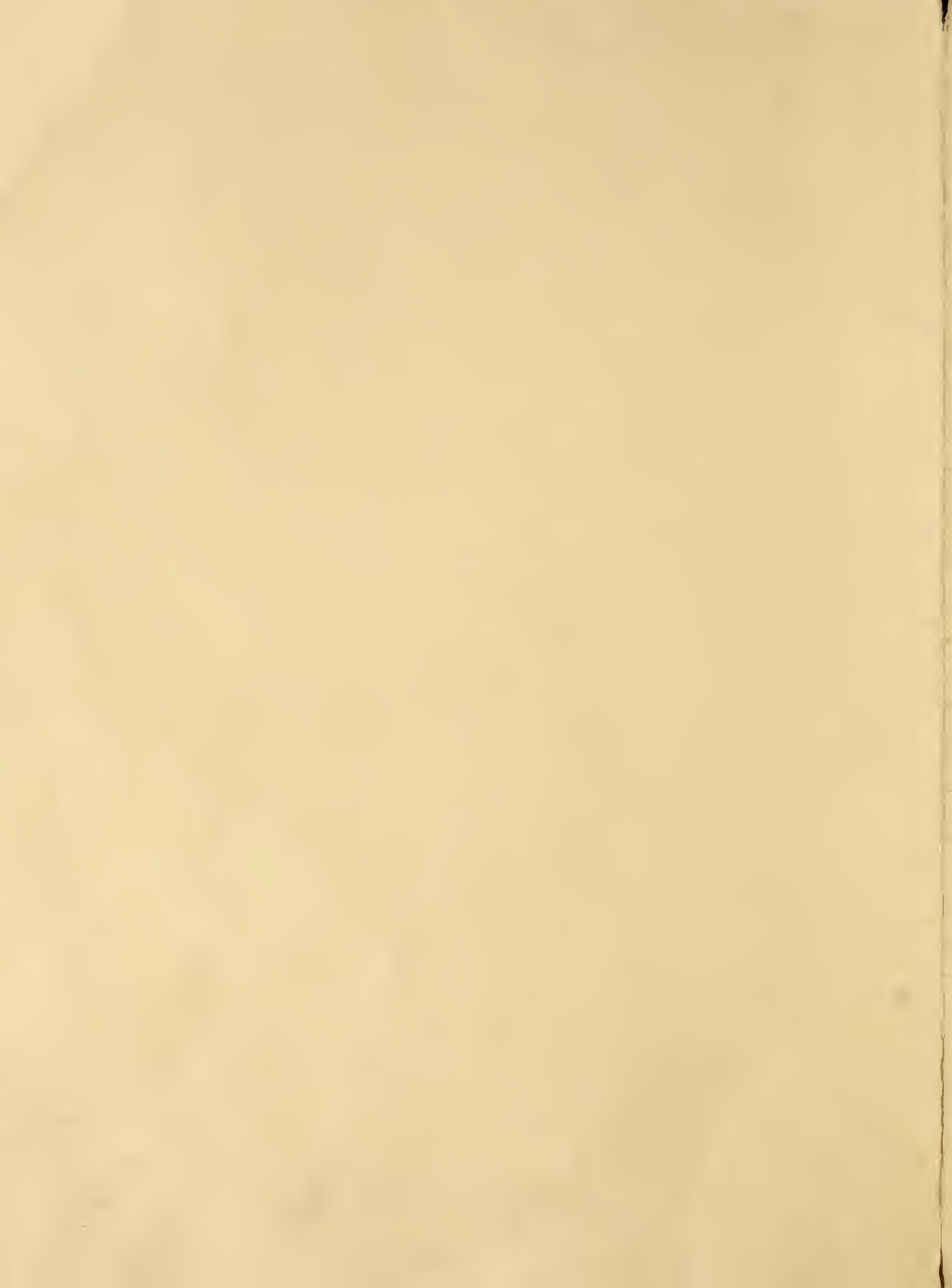
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We began to feel thankful that God has given us so many things to enjoy. We have good health and each other (so many lost their loved ones, I was sure lucky) and yet, we had failed to say or do the little things for each other that count so much in making life beautiful.

After seeing the big trees, we see the little things right around us like flowers in bloom in the yard, the glow of our lamps in our little living room, the smell and taste of good food, the breeze blowing through the windows, our radio, oh, there's just too





*Tips David
1/2 Radio Mirror Mag
205 East 42nd St
Tue Feb 17 2 24*

1/2 C.C.

1/2 C.C.

A story of friendship is told in the letter
which Papa David liked best this month—
friendship that saved a troubled life from tragedy

Life can be beautiful

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 or 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 spare 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—1:00 P.M., EDT; 12 Noon, CDT; 11:00 A.M., MDT; 10:00 A.M., PDT.

BOTH Chichi and I believe and try to guide our lives by this philosophy: for those who choose to find it that way—for those who choose to make it that way, *Life Can Be Beautiful*. It has afforded us more than a little pleasure to know of the many people who agree with us that beauty can rise from ugliness.

The many hundreds of letters sent to Chichi and me by our listeners and Radio Mirror readers, pointing out the truth of the *Life Can Be Beautiful* credo, have not only exceeded all our anticipations, but given us a great deal of gladness. Chichi joins me in thanking you for these letters and in urging you to continue to send them. We are anxious to hear how more of you learned that love and faith and kindness are basic to happy living.

Only the other day I came across a little old lady who had learned this lesson well. We were both in a florist shop when a small, shabbily-clothed boy came in, showed the sales-girl a fistful of pennies and asked for a glass-enclosed tropical garden. The sales-girl told him he didn't have enough money.

"But it's thirty cents," he said earnestly. "I saved it weeks and weeks for my mother's birthday."

His lips began to quiver when she shook her head again. The little old lady whispered something to the clerk, who immediately turned to the boy and said she had made a mistake; there was one tropical garden which cost just thirty cents. The boy went out, happily clutching his mother's two-dollar birthday gift, and the little old lady paid the salesgirl the difference.

Just one small incident—but an incident that supplies heart-warming evidence that goodness is close to beauty!

And now Chichi and I would like you to read a letter that we think will be an inspiration to our readers—the letter, chosen from hundreds of others, as the most tangible proof that *Life Can Be Beautiful*. Radio

Mirror is mailing a check for one hundred dollars to the writer of this letter:

Dear Papa David:
I am a Japanese American. At the outbreak of war I was among the thousands sent to camps. We went through bitter experiences which we'd like to forget and I do not care to relate them here. But I also had two of the best friends anyone could ever have. One of them had two sons fighting in the Pacific.

After selling our furniture, cars, farm, etc., we left our winter clothing and small valuables with these two ladies. Many people in camp had their homes burned and belongings stolen, but I am proud to say we had no worry whatsoever. They wrote us letters to keep our broken spirits up, sent us little things, such as preserves,

and remember the beautiful things of life.

He was irritable and hard to get along with and our little eighteen-month-old son seemed to make him more nervous and we were all so unhappy. Then I just happened to pick up a little pamphlet with some pictures of the Redwood trees here in California, and they seemed so giant-like that it was almost unbelievable (we're from the Middlewest and not used to many trees) so I asked my husband if we couldn't take a trip to see the Redwoods as it isn't too far from here. He grouched and argued but finally agreed to go. So we left early on Friday morning.

To start with we saw a beautiful sunrise, then we had to cross the big bridge from Oakland to San Francisco which is really a beautiful sight, then we were finally out

many things to mention, but it took that trip to the big trees to make us see the little things in life.

We're much happier now and there's more understanding and love in our house. We're thankful because we see so many things around us now that we never seemed to notice before.

Mrs. A. F. K.

Dear Papa David:
I am a girl 22 years old; but I have only lived six months of that 22 years. For something happened to me that changed my whole outlook on life six months back.

I was the child of a feeble-minded woman, and even though I didn't inherit feeble mindedness I had adopted her ways of acting. I was an outcast in school and in everything. I am sure I was the most unhappy child that ever lived. I often wished that I could die, but of course I couldn't. There didn't seem to be anything in the world I could do.

When I was seventeen I married a nice boy. He loved me very much at first. Then he became unhappy; I could tell by his behavior. I thought it was because he didn't love me and accused him of it. He denied this saying that he did love me, but that I was a poor housekeeper and had awful habits, and that we would always live poorly if I didn't improve. Of course I didn't see it his way then and blamed him entirely. Things got worse and worse and I knew I had lost my husband's respect. Crying became a habit. I cried almost night and day. I knew my husband was staying with me only out of a sense of duty for I was going to have a baby. I didn't want my baby and cried and raved all during my pregnancy. I made life awful for myself and my husband.

And then my baby was born. And I found that I loved my baby better than anything in the world.

My little boy cried night and day, because he wasn't getting the proper attention. I tried so hard, but I wasn't efficient enough in care for my baby properly. This went on for two months. And then a wonderful thing happened for it changed my whole life. In the mail one morning there was a book on Infant Care sent by our Congressman. It was Children's Bureau Publication No. 8 of the United States Department of Labor. I sat up night and day reading this book, grasping slowly the facts of life.

I learned that the health, happiness, and efficiency of the older child and of the adult depend largely on the habits formed in early childhood.

I have followed the things I learned from the book. And now my baby is a healthy normal youngster. And I am a happy normal woman. I am also very efficient thanks again to the book. My husband praises my home making. And he says he couldn't possibly be happier.

Mrs. J. G.

Dear Papa David:
Many years ago we were a happy family in our little farm home. Then came a day when the doctor said we must go to a different climate in search of health for our dear husband and father.

So, hoping and praying we left one day to travel—six of us going to "live in a trunk" for goodness only knew how long. The three boys were fourteen, ten and five and little sister was eight years old. We could go without his family. We could go without his family. We could go without his family.

Christmas had meant so very much in our home always, and to be away from home on Christmas was (Continued on page 87)

candy, and nuts and pressed flowers from their farms. Many of our "friends" were no longer so and some even fought against our return, as you've read in the papers. And I know of some who thought we were O.K. but were afraid to voice their opinions. But these two ladies and their families taught me that "Life Can Be Beautiful" by the kind, straight-from-the-heart friendship they extended us.

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GLORIOUS FOURTH!



Maybe you'll have guests at home, or perhaps a picnic is your way of having fun, but however you plan it, a celebration is American tradition for Independence Day, and here are the makings!

Here comes our first peacetime Fourth of July since 1941 and what a day it is going to be! Flags will fly and bands will play as they have never done before and everyone of us will join in the fun. We won't all be celebrating in the same way of course—some will march in parades while others look on, some of us make speeches for the rest to listen to—but no matter how we spend this most truly American of our holidays we shall all look forward to the feast that is such an important part of it. Maybe you will eat it at home and maybe the Fourth just isn't the Fourth to you unless you go on a picnic. Whichever you prefer, these recipes will turn the trick and if cold salmon isn't your first choice for a main dish the fixings will go along just as happily with fried chicken, hamburgers or that other American tradition the hot dog.

Boiled Salmon with Mustard Cream Sauce

¾ lbs. salmon
1 tsp. mixed pickle spices
1 tbl. vinegar
Boiling salted water
Tie fish in cheese cloth, tie spices in small cheese cloth bag. Place fish in

pot, add sufficient salted boiling water to reach about halfway up sides of fish. Add spices and vinegar. Simmer gently until fish is tender, turning once and allowing about 7 minutes per pound. Remove from water, cool and chill until serving time.

Mustard Cream Sauce

1 tsp. sugar ¼ cup vinegar
1 tbl. flour 2 tbls. prepared
1 tsp. salt mustard
1 egg 6 stuffed olives,
¾ cup milk chopped
Combine sugar, flour and salt. Add

egg and mix well. Blend in milk. Stir over hot water or very low heat until creamy. Add vinegar, and continue stirring and cooking until rich and creamy. Cool and chill. Stir in mustard and olives and spread over top and sides of fish.

Fluffy Potato Salad

2 lbs. white potatoes
4 tbls. butter or margarine
½ cup minced celery leaves
1 small cucumber, minced
1 small onion, grated
2 tbls. prepared mustard
Salt and pepper to taste
Milk

Scrub potatoes well, cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, remove skins and run potatoes through ricer while still hot. Add remaining ingredients, including just enough milk to make mixture light and fluffy. Shape into loaf on platter and chill.

Dill Cottage Cheese

2 cups cottage cheese
2 tbls. minced fresh dill (leaves and tender portion of stalk)
Sour cream
Combine (Continued on page 65)

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 EDT.



Saturday

A Day to Remember

(Continued from page 23)

Table with columns P.D.T., C.D.T., and program listings for Saturday, including channels like CBS, NBC, and ABC with program titles and times.

boys are coming home, and what kind of country they'll find when they do get here. And you must admit they have grounds, Father Barker. With misery and starvation all over the world, and uncertainty and unrest even in this country—

"There's always that after a war, Prue. There's always a period of adjustment, when people begin to fuss about things they didn't even notice when the fighting was on. You were pretty young at the time of the last war, but you remember something of what it was like, and you should have heard the talk after the Spanish-American— Why, you'd have thought the end of the world was at hand!"

"You can't blame them sometimes," said Prudence, thinking of Sylvia. "There are times when everything presses in upon you, and there's no chance of things coming right—"

"NONSENSE! Hope does it, and faith. They're everything. I'm surprised, Prue—you've never been lacking in them yourself. Why, without faith and without hope, we wouldn't be here. The town wouldn't be here, the country wouldn't be here. Now I'm going to sleep. Tell Tommy I'll see him at breakfast."

Thoughtfully, Prudence went down the hall to her own room. What Gramps had said was true: she had never been lacking in faith—nor in hope, either, until recently. Until Walter. . . . What was the phrase that had occurred so often in her great-grandmother's diary—something about faith taking up where hope left off? It seemed suddenly important to find it.

She took the diary from its place in the drawer of her desk, settled herself comfortably in the slipper chair beside the window—and rose again, conscience-stricken. She had forgotten Tommy; she had promised him— Almost immediately she was reassured by the slam of the kitchen door, and she looked out the window to see Tommy round the corner of the house, race down the street to join the other boys. She smiled, telling herself that she might have known that Tommy hadn't wanted her to help with his cannon. It wasn't the assembling of the cannon that was half so important as the fun of doing it with Gramps.

She sat down again, began to turn the crowded yellowed pages. History was written here, told in the simple terms of every-day living, by a woman who had been first of all a wife and a mother. Prudence doubted that her great-grandmother had thought of herself as a public figure, as a career woman. In bringing the Dane caravan westward to the site that was to become Danesville, in building her home and founding the Danesville Courier, she was simply carrying out the plans that her husband had made before he died.

Faith and hope—it was here somewhere . . . And then a date leaped out at her. "July 4th, 1866." Why, that was another Fourth of July! Eighty years ago. . . .

Prudence began to read, idly at first, then with concentrated attention.

July 4th, 1866
I am very tired tonight. Perhaps I should not try to write at all, but I feel that this day should be marked in some way, if only in these pages. It is the first Independence Day in this town—

ville—the first Independence Day we have spent in any sort of town since we left our home back East.

Of course, Danesville can hardly be called a town, not while it is only a trading post and a few rough cabins, including my own, and a few stakes driven to mark the streets and the homesites that are to be. I wonder now, if we had known last fall, when we first stopped here, what our position would be this summer, would we have had the courage to stay? And I wonder, too, if we should have urged—even insisted—that the other half of our caravan remain with us instead of going on to Oregon. Some of them could have been persuaded, I think, and because those of us who wanted to stay were in the majority, even though it was a very small majority, we would have been within our rights to refuse to give them supplies for their journey out of the common store. And yet, I still feel that God's will—and John's—was done when we let them go. If we had tried to force them to stay, we would have been denying one of the precepts upon which this country was founded—the belief in man's right to exercise his own free will.

For lack of hands and supplies, our present situation is precarious in the extreme. We can get along nicely so long as fortune is with us, but it would take very little in the way of bad luck to ruin us. We have known it all along, but the fact was driven home to us today, when for a little while it looked as though Danesville's first Independence Day would also be its last.

We had planned a parade for the afternoon. The children were to march with the flag down the wagon track between the smithy and the trading post that we call Main Street, and the grown-ups were to line up on either side and cheer. Not much of a parade, with a fiddle and guitar substituting for a fife-and-drum corps, but we wanted something to remind the children of the Fourth and all it means. We wanted it for ourselves, too, as a kind of link between the Independence Days we knew at home and the grander ones we will have here when Danesville is a real town.

EVERYONE stopped work at noon, and we had our midday meal. We were all outside, waiting for the parade to begin, when the sky darkened and the wind rose. We looked up, not altogether disappointed, because the last two weeks had been hot and dry, and we needed rain, and we laughed as the first scattered drops fell and someone drawled, "Well, now—didn't it *always* rain on the Fourth of July?"

Then there was something else—a spattering of little hard white pellets that froze the very hearts in our breasts. *Hail*. No one moved. No one thought to break for shelter—not even the children. The littlest of them knew the ruin hail meant.

And then the hail stopped, as unexpectedly as it had begun. The rain began to fall gently, steadily, and the brief, freak hailstorm was over. We were safe. A woman—Mary Leavitt—said shakily, "Shall—shall we pray?" We looked at her, and then grizzled, rough-spoken old Tom Hatfield exclaimed hoarsely, "I *been* prayin'. I'm prayed out."

We all knew (Continued on page 56)



HOSPITAL STAFF ASSISTANT—Early in the war Joy volunteered as Hospital Staff Assistant. "It's desk work that is very, very human" she says. Hospitals still are in desperate need of volunteers. Go to *your* local hospital and help.

She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!

SHE USES POND'S!



Her ring, seven diamonds set in platinum

WHEN she was just a little girl, Joy Thomas used to watch Jackie Dale play tennis, and ardently admired his skill.

Now, she's a tall, slim, golden girl happily wearing his beautiful ring. Another Pond's engaged girl with the soft-smooth witchery of an especially lovely complexion.

"I'm ever so keen about Pond's Cold Cream to keep my face looking nice and feeling soft and smooth to touch," Joy says. "Pond's is really a grand cream."

Joy uses Pond's Cold Cream like this: Smooths the silky, white cream repeatedly over her face and throat

—and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

Rinses with another Pond's creaming, circling cream-coated fingers around her face in little spirals. Tissues again. "It makes my face feel extra clean, extra soft," she says.

Pond's your face her twice-over way—in the morning when you get up, and again at bedtime. Use Pond's Cold Cream for daytime freshen-ups, too. It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

*A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III
The Countess de Potterville*



Her beauty is gold and rose—aristocratic as an exquisite Venetian painting.

Joyanne Barrett Thomas to wed former Air Corps Pilot

**DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. DAVID THOMAS II, CHESTNUT HILL, PA.,
ENGAGED TO JOHN A. H. DALE**



Ask for a big luxury size jar of Pond's today.



OF COURSE YOU CAN...



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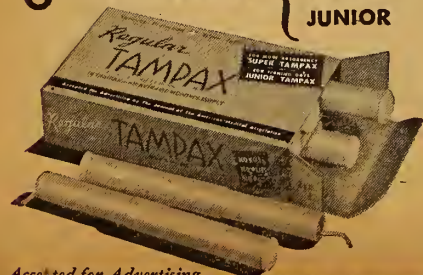
WITH TAMPAX!

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

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

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

3 absorbencies { **REGULAR**
SUPER
JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising

(Continued from page 54) what he meant, and we all felt exactly as he did. We'd been praying, too, with everything that was in us, and we were now so deeply thankful that no words could have expressed our gratitude.

The rain stopped around six, but our parade was spoiled, and so was the dancing we'd planned for tonight—the ground was too soft and wet. We did barbecue the game the Piutes had brought us—our Indian neighbors have been more Christian than many a man who goes to church on Sundays—but it was a quiet celebration, with little of jokes and laughter. We had been brought close to the edge of things that afternoon, and we were thinking how little it would take to finish us. A poor crop, the failure of a wagon train to come through . . . the one caravan that had come by this spring had brought so little of the supplies we needed. "The war," they'd explained. "Nothing's been like it used to be, since the war. Can't get anything nowadays, and everything is sky-high."

I am still shaky as I write this. Never has John's dream of a town seemed so far from being realized. All I can think to myself, over and over again, is that it *must* be realized, some way, in spite of everything, that we *must* survive, that our children *must* be safe and well-fed and sheltered.

This is all. I am tired, and I will be up early in the morning. The yellow currants are ready for canning. . . .

A CLOCK chimed deep in the silent house. Prudence put the diary back in the desk and began to dress. She went downstairs, set about mixing the upside-down cake, preparing breakfast, with her mind less on the tasks at hand than on the yellowed pages she had just read.

Why hadn't she seen them before, she wondered—and if she had seen them, why hadn't she remembered them? It was one of the most troubled passages she had found in the diary—an almost despairing passage; it was hard to believe that the high-hearted, indomitable woman who had been the first Prudence Dane had written it. And yet, having read it, she felt close to the other Prudence as never before. The first Prudence had lived in a country only recently unsettled by war; she had been faced with the same problems—the support of her children, the building of the life she wanted for her community and for herself. She had gone on—"canning her currants," Pru-

dence recalled with a little smile—when she had little but her own staunch spirit to carry her. And she had won out. The proof of it was all around, solidly expressed in the brick and mortar of the thriving city that was Danesville today. Gramps was right, Prudence thought, about hope and faith . . . when you had them, you had almost everything.

"Oh, Walter," she whispered. And then, "I am ashamed—" Because that must be part of her faith, too—her love for Walter, his love for her. They had already gained so much by just knowing each other, working together . . . how could she have thought, even for a moment, that only misery would come of it? Perhaps they could never be together as they were in her dreams, but they could hope for it, work toward it. And even if they could never be wholly each other's, they still shared something fine and strong and lasting that would make—had already made—their lives better and richer than ever before. There was something to be said for being able to extract good out of a situation that didn't seem to offer any!

HER household was waking up. She heard Gramps whistling upstairs; Sylvia came into the kitchen just as Prudence was opening the oven door to look at the cake. She sniffed appreciatively, came over to kiss Prudence. "Good morning, Moms. My, that smells wonderful!"

Prudence laughed. "You must be feeling better."

"I am." She began to count out oranges for juice. "I'm sorry I was such a dreary-puss. I don't know what got into me—"

"Well, I guess we all sometimes—" She stopped as Gramps appeared in the doorway, Linda at his side. Under one arm he carried the box that held Tommy's cannon. "We're all set," he announced. "Where's Tommy?"

They looked all set, the old man and the little girl. Their faces shone a little from soap and water, and they both wore the same expression—the bright, intent look of a child bent upon play. "Down the street," Prudence answered. "In front of the Sieverson's, I think. Linda, honey, don't you think a sweater would be a good idea? It's still so chilly out."

Linda shook her shining head. "Oh, no, Moms. The sun is warm. It's really morning now, isn't it?"

Prudence stooped to hug her. "It's really morning," she agreed happily.

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about the real-life dramas featured on . . .

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The High-Spot of your morning listening

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Soon to be seen in R.K.O.'s
"What Nancy Wanted"

TRY the Lux Toilet Soap facials screen stars recommend! Just smooth the beautifying lather well into your skin, as Laraine Day does. Rinse with warm water, splash on cold. With a soft towel pat to dry. Now skin is softer, smoother, takes on fresh new loveliness.

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. Be lovelier—tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!



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FIGHT WASTE
Lux Toilet Soap uses vital materials. Don't waste it!

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GRANVILLE**

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"SUSPENSE," a King
Brothers Production



Of course, Kay Daumit's sensational new Lustre-Creme gives an amazing shampoo—makes hair fastidiously clean—rinses out so quickly. But... this wonderful new product is *more* than a shampoo—it's truly a "hair cosmetic."

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The whole family prefers Lustre-Creme—once they try it. That's why we're offering this sensational new product in the big, economical, family-size one-pound jar at \$3.50—as well as the regular 4-ounce size at \$1.00. Ask for Lustre-Creme at department store cosmetic counters and at all good drug stores.

Here's proof! This coupon and 25c will bring you a trial-size of Lustre-Creme. Money back if it doesn't please you.

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**Lustre-Creme
SHAMPOO**

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Start Young, Stay Young

(Continued from page 8)

food sources of Vitamin A, enough to account for the content of at least three vitamin pills.

But the important thing is this: parsley, watercress and broccoli also contain Vitamin C, as well as certain trace minerals which the skin needs to make use of Vitamin A.

There's an important story encompassed in those last few words: for Vitamin A, alone all by itself, may not be of much use to the epithelial cells of your skin.

Vitamins are of value to you only when certain enzymes (catalysts) act together with them. Certain minerals are essential to this process, too. That's why foods may work, when vitamin pills won't, and that's why the old-time herb sellers were held in great esteem for some two thousand years. Basically, many of their formulas had merit.

Even in the middle ages, we find the mistress of the castle versed in the art of herb growing. She personally superintended the growing of parsley, watercress, broccoli, and various other greens which were reputed to be beauty aids.

Thus, these once treasured herbs became common vegetables, and human nature being what it is, familiarity bred contempt.

Well, that was the big mistake, for these foods are still rich in Vitamin A and the needed catalytic minerals. They will still help you to have a better-textured, lovelier skin. Use them as salads, side dishes, and make them part of your daily fare. They will help to make you fair, too.

And, by way of a guide, here are some tasty dishes that will help to give you the kind of a skin you "love to touch."

- Broccoli with a touch of Hollandaise
- Escarole salad with French dressing
- Dandelion salad
- Swiss chard with a touch of onion
- Kale ditto
- Deep green lettuce
- Sprinkle parsley on any suitable foods.
- Green and red peppers any style
- Apricots for dessert
- Deep-colored peaches
- Carrots, especially when sprinkled with parsley

AND FOR SUMMER

There's nothing that puts good looks and good grooming to a severer test than does the heat of summer. For, wonderful though the summer sun is, botanically and otherwise, it wilts your make-up, wilts your clothes, to say nothing of your spirit.

To look cool, waterlily fresh when everyone else is sobbing about the temperature, wincing under sunburn, mopping his brow and looking beaten in general, is a very neat trick indeed, but it can be done.

First of all you take to water like a duck, every chance you get. You revel in it and two baths a day. One can be the real cleansing job with lavish amounts of soap and the second just a refresher. And pat, don't rub yourself dry, for strong arm use of your towel will only stir up circulation. And lean over backwards to avoid all traces of underarm odor. Frequent use of a deodorant and anti-perspirant is a year 'round must but in summer lots of us need it daily. You might keep two types of deodorant on hand—one a cream and one a liquid for it some-

times helps to switch around for extra effectiveness.

Between showers or baths during summer's too too sticky days, you can get a quick refresher from skin tonic stored in your refrigerator—or water cooler at the office. The cold storage treatment for lipsticks in summer is a fine idea too. Cold, your lipstick gives a firmer outline to your mouth and somehow or other seems to last longer without runny smearing.

Summer calls for a lighter touch with make-up foundation. Many girls who like the creamier types of foundation in winter love the pancake or oil-free liquid type in summer.

For the outward illusion of coolness, short, well-brushed hair gives the right look. The simpler the hair style, the easier its care. For your scalp perspires too and twice weekly shampoos are usually in order during the summer. And have occasional oil treatments during the hot months to counteract the drying effect of too much sun and salt water swims.

For the sake of the cool look, it would be fun if some courageous woman brought about the return of parasols. With our clothes becoming less tailored in line, ruffy sunshades would be mighty cute. And wouldn't it be fun to carry a dainty fan—at least on special occasions?

To look cool to the eye and feel cool too, nothing is fresher than a cotton dress, carefully chosen. Of course no girl in her right mind would wear one to an office which was obviously meant for the beach, kitchen or garden. But today—Allah be praised, cottons are being styled as carefully as silk or dress-up rayon. They can go to an office, a tea party or cocktail date as smartly as you please.

Practical and smart as dark shades are for wear in town, you look and feel cooler in the lighter, sun-reflecting shades. But whatever your taste in clothes, be fanatical about their care. You look wilted if your dress needs pressing badly and if white touches aren't quite white. Actually summer clothes need refreshing as much as you do, so treat them to soap and water or a good dry-cleaning before it's absolutely necessary.



Daisy Bernier, who sings with Fred Waring, has the most foolproof answer to the problem of looking cool and lovely in the sun.

She goes "Wolfie" ... to show him
the kind of Kissing he's Missing!

... so for every blonde he
fondled—she went out and
found 6 feet of man ...

Oh, Man!



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George Lucille
BRENT BALL
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in
*Lover Come
Back*

A FESSIER-PAGANO PRODUCTION

with CHARLES WINNINGER

CARL ESMOND RAYMOND WALBURN ELISABETH RISDON

LOUISE BEAVERS WALLACE FORD FRANKLIN PANGBORN

Original Screenplay Written and Produced by Michael Fessier and Ernest Pagano

Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER

Executive Producer: HOWARD BENEDICT

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

R
M

Take Your Partner

(Continued from page 43)



—with "Make-up"
for Your hair!

Complement your coloring . . . No matter what color your hair may be, one of the 12 smart Marchand's Rinse shades is just right for the effect you want to achieve. For example, you can highlight and brighten your natural hair color . . . or by using a different rinse shade, you may add an attractive coppery sheen.

Make the most of your hair . . . This modern hair cosmetic not only adds lustrous highlights and accents your natural hair coloring, but certain of the Marchand Rinses may be used to blend gray streaks in with your original shade.

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After your next shampoo . . . dissolve a package of Marchand's Make-Up Hair Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly, all trace of dulling soap film vanishes. Your hair is easier to manage, alive with new color; you're prettier than ever.



ward if we wanted to talk about America."

"And you went up?" I prompted. "I went up and I told 'em about playing for the boys, and Hezzie, I guess it was, said if they weren't careful I'd be cheating them out of a job. I guess I kind of laughed at that—all the boys had been telling me I'd be on the radio when I got back home—but then I looked at those guys, and I didn't laugh any more. I knew they were fellows who'd started out just like me—and now they were in the big time—and I knew I could get there, too."

"Oh, I know you can, Tex," I breathed. "I know you can."

His eyes were shining now, and the dreams were there, dancing right around in his eyes. "Do you think I can?" he asked.

"Sure," I encouraged, "didn't they hear you over there?"

"WELL," he explained, frowning a little, "one night after the show we all stood around and sang backstage for awhile, and I played and the guys all chimed in, and Gil, I think, or maybe it was Gabe said I should be sure and drop in at the theater here when I got back."

"This is going to mean something, I know," I told him. "This string of events—why, it's just like a chain leading to something. Maybe you'll be famous, and—and—"

He didn't ever realize that my voice trailed off. He wasn't even listening, so it didn't matter that my dreams were fading, too. He didn't see that my happiness had dimmed when I thought of his reaching for the stars and going to the top alone. Because I wouldn't be with him—Not when he was a star—because I wasn't part of that group—not really.

"Did they tell you you could have an audition?" I asked him softly.

"Next Saturday afternoon, 'right after dress rehearsal! Ken left word at the box office tonight."

"That's wonderful," I told him. "I think that's grand."

I began to think of the practical side of this problem. That was my early training cropping out, you see. You can't grow up in a family of six kids in a crowded apartment over a Chicago grocery store without having to think about money. And I suppose I felt maternal, too. I suppose I wanted to know that Tex was all right.

"Are you going to stay here another whole week just waiting for an audition?" I asked.

"Don't you think I'm going to make it?" Tex asked quickly. "Don't you think I'm good enough?"

"Oh, I know you are, Tex—it isn't that—it's just that I—well, hotels are expensive, and food, and—everything."

"I'm not staying in an expensive room," he told me, "and I've got a job waiting on table down the street here for my meals—and I want to see Chicago, anyway."

"You're awfully smart, Tex," I told him. And I was telling him what I really thought. Tex was going about getting this job just the way I would have done. He was willing to stick around and wait, but he wasn't spending any money foolishly while he did it.

I sucked at my straw until there wasn't anything—a little noise in the

wasn't anything to do but go home. And I didn't want to go home—but finally, I had to say something.

"I have to take my street car across the street over there," I explained. "I guess maybe I'd better be going."

"You care if I ride out on the car with you?" Tex asked me. "I haven't been any place except in the loop."

We got on the south-bound car together, and we couldn't find a seat, and we had to stand in a jostling crowd, so we couldn't even talk to each other, but that didn't matter either. We just stood there, glad to be together. Once we lurched around a corner and I swayed against Tex and our hands touched. I guess maybe I didn't take it away, not for a minute or so, anyway. We liked each other, and we both knew it, and we were happy in our knowledge.

Tex kissed me that night as we stood in the dark little hall which led up the stairs to the apartment where I lived. It was a very quick little kiss, a nice one and very sweet. It was just kind of a brush of a kiss, but it was something I could treasure—it was a foundation for my dreams.

"Goodnight, Tex," I whispered.

"I'll see you next Saturday afternoon," he said. A wistful note came into his voice as he added with a little laugh, "Will you keep your fingers crossed?"

"I'll even pray," I answered truthfully.

"You know what," he said, touching my cheek very softly, "if I make the grade, maybe we can see a lot of each other—being in the same show and everything."

I felt conscience-stricken again and I blurted out suddenly, "There's something I've got to tell you, Tex—you see, I'm no star—I'm nobody—I'm just an—"

But he wouldn't listen. "That's what I like about you. That modesty," he said. "I think it's marvelous."

"But, Tex—"

"Goodnight," he said, as he left the door, "goodnight, honey."

THAT "honey" kept me silent and stayed with me as I went up the stairs and undressed and lay down in the dark beside my sister in the little back bedroom. It was still with me when I awoke the next morning.

"He called me 'honey'," I told myself. "He does like me—I know he does." I began to count the days until Saturday—until time for me to see him again.

I knew that Tex wouldn't call me before the audition. I knew that he had to prove himself on that show first. I wanted him to make the grade for the National Barn Dance so much that I prayed and cried a little and tried a lot of funny little schemes in my head all that week. On the way home from church that next morning I said to myself, "If that blue car passes me before I get to the next telephone pole, he'll get on that show." And, of course, I slowed down and let it pass me. I helped Tex that way, I thought. Silly, wasn't it? The way a woman in love always acts is silly unless you're the woman. Or I'd say to myself, "If I can get across the street before the light changes, he'll be all right—he'll

beat the light and win again. I always won in my little games with myself, but even with my little schemes on my side, I felt uneasy, afraid. I was in love for the first time in my life, and I wanted the man who lived in my heart to be happy.

I guess maybe that's why I thought about Lulu Belle. Anyone can tell that Lulu Belle's happy just by looking at her up there on the stage every Saturday, just by hearing her sing with Scotty, who's been her husband since 1935. They both seem to shine with happiness. People call them the singing sweethearts, you know, and that isn't just publicity. Scotty and Lulu Belle *are* sweethearts. I know—because I've gone to their pleasant home lots of times to stay with their little boy and girl, Stevie and Linda Lou.

A home reflects happiness—I know it does. There's a kind of song in the air at the Wiseman's even when nobody's singing.

I had my second proof of Fate's meddling that week, when Lulu Belle called to see if I could stay with her children on Thursday night. I'd been wanting to talk with her and this was my chance.

I got to their house early on purpose, and Lulu Belle did just what I hoped she would do. She called downstairs in her warm, friendly voice and said, "Come on up, Janie, and watch me tuck my chickens in."

I ALWAYS like to see Lulu Belle with her children. She's so gay and happy and vital that she just radiates warmth and love and all the things a mother should be. This night she was dressed to go out with Scotty. She looked wonderful, and I told her so.

"You're so pretty," I said. "So slender and tall—"

"I'm not standing in a hole in the ground," Lulu Belle said and laughed. She was thanking me and putting me at my ease with a little joke on herself. I liked her very much and that's why I said, after she had dimmed the lights in the rooms with the children, "Lulu Belle, can I ask you something?"

I didn't have to tell her what was the matter with me. She just looked at me and said, "Why, honey, you're in love."

I smiled, and I blushed, I guess, and then I whispered, "I know—I am."

"Do you want to tell me who it is?"

That was like Lulu Belle, too—not asking for any more than I wanted to tell her. Just waiting there, ready to listen to what I wanted to say.

"It's a boy the Hoosier Hot Shots met overseas," I confided. "A tall, wonderful person—who came back—and wants to get on the National Barn Dance. He plays a guitar."

"If he's got it, he'll get on," Lulu Belle said, and there was sympathy in her eyes. "If he hasn't got it—why, you know we've got a lot of listeners out there—"

"Oh, I know," I said. "I know you can't help him if he doesn't have what it takes. It's a break for him to have an audition on a Saturday."

"Is he going to sing for the fellows Saturday?"

"After dress rehearsal," I said.

"You want to be there?" Lulu Belle asked.

"Oh, Lulu Belle—you know I do," I whispered gratefully.

"He might not make it," she warned.

"That might be pretty hard for him."

"I know," I said. "And if he doesn't it will be—" my voice trailed off.

"Then, you'll be there when he reads



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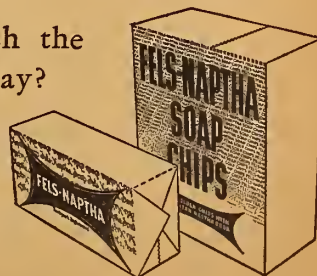
A married woman's life can't always be 'a bowl of cherries. But it needn't be just a tub of dirty clothes.

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Remember—all work and no play makes Jill a dull companion, too.



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

you," Lulu Belle said softly. "I guess that's what a woman's for. And anyway, if you're there, he'll try all the harder."

Lulu Belle is awfully smart—just naturally smart. Scotty's smart, too—with a quiet kind of wisdom. Scotty went to college and knows all the things a quiet, gentle man knows when he reads a lot and studies. But Lulu Belle, well, she's the kind of smart you are when you don't need a book—when you can pick things out of the air. And she was smart about Tex, and about me. Because what she said was true. Tex did try harder than anyone ever tried on a stage—ever—when he sang for the gang on Saturday. And all of the time that he was singing his heart out on that stage, I was listening back in the wings, and I was praying, and crying a little.

AFTER that day, I know how a wife feels when her husband is running for president and she's sitting with him when the votes are coming in over the radio, and I know how a mother feels when she watches her son read the reviews of the critics after the first night of his first play, and I can appreciate what a girl goes through while she watches the boy she's engaged to run down the field for a touchdown. Because when I sat back there behind the scenes and listened to Tex sing those songs he had sung overseas, I was every woman in the world who's ever prayed for the success of the man she loves. But even as I sat there, I knew that my prayers—my hoping with my whole heart—weren't going to be enough.

I'm not any judge of talent. I'm not a real critic. But I've been working with the National Barn Dance long enough to know when a new person's got the spark, or the talent, or the drive, or whatever it is that carries people to the top. Lulu Belle's got it—you can see it right away. It's in her walk, and in her exciting face, and in her vitality. I guess maybe you call it showmanship—or stage personality. Anyway, whatever it is, Tex didn't have it—and I knew it as soon as he had sung his first song.

He was sweet—and there was something appealing about him even if you weren't in love with him. I guess you'd say he just missed having what Scotty's got. He was as nice as Scotty and you knew it, and you liked him, but you wanted him to do something else where he could really shine. I knew all that, without looking at the Hoosier Hot Shots or Lulu Belle, who was sitting out in front giving this strange boy courage with the honest sympathy that was in her face. I knew it before I looked at Scotty, who was frowning with a kind of grave concern that changed his pleasant look. He knew and Lulu Belle and I knew that Tex was all right over there with those homesick boys who wanted to sing the songs of our country, but that he wasn't right for professional radio where everybody has to be topnotch all the time.

They told him right that afternoon—Scotty did it—swiftly and kindly, the way a surgeon does his duty.

"Look, kid," Scotty said, "you've got a nice voice and you might, after a long tough period of work, make the grade. But I don't think so. Your voice is a little thin for radio. It doesn't quite come off."

I felt every jab that Tex was feeling. Every word that Scotty had to say

of course—he was that kind of fellow. And yet I knew that he was hurt. It hurts to let a dream die. And he was burying his dream right in this theater on Eighth and Wabash in Chicago. He was tucking it away, forever.

He managed a smile and a thank you, though. And he gripped Scotty's hand hard when he said, "Thank you, Scotty. You're a great guy."

The Hoosier Hot Shots talked to Tex, then, and all of them wished him luck in some other field. Only Lulu Belle didn't go to him. A woman knows that at a time like that a man wants to get away and be alone. I saw her flash him a quick smile of encouragement and belief and then turn around.

I stood there, numb, waiting for Tex to walk up that aisle and out of my life, forever.

Then I found my tongue. "Tex," I cried. "Wait for me!" And then we were out on the street, and I was beside him, matching my steps to his.

"Tex—" "Don't talk about it," he commanded. His voice was tight.

I walked along silently beside him until we came to the drugstore where we'd gone last Saturday night after the show. "Look," I said, stopping by the door, "I don't think I'd better go any farther."

"That's right—you've got to go back and get ready for the show, haven't you?" he asked bitterly.

"Please come in here with me, Tex," I urged. "I want to—I have to—talk to you!"

"Sometimes it doesn't do any good to talk."

"But sometimes it does. Oh, Tex—please!"

He managed to smile. "I'm sorry, honey. I'm not being very nice. This isn't your fault. Sure, I'll come."

I felt a quick stab of relief as we walked across and took seats at the end of the counter. It wasn't very crowded—too near dinner time for most people to be bothering with sodas.

But I still felt shut out. I put my hand over his, but Tex was withdrawn, like a stranger. He had taken his hurt into a secret place where I couldn't follow.

"Tex—listen to me."

"Why do you even want to talk to me?" he asked suddenly. "I'm a wash-out. I'm no good!"

MY hand closed tightly on his. "You're not! Don't say that! Tex—nobody ever starts at the top. You haven't had any experience or anything. Maybe you'd be all right on a smaller station, to start. Maybe—"

"And maybe I'd better go back to farming, where I belong."

"Whatever you do," I managed to say levelly, "you'll be all right. I'll be proud of you."

His voice mocked me. "A lot I am to be proud of. The way I let you down in front of your friends."

"Tex, darling," I leaned closer to him. "You couldn't let me down. It takes a lot more than that to let a woman down when she loves you."

He just sat there, looking down at me. The hurt was still in his eyes, but I knew that the bitterness was fading out, to make way for tenderness.

"You're sweet, honey," he said at last. "But it's no good. You're in the big time. I'm not going to make that kind of money for years, and—"

Well, now was the time to tell him. "Tex—I've been trying to tell you. I'm not in the big time. I'm not on the



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"You're—you're lying, to make me feel better," he accused, and he was very angry.

"I'm not," I hurried on. "Tex—look at me. I'm not lying. It's the truth, now. I didn't mean to lie to you before, about being on the show. Truly I didn't. It was just that the show meant so much to you, and I—I was afraid you wouldn't like me if you thought I was just an usher. Please, Tex!"

All he said was, "As if anything in the world could make a difference in the way I feel about you!" but the words made my heart begin to sing again.

I THINK my relief and the warmth that was going through me must have been contagious. Because his next words came out in a sort of rush of release. "You know, honey, I guess maybe I never was as sure of getting on the show as I pretended to be. I guess I never really thought I was good enough."

I didn't say a word. I just let him talk.

"When you said maybe I could get a job on another station, I understood what I've been feeling. Let me see if I can explain it to you. I—well, I'm a farmer. I grew up on the land, and I never had a thought of doing anything after the war but going back to the land I came from, until Gabe and Ken and the others came overseas, and talked to me. And then—well, I never, even then, thought about getting into radio. I just thought about getting on the National Barn Dance. It was—well, sort of separate in my mind. See? I—I don't want to be in radio, if I can't be on the Barn Dance, honey. And that's not just sour grapes, either. None of the rest of it interests me. I'm—well, as I said, I'm a farmer. I'm not a radio performer."

I looked at him in amazement.

"I love the show, honey. The friendliness of it, the way it takes me back to

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beauty's sake.

Sold in Canada

the times when I was a kid, in Texas.
It's the show I love, not radio."

Our sodas came then, and we sat
and stirred them up, and put our straws
into them, not saying anything. And
then the most wonderful thing hap-
pened. Lulu Belle and Scotty came in!

And they knew just what to do, bless
them! They didn't try to avoid us, or
leave us alone. As soon as Lulu Belle
had made her purchase at the counter,
they came right over and climbed up
on the stools beside us, Lulu Belle at
one end and Scotty at the other, just as
if we were all young people living in
a little town in Minnesota or Arkansas
or somewhere. Just as if we were the
best of friends—and all of a sudden I
knew that we were.

It was Lulu Belle who put Tex at
ease. She didn't talk about the pro-
gram but she didn't avoid it, either.
And pretty soon Tex was telling her
all about his life. About the war.
About the farm in Texas where he'd
been brought up, and which his mother
had sold because she couldn't keep it
going alone, after he'd gone.

BUT it was Scotty who put into words
what had really happened to Tex.
You know, I told you that Scotty's
quiet, but really awfully wise. He was
going to be a teacher once, and he
graduated from college and took all
kinds of courses in psychology before
he got on the networks back in 1933.
Well, now he just looked at Tex and
said something that sounded like a sage.
He said, "You know, Tex, we all get
about what we want—and I don't
think you really wanted to live in
Chicago and get in radio at all."

"I thought I did, sir," Tex told him.
"I thought it more than anything else
in the world. But it was just the show
—I didn't stop to think that I'd have
to live in Chicago, along with it—that
the show would only be one night out
of the week, and the rest of the time—"

Scotty nodded. "I knew it. I think
you just wanted the world that those
songs made you lonesome for. You
were homesick, Tex. You wanted to
get back to the country. I guess you
still do. I could tell that when you
were talking, just now, to Lulu Belle
about the place in Texas, and all the
things you used to do on the farm.
You sound like a first-class farmer,
Tex—and believe me, I mean it, there's
nothing better than the land."

"There isn't any land for me to go
back to," Tex said, slowly.

Scotty shook his head. "There's al-
ways a place for a good man on a farm,
somewhere," he said. "There's always
a home and a job for a fellow who likes
working out in the open air—who likes
to be a farmer and wants to be a
farmer, and isn't ashamed to admit it."
And then Scotty went on to tell us
that the Hoosier Hot Shots and most
of the other Barn Dance folks owned
farms. "All the fellows are putting
their money into land," he told us.
"They aren't fooling about liking the
wide open spaces. They love the
country."

"Shall we tell them about our farm?"
Lulu Belle asked Scotty, and when
I turned to look at her I saw that her
eyes were dancing.

"We've got a farm," Scotty explained.
"Down in North Carolina—in the
Smoky Mountains, where I was born."

"And Lulu Belle was born there,
too," I told Tex. "Just thirty miles
away. But they never knew each other
until they got together on the show."

"They didn't?" Tex' eyes were
bright now, and the hurt, closed-in

look was completely gone from his face.

"We've got a big log house there,"
Scotty went on, "and we keep putting
in improvements each year."

"When 'Boyer of the Barn Dance'
here gets too old for romance, we're
going to live down there," Lulu Belle
added.

"Pat Buttram's Boyer of the Barn
Dance," Scotty protested, "not me.
But that's what we're planning on, Tex
—going down there to live when our
show days are over. And you—hadn't
you ought to think about going back
to the country yourself, Tex? Back
where you'll be happy?"

Lulu Belle was leaning across, now,
her eyes full of amusement and im-
patience. "You're taking an awfully
long time about it," she told Scotty.
"Why don't you go ahead and say it?"

Scotty looked straight at Tex. "This
farm I was telling you about, Tex. Lulu
Belle and I thought—well, we won-
dered if you'd like to go down there
and live for a while. Oversee."

"We need a manager," Lulu Belle
put in. "We need a fellow we can trust
to see that things get done."

Tex just sat there, not saying a word
—but one look at him told the rest of
us how he felt better than any speech
he could have made. When at last he
found his voice, it was to say, "But
you hardly know me! I might not be
any good. Why, you're trusting a
stranger..."

"I know you," Scotty said. "I know
you very well indeed. I watched you
take it on the chin this afternoon. I
watched you walk out of the theater
like a man. I heard you making new
plans when we walked in here—after
a blow like that one must have been
to you. I know you all right."

"Besides, we like your girl," Lulu
Belle told him, giving my hand a little
squeeze under the counter.

Tex looked down at me and sud-
denly he linked his arm through mine.
"I like her, too. Terribly."

THAT farm of ours needs a wo-
man's touch when I'm not there,"
Lulu Belle went on, but Scotty
wouldn't let her finish.

"Lulu Belle won't let a man alone
once she's got an idea into her head,"
Scotty told us. Then he slid off the
counter stool and took his wife's hand.
"Come along—let's get out of here.
Maybe they'd like a little time to make
a few decisions for themselves."

We sat there, silent, for a few min-
utes. I was—well, I guess I was
counting my chickens. I was thinking
how wonderful the farm sounded.
How more-than-wonderful it would be
with Tex. I was thinking about keep-
ing house, and never having to wait
counter at the grocery store again, and—

And then do you know what Tex
did, as soon as Lulu Belle and Scotty
were out of sight? Yes, that's right.
That's what he did. And he said,
"Do you think you're going to like the
Smoky Mountains, honey—do you think
you're going to like it away from the
city, living down there all alone?"

"I won't be alone," I whispered. "I'll
never be alone again as long as I live."

And do you know what he did, then?
That's right—he kissed me again. And
just then the soda clerk slid two more
chocolate sodas across the counter.

"On the house," he said, and winked.

Somehow, that wink put a period
on the whole thing. Nothing could be
wrong in such a wonderful, beautiful,
friendly world. Everything had to be
right for us—and it would be, because
we'd make it so!

Glorious Fourth

(Continued from page 50)

cottage cheese and dill adding sour cream to make desired consistency.

Stuffed Curried Eggs

- 6 hard cooked eggs
- ½ tsp. curry powder
- 2 tsps. lemon juice
- Sour cream

Combine egg yolks, curry powder and lemon juice, adding enough sour cream to make mixture of desired consistency. Stuff whites with mixture.

Pickled Beets

- 1 can beets (sliced or whole)
- 1 cup vinegar
- 1 tbl. minced onion
- 1 tsp. mixed pickle spices

Drain liquid from beets. Combine spices, which have been tied in small cheesecloth bag, onion and vinegar. Simmer for 5 minutes, add beets and simmer for 5 minutes more. Remove spice bag, pour beets and vinegar into jar and let stand over night. Chill before serving.

Boiled Dressing

(for Cole Slaw or Cold Asparagus)

- 1 tbl. flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. sugar
- ¾ cup hot milk
- 1 egg
- ½ cup vinegar
- 3 tbs. butter or margarine

Combine dry ingredients in top of double boiler. Stir in hot milk slowly. Add egg and mix well. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture begins to thicken. Add vinegar. Continue cooking and stirring until mixture is smooth and creamy. Blend in butter or margarine. Chill before serving. To use with cole slaw, add ½ tsp. celery seed to other dry seasonings. To serve over cold asparagus, add ¼ tsp. mace and 2 tsps. shredded almonds when adding butter.

Vanilla Fruit Pudding

- 1 package prepared vanilla pudding
- 2 cups milk
- 1-2 cups fruit

Combine pudding powder and milk and cook as directed on package. Remove from fire. Strawberries or other small berries, uncooked, may be used. Currants and gooseberries should be cooked before blending with the pudding mixture. Sweet cherries (pitted) may be used uncooked, but the sour ones will be improved by cooking. When using uncooked fruits, allow pudding mixture to cool before combining or topping with the fruit.

Honeymoon

IN NEW YORK

Once, on NBC's Honeymoon in New York, there was a couple whose story was very different from the usual boy-meets-girl affair. What Honeymoon in New York meant for these two people is told in the August issue of RADIO MIRROR, on sale at your newsstand on July 12.

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So Far Away

(Continued from page 39)

thing during the downhill dips of the roller coaster. He eggs me on.

A great deal of our love takes the form of kidding. And we've never quarreled but once. After that one time I walked off with an Army flier. A week or so later Bill and I were back together again. That flier just couldn't kid around like Bill does. For one thing, he thought double talk was silly.

But don't be led astray by our double talk. We have deeper bonds too. We are fond of music—particularly Rachmaninoff and his Second Concerto. The music angle is just right since all my life I've been surrounded by it. I love concerts, ballets and opera and taught Bill to enjoy them with me. The happy thing is that he responded so willingly. Music is in his blood too—but he just hadn't had time to find out about it.

THE thing I miss most in New York—next to Bill—is my record collection which numbers almost twenty thousand. I have everything from boogie-woogie to Bach.

I have no fears about our happiness. People who like to do things together—love to dance, to drink tea and to bowl—can always get along. The bowling part came hard for me though. It was Bill who taught me—and who still teases me because the first time I tried it I fell flat on my face.

We adore sitting by the fireplace reading poetry. Recently we have fallen in love with E. B. White's book, "Stuart Little". And now I mail fairytales to Bill every week.

Cats and dogs like us and we like them. Bill has two of the former and four of the latter. As you see there are many things which we can enjoy together. And mutual interests make a happy marriage.

It's lonely in New York. I fill in the time when I'm not working by walking and window shopping. Tony's and El Borracho are my favorite restaurants. I've only been on the subway once and confess that I have never been in Brooklyn.

But my chief amusement in New York is seeing "The House on 92nd Street." To date I have seen it seven times. With that and the twenty pictures of Bill that I carry in my wallet I feel a little closer to him.

And another thing that is a constant reminder is the silver bullet he gave me when I left. It has a paper dollar rolled up inside and a good luck charm dangling from one end. The special significance it has for us stems from the fact that he invariably borrowed money from me when we were dating. Then he used to tease me by asking if I had any mad money left. He always paid me back, of course. I hold the silver bullet in my hand whenever I brood. It makes

me think of Bill and I feel that it brings me good luck.

Since I've met Bill I've had two ambitions. One is to be a terrific singer—the best in the business; two is to have three kids and keep right on with my career.

Speaking of careers, I doubt that I would have amounted to anything if it hadn't been for Bill. He used to shout at my mother, "You've got to make this girl do something! She has a wonderful voice and should be starred in a radio show." Well, I finally made it. And a lot of it is due to Bill's insistence that I strike out for a career of my own.

None of it is due to Marymount Convent. When Daddy came to Hollywood in 1929 to work for Paramount, he and Eleanor put me in a series of private schools. I stayed in Marymount Convent for the longest period of time and I did learn Latin, German and French. What amuses me now is that during the years I spent at Marymount a great number of operettas were produced there. But they never let Margaret Whiting sing even a tiny part in one of them.

By next Christmas I hope Bill and I will be married. We have so many plans for our house and a wonderful life together. We celebrated last Christmas separately—and it was the last to be so celebrated. I gave Bill champagne glasses—he loves champagne. And he gave me an antique gold buckle which contains another good luck charm: my sign of the zodiac, Cancer; and a small gold record on which is engraved "It Might As Well Be—well, you know what. Love, Ham-bone." As you know, my theme song on the show is "It Might As Well Be Spring".

WHEN Bill is in the mood for cooking he does an excellent job—particularly with stuffed cabbage. On the coast he used to cook in my kitchen sometimes. Whenever I said, "That's not right," Bill invariably retorted, "You don't know anything about cooking. Get out of here." He was right. I don't.

I miss him terribly and think often of the rides we used to take out to the ocean. Somehow the Atlantic is not like the Pacific—perhaps because it comes without Bill.

Most of all I'm crazy about Bill because of his unexpectedness. We might be on the way home from a party at two A.M. and Bill will say suddenly, "How about it? Let's drive to Santa Barbara for breakfast—it's only two hours away." Nothing ever gets done in a routine way with Bill. It might start out that way, but the end will have a twist!

I know our marriage will be a happy one because with Bill there will never be any boredom.

NO ONE-YEAR

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Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 49)

almost too hard to think about. We went to Lynn Haven, Florida, on the afternoon before Christmas. We got nice rooms at the one hotel in this little peninsula town. We were told there was to be a program at the church that evening, Christmas Eve. We went, to find a crowded house. The program was lovely. At the close of the program the Sunday School Superintendent said, "Now we think we have provided enough treat for everyone, but the children will be served first as usual. However we are happy to have with us tonight some friends from Illinois—let's give them a welcome." Everyone applauded. Well, we felt happy of course but somewhat embarrassed—but to top it all off, this well-meaning Superintendent said, "Our gifts will be carried through the aisles in baskets—will the person at the end of the seat take enough sacks to supply that row of people and give all children theirs and hold the others until all children have received theirs. Now first, boys, I want you to take a basket to our Illinois friends—we are mighty happy to have you with us, God bless you." And when he insisted on my husband and me accepting a treat along with the children, we almost felt out of place—but when we were dismissed it seemed every person there tried to speak to us and make us welcome. We went back to our hotel rooms. At midnight, from our windows we could both see and hear the carol singers. We were both sad and happy.

Never had I wanted to cook a Christmas dinner as on that Christmas day, but no place where I could even bake a cake or Christmas cookies for my darlings. At noon on Christmas day we went down to the hotel dining room for our dinner, trying to be brave. The hotel manager met us and asked us to go into a small room adjoining as the large dining room would be full. We followed the manager into a pretty little room and to our utter amazement, there was a dining table set for just us six—laden with a golden brown turkey and every thing any one could think of or wish for on a Christmas table.

We certainly realized and appreciated God's goodness and the kindness of those fine people.

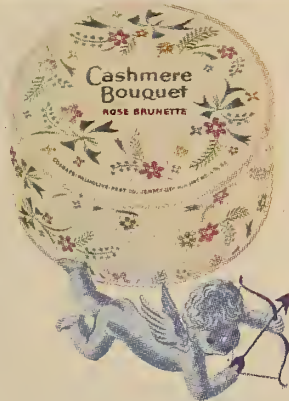
Mrs. A. O. G.

Dear Papa David:

My father was a very successful druggist in a small town. I was an only child about ten years old and I was very happy. I had about everything that could make life beautiful. I even had a doll imported from Paris which made me an important member of our club—the "Big Doll Club." Yet with all this I would often worry about many things that didn't seem to have an answer. One was Ella—her father was a barber in a little shop—her family was very poor because it was whispered, sometimes loud enough for Ella to hear—"her father drank and was no good." I liked Ella—but she couldn't belong to the "Big Doll Club" because she didn't have the first requisite—a *Big Doll*.

That Christmas, as a center of attraction in one of my father's store windows was a large doll. My father would say "That's the biggest doll in town—and Christmas Eve after the exercises start at the church I'll take her home and she is yours".

On the night before Christmas, at the dinner table I asked my father if I could take my doll before the church program because I wanted Santa Claus to put her on the tree for Ella. I think my father was a little disappointed because I didn't want her myself but he said "Go ahead."



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I'll never forget Ella's face when Santa took that big doll from the tree and handed it to her. I began to learn what it is to be truly happy at Christmas as I watched.

Many, many years after there was a Christmas Eve which due to the misfortunes of depression wasn't so happy. On this evening I worked late. I lived with mother and daddy. They were both ill from worry over the loss of all of our savings. In fact at that moment I couldn't go home with a simple little gift for them. There was no money.

The janitress came in to clean my office—she was going home early to her little girl. How I wanted to send something home to that sick child and I cursed my luck and all the world.

Then a knock sounded and as I stepped into the reception room a well-dressed woman and a young man entered. She said—"Oh you don't know me—you've forgotten me—I'm Ella and this is my son who is attending military school. I just wanted to see you again and we were going thru the city and I decided to look you up."

We talked and then she said, "I have a little Christmas gift I want to leave for you. I've never forgotten the biggest doll in town! You know that doll changed my whole life—it made me think I could amount to something. It was a wonderfully kind thing you did and I could never thank you before because I was ashamed to let you see me cry. But thank you now—and a Merry Christmas."

She was gone. I called the janitress and we opened the little Christmas box and there was a hundred dollar bill.

I went to the window and looked out across the city and told God with all my heart that come what may I would always believe *this* world was a beautiful world.

Mrs. M. B. S.

Dear Papa David:

Because of an unkindness toward me in the past, I had come to hate the entire human race . . . and had lost interest in life. Not feeling well enough to be employed, and not attempting anymore to secure medical aid, I neglected my personal appearance, became anti-social, and as time went by, I came to have a double reason for keeping my lips pressed together at all times.

Mrs. G. and I often used to see one another at the neighborhood grocery where I did most of the marketing for my mother, brother and myself. That was our only introduction. One day I was surprised when she brought me a fresh cherry pie she had baked. I took it without comment. I was surprised when she sent me a New Year's card. For this I said "thanks." I was astonished when she came to my house and said, "I want you to have your teeth fixed."

She went on hurriedly, "A woman across the street from me has had such beautiful work done, that I got the name of her dentist, and called him, saying I was calling for a friend, and asked when he could see you in regards to what has to be done, and to send me the bill."

A few days after my first visit to the dentist, I asked Mrs. G. what the amount of the bill would be, and she answered "Some-day, when you're in a position to pay, I'll tell you the amount, and you can repay me, or better still, you can do the same for somebody else."

"After your teeth are fixed," she said, "I'll take you to my hair dresser for a permanent and a hair-do; then we'll buy you a new outfit and some make-up." But why? I wondered. "We're all human beings," she answered.

Mrs. G. is a housewife of moderate means, and her friendly interest in me and kindness has given me a happier outlook and

kindlier feelings towards people. Mrs. G. has found and gathered up the lost threads of my life, and put them in my hands again.
Miss A. F.

Dear Papa David:

This story I am about to tell is about two women who were neighbors of mine and whom I loved as sisters because they both treated me as such.

I had just moved into a three-story apartment house. I had noticed the woman on the floor above me. She was the most regal-looking woman I had ever seen. I thought to myself—she would never give me a tumble as a friend. She looked so proud. I was so ordinary looking. I thought I'd never feel at ease with her.

The neighbor who lived on the first floor was also proud looking, although a different type. She was short. A very nice looking woman. Would either of them be friendly to me?

Here is what happened: I had lived in this house about three weeks when both of them called on me, because their children had informed them that I was ill.

I told them that I really needed an operation, but I hated to leave an unknown housekeeper in charge of my children while I would be in a hospital. Without any hesitation whatsoever, and with insistence, both of them offered to take my children into their homes. I was surprised at such a generous offer and I thanked them both for being so kind, but I really couldn't expect strangers to do such a thing for me, a new tenant. They repeated their offers every time they called on me after that, which was every day. Finally, I got so ill that I had to go for the operation. Each woman took one of my children to care for.

As if they weren't doing enough already, they sent me flowers and gifts at the hospital. When I came home my children were clean and neatly dressed. Their clothes were brought to me all laundered and ironed. One woman had baked a large cake to celebrate my arrival. Both were helping around the house to make me comfortable until a hired girl could come.

Neither one seemed to realize how much they had done for me.

Mrs. M. M.

Dear Papa David:

At the age of 20 I married a swindler and crook, to spite a boy I imagined myself in love with. I lived with the man seven years. In these seven years I brought three sweet little boys into the world. My husband wanted to give the second boy up for adoption, and would have, but I fought for dear life itself, and finally won.

One of my babies was born while my husband stayed in jail six months. He would have gone to the penitentiary, had it not been for me. We never had decent clothes to wear or had enough food to eat. I could have gone home to my parents, but pride kept me with this man, as everyone in our community had predicted an unhappy ending when I got married.

My baby was one year old, when my husband left me for a blonde. This was a terrible blow to my pride, but I didn't care anything for my husband. I gave him a divorce under the condition that I have full custody of the children.

So I started my new life with three little boys, just enough clothes to cover our bodies, and not one penny in my purse. I went home to my parents. My brothers and sister were married, so there was no one else.

My father gave me a job working in the field with the hired boy for a dollar a day. I topped fodder, pulled corn, shocked cane. Helped round up the cattle, doctor calves, drenched sheep and goats, and helped during the lambing season. I began to feel free once

more. I enjoyed meeting my former friends.

My boys were healthy and so was I. Our wardrobe was beginning to look like what I wanted it to. People were beginning to say I looked ten years younger. Some even called me pretty.

The war came along, and one hired boy after another was drafted, so I did the work of the hired boy and mine too. I was unusually healthy, so I donated blood.

Then I met a man. A man who had known suffering similar to mine, for he had lost his wife and had to look after his two girls. We seemed to understand each other from the start. He, like I, lived with his parents in the country, and loved to watch things grow.

A year ago he gave me a lovely diamond ring, and soon we'll be married. We will, I'm sure, have many problems to face, with our fast growing children, but I truly believe we will meet each one squarely.

I. T.

Dear Papa David:

I had infantile paralysis when I was five months old and it left me so severely handicapped that I had to attend a school for the physically handicapped.

One of the boys whom I graduated from grammar and high schools with, became good friends with me. And as we got older our friendship developed into love. My family didn't encourage this love affair because my friend was quite handicapped too.

We decided to get married, if he could get a job. It took him a year to get the first and only job he has ever had. Due to the good judgment and faith his boss has, he has risen from a jeweler's apprentice to a full-fledged jeweler and designer.

We did get married and have been very happy because people (our families included) have given us the chance to prove to ourselves and them that despite any handicap we can all become useful citizens and live a normal happy life. This I think, is a good example for our wounded soldiers to follow. These boys who fought and were injured for us deserve our faith.

Our latest conquest of ourselves and society is our own home which we just bought. It's a lovely little house almost made to order for our special needs. The people that were the most shocked over our marriage, are the proudest of our new home and our successful career.

Mrs. E. B. G.

Dear Papa David:

I'm a schoolgirl of fifteen and I live with my mother. My mother works in a laundry, and I'm not ashamed to say it. I'm very proud of my mother because she is a woman in her fifties, who stands and sweats all day at work pressing clothes.

Her feet aren't taken care of very well and they are very sore when she comes home from a hard day at work. We live in a three-room apartment, in fact it resembles a shack. I always dreamed of having a lovely comfortable apartment, someday. If I ever get married, I'll want to be settled in a house all complete and furnished. I never like to invite my girl friends up to my apartment because I'm embarrassed for them to see it.

I want to quit school after I'm sixteen so I can help my mother out a little, for she's been working since my father died, when I was a baby. She used to clean people's apartments to raise money to put me through school.

I appreciate all my mother is doing for me. For some day, please God, if she'll live till then, I'm going to take over where my mother left off. If I were rich, complete with clothes and a beautiful home I would regret it as long as I lived because I like coming up the hard way and I'll know I did something in my life.

Miss G. T.



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F When eager youngsters get together to grab and gulp at picnic, snack or party—you're likely to find the Federal "Park Avenue" tumbler sharing their hand-to-mouth adventure.

F And no wonder! Its smart, practical and arresting beauty has made the Park Avenue an All-American favorite. As a matter of fact, the Park Avenue has been raised to more lips than any tumbler ever made.

F In millions and millions of American homes you'll find Federal-fashioned Tumblers, Tableware, Beverage Sets, Occasional and Ornamental Pieces adding their brilliant luster to everyday living.

F When you buy glassware—look for the Shield  of Federal. It tells you that each piece which wears it, is the proud product of 46 years of precision-engineered quality manufacture. What's more, the Federal Shield  assures you glassware of modern design, matchless color and clarity at very low cost.

THE FEDERAL GLASS COMPANY
COLUMBUS 7, OHIO



UTILITY *Glassware*
Fashioned by **Federal**

ADDS DISTINCTION TO YOUR DAILY SERVICE.

What About Television?

(Continued from page 19)

though related fields—broadcasting, manufacturing, Government, and public—there is increasing evidence that ultra-high frequency television is inevitable. Not only is clear home reception within a station's service area assured, but it is also possible to send the new pictures over long distances through coaxial cable. Columbia demonstrated the process on April 19, when its color pictures were sent from New York to Washington and back—a distance of 544 miles—over the A. T. & T.'s cable link connecting these two cities.

The industry has not yet fully agreed as to when the move "upstairs" to the high frequencies should be made. Columbia believes it should be made as quickly as possible, and that it can be made within a year's time.

But if the public is asked to buy low-frequency black-and-white receivers, a later move into the high frequencies could cause a great deal of ill will and confusion. For the low-frequency receivers can never be made to pick up the vastly improved pictures in the high frequencies, either in black-and-white or in color.

AS recently as a year ago, there was considerable doubt as to when the better high-frequency pictures would be brought out of research laboratories and demonstrated as commercially practical. Guesses ranged from five to ten years, and even longer. Yet CBS demonstrated the practicality of its new color television within five months after V-J Day. The pictures were infinitely better than the color pictures Columbia had first demonstrated in 1940. The transmitter radiated a signal far more powerful than the most powerful black-and-white television station operating in New York.

At the end of the war, there were high hopes that a product-starved America would have at least a part of its appetite satisfied in 1946. Strikes, material shortages, and uncertain price regulations have postponed the expected feast. To the extent of this postponement, the gap between production of black-and-white television receivers and production of color receivers has been closed. It is certain that viewers who wish to wait for color will not have to wait "indefinitely." They need not even wait "one year."

Since fewer than ten thousand people in the United States now own television sets, the chances are that you have never seen television—to say nothing of color television. Perhaps a little test will bring the case for color television closer to home, for it is stated most eloquently in the direct testimony of your own eyes.

Let your imagination, if it can, drain all color from the objects that now surround you. In your mind's eye, how much of the life, reality, and interest of your surroundings is lost with the loss of color?

Try another. As you read the following words, try to think of them in terms of the single word "gray." Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet . . . rose, zinnia, dandelion, holly, forget-me-not, lilac . . . apple, orange, lemon, lime, huckleberry, grape.

The case for color television, in the last analysis, is the case for color, itself.

Once We're Married

(Continued from page 27)

known would be there—a regret for having hurt his parents so deeply. He remembered a time, long ago, when he had been sick; his mother had sat at his bedside night and day, never leaving, and his father had brought toys home with him in the evenings . . .

What power they had over him, simply because they loved him! He could break that power only by fighting, ruthlessly, as he'd fought tonight—and he was sick of fighting, he'd had more than enough of it in the last two years.

After a long time he got up, undressed in the dark, and went to bed.

Sally was in the drugstore, the next afternoon, when the telephone rang and a voice she didn't recognize said, "Miss Burnett? This is Berg Ruskin, at the bank. Could you spare a few minutes to come over to my office?"

The telephone jerked in her hand. All day long she had been pushing herself mechanically from one familiar duty to another, feeling nothing but a dull unhappiness. Now, at Berg's request, she was suddenly alive again. She had never spoken to him in her life, but she knew him by sight, knew the spare, wiry figure, so like Phil's, the lined face and sharp eyes. She wasn't afraid of him. She wanted to talk to him. Because, after all, Phil must have told his parents they were in love and wanted to be married; this was her opportunity to make a good impression.

"I'll be right over, Mr. Ruskin," she promised.

THE bank was closed, but one of the tellers let her in at the side door and led her to Berg's private office. She had her first qualm of uneasiness at the sight of him sitting behind his neat desk, waiting for her with an impassive face. She had wanted to make a good impression on him, but now she sensed that there was no way for her to make any sort of impression on him, either good or bad—that he had his mind made up about her in advance.

"Good afternoon, Miss Burnett," he said. "Please sit down. I asked you to come over because last night Philip told me you and he want to be married."

Sally's heart gave a single great leap. "Oh, I'm glad," she said. "I hoped that was it. I wanted him to tell you."

"Did you?" Berg asked in his driest most unbelieving voice. "Frankly, his mother and I cannot approve of this marriage. He is of age, and there is no way we can prevent it. But if Philip does marry you, it will be without our consent and without our help. Do you understand what that means?"

Sally seemed to shrink in her chair, but she kept her eyes unwaveringly on his. "Yes, I—I guess I do," she said. "You mean you wouldn't help him to finish his education, you wouldn't give him any money or—or let him visit you."

Sally pressed her hands together. "Did you ask me to come over here just to tell me that?"

"No. Not entirely. I thought it might perhaps affect your decision. But there is something else, too. In view of the possible connection between your family and mine, I took the trouble this morning to visit your brother."

Sally looked uncomprehending.



ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Vacation time this year brings more opportunities to travel. If you happen to be near Fremont, Mich., please stop in for a visit and see how baby foods are made.

Mrs. Dan Gerber



What makes a baby smile?

Food, of course! Naturally, you make it your loving responsibility to feed him quality foods. We make it our responsibility to supply those quality baby foods to you. We select just the right kinds of fruits and vegetables, wash them in pure, artesian water, then cook them the Gerber way *by steam* . . . to retain precious minerals and vitamins. That same stress on quality produces "just-right" texture, and pleasant taste. Be sure to get Gerber's—with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every label!

Ready for Cereals?

Start your baby on Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal—two cereals which are made to suit baby's needs, from the start right through babyhood. Both cereals are enriched with added iron and B complex vitamins. Both are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve, just add milk or formula.

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Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods

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"He tells me he had no idea the other two men were planning to hold up the cafe—he thought they were going in to collect some money they said Art Powers owed them."

"That's true, Mr. Ruskin!" Sally said eagerly. "I know it is. Oliver's a little wild and reckless, but he isn't bad. He wouldn't commit a crime—"

"It may be true," Berg interrupted her. "I rather believe it is—your brother didn't strike me as a criminal type. He's badly frightened, and it seemed to me that if he could get out of this difficulty he'd be a great deal more careful in the future. He said something about expecting to go into the Army soon."

"Yes—he's eighteen. We both are, you know, we're twins. And he expects to be called almost any day. He used to be awfully anxious to go."

"If he should be convicted of being an accessory to an attempted robbery," Berg said, "and were sent to prison, he of course could never join the armed forces." He picked up a pencil and tapped it thoughtfully on the glass top of his desk. "It would be a pity if he had to serve a prison term. A thing like that could ruin his whole life. It occurred to me that I could talk to the district attorney about him—I have a little influence there—and under the circumstances it might be possible to get him released at the preliminary hearing."

Sally leaned forward, her eyes shining. "Oh, Mr. Ruskin, if you only could! But—" She hesitated, taken aback by the continuing indifference of his face and manner. "I don't understand. You mean you'll do all this—just because Phil and I—are going to be

married . . . and Oliver's my brother?" "Not at all," he told her. "I'll do it on the understanding that you and my son will *not* be married."

Sally understood then, and she sank limply back in her chair. "Oh," she whispered. "Oh, I see." There was silence in the little office, while Sally thought of Oliver, who had always been so close to her until these last few months, Oliver with his light-hearted grin quenched now in the ugly cell at the jail. Everything Berg had said was true: if Oliver were sent to prison it would ruin him, turn him bitter and sullen and angry at the world. She thought of her father and mother too, of their easy-going ways, their stunned bewilderment at Oliver's arrest. She could save Oliver, she could give happiness back to her parents. She could—if she would accept the bargain Phil's father was offering her.

She felt trapped, hemmed in by events. The rapture of a few minutes before, when she had learned that Phil had, after all, had the courage to face his parents and tell them he loved her—that rapture had turned into despair.

"This isn't fair!" she said desperately. "I can tell Phil I won't marry him—but I can't stop him from loving me. And he does love me. He showed that he does, last night, when he went and told you so!"

"I'm sorry, but I doubt that. If Philip still loves you after he has finished college and decided what he wants to do with his life, then his mother and I will withdraw our objections. Actually, I believe he'll have forgotten about you by then."

He was so positive and assured that in spite of herself she was infected with doubt. It could happen. Phil's love

was real now, but even real things died if they were starved. Away from Littleton, Phil would meet other girls, dance with them, laugh with them; he would find other interests, in which she would have no part. Imperceptibly, their lives would separate, and when he came back to Littleton they would meet on the street and be strangers.

"NO!" she said violently—and it was as if she hadn't thought the answer out herself at all, as if it came out of her flesh and bones and blood. "I won't do it! I love Phil, and if he loves me and wants to marry me I won't do anything to stop him."

"And let your brother be sent to prison?"

"He hasn't been sent there yet! You said yourself that you believed him when he said he didn't know about the hold-up. Maybe the judge will believe him too. I'll get a lawyer for him, and do everything else I can to help him—but I won't do this!"

Her voice broke, and she jumped to her feet, keeping her face turned away from him so he wouldn't see the tears.

Back in the drugstore, she went to the washroom and did what she could to repair the damage tears had done to her eyes. She still had two hours of work ahead of her, and people would be quick to notice that she'd been crying, if she gave them a chance, and to speculate on the reason why. And now that she had thrown Berg Ruskin's bargain back at him, she was terrified. If Oliver were actually sent to prison, it would be as if she herself had sent him there. She had told Berg bravely enough that she would find a lawyer for Oliver, but that was easier to say than to do.

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"Why, Minnie Huyleberry! Hollywood hasn't changed you a bit!"

People came into the store and she waited on some of them and they went out again. Mr. Simpson looked at her quizzically, but she didn't notice. When the clock hands finally reached six, she was out of the store in a flash and hurrying down the street to my house—to tell me everything.

"Of course you weren't disloyal!" I said, and I meant it. "I never heard of such a thing, and I'll tell Berg Ruskin so myself, next time I see him! Trying to interfere with the due process of law, just to get his own way! The ideal You did perfectly right to refuse him, Sally Burnett, and I'm proud of you."

"That makes me feel better," Sally said with a wan smile. "But it still doesn't help Oliver."

"You go down tomorrow morning and talk to old Judge Lawton," I told her. "The Judge doesn't practice much any more, but he's still smart as a whip, and he'll let you take your time about paying him. I wouldn't even be surprised if he'd do it for nothing." I chuckled. "So Phil walked right out of here last night and told his folks he wanted to marry you! I hoped that was what he had in mind, but I wasn't sure."

SALLY clasped her hands around her knees. "Aunt Jenny," she said timidly, "you say I was right to turn Phil's father down, and I'm glad you think so, only—how does anyone know what's right? I don't mean what's smartest, or best for yourself—but really right all around. For instance—" The smooth white skin of her forehead puckered into a frown. "I love Phil and he loves me, but maybe it isn't really right for us to get married. Maybe he'd be better off without me—considering who he is, and who I am, and how his parents feel about me—and everything. I don't want to marry him, if it would be bad for him—if someday, a year or ten years from now, he was going to be sorry. Do you see what I mean?"

"I see, yes," I told her. "It's a question wise men have been puzzling over since the world began, I guess, and it does you credit to be thinking about it too. I don't know that I can answer it, except to say that you just have to follow your heart. If it's a good heart—and yours is, Sally—it'll steer you right, nine times out of ten."

"Maybe that's true," Sally mused. "That's what happened this afternoon. I didn't think about Mr. Ruskin planning to interfere with any due process of law to help Oliver, or anything like that. I just knew I couldn't let him bribe me into giving up Phil. Not even for Oliver. That was following my heart, wasn't it?"

She called a neighbor of her mother's on the telephone, and sent a message that she was going to have supper with me. It was a quiet meal, just the two of us sitting at the kitchen table, eating Irish stew. Now and then Sally would glance at the clock and once, just after she'd done this, she caught my eye and smiled. "Phil will come here tonight," she said. "I know he will."

He did, soon after seven. Sally was on her feet at the sound of the doorbell, and I let her answer it. I heard the murmur of their voices from the front of the house, and I smiled happily to myself. I didn't disturb them.

But when I finally went into the front room I knew something had gone wrong.

Phil was standing beside the center table, flipping the pages of one of the magazines that lay there—just turning

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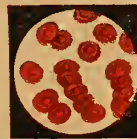
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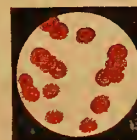
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them over, without any purpose, and I'd have sworn not seeing them. Sally sat on the Chesterfield, watching him, her lips barely parted as if words were trembling on them which, once spoken, could never be called back. I tried to act as if I didn't notice anything; I said hello to Phil and patted Sally's shoulder as I went past to my own chair. Phil answered my greeting absently, closed the magazine, and started on another.

"Aunt Jenny," Sally said suddenly, "do you remember what we were talking about—about following your heart?" She was still looking at Phil. "I'm beginning to see what you meant. But sometimes it's hard to do."

Phil glanced up, frowning. "Follow your heart?" he asked.

Sally didn't answer him, at least not directly. "Phil told his father and mother last night that he wanted to marry me," she said. "But he's not very happy about it."

"Well," Phil exclaimed angrily, "did you expect me to be? I haven't even seen my mother today—she's been in her room with a sick headache. And Dad came back at me tonight with a long argument about how we could at least wait a couple of years. Lord knows, he's trying to be decent."

An almost imperceptible smile touched Sally's lips, and I knew she was thinking of Berg Ruskin's proposal to her. Evidently she hadn't mentioned that to Phil. Naturally, she wouldn't.

"Do you want to wait, Phil?"

"No, I don't! But I don't want to cut myself off from my father and mother, either. Don't you see?" Phil demanded. "I'm sorry for them—I'm fond of them, and I hate to make them unhappy. It's a terrible thing to break off with your parents. How would you feel, Sally, if marrying me would cut you off from yours?"

"I—I'd feel the same as you do. I'd hate it."

"WELL, then. I don't know what you're complaining about. You wanted me to tell them, and I did. But I didn't promise to walk around shouting with joy afterwards."

"No, Phil. I know you didn't. I don't blame you," Sally said in that oddly quiet voice. "I'm only—sorry."

"The main thing is still that we're going to be married."

Sally shook her head. "No, we aren't," she told him. She stood up. "I was wrong, Phil. I thought that if you simply went and told your father and mother what you intended to do, that would be the end of it. Of course it isn't. They won't let it be the end. They love you, you're their only child, and they want you to have the best girl in the world for your wife. I'm not surprised that they don't think I'm her. And I know they'll never change. They won't ever accept me. So—" She took a deep, quivering breath. "I'm not going to come between you and your parents, Phil. I won't do it. It would be—wrong."

"Sally!" Phil took one step toward her, and stopped. "Wait, Sally. You're upset—we both are—"

"I'm not at all upset, Phil. I have been. But not now. The minute I saw you tonight I knew I was going to have to let you go. We're not—we're just not meant to be together. And don't think I'm angry at you, or disappointed. I'm not. I simply see how things are. Right now I could make you leave your family for me. But later on, maybe a year from now, or two, you might look at me and wonder why on earth you

ever did it. I couldn't stand that. I couldn't stand living, day after day, waiting for the time when it would happen—being afraid of it. Even now, I know you'd be relieved if I suggested taking your father's advice and waiting until you've finished going to school."

Sally paused, and Phil didn't answer. "There's no chance for us." Her voice was almost a whisper. "No chance at all. So you'd better go now."

"Sally!" He tried to take her in his arms, but she shook him off.

"Please—go away!" She sounded furious, and maybe Phil thought she was; maybe he wasn't old enough to have found out that unhappiness can make your voice as harsh as anger. He stepped back, hesitantly, and then he made up his mind, and he was gone.

Sally sank down on the couch and leaned back, her eyes closed. "I did it, Aunt Jenny," she said. "I did what seemed right. And I'm sorry already."

Well, it was over between Sally and Phil, and things ought to have gone on for them just about the same as before they met. Only, as a friend of mine says, "Time is a one-way street."

SALLY tried her best to go back. She concentrated on Oliver—I went with her several times to see him. He'd had a shock, that boy—one that had done him a world of good! And fortunately, he was released at the preliminary hearing for him and the other two men (who pleaded guilty, incidentally, and got one-year sentences each). "Do you suppose Mr. Ruskin did it?" Sally asked me. "Even though I turned him down, do you think he went ahead and helped Oliver when he found out I'd sent Phil away?"

"Maybe," I said. "But in my opinion it's more likely the district attorney saw he didn't have any case against Oliver, and let him go, all by himself."

Anyway, whatever the reason, and none of us could be sure of it then, Oliver was free again, and he didn't wait to be drafted, but went off to Metropole the very same day and enlisted in the Army. So as I said, Sally had nothing to worry about. She took up with all her old friends again—

★★★★

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dropping in to see me about once a week, but otherwise being busy going dancing and for automobile rides with half-a-dozen different boys. She used a bit more make-up, and bought some new clothes—on credit, she told me defiantly—and when you went into the drugstore you would likely as not find her joking with some young fellow sitting at the soda fountain.

It was Phil who changed. He took a job in the bank, to keep busy until time to go back to school in the fall, and from being a friendly, pleasant youngster he turned morose and uncommunicative. He did his work all right, as far as anyone could tell, but when it was over he went straight home; and at home he spent most of his time in his own room, reading and studying. He was polite to Berg and Helen, but that was all. If Helen suggested that he ought to go out and see some of his old friends, the boys—and, Helen really meant, the girls—he'd gone to school with, he would say, "I don't feel like it, Mother," in a tone that was so indifferent, but so final too, that Helen couldn't pursue it.

HELEN herself wasn't feeling entirely secure these days. Seeing the way Phil had withdrawn into himself, she found herself wondering, against her will, if she and Berg had been wrong. Perhaps they should have given their consent, let Phil go ahead and marry his Sally . . . But then she would pass Simpson's drugstore, on one of her shopping trips downtown, and see Sally leaning over the counter, laughing with Harry Todd or Charlie Edwards, and her resolution would come back, as strong as it had ever been. A girl like that—why, she'd have made Phil's life one unending torment, once the first bloom of marriage had worn off!

Yet Phil's dejection nagged her conscience, and as the weeks went by and he showed no signs of shaking it off she went on trying to help him. She invented reasons for going to Metropole on Saturday afternoons, and asked Phil to drive her there in the car. He always agreed, as if it didn't matter where he was or what he was doing. He sat in the car or walked along the Metropole streets while she was shopping, and when she was through and suggested that they stay for dinner he answered, "All right, Mother. If you'd like to." They would go to the best places, and Phil would order and eat, and answer Helen's remarks with the proper words; but she always had the feeling that he wasn't actually there with her at all, that his thoughts were somewhere else.

She finally did something she shouldn't have done.

It was toward the end of April, and they were driving home from one of their excursions to Metropole. The fields on each side of the road stretched away, dim under a half moon. By day they were green, but now the green was like a pale mist hugging the ground. Phil had put the top of the roadster down, although it was cool, and the air was damp and filled with the smell of things growing. To Phil, on a night like this, the thought of Sally was nearly unendurable. He wanted to go to her, feel her slim body in his arms, put his lips against the velvet of her skin. But a queer inertia kept him away. She had said, "We're not meant to be together," and the words had struck him with a dull finality.

They were halfway home when Helen said, above the hum of the motor,

"Phil—I've got to talk to you. I know you—you blame your father and me because we opposed your marriage."

"You didn't just oppose it," Phil said. "You prevented it. I told you Sally had refused me because she didn't want to come between me and my family."

"Yes, I know," Helen said nervously. "But you must believe it was only for your own good—"

"I believe you thought it was," Phil broke in. "I wish I didn't."

"A girl like that— You've seen how she's been acting lately, going around with any boy that asks her. She isn't worth grieving over, Phil."

Unconsciously, Phil began driving faster. "Sally has a right to go out with anyone she pleases. After the way I treated her, I certainly haven't any voice in what she does!"

"I don't know what you mean by that, Phil. She was the one who said she wouldn't marry you."

"And the reason she said it was that she saw how miserable I was over disobeying you and Dad—because she saw that I was still a kid, tied to you both, without any will of my own!"

There. He'd put it into words at last—the ugly, humiliating secret that he had tried to keep even from himself. He felt a wave of relief, a slackening of the tension that had made him move carefully and speak as little as possible all these weeks.

His mother sat up straight beside him, her eyes on the road ahead. "That's not why she said she wouldn't marry you, Phil," she told him. "It's time you knew the truth."

His head jerked toward her, then back to the road.

"Your father called her in to his office and talked to her. He promised he'd get the charges against her brother dismissed if she would give you up. At first she refused—or pretended to. But that night she broke off with you."

Phil's hands, gripping the steering wheel so tightly the skin was stretched over his knuckles, pulled the car around a curve. "If that's true—" he said harshly, and stopped.

"It's true, Phil. Every word of it."

"She could have told me that was the reason!" he burst out bitterly. "That would have been the honest thing to do—instead of letting me think it was my fault!"

"She was ashamed, of course."

"I'D have understood—" Phil began, and stopped. Would he have understood, or would he have been as bitterly angry as he was now, at this very minute—angry at Sally, and at his father too? Because there had been other ways to help Oliver, honest ways, involving none of this behind-the-scenes maneuvering.

"Very clever of Dad," he said scornfully. That was the last time he spoke until he stopped the car in front of the Ruskin house. "Go on in, Mother," he said coldly. "I'm going downtown."

"But—" Mechanically, Helen opened the door and stepped to the curb. "Why? What are you going to do?"

Phil leaned over to slam the car door shut. "I don't know," he said. "I have a hunch I'm going to get drunk."

In the final chapter of *Once We're Married*, Aunt Jenny tells how everything exploded between Phil and Sally—exploded in a crash that involved family, friends—Aunt Jenny most of all. Read it in the August RADIO MIRROR, on sale Friday, July 12.

Murder for Two

(Continued from page 37)

"I thought you might feel a bit odd here, under the circumstances," she said. "But I guess you agree with me that evil things don't live after they're done." Then suddenly she gasped and put a hand against her mouth. "My iron! I left it on—I must be going." She started toward the door, stopped on the threshold and called back, "It's nice to have this place rented again. Everyone else was so cowardly about it. I'm glad you brave people came along!"

She was gone. They could hear her footsteps moving carefully down the hall as Jerry shut the door. He found himself holding both the door-handle and his wife, who had suddenly thrown her arms around his neck.

"Oh, darling, let's get out of here!" she said. "I have a streak of woman's intuition that otherwise we're going to be very unhappy!"

Jerry took her arms away. "Nonsense!" said he. "I'm going out now and get our bags from our latest hotel. I'll be right back. We have a home now, Pam, and that's all that matters!"

He re-opened the hall door—and a handsome young man whose eye had obviously been glued to the keyhole fell into the room.

"Better watch that!" Pam told him as he regained his balance. "You'll have a keyhole mark on one eye and not on the other."

HE paid no attention to her. "I'm Mr. Stone, from the apartment beneath you," he said, offering a hand to Jerry.

"Oh, your gloomy mother just left," Pam said.

"Not my mother, my wife," said young Mr. Stone. Then he turned back to Jerry. "I guess you don't know how to read or you wouldn't be here," he remarked flatly.

"Of course we can read—almost anything in English, that is," Pam said.

"Well, then—read this," said Mr. Stone. He pulled a folded newspaper from his pocket, presented it to Jerry, bowed, and left abruptly. The door slammed hollowly on his quick exit.

"The Stones are so abrupt," Pam lamented, staring at the door.

But Jerry, unfolding the newspaper Stone had given him, whistled suddenly, and Pam rushed to his side. She saw a newspaper with a month-old dateline—and the headline: "YOUNG WOMAN FOUND MURDERED IN PARK AVENUE APARTMENT." The story read: "Beautiful Mrs. Maria Lombardy, 26, was found murdered today in her richly decorated Park Avenue apartment. Her body, clad only in a nightgown, lay beside her bed. The murder weapon, an ordinary steel kitchen knife, was still buried in her back. She had apparently been killed around 1 A.M. Her son Robert, aged three, had been found only a few minutes after the murder by other residents of her apartment house, crowded in the box of the dumbwaiter shaft. The murderer had evidently started to strangle him, been frightened by the child's screams, and had shoved him into the dumbwaiter box for some purpose of his own.

"The dead woman's husband, Corporal Sam Lombardy of the United States Army, arrived in New York City from overseas duty the day of the murder, but at present cannot be located either by the police or friends

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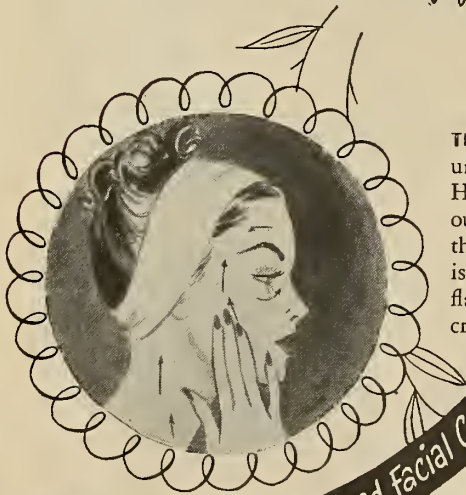


Next, in 8 minutes . . . or when mask has "set." Slosh on cool, clear water. How wonderfully soft your skin feels now—looks smoother, finer in texture. It's actually glowing, brightened by the gentle blushing action of White Clay Pack. Not a rough patch left to cause "bumpy" make-up. Now you're a smoothie for fair!

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Army authorities report that he went absent without leave during debarkation from his troopship, and have no clue as to his present whereabouts."

"I remember that case," Pam said slowly and thoughtfully. "It wasn't solved. The police finally decided to call it 'murder by person or persons unknown.'"

"I remember it too, now," Jerry agreed. "And it certainly explains why Mr. Bower was so anxious to rent us this joint. Even in these times, most people don't want an apartment with such a new and grisly history."

Pam gave a little hopeful hop. "Listen, Jerry, we can still get out of the lease. All we have to do is remind Mr. Bower that he signed us up without telling all the facts. . . ."

"Nope, we're staying," Jerry said flatly. "Murder or no murder, it's an apartment." He started toward the door. "I'm going now to our hotel and get our things. I'll be right back." This time he opened the door to an empty hallway, and closed it decisively on a dejected Pam.

ALONE, she instantly felt a rush of nerves. She looked uneasily out the window into the growing darkness, wrung her hands unhappily—and went hurriedly to the bar. "I'll mix me a drink to keep up my courage," she said aloud. She mixed it, sipped it, and said aloud again, "My courage, you are keeping up!"—when suddenly there was a tinkle and a rush of sound. A rock landed on the rug at her feet. It had been thrown through the window, probably from the dark rooftop next door, and there was a note fluttering from it by a piece of twine.

Pam, her knees weak, went over and picked up the rock. The note, written in ink in rough printed letters, said, *Get out while you're still alive!*

"Just as you say!" Pam told it, and began running hysterically for the door. She flung it open—and saw Jerry outside, sagging under numberless suitcases. He came staggering in under his burden, talking brightly.

"Pretty quick trip I made, huh?" he said. "Reason for it was I found the hotel had obligingly packed our bags and left 'em in the lobby. We'd been thrown out of our room. Pam, we got this place in the nick of time, and it's got to be our happy home from now on!"

"Change that to unhappy home, and you're quite right," said Pam faintly. She shoved the rock and note forward for his study, and then sat down suddenly in the nearest chair.

But her sour omen seemed wrong for the next few hours, during which they had dinner at a cheerfully-lit restaurant, and returned to a comfortable bed. "A bed that's ours for the next year, instead of the night," Jerry told her just before they both fell asleep. But he was wrong about the bed being theirs for much of that night.

Pam awoke to find herself sitting up in sheer terror. She had begun shaking Jerry awake before she saw the reason for her fear. An unexpected visitor was just entering their bedroom via the fire escape outside their window—a man, silhouetted against the pre-dawn gloom. He was dressed in a huge overcoat, and Pam saw the white blur of a handkerchief over his face—and the gleam from the gun in his hand.

His voice, when he spoke, was low and hoarse. "Just stay in bed with your hands up," he ordered. "I'm going to

search the place, and I won't hurt you unless it's necessary."

Even as the Norths' arms rose in unison, Jerry's foot kicked Pam's ankle under the bedclothes. Then, suddenly, he shouted, "Look!" Pam instantly picked up the cue and screamed at the top of her lungs. The stranger whirled—and at that moment Jerry leaped from the bed and enveloped the masked intruder in his long arms.

He had the gun wrenched away in a second. In the struggle, the stranger's hat fell off and his handkerchief slipped down—and as Pamela snapped the bedside light on, he was revealed as a she. And a very beautiful blonde she.

"It's a woman!" said Jerry, amazed. "Then come out of that clinch with it," said Pam coldly.

Jerry stepped back, still clutching the gun, and immediately the lovely burglar burst into tears.

"I'm Maria Lombardy's sister Lola," she sobbed, "and I just got here today from my home in Oregon. I came to try and clear up the mystery of my sister's death, which the police didn't seem able to solve." She looked at both of them through wet lashes. "The superintendent wouldn't let me into the apartment. I thought it was empty, so I came up to search it by way of the fire escape—disguised just in case of emergency."

"It would have been nicer to ring the bell," Pam said from the bed.

The girl ignored her, turning to Jerry. "And I can't help wondering about my brother-in-law, Maria's husband. He's back in the country, you know. He came back the day of the murder. But he's disappeared. I—I just thought maybe I could straighten out a lot of things if I came."

"I think so too," Jerry beamed at her. A glance from Pam changed him hastily back into the role of loyal husband. Pam said sharply, "And now what can we do for you?"

The girl looked at her appealingly. "You could let me stay on your living-room couch until morning. Then I could search for clues by daylight. It's only another couple of hours." The amiable Norths eyed her tear-stained face—and shrugged. "Okay," they said in chorus, and Pam rose to settle her in the livingroom.

In another few minutes, the darkened apartment was filled once more with the symphony of snores. But then again Pam found herself sitting bolt upright in bed, again peering at a dark, muffled figure coming in from the fire escape—again with a concealing handkerchief over his face, and with a gun in his hand.

This time Pam didn't bother to shake Jerry. "Here's that man again," she told him wearily.

"You should change your costume for the second act, Lola," Jerry muttered sleepily. But he too sat up, no longer sleepy, when Lola's frightened voice called from the next room. This was a completely new intruder! And a much more business-like one than Lola.

In no time he had the Norths and Lola crowded in a corner of the bedroom with his gun trained on them, while he began a systematic search of the room. He had quickly and skillfully covered half the room when Lola suddenly gasped in reaction. Then she ran forward a few feet and said accusingly, "You're my brother-in-law—Maria's husband!"



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He moved so quickly the Norths hardly knew what happened. Without a word he stepped forward and hit Lola on the jaw. By the time she had sagged to the floor he had run out through the livingroom, and the Norths heard the front door slam behind him.

"Tarzan with clothes on!" Pam said, rushing to Lola's aid. But Lola was already sitting up, rubbing her jaw thoughtfully. "No, I'm not hurt much," she assured Pam. Then she added, almost to herself, "Of course, I could be wrong about him. . ."

Meanwhile Jerry had the telephone in a strangle-hold and was yelling at the police to canvass the building and nearby streets. It was only a half hour before the telephone shrilled, with a police sergeant on the other end of the wire. "Not a thing, Mr. North," he rumbled. "Nobody we could find in the neighborhood but several men walking their dogs. And one dog walking its drunken man."

"Okay, thanks for calling," Jerry told him.

Again the North apartment settled to quiet. Again three peaceful snores were the only sound in the dawn-graying air. And then, suddenly, the doorbell began to ring. It kept on pealing insistently.

"Tomorrow," Pam said wearily as she followed her husband out of bed, "I suggest we move to Times Square."

At the door, Jerry looked surprised at what seemed to be an empty hall. "Why, there's no one . . ." he began.

"Look down," Pam advised.

He did—and saw a baby boy, not dressed for calling. He wore a striped flannel bathrobe and blue pajamas. Behind Jerry, Lola cried warmly, "It's Maria's son Robbie! Hello, baby, you look just like your pictures!" she hugged him. Meanwhile Jerry began interviewing the baby over her shoulder.

"How'd you get here, son?" he asked.

Robbie lisped an answer at once. "The Tones, downstairs, have been takin' care of me. My mummy went away, you know."

Jerry persisted, "I know, but how did you happen to come up here now?"

"I dot up and unworked the door, and tamed up here," Robbie lisped, sensibly enough. "I wanted to thee if Mummy was back yet."

"She's not—and I think you'd better come back to bed, Rob," a positive voice cut in. The Stones stood in the open doorway, both dressed in bathrobes. It was Mr. Stone who had spoken, and now he stepped forward and took a firm hold on Robbie's small hand. "We missed you, and thought maybe you'd come calling at your old home. But now you have to finish sleeping," he said.

"Oh, no!" Lola said, her voice pleading. She kept one arm locked around Robbie. "Let him stay here for breakfast—it's almost time for breakfast. And I haven't seen him ever before. I'm his aunt, you know. Let him stay!"

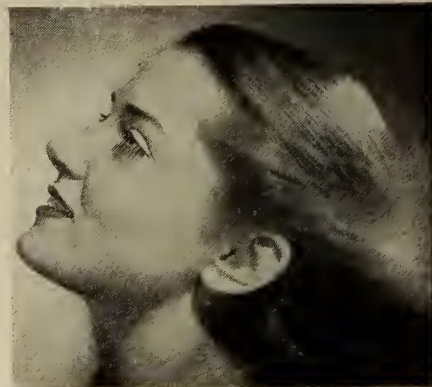
Old Mrs. Stone said to her husband, "Yes, dear, let's let him—"

"Absolutely not," Mr. Stone told her flatly. He turned back to Robbie. "Come on, boy. Back to your crib."

Lola turned to Pam helplessly, and Pam rallied hastily. "Let him stay," she said. "But don't give him any false hope about breakfast. We haven't any food. . ."

She got that far when Jerry cut in. "I demand that Robbie stay here for breakfast," he told Stone. "Frankly, I

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won't take no for an answer." His tone was belligerent. So belligerent that Mr. Stone, scowling, reluctantly backed out. He nodded imperatively at his wife to follow him. Pam hastily shut the door on them. Then she stood watching her husband rush to the baby's side.

"What did you see the night—the night you were put in the dumbwaiter, Robbie?" he demanded.

Robbie, who had been smiling up at him, suddenly looked as if a mask had fallen before his face. He gazed back in utter blankness. "Don't 'member," he said indifferently.

"Yes, you do. Try, Robbie," Jerry insisted. "What did the man—or woman—look like? Think."

Still blank-faced, little Robbie tried to inch away from him. "Don't know," he muttered.

Pam interrupted. "Little as I know about children, Jerry," she said, "I can see that the shock of that night has made him forget everything. His memory is gone. You might as well give up."

Jerry rose to his feet, shaking his head in disappointment. "I'm afraid you're right. Children often forget something that terrified them—it just blots out in their minds." He paced the floor, thinking. "But he might know the answer to the whole tragedy . . . and there's some way to make him recall it. There's something that will bring it all back."

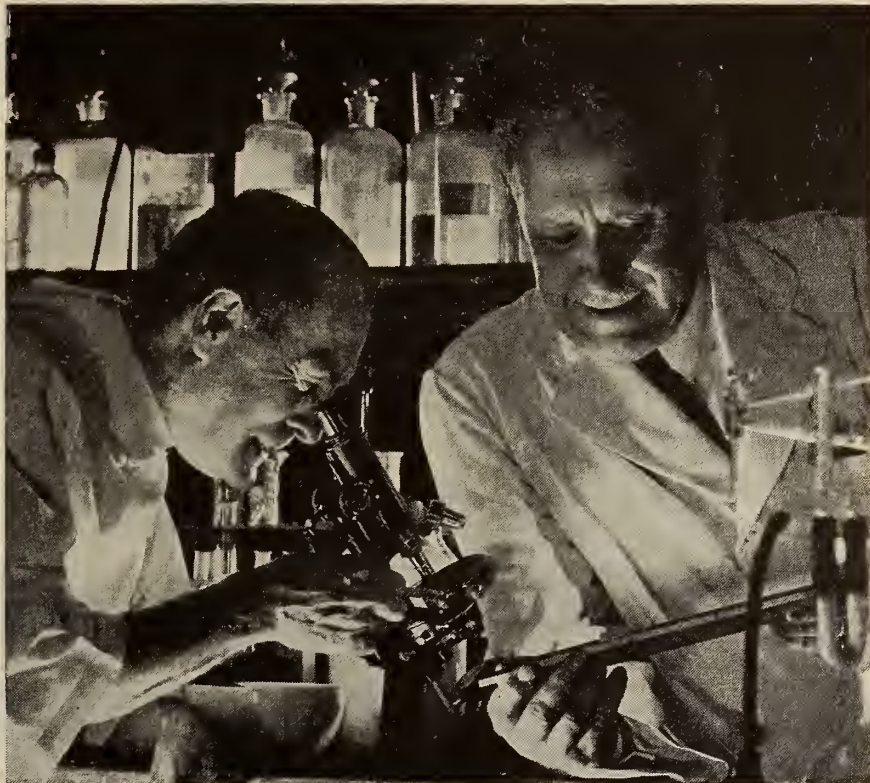
THEN he got an idea. Jubilantly he turned to Robbie, swung him off the ground. "I have it! The dumbwaiter! We'll put him in it—maybe that will do the trick!"

Robbie gurgled happily as Jerry ran with him to the dumbwaiter shaft, with Pam and Lola behind them. But the minute Jerry slid wide the door of the dark shaft, the little boy began whimpering and straining away. "Don't wanna go in there! Dark!" he said, kicking and wrestling in Jerry's arms. And by the time Jerry had pulled the big dumbwaiter box into view, the baby was screaming in terror.

Pam took a stand, with Lola backing her up. "Jerry, little as I still know about children, I can see he doesn't cotton to that idea." Then she took an even firmer stand. "I shall get in the box—me and my flashlight," she decided. "Maybe the murderer dropped something in the way of clues down the shaft when he was stuffing Robbie into it—anyway, we'll see. It won't

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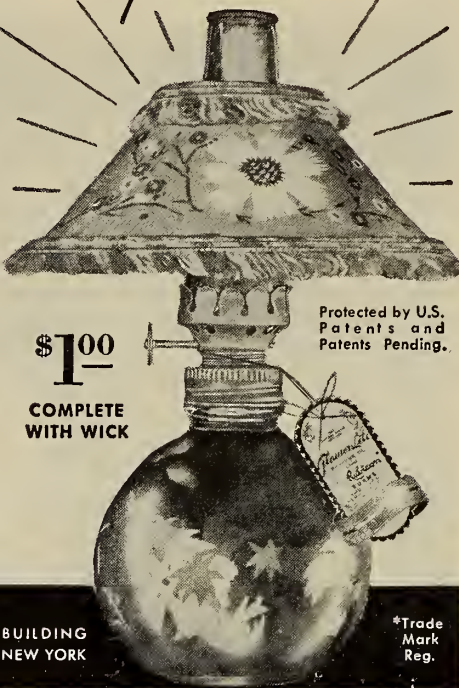
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hurt—the least it will do is show Robbie there's nothing to be afraid of. Then maybe we can get something out of him." Once she had the idea, she could hardly wait for Jerry to finish his careful testing of the ropes. Then, pulling her flapping pajamas tightly around her, she climbed into the box. A second later she had manipulated the ropes and had sunk out of sight into the dark shaft. "I'm going down a little," she called up through the gloom, "Maybe I'll find something—a stain on the walls, at one of the other floors, or something like that. A clue!" Lola joined Jerry at the opening, with Robbie clinging to her hand. They watched the ropes moving in front of them, and heard Pam's cheerful call float up, "First floor down—and all's well!" Then, it seemed only a second later, the ropes in front of their eyes went dead still. A second after that and they heard Pam's voice, muffled but terrified.

"Jerry! Help!" she was shrieking. "I think somebody's cutting the ropes!" Jerry turned sheet-white. Over his shoulder he shouted, "Lola, call the police." Desperately he began working hand-over-hand on the rope that pulled the box upward. But his voice, as he called down to Pam, didn't match his sweating face at all. "Don't look now," he called lightly, "but it's the old man to the rescue." He went on doing the only thing he could—heaving on the rope, praying it wouldn't sever before he could drag her up to safety. Then, far below in the shaft, there was another scream from Pam and a crash. The rope on which Jerry was heaving leaped from his hands, almost pulling him into the shaft after it.

BUT he managed to keep his hold, bracing himself against the sides of the dumbwaiter door. Meanwhile he yelled Pam's name down the shaft, his voice quavering.

Muffled, embittered, her voice floated up. "Yes, my dear husband. What do you want?—And before you tell me, let me say I want to get out of here. I'm stuck in the shaft—and somehow this box has fixed it so I'm sitting on my head!"

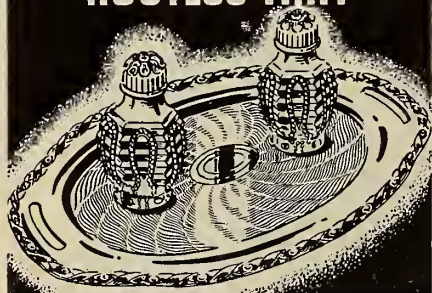
Jerry almost grinned in his relief. Then, straining, he began lugging again at the rope. In between pulls, he called down to her, "There's no killing you off—the clumsy fool cut the wrong rope! Which dooms me to haul your hundred and fifteen pounds upward all by myself!"

And finally the box appeared in sight again, with Pam balancing it in the middle of the shaft with her hands. And Pam talking copiously about the rope-cutter in particular and dumbwaiters in general. And Pam adding, as she clambered back into the apartment, "Another thing—my pajama coat has been over my face most of my upside-down trip. Remind me to buy some new pajamas—I kept chewing thoughtfully on these, and I don't like the flavor of the material!"

Shaking and sweating from his recent efforts though he was, Jerry stared at her as if she had spoken with the wisdom of Solomon. Then he snapped his fingers with an idea and said aloud, "Over your face!" A second later he had grabbed a handkerchief out of his pocket and hastily tied it under his eyes. While Lola and Pam stared at him in amazement, he bent down to small Robbie. "Who am I, Robbie?" he asked through the handkerchief.

Robbie stared at him only for a second. Then he said, "Mither Tone," and

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burst into noisy, heartbreaking tears. Everything happened fast from then on. Jerry ran into the hall, with Pam on his heels. As they headed for the stairs, four policemen got out of the elevator. "Follow us!" Jerry yelled, and all of them ran down the stairs to the floor below. A second later, they were pounding on the Stones' door. They were only just in time. Stone, hastily dressed and carrying a small bag, was caught half-way to his own door as they knocked it in.

"Arrest that man," Jerry said, "for the murder of Maria Lombardy and the attempted murder of her small son."

Then both the Norths jumped forward to catch old Mrs. Stone, as she toppled to the floor in a dead faint.

Later, after Stone had been taken to police headquarters, Pam and Jerry sat in a sunny window of their apartment eating a tray breakfast.

"You can now explain everything," Pam said through a mouthful of egg.

JERRY, through his bacon, explained that young Mr. Stone, who had married old Mrs. Stone for her money, had seen in the lovely young Maria Lombardy a chance for even more money and love to boot. So he had wooed her, in the absence of her soldier husband, and had thought he'd won her. But when she heard that her husband was coming home, she'd changed her mind. Infuriated, Stone had murdered her—by coming in with a handkerchief over his face in the dead of night and knifing her. Little Robbie had seen the whole thing sleepily from his crib, and recognized Stone's familiar voice when Stone spoke to him through the handkerchief. So Stone, whose murder weapon was sunk deep in Maria's heart, had hastily attempted to choke the boy and had wildly put him in the dumbwaiter box—meaning, no doubt, to complete the job from his own apartment's dumbwaiter opening in a few minutes and then toss the lifeless body down the shaft.

But the boy's cries had roused kindly old Mrs. Stone, who had already dragged him from the box when young Mr. Stone reappeared. Then, in the excitement of the police investigation, Stone had decided to do away with the boy after the spotlight was off the case. He and Mrs. Stone (she in innocence) had kept the police from questioning the little boy too fully by saying that the shock of it would affect his mind indefinitely. In any event, Robbie remembered nothing of the horror night until Jerry's questioning.

Meanwhile, Robbie's father's mysterious disappearance in New York had been much like Lola's visit—both wanted to find Maria's murderer without being hampered by the police. It was the father who'd come in via the fire escape and hit Lola (gently) when she identified him. But Stone was responsible for the rock thrown through the window with the scare-note attached.

"And now Robbie will find a home with his father and all will be well," Jerry wound up. Then he looked sharply at his wife, whose nose was buried rudely in a newspaper. "Just what are you doing?" he demanded.

"Looking at the housing ads," she said without emerging from behind the newspaper. "This place will be too monotonous from now on. But here's one that sounds promising. It's an 80-year-old house, with a history of ghosts, located in a Florida swamp-land. . . ."

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Don't You Know I Love You?

(Continued from page 47)

"Run along, you peacock," I said gaily. "Let a woman have a chance."

I went to the wardrobe, and took from its hanger the yellow dress I had worn the night Dick proposed to me. How tenderly I had cherished it!

"Dear God," I prayed softly, "please help him to remember just the dear, lovely things! For this one night, anyhow. Please, God!"

Dick was waiting for me in the livingroom. "Remember me?" I asked, smiling shyly at him from the doorway. But Dick didn't smile back. Instead, he got slowly to his feet, and his face was white as he stared at me. "That's the way you looked when I married you," he said, his voice seeming to accuse me. "You look just exactly the same," he repeated, staring. So he had remembered!

I WANTED to hold out my arms to him, to tell him I was the same, to let him hold me in his arms as he had then, but I knew I must not. He would do it, it was what he wanted, but later he would hate me for it. It was enough now that he found me beautiful. As through some inner mirror, I saw myself through his eyes. In that dress the color of soft sunshine, with my hair—brushed so hard for so many weeks!—waving away from a face in which there must be still some sparkle of excitement, with my eyes masking their pleading with gaiety—he thought me lovely. He wanted me close. It was there, in his face, in his involuntary movement toward me. But I stepped back.

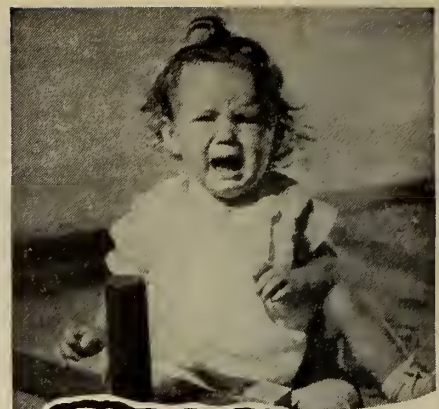
"Oh, no, not really," I said lightly. "That's a coincidental resemblance, as they say in the stories. I'm far from being the same, really. Come on—fried chicken, cream gravy, hot biscuit, everything you like."

Dick grinned as he followed me into the diningroom and held my chair. "How are you different?" he challenged. The grin was in his voice too, as though he were just making conversation, but I thought I sensed a tenseness.

"Better," I said, looking into his eyes. "Much better, Dick. Less selfish, less—my goodness. I'm getting light-headed myself. Might be starvation, don't you think?"

Laughing, chatting, deliberately keeping on the surface of things, we ate our dinner. I kept looking around the cheerful room with its pale blue and ivory paneling, which we had planned together with such pride; the delicate flowery draperies, the china, the candles in their silver holders that had been a gift from the Pads. Everything spoke of shared happiness. Of lives knitted together through hours of interwoven thinking, planning, habits. Could they be broken as lightly as Dick thought? Was that what he really wanted?

It wasn't until we finished dinner, and were sitting on the couch in front of the fire, that anything definite was said. Dick spoke slowly, reluctantly. "I guess we'd better get it all said, Merry. It's—nothing new, it shouldn't be hard to bring it out and face it. After all," he turned to me, but he didn't look at me; his eyes were remote, remembering, "we both knew we'd made a flop of our marriage. We talked about it before I went. It was plain enough



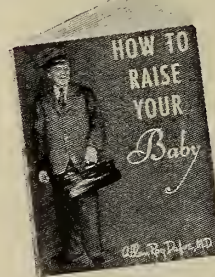
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then, and the past three years haven't changed what went before. We just weren't any good together." When I didn't answer, he repeated almost angrily, "We weren't, were we?"

I took a deep breath over the tightness in my throat. "No. No, we weren't Dick. But maybe—three years is a long time. I've thought a lot about us, tried to discover where we went wrong—where I went wrong."

"It's over!" Dick jumped up restlessly, walked about the room, sat down again. "It'll hurt too much to drag it all up again. We decided on divorce, and we were right."

"Yes," I whispered. Everything in me was tight, strained, hope and my desperate need of him tangled with the fear that I couldn't find words to reach him. "But maybe it was a mistake. If we'd been more patient, given each other more time. . . . Don't you see, Dick, I understand better now. I've grown up. I didn't mean to be selfish. I just didn't want our marriage to be like so many others; like Mother's. I guess I was a little unbalanced. I wanted the right thing—but I went about it all wrong. I know that now."

"I'll say you did." Dick was grim. He wasn't meeting me half way—not any of the way, in fact. He shook his head. "It wouldn't work. I know you mean it for the best, Merry, but it just wouldn't do. We don't see things alike."

"We're older. People do change. We—we loved each other very much, once." It was the wrong thing to say. I knew it as soon as the words were out. He didn't want to be reminded. "We did." His voice was unsteady with anger. "I loved you more than was good for either of us, I guess. I couldn't see that the friendly, happy feeling—like to-night—was just an accident, that basically we had nothing to build on. Oh, what's the use of this, Merry!" I turned from the look in his eyes, the twist of his mouth. "Let's stop this. It's dead, and I want to forget it. Let's just let each other go, and start out free."

His words were like the official seal on a death sentence. "All right," I said, quietly. "We won't say any more then." I got up. "Would you like some music?" I walked steadily toward the piano, careful to keep my head turned so he couldn't see my face. My eyes felt as if someone had thrown a handful of sand in them. It was all I could do to keep from sobbing. So this was to be the end of all my dreaming! I had asked for it, of course, but it didn't make it any easier. I sat down at the piano and began playing. That always helped me.

While I was playing, the Pads arrived. I had forgotten to call Darling, and had time only for a mutely apologetic glance at Dick as breathless and excited they crowded around him, all talking at once. There were still a few missing from the old crowd, some who were still in service. Some wouldn't come back at all. I saw Dick's eyes take quick note of this, and a swift shadow crossed his face, before he joined in the fun.

"Didn't we hear music while we were pounding at the door?" Darling beamed around at me. "Look, Merry, girl, when you're celebrating, this is how you do it." She popped down at the piano, began pounding out all the raucous, gay old melodies the Pads had loved to sing in the old days, the ones that had always made me wince. I saw Dick glance at me, and look away, puzzled at the expression on my face. He didn't know—I hadn't had time to tell him—

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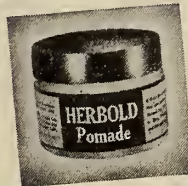


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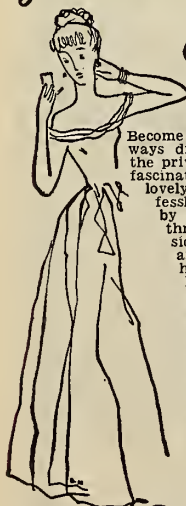


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how I had changed about the Pads, how much Darling and her wonderful, zesty personality had changed my way of living, while he'd been gone. The girl he'd left would have been shrinking in a corner, in a ladylike way, obviously waiting for her guests to go home. Now, if it hadn't been for the emptiness inside, I would have been enjoying myself. I'd learned how, these past three years.

Mentally I shrugged. But he didn't care, I reminded myself. He didn't want me, changed or no. He wouldn't wait to give us another chance.

While someone else took over the piano, and I took coffee round, Darling fell into earnest conversation with Dick. The snatches I heard only made me more hopeless. "Merry thought she was a one-woman army, the way she pounded the piano day and night for those boys," was one bit. Then there was something about Dick's mother, and the Red Cross work... but Dick wasn't really listening. Half an ear turned to Darling, half to the singing, his eyes on her vivacious, mobile face, he smiled as though whatever she had to say would please him, even if he wasn't really listening to it.

THE Pads didn't stay long. Dick got up when they started to leave. "I'm coming along," he said loudly, almost as if he expected someone to object. "If you'll wait a minute, I want to speak to Merry, before I leave. I've got to push on to Mother's tonight. She's been sick."

"Isn't Merry going with you?" Darling's voice was as short as Dick's, as uncompromising. "After all, it's your first night, and I know your mother will want Merry, too—" Something she saw in my face must have stopped her. "Oh, well," she finished lamely, "I guess you and Merry know what you want to do."

"It's all right," I said softly. "I have a headache, so I'd better stay home. If you'll excuse me—"

I followed Dick into our bedroom, my heart beating as if I'd been racing. My eyes flew to his face.

"I'm going now, Merry," he said abruptly. "It's better this way. Easier and—quick."

I held my head high, forcing my lips to smile. "You mean you won't be back?"

He nodded. "I'm sorry." Sorry! That was a foolish, empty word for the way I felt. "Let's see each other, sometimes."

He nodded stiffly, almost reluctantly. After that, time ceased for me. I hardly heard what the Pads said as they left. I noted almost indifferently the compassion in Darling's eyes, the half promise. She would do what she could of course, but what could anyone do?

I stood alone in our livingroom, looking about it, seeing the ghost of a thousand dreams trailing through it, mocking me. I couldn't stand it, I thought desperately, I'd have to do something, go somewhere. But where would I go? Back to mother's? I knew from experience that wouldn't help. Ghosts have wings, they follow you. You can't get away from them. No, I might as well stay right here. Maybe there were happy ghosts, too. Maybe they'd finally come to my rescue, if I gave them time.

I walked slowly back to the piano, and sat down. What had I been playing? Chopin, of course. He knew about heartbreak, wreckage. I had been playing a Chopin prelude for a radio program when Dick first saw me. I don't

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know what he was doing in the broadcasting room. He wasn't supposed to be there, but Dick was always bobbing up where he wasn't supposed to be. I looked up, after finishing my number, my face lighted with the loveliness of the music, my spirit caught by its glory, and there was Dick smiling down at me. Somehow, his face and the music got all mixed up together right then and there, in my heart. And from that time on it was like that. Don't listen to people who say it can't happen. It does. It did to me. And it didn't seem strange, at all. It was the most natural thing in the world. I was in love.

"Please," he said eagerly, "don't lose that look. Or is Chopin the only thing that makes you feel that way? You know—radiant and sort of transported."

I smiled, directly and with no hope of disguising my feeling. "Chopin was, or music was," I told him. "Up to now." And our eyes held, and held.

A month from then we were married. "Someone else might find you," Dick insisted. "I can't think how I ever had such luck, anyhow. But I won't try to stretch it out. It might not hold."

"It will hold, all right," I told him. "But, Dick, I want our marriage to be different from those of most of the people I've known. I couldn't bear it if it were like my parents. They're divorced now, but they weren't for years. They lived right there in the same house, and they were like strangers. Do you know I can't ever remember seeing my father kiss my mother! I don't believe he ever did. They weren't disagreeable, or cross like lots of people. I can't imagine my mother ever losing her temper. I don't even think they were unhappy. Of course, there was plenty of money, and they were gone lots of the time, but it does seem odd, don't you think, for two people to live like that—don't you suppose they were ever in love? Why did they get married if they weren't?"

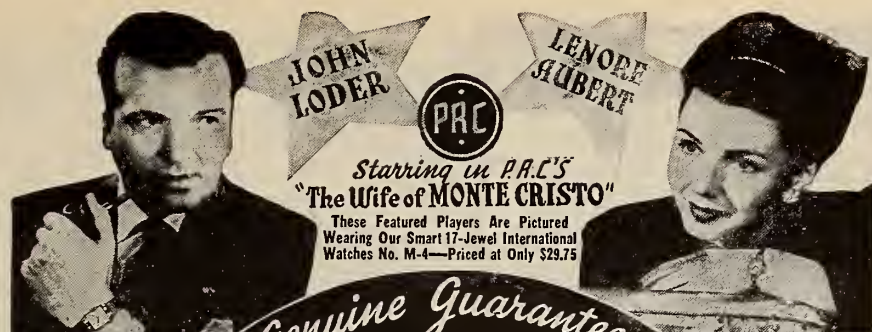
DICK shook his head. "Can't imagine," he admitted. "Your mother is lovely enough for any man to love. You look like her. Look here," he grinned, "you don't suppose it runs in the family, do you?"

"Not on your life. I'll show you. I'm never going to let you out of my sight. You'll see. We're not going to be a bit like them."

I didn't need to worry. We weren't like them. To begin with, we didn't have any money except Dick's salary as a reporter, and it was small. Dick wouldn't hear of my accepting the allowance my mother wanted to continue making me, which she was well able to afford. He even refused the beautiful house mother picked out as her wedding present to us. "We'll start on our own, even if it isn't too good," he insisted. But to make up for his refusal, he bought a charming little cottage, with sunlit, brilliant rooms, opening out onto a backyard gay with flowers. "On the instalment plan," he admitted sheepishly. "A dollar down, and the rest scattered over the rest of your life."

From the first moment, I loved it. It was something of my very own. Something Dick and I would have, just the two of us. How well I remember that afternoon in late spring when Dick brought me for the first time to see the little house in its bright setting of flowers.

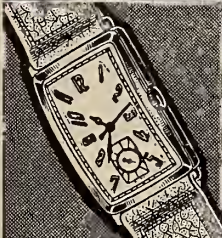
I turned to him with swimming eyes. "I love you," I whispered, putting both arms about his neck. "I'll love you as



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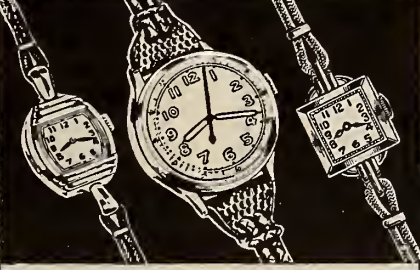
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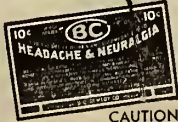
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long as I live and afterwards, too."

"Here, here, you mustn't make rash statements. Always is a long time, and love has wings, they say. Especially love in a cottage," he teased. "They say it even flies out the windows."

I couldn't bear to have him tease. "Don't, Dick," I pleaded, "Our love won't fly out of any window. We'll keep it away from everybody. We'll shut people out. We'll keep it just for ourselves."

We plan like that in our selfish blindness. I didn't know then that I had just planned the death of our marriage, right at its beginning. Deep dry sobs shook me at the memory of my weakness, the weakness in my own nature that stole happiness from me. The beautiful things of life do not come to those who shut themselves away from life, I know that now. They are born out there in the stream of living, in the relentless ebb and flow that hammers character into solid beauty.

But I didn't know that then! So I tried to shut people out of our lives.

THERE was that first time Dick wanted to have his friends from the office out. "The Pads are swell, Merry. I want you to know them. They're my best friends—almost my only ones. I don't have much time. And I want to show you off to them! They're crazy to know you." I smiled at the eagerness in his voice, but I shook my head. "Not yet, Dick," I pleaded. "Please let's wait a little while. We've only had two weeks, darling. People and things will break in soon enough. You don't mind, Dick, do you—just a little while longer?"

He smiled, but a little shadow seemed to cross his face. How was I to know I'd reached a crucial moment in my life? The only warning I had was the tiny shadow that crossed his face. Why, oh, why, didn't it pierce my heart and make me understand? All my life had been making me unready for this moment. At least, that was what I told myself later, when the memory of the moment had become an agony past bearing. But it isn't life that unfits us for its big moments when we hover on the brink of momentous decisions, but our own selfish reactions to life. Our pettiness! Our greed! I had learned that too.

Dick went back to his work, back to his friends, and I was left at home. My days were filled with thoughts of him. Of our happiness. I worked around the house and garden with a heart brimming with joy, and songs trembled from my lips in an overflow of happiness. I planned every moment so that the time would pass quickly until he was back home again. I studied my cook-book until I knew how to cook all the things he liked best. I kept the house spotless. And when the moments seemed long, I sat down and played my heart out on the mellowed ivory keys, over which I had hovered since babyhood. It had been mother's wedding present to me.

My happiness seemed so complete that I couldn't understand Dick's insistence that I have outside interests. "Keep up your radio work, Merry, darling," he insisted.

"I don't need outside interests," I objected, closing his arguments with a kiss. "I have you, and that's all I want."

Dick started to say something, then seemed to change his mind. "How about having your mother over to dinner sometime real soon—maybe tomorrow? And I'd like us to spend a

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day or so with my mother. You've never met her, and she doesn't live far away. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Of course, I would, Dick. But let's wait a little longer. Mother will understand, and your mother, too, I know. I don't want anybody else except you, right now."

"But, Merry, it's all wrong. You can't go on like this. Invite your friends out to see us, and I'll bring mine. Let's make it a gathering place for our friends. I've always wanted that kind of home. How about it?"

"But, Dick, I haven't any real friends. We've only lived here a short time. And, besides, I've never cared much for friends. I've had mother, and my music. Aren't you happy with just me?"

"Of course, I'm happy with you, Merry. But it isn't the way to live. Nobody could stay happy like that, not long. It just isn't normal."

"But Dick, I thought we agreed that we didn't want people to clutter up our lives. You're all I want. And what you're thinking, what you've been doing while you've been away, all the things to know about you—why, that's all I want ever."

"Oh, darling, you're sweet. But you're wrong—wrong!" His hand was gentle on my hair, but even as he caressed me, I heard him sigh, and that sigh seemed to echo, and re-echo in my heart—to steal out into the vastness of the world around us. And suddenly I was afraid. I moved closer to him, seeking the warmth and security he alone could give me.

IT was the next day he called me from the office to tell me to be dressed when he got home, we'd have dinner up town and go to a violin concert afterwards. "Dress up, darling, I don't want anyone to outshine you. Besides, I have a surprise for you."

I was disappointed, and I showed it. "But, Dick," I urged, "I've something special planned for dinner. Couldn't we go another time?"

"Not exactly." Dick's voice was dry, annoyed. "This violinist won't put off his concert because of our special dinner."

"Well, no," I laughed. "Of course he won't. But we could have dinner first if you're anxious about the concert. We'd have plenty of time."

"That's funny. Look, Merry," he said, "I thought you liked music—that was why I got tickets to the concert. But if you don't want to go just say so, and I'll call it all off."

"I'll be ready," I said quietly.


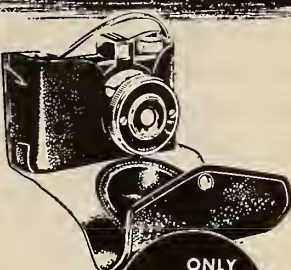
I hung the receiver back in its cradle, wiping the tears from my eyes as I did so. It was our first approach to a quarrel, and I didn't know what to do about it. Maybe he doesn't really love me, I thought in anguish. If he did he wouldn't always be so anxious to get away from me, would he? He wouldn't insist on my doing things without him. And I was right! He ought to have consulted me before making plans!

But, in spite of all that, I put on one of my loveliest evening frocks. A dark chiffon, with a tracery of silvery gray seeming to outline it, enchanting in its dreamlike mingling of light and shade.

It was well I did, for there was unexpected competition. Dick's surprise was a birthday dinner for Darling—Anne Darling—and the rest of the Pads were there. I sat opposite her at dinner, and wondered miserably how Dick had ever happened to marry me with her around. And she was in love with him, too, I decided. You couldn't help seeing

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it. At least, it seemed so to me. She wasn't beautiful—not in a formal, artist's way—but from the crown of her red head to the tips of her tiny feet, she was brimming with aliveness. You had only to look at her to know she was fascinated by life, eager to respond to it. She laughed at and dominated the men in the party without even making an effort, hard-boiled newspapermen though they were. But her blue eyes seemed to linger on Dick. And Dick's eyes were warm and friendly as he looked at her. My heart sank lower and lower. No wonder he'd been so keen about the Pads! If there were any more like her—

"Here, snap out of it, Merry—all right for me to call you that?"—a nice blond boy sitting next to me whispered. Vaguely, I remembered Dick had called him Philip. "Never show the other fellow your hand," he bent toward me, smiling, "it gives him a sure lead, you know. Besides, you hold trumps, remember?"

"I—I don't feel well—thanks, Philip."
"Sure," he grinned, "did I say trumps? I meant all the cards. But, really, Darling's regular. She's swell. You'll like her."

I DIDN'T. I was jealous for the first time in my life. I knew it, and was bitterly ashamed but I couldn't help it. I did my best to conceal it, but the evening wasn't a success. I didn't need Dick's, "Whatever was the matter with you, Merry? I never saw you act like that. Didn't you like my friends?"

"Not exactly," I admitted. "At least, not all of them." I looked at him pointedly as I spoke. "She's in love with you. I suppose you know that."

"Who?" Dick looked surprised. "You can't mean Darling."
"Yes, I do too."

"That's funny. It must be something new. She could have married me any time she wanted to up till the time I met you. Or any of the other men. But she couldn't see it like that."

"You wanted to marry her?"
"Naturally, Merry." He frowned. "We all did. It didn't mean anything. She knew that. You're not jealous, are you?"

"No, of course not." But I knew I was. I turned away sick at heart. It might not mean anything to this Darling woman that Dick had wanted to marry her first, but it did to me. I brushed the tears from my lashes.

I knew Dick was disappointed in me, knew he felt I hadn't measured up. And it hurt. It does when you're very young, very inexperienced. I knew I took love too seriously. It isn't all of life, it's just the coloring, the vitalizing force back of it. I let little hurts cloud my days as if they'd been major disasters.

Over the keyboard, my fingers trembled into a soft minor wail as I bowed my head and felt the tears of shame and bitter humiliation fall swiftly on the ivory keys. This was the hard part of my story, the part I would so gladly blot from my memory, but even my tears could not do that. It was written into the score, written in crashing discords, in harsh, vibrant tones of violence and pain. Could they ever resolve themselves into the tender melody of my love song again? It didn't seem so.

Dick didn't give up easily. He kept trying to get me to be a part of things. "Let's have the Pads out," he'd suggest. I always found an excuse. And yet on the one night each week which he always kept for them, I insisted on being included. I felt like an outsider. I never tried to join in their fun, but I wanted,

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grimly, to be where Dick was, and that was all I thought of.

Gradually, the tiny rift widened. Not noticeably, at first, but surely, inevitably. There was the time Dick wanted me to go for the weekend to his mother's with him. I'd been a few times, but I'd never been willing to stay over night. This time I refused again. And Dick went without me! I didn't find out until after he was gone, then one of the Pads called and gave me the message.

I began dropping in at the office. I knew he didn't like it, but on one pretext or another, scarcely a day passed without my either going or telephoning. I was ashamed of myself, and I knew I was embarrassing him, but I was like a person with a consuming desire. To be with Dick every moment! Not to let anything matter to him more than I did. And yet I should have seen where it was all leading, should have realized that I was surely losing him. I think I did. But I seemed unable to leave him alone. Even when he came home, and wanted to go out for a few minutes, I insisted on going along. One night he wanted to walk down to the corner drugstore for a package of cigarettes. It was raining, and cold, but in spite of a bad head cold, I insisted on going along. Dick was angry.

"You're getting impossible, Merry," he said sharply. "You know you've no business out in this weather. Can't I be trusted to walk to the drugstore alone, even?"

THE next day I had a high fever, and Dick had to send for Mother. When I was better, Mother tried to reason with me.

"I won't have my marriage turn out like yours," I snapped.

"Did it ever occur to you, Merry," she said quietly, "that you might be going the same way, and much more quickly?"

I looked at her, speechless.

"Your father loved another woman when I married him. She married another man—I didn't know until it was too late. I might have won him if I'd tried, but I was proud, and I didn't try. He never stopped loving her, thanks to me, and both our lives were miserable. What you're doing is worse. You're trying to fence in a thing like love, and you can't do it any more than you could sunshine. It will escape you, fly far away. Love is a free thing. It has wings, Merry.

"You're not happy, dear. And Dick isn't happy either. If you don't wake up very quickly, you're going to crash on the rocks you yourself have rolled into your path."

She was right. But the crash was much nearer than she guessed. I didn't guess what the result was going to be when I picked up the telephone that night. It was almost time for Dick to come home, but he called to say he couldn't make it. "And, Merry, I need your help. We have an important radio program on tonight. It's patriotic—we're trying to wake people up to the danger we're in if we don't do more about this war. We'll be actually in it in a few weeks, if we wait that long. And almost nobody seems to believe it. Even Darling is singing. She has a fine voice, but she generally won't use it. What we need is an accompanist. The one we asked has flu. I'll be right out for you, honey. Put on your very gayest frock, and let 'em have it."

I was frozen the instant he mentioned Darling. Whatever he'd asked of me, after that, would have been impossible.

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And besides, I told myself with the familiar rush of bitterness, I wouldn't be a fill-in. They all knew I loved to play; if they'd really wanted me, they'd have asked me in the first place.

I hardly waited for him to finish. "I can't, Dick," I said. "I haven't been practicing lately, and I'm rusty. Besides, I don't want to accompany your friend. Get someone else."

"You mean you won't play?" My heart ached at the strangeness of his voice, but I wouldn't let myself give in. "No," I said coldly, "I won't."

He hung up. And that night he didn't come home. I walked the floor half the night. I'd go to bed and stay until I couldn't stand it, then I'd get up and go to the window. He might be coming! Once I called the office, but he wasn't there, and they weren't expecting him in. Between times, I walked the floor. When morning came, I had a raging headache. My imagination had run the gamut. I had seen him dead, run over, perhaps; I'd seen him with Darling in his arms—arms that should have been holding me; I'd seen him in all kinds of agonizing places. But as the torturing hours of the day passed, I knew I must find out where he was. Anything was better than this. "Oh, Dick, Dick," my heart kept calling, "don't leave me alone. There's nothing else in the world. Come back—come back. I'll do anything, anything."

About dark, I could bear it no longer. I put on my hat and coat, and went to the office, I'd make them tell me something, I vowed. They had to know where he was; they always knew.

I PUSHED my way past the girl at the information desk, and went straight to the news room. It was completely empty. But that wasn't strange. I knew the men were usually out at that hour. I'd just been hoping one of them might still be there. There was nothing for it but to wring something from the girl at the desk. I bit my lips, hating to ask her anything. Too late, I wished I'd followed Dick's advice and been more friendly. I hadn't known how to be, but I wished now I'd tried a little harder.

When I asked about Dick, she looked me over coolly. "We're not allowed to give out information," she said, indifferently, "but he's out of town, I can tell you that much. He'll be gone several days. Darling is covering the assignment with him."

I tried to smile as I turned away, determined not to let her know how hurt I was. Dick hadn't bothered to call and tell me, and he'd gone with the woman I hated. It didn't matter that the fault was mine—the payment was mine too. But she shouldn't know! No one should!

"Thank you," I said quietly, as I turned at the door.

Something she saw in my face must have caused her to relent.

"I wouldn't worry, Mrs. Jordan," she advised. "Two of the men and Darling are with him. They're expecting some big news to break any minute. They didn't know they were going until the last minute, and I imagine he didn't want to wake you. It really is big news, and the men don't think when things are breaking. They move! And fast! You get used to it after a while, and don't mind so much." She smiled at me, timidly. "Really, I wouldn't worry. I'd go home and get some rest. You'll see he'll be all right."

I smiled back at her gratefully. She was trying to help me, trying to save



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I said again—"thank you for everything."

She was right, it was big news. I never knew just what it was, but in a few hours the whole world knew that Pearl Harbor had been attacked. And in a few hours, I knew Dick was being sent as special news correspondent from his paper: that he had asked for the assignment.

He made no excuse for going without telling me when he got home. He came in quietly without a word, and began throwing things into a bag.

"Dick," I said pleadingly, "what are you doing? Where are you going?"

"About as far away as I can get," he said coldly. "I'm washed up with all this. If marriage means what it has to us, I'm through for keeps. We're not even friends." He paused, his arms loaded with things. "Look," he said, leveling his glance at me, "maybe it's my fault; maybe we should have taken longer to know each other before we got married. Anyhow, I'm willing to take the blame if you'll just call it quits. That's what we both want, isn't it?"

I FOUGHT back the wave of blackness that threatened to engulf me. It couldn't be true! This was worse than dying. This was dying, and doing it while you looked on and knew all about it. It was dying and living at the same time.

"Dick," I forced words through stiff lips, "Dick, you aren't in love with anyone else—not with Mrs. Darling, are you?"

His look was almost contemptuous, now. "No, I'm not. It would be simpler if I were, I guess. All I want right now is to get away, to get hold of myself again. I feel as if I'd been living under wraps, tied down hand and foot. If I were in love with anyone, Merry, it would be with a real person, a grown-up woman, not an immature, hysterical child whose only way of living is to grab what she wants and hide away with it, frightened of people, never letting the daylight in." He tossed a shirt angrily into the suitcase. "I don't want to hurt you, Merry, but I'm hurt myself. I had such terrific hopes for us. I thought we'd grow together, and learn, and be a wonderful combination. But you don't want any of that, and I don't want your way. It would drive me insane, or break me completely, in a few more years. It's like living with a pretty picture—you like it as long as it stays pretty and your taste doesn't change, but if you get tired of it, you want it down." He shrugged. "I'm sorry, Merry, but that's the way it is. I've known it a long time." He stopped, but his words went on and on in my head.

I forced my pride to help me, whipping it into life.

"I guess you're right," I said, hoping my voice lashed as his had done. "I suppose we did make a mistake. I suppose our love wasn't the wonderful thing we thought it."

His eyes softened. I held my breath, waiting—

"I guess not," he said quietly. "But I wanted it to be."

I sat down suddenly. "When are you leaving? Do you have to go right now? Don't they usually give you a few days?"

"Not when you ask for a job, and they want you in a hurry. This was the way I wanted it. It's better for us both. You'll be taken care of financially, of course. You're my wife, and you'll stay my wife until I get back. You

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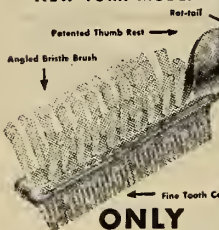
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A right to it! A right to his house, to his money, but not his love! A man likes a picture unless his taste changes, then he wants it down—

After he was gone, I went back to mother's. She was the one who closed the house, and saw to everything. Later, when the house shortage was acute, she re-opened it, and we rented it furnished. It was hard, but by then I was used to hard things. There were long periods when I didn't hear from Dick, at all. I began to change. Like spring emerging from the barrenness of winter, life began to move through me again, and hope began to send tiny experimental shoots above the surface.

Agony can be a very sharp knife, and it can cut through layers of selfishness, and reveal the very heart of truth. It was as if a searchlight had been turned on in me, and I turned in loathing from the thing I saw.

It was something mother said that pointed the way back. I was sitting at the window watching the slow drifting of autumn leaves to the ground.

"When nature has no use for things, she discards them, to make way for new life. It takes time, but in the miracle of new life, old, outworn things take their place and help to enrich the soil for the new—and this goes on forever. Nothing that is not helpful ever survives in nature long." She was knitting, and she didn't even look up as she went on. "Life is like that, and we have to accept it. Even grief is a sin, if you let it become an obstacle in the path of growth. I want you to remember that, Merry. It's time you took on new growth, time you let past hurts nourish the plant of a richer life. Pick up the old threads, and gather new ones in, and go on from there."

I DID. It wasn't easy. The first thing I did was to go to see Dick's mother, and I stayed several days the first time.

... After that, I went often, but I asked her not to tell Dick, I didn't want him to think I was trying to win him back like that. And I wasn't; I grew to love her as I did my own mother, and she grew to depend on me, to look forward to my coming. And happiness began to touch the edges of my heart again, tuning it to gladness. In my reaching out, I drew the Pads into my circle, and made friends of them. They

drew me back into the radio field, and into other fields of usefulness. I often accompanied Darling, as she sang for the soldiers training for overseas duty. We became firm friends, and it seemed odd to me that I had ever hated her. She told me one day while we were talking that the boy she had been engaged to had been killed in an accident and that was why she had never married. But, as I looked at her, I knew some day she would love again; she was made for warmth and happiness.

I smiled ruefully. "I used to be jealous of you, did you know?"

She nodded. "That was silly. Dick never will love anybody but you."

I shook my head. "He must have changed. He didn't love me when he left. He told me so."

"He didn't love what he thought you had become," she said gently. "But he's always loved the woman you actually are. You'll find out."

But she'd been wrong. Now he'd come—and gone. And this time, he wouldn't be coming back. I had held a dream to my heart, now the dream would have to die—to make way for other growth. But could it? I knew better. This was something that would not die. It was a rainbow spanning my world, from end to end. It was a bird's call in the early morning. It was life, and death, and life again. It was beauty, spreading wide its wings, soaring into the vast spaces of time and eternity.

My fingers paused, grew still. Was that the door-bell? How long had it been ringing while music flowed from my heart in an endless triumph, through my finger tips? Who could be ringing at this late hour? Could Dick have changed his mind, had he decided to try again? He'd left his key, so he'd have to ring—the key was right there on the table where he'd left it. It must be Dick, no one else would be coming tonight. He must have changed—Darling's face flashed through my memory, there had been understanding there, and a message, something she wanted to tell me—had she made Dick see his mistake before it was too late? She might have. She was like that!

Love has wings! My heart sang softly as I hurried to the door. Wings, yes. Not just to fly away. But wings with which to return, also. In my heart, the melody of my love-song sang, again, clear and sweet, above the crash of chords. Was it Dick waiting outside? Somehow I knew it was. I lifted my hand to open the door.

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