

RADIO

MIRROR

August
15¢



BETTY
JANE
RHODES

Between the Bookends

TED MALONE WANTS YOUR POEMS - SEE PAGE 28



Helen Neushaefer at her home on Parsonage Point, Rye, N. Y.

by *Helen Neushaefer*

Color
authority...
stylist

...miracle ingredient — PLASTEEN* — gives new brilliance,
longer wear to her exciting nail colors

Helen Neushaefer, originator of the Creme nail polishes millions loved, now creates one so shining smooth, so refreshingly colorful your nails seem ovals of rare porcelain! So tightly welded to the nail, so well shockproofed against chipping* — you count all others old-fashioned and prewar. Look for your loveliest color in Helen Neushaefer's "pyramid" bottle at chain store cosmetic counters.

*Helen Neushaefer's new postwar ingredient — Plasteen — gives extra days of unretouched wear to your nail make-up.



Finger Tips

by *Helen Neushaefer*

Too many thousands of lovely women forget how often hand-gestures are near the face.

Wise hands wear complexion-matching colors.

Hey, Sugar... don't
make a mis-step now!



Your bath took care of the past—
but for future freshness,
make Mum your next step

OUT OF YOUR TUB and into your clothes—you're off to a fresh new start. But wait! What are you doing to give that bath-freshness a *future*?

Remember, after your bath washes away *past* perspiration, you still need to guard against risk of underarm odor *to come*. A risk many a smart girl avoids by topping off each bath with Mum.

Half a minute for Mum. A fingertipful

of snowy-white Mum—and you're safe for the day or evening. No chance of underarm odor playing traitor to your charm.

Mum's the word for safe, sure, gentle protection. Won't irritate your skin or injure fabrics. And creamy Mum won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Get a jar of Mum today.

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



Mum



— takes the odor out of perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers

Coming
Next
Month



Our Living Portraits photographer goes into the private life of one of your favorite medical men, in September, to bring you a series of real-life pictures of Young Doctor Malone, his wife Ann, his precocious young daughter Jill, and all the people who have been making this CBS drama so exciting.

Ma Perkins turns her observant eyes and her kindly heart to a young couple in love, and tells their story with deep sympathy. Watch for the surprise ending, when Ma steps out of the role of observer and engineers an unexpected twist that will delight you.

Gene Autry tells his first Radio Mirror story in our September issue. Gene isn't the hero; it's a young boy he knew. Or maybe it's a horse. You'll have to make up your own mind after you've read it!

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Together
Again

IRRESISTIBLE *P.W. LIPSTICK

and METAL SWIVEL CASE

*Pre-War IRRESISTIBLE is back and lovelier lips can be yours again today! WHIP-TEXT to be creamy soft, yet firm, non-breaking, IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK is smoother, longer lasting, even more wonderful than you remember it—thanks to wartime research. And it comes in a metal swivel case that works!

in
handsome
metal
swivel
case

10c
&
25c
sizes

Irresistible CANDY STRIPE Lipstick
a clear, red red . . . WHIP-TEXT to be s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r . . . longer lasting!





COVER GIRL

By ELEANOR HARRIS

YOU can usually tell a Hollywood blonde a mile off by her symptoms: sequin dress, platina fur jacket, and ostrich plumes in the hair. Knowing these basic facts, many a wisacre has lost a bet on Betty Rhodes—because she's one Hollywood blonde who looks like a wholesome lass from any other city in the U. S. She's addicted to simple clothes, cloth coats, and hats instead of feathers . . . and this in spite of the fact that she's a blue-eyed, yellow-haired girl with a figure that stops the traffic on Sunset Boulevard every time she walks into the NBC Building.

This she does with marked regularity, since she's the songstress-star of the Meet Me at Parky's show. She's also been heard with such radio stars as Fred Allen, Johnny Green, George Burns and Gracie Allen; she has been a guest on such coast-to-coast programs as Screen Guild, Harold Lloyd's Comedy Theater, Dick Haymes' Something for the Boys, and many more. And that's not all: she's been in dozens of motion pictures, and she is known in the entertainment world as the "First Lady of Television," due to the fact that California's only television station has glutted her with roles.

To accomplish all this, she hasn't been sitting idle for the past twenty-five years—which is her exact age. She was born in Rockford, Illinois; and by the time she was seven she had moved, with her parents and older brother, to San Francisco. She also moved into a radio station at that age and made her first professional appearance. By the time she was nine she was in Hollywood doing more of the same, which has continued ever since.

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Are you in the know?

Which leaves you cooler—

- A hot bath
- A lukewarm bath
- A cold shower

When the merc goes berserk, dunk that sizzling little carcass in a lukewarm bath. It leaves you cooler than hot or cold ablutions. There's no taboo on tubbing at "certain" times, either, when bathing's not only beneficial but a *must* if you'd be dainty. And did you know Kotex contains a *deodorant*? Moreover, the deodorant is locked inside each napkin so it can't shake out. A new Kotex charm-saver!

If your nails split, should you—

- Smooth them with an emery board
- Trim them with your teeth
- Wear artificial nails

No use sighing over split nails. To smooth them, give your nails the business with an emery board, daily. Since a gal can't hide her hands *forever*, nail care spares you many uncomfortable moments. And so, on "trying" days, does Kotex. In fact, Kotex is The Word for comfort—because the softness of Kotex stays and stays. Yes, Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. That means curfew for chafing!



What's new on the beach this year?

- The Life Guard
- The Bloomer Girl
- The hamburgers

If you want to wow the beach crowd, take your cue from the Bloomer Girl (shown here). Her swim suit's news—and a far cry from the bathing bloomers of granny's day! Just as Kotex is far different from old-fashioned sanitary napkins. Consider the blessing of Kotex' *flat tapered ends*: pressed *flat* so they don't cause revealing outlines! And that special Kotex *safety center* gives you *plus* protection.

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

More women choose **KOTEX**^{*}
than all other sanitary napkins



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

FACING the MUSIC



Lew White, whose organ music theme-lines many a radio drama, arranges his working day so that he can spend as much time as possible with Barbara, Mimi, and his lovely ex-model wife.

Recently discharged Ben Gage is vocalist-announcer on NBC, Thursday nights at 8.



By **KEN ALDEN**

GINNY SIMMS and her husband Hyatt Dehn have sold their pretentious hilltop home for \$140,000 and are building a larger retreat a quarter of a mile higher up in the Hollywood mountains. The required expansion was made necessary by the construction of a nursery.

Dinah Shore is now on a long personal appearance tour, the first she has undertaken since her USO overseas jaunt. Dinah was the victim of rumors stating she had permanently lost her voice, following a mild bout with laryngitis. The trip is simply proving how wrong gossipers can be. At the New York Paramount Dinah received \$10,000 a week. Dinah's NBC show was dropped because her sponsor was affected by the serious food shortage and could not continue so costly a radio enterprise. Dinah should have no trouble in getting a new sponsor.

The Alan Youngs have parted. The young comedian is seeing the Hollywood sights accompanied by some of the town's prettiest blondes.

Bing Crosby is after blonde Peggy Lee, current juke box sensation, for his much-discussed Fall radio show.

The bobby sockers certainly give young singing star Bob Graham plenty of attention. While he's at CBS every Sunday rehearsing his number for the Baby Snooks show, young Hollywood high school kids get to work washing his car. As a reward for those chores, the youngsters receive front row seats for the broadcast and form the noisiest cheering section west of the Paramount Theater.

Jean Tennyson's Great Moments in Music has gone off the air and the chances are it will not return next season.

Marilyn Maxwell, radio film eye-ful, is now being squired by Peter Lawford. Marilyn and John Conte have parted permanently. Incidentally, Marilyn gets the break of her life with a fat part in the MGM musical version of "Ah, Wilderness."

Freddy Martin is another bandleader who is not confining himself simply to leading a dance orchestra. Freddy has made an arrangement with the Hilton Hotel chain to operate record and music shops in all their hotels, including the Stevens and Palmer House in Chicago,

the Ambassador in Los Angeles, the Plaza and Roosevelt in New York, and the St. Francis in San Francisco. They'll be known as Freddy Martin's Music Shops. In addition to this operation, Freddy will soon produce and manufacture his own phonograph records, although his own band will continue to record for Victor.

The newest dance band destined for the popularity brackets is one guided by pianist Jack Fina. Jack is the sensational keyboard wizard formerly with Freddy Martin's band. He should be at the Waldorf by the time you read this. Freddy Martin is backing the group.

The new Irving Berlin hit, "Doin' What Comes Naturally" from the Broadway musical, "Annie, Get Your Gun" has lyrics too spicy for the air.

The French import, Charles Trenet, is a sure bet for the air and films as soon as he masters the English language. He scored a sensational hit at the Embassy Club, New York, where he made his American debut. He is a combination of Sinatra and Chevalier—and that ain't bad.

(Continued on page 76)



Boy! Was I glad to get rid of her!

So I'm looney? So I'm off my rocker? But photos do lie, Eddie. If she is here next week when you come up you'll know what I mean.

It's kind of a shame, too. She's such a swell gal otherwise, and she isn't having any fun on her vacation.

If gals only knew how guys back away from halitosis (bad breath) they wouldn't be without Listerine Antiseptic ... not even for a minute.* See you next week.

Al.

***RIGHT YOU ARE, AL.** It's only good common sense to use Listerine Antiseptic before any date where you want to be at your best. You may not know when you may be troubled this way. And Listerine Antiseptic is such a wonderful precaution against halitosis of non-systemic origin. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

START YOUNG,

Stay Young

with
**VICTOR H.
LINDLAHR**



Nothing younger and prettier than Pat Ryan, featured on Mutual's daily Real Stories show.

HOW do you feel when you feel all right? And how do you look when you feel "all right"?

Believe us when we say that sometimes just one or two days of better eating will make you feel and look like a different person.

You've heard of and are familiar with various vitamins by name, like Vitamin C and Vitamin B1. More than likely you know that some foods contain a bit of copper, a tiny bit of magnesium and a total of some eight or nine various minerals called trace elements.

But do you know that these minerals and vitamins act as catalysts? They actually precipitate some of the most important changes in your body.

What you call vitality is the end result of a series of chemical reactions brought about by mineral and vitamin catalysts. The same story holds for pep and a thousand and one other things which make you feel alive.

Well, let's go into some detail about one of these essential bits of chemistry.

Sugar, as you know, is widely hailed as a quick energy food. So are starches and fats, for they all contribute potential energy. And there's the catch. Sugar, starches and fats are simply fuel for the body energy.

They do not produce energy until they are burned (metabolized) in the body.

You can cram your body with candy bars, bread, alcohol and other so-called energy foods but not one ounce of real energy will you gain unless the body sugar is sparked, or ignited . . . even as gasoline in your car or coal and oil in your furnace. And where does this spark come from?

Well, the spark that finally releases the energy locked up in starch and sugar foods is called cocarboxylase and is made up of a little bit of phosphorus which is united with Vitamin B1. Without this magic compound you can't get all the energy available in the bread and cereals you eat. And if you don't eat foods that contain Vitamin B1 you won't be able to make cocarboxylase.

We could go into a similar story for almost every one of the vitamins and the trace minerals. It's much too long to even hint at here of course. But, we do hope it gives you some idea of why fruits and vegetables, which are the abundant sources of these factors, can make such a difference in your diet and make such a difference in how you feel, and how you look.

SUNDAY

Breakfast: Citrus fruit juice; Eggs; Whole wheat toast; Milk or coffee.

Dinner: Orange-onion salad; Ham; Sweet potatoes; Spinach; Date custard.

Supper: Cottage cheese and chive salad; Peanut butter canapes; Milk.

MONDAY

Breakfast: Citrus fruit juice; Whole grain cereal; Milk or coffee.

Lunch: Raw carrot and celery sticks; Scrambled eggs with bacon; Whole wheat toast; Apricots; Milk.

Dinner: Lettuce and tomato salad; Salmon loaf; Carrots; Green lima beans; Spice cake with raisins.

TUESDAY

Breakfast: Same as Sunday.

Lunch: Potato salad with sliced tomatoes and green pepper; Cornbread sticks; Pears; Milk.

Dinner: Coleslaw; Baked beans (Navy or lima); Stewed tomatoes; Beets and greens; Citrus fruit cup.

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast: Same as Monday.

Lunch: Carrot and raisin salad; Vegetable soup; Raisin-rice (brown) pudding; Milk.

Dinner: Mixed greens salad; Liver with onions; Potatoes; Kale; Prune whip.

THURSDAY

Breakfast: Same as Sunday.

Lunch: Pot liquor cocktails; Toasted cheese sandwiches; Carrot sticks; Apples; Milk.

Dinner: Romaine salad with Bleu cheese dressing; Veal cutlets; Peas; Cauliflower; Strawberries or ice cream with fruit sauce.

FRIDAY

Breakfast: Same as Monday.

Lunch: Tomato juice; Omelet; Whole wheat rolls; Fruit cup; Milk.

Dinner: Cucumber salad; Oysters; Broccoli; Potatoes or corn; Lemon meringue pie.

SATURDAY

Breakfast: Same as Sunday.

Lunch: Lettuce salad; Bean or split pea soup; Stewed fruit; Milk.

Dinner: Coleslaw; Beef and kidney stew with potatoes and carrots; Grapefruit; Oatmeal-nut cookies.

These menus will give you a good head start on holding on to that look of youthful vitality. They'll build a healthy foundation, without which cosmetics don't really work for you at all. But the cosmetics and clothes, combined with health, work triple-time. For advice about them, turn to page 86.



For more about food as a health and beauty foundation, listen to Victor Lindlahr at 11:45 every weekday morning, on MBS.

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 skin and clothes. This new smooth, creamy Arrid is the improved deodorant you've been waiting for! Saves your clothes . . . guards you against offending.



SUIT OF DARK GREEN LINEN, set off by gay calico headband and tied-on mitts! Note the new, round sleeve, the fitted midriff, the full dirndl skirt. Wonderful outfit for summer travelling! To protect it against perspiration stains, rely on Arrid, which stops perspiration more effectively than any other leading deodorant cream!



LITTLE DIRNDL DRESS of Navy Crepe, with big stitched cuffs and turtle neck collar of white pique. Don't risk spoiling the crisp, cool look with underarm perspiration stains! Smart women use Arrid daily. Arrid stops perspiration better than any other leading deodorant cream!

Midsummer Style Notes

Nothing so smart, for town wear, as a dark crepe dress or linen suit . . . with sharp accents of white or gay, contrasting color! But do be careful to guard against underarm perspiration stains. Use Arrid daily! No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely! Arrid is safe for skin, safe for clothes.



New Improved Postwar **ARRID**

Some of the many stars who use Arrid:

Ilka Chase • Martha Raye • Jane Froman • Gertrude Niesen
Carol Bruce • Grace Moore • Beatrice Lillie • Diana Barrymore

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. Antiseptic.
4. Soft, smooth, creamy . . . easy to apply. Greaseless and stainless, too.
5. Awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

39¢ plus tax Also 10¢ and 59¢

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

Twenty-one years in show business were celebrated by Mitzi Green, who isn't much older herself. At the big party: Joan Edwards, Hildegard, and Jackie Coogan, of radio.

By
**DALE
BANKS**



Merle Pitt (center), musical director of WNEW, welcomes back from overseas Jimmy Farrell and Ray Heatherton.

WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

SOME PEOPLE have good memories. They haven't forgotten that our veterans are guys who gave up a great deal so that we wouldn't have to give up a great deal more. Take Margaret Whiting, who deserves a tip of the hat from all of us. She's invested the royalties from her best selling record, "It Might As Well Be Spring," in Hollywood property. She plans to build an apartment house for the exclusive tenancy of World War II veterans and their families.

But there's another side to this question. Network officials are beginning to paint a very gloomy picture for veterans anxious to get into radio. It seems to us that during the war there were some very fancy plans being made—about vast expan- (Continued on page 10)



Radio Mirror's Editor Doris McFerran had a wonderful time recalling old songs when Paul Whiteman asked her to pick her favorites. They'll be played on Pops' ABC show, Mondays at 9:30 P.M. EDT.

Which of these Best-Sellers

do you want

FREE

with Dollar Book Club Membership?

HOLLYWOOD'S greatest film studios have paid hundreds of thousands of dollars for these books—yet, by joining the Dollar Book Club now, you may have any one of them absolutely FREE! And, as a further demonstration of Club values, you may choose any of these other best-sellers as your first selection at only \$1.00. Club membership brings you the finest popular current novels—many of them, like these four books, now being made into the sell-out motion pictures of the near future. And these splendid books come to you for only \$1.00 each—a saving of 50% to 75% from the established retail prices of the same books in the publishers' editions. Mail membership form now!



HEDY LAMARR
The seductive and lovely film star, plays the title role in the \$1,000,000.00 motion picture version of the sensational best-seller, *The Strange Woman*, produced by Hunt Stromberg (Photo: United Artists, Inc.)

THE STRANGE WOMAN
by Ben Ames Williams

The astounding story of a "Maine Cleopatra" as she was known to her husbands, her sons, her lovers. You will find swift adventure, excitement, terror in the dramatic career of Jenny Hager, soon to be portrayed on the screen by Hedy Lamarr—an amazing woman who turned the face of a saint to the world, but was ruthless to the men who loved her.



BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN
by Elizabeth Metzger Howard

He knew the whole town's secrets—yet hid a burning secret of his own! Doctor Dan Field knew everything that went on in Willowspring . . . but no one knew that in Dan's lonely house—in the bedroom where no woman had ever slept—he kept a huge, white bride's bed, reserved for the wife of another man! This is the prize-winning novel of the year—winner of the publisher's \$20,000 award and the annual \$125,000 prize awarded by M-G-M.



THE FOXES OF HARROW
by Frank Yerby

From the gutter Stephen Fox rose to conquer the "wickedest city in the world"—the bawdy New Orleans of 1825. He loved danger and intrigue, and women loved him. There was Desiree, the exotic quadroon who bore him a son; Odalie, the wife who prayed to see him dead; and Aurore, whose love he threw away—then braved disgrace and ruin to get it back! A gripping 600,000-copy best-seller—soon to be made into a spectacular movie!



THE RAZOR'S EDGE
by W. Somerset Maugham

This was a hunger no earthly love could satisfy—one which tore Larry Darrell from the embraces of lovely Isabel and drove him on a quest around the world! And the story of what he wanted, and in what strange form it came to him, will hold you as though it were your own living experiences. A fascinating novel by "the greatest storyteller of them all."

Gene Tierney and Tyrone Power headline Darryl Zanuck's forthcoming 20th Century-Fox production of *The Razor's Edge*, supported by Herbert Marshall, Clifton Webb and others.

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THE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB is the only book club that brings you newly printed, current books by outstanding authors for only \$1.00 each. This represents a saving to you of 50 to 75 per cent from the established retail prices. Every Dollar Book Club selection is a handsome, full-sized library edition, well-printed and bound in a format exclusively for members. You are privileged to purchase as many Club books as you wish at the special price of \$1.00 each.

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Upon receipt of the attached coupon you will be sent FREE your choice of any book described above. You may also, if you wish, choose one of these books as your first selection for \$1.00.

Every other month you will receive the descriptive folder called *The Bulletin*, which is sent exclusively to members of the Club. *The Bulletin* describes the forthcoming two months' book selections and reviews ten or more additional titles (in the original publishers' editions selling at retail for \$2.50 or more) available to members at only \$1.00 each. If after reading *The Bulletin*, you do not wish to purchase either or both of the two new selections for \$1.00 each, you may notify the Club any time within two weeks, so that the books will not be sent you. In any case, you may purchase any of the other titles offered for \$1.00 each. There are no dues or fees.

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When you see your FREE book and your first selection for \$1.00 and consider that these are typical of the values you receive for only \$1.00, you will realize the great advantages of membership in this popular Club. Don't miss this wonderful offer. Mail the coupon now!

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Dept. 8M.F.W., Garden City, New York

Please enroll me free as a Dollar Book Club subscriber and send me at once, as a gift, the book, title of which I have written in above. Also send me the following book as my first selection for \$1.00:

With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called *The Bulletin* telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and several additional bargains which are sold for \$1.00* each to members only. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following month's selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the Special Club price of \$1.00 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six a year to fulfill my membership requirements. I pay nothing except \$1.00 for each selection received plus few cents for shipping.

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City _____ (if any) _____

State _____

Occupation _____ Age, please, _____

*Same price in Canada; 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Canada



Stronger Grip



Won't Slip Out



Try again next time if your store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today. We're making more now, but still not enough to meet the demand.

(Continued from page 8)
sions in radio and a relative increase in opportunities. But some people, apparently, have short memories.

This could be a commentary on how it must be in Italy these days. When maestro Toscanini had his first taste of spaghetti in Italy on his return there after eight years of voluntary exile, he remarked, "But you should taste the spaghetti in America!"

One of the more unusual jobs in radio is held by Paul Talbot, who, before the war, was heard on Aunt Jenny and The Aldrich Family. Today, he's the American representative for Radio Andorra, the 60,000 watt station located in the tiny Republic of Andorra, which rests high in the Pyrenees between France and Spain.

The guide books list the principal occupation of the inhabitants—some 5,000—of Andorra as smuggling. But now Andorra is in a position to become an influence on the European continent far more potent than its size and population would indicate. This situation has come about because most European countries have nationalized radio which does not accept sponsored broadcasts and therefore American type programs are unfamiliar to most European listeners. All that will shortly be changed because Radio Andorra is now preparing French and Spanish versions of the better known American network shows—and these broadcasts will be sponsored by U. S. firms.

How the French, Spanish, Portuguese and the Swiss will react to commercials remains to be seen, and it is a problem which is causing the Andorran government no small amount of concern. An entire recent meeting of the Council—the Republic's governing body—was devoted to the question, "Shall we accept singing commercials?"

Orson Welles is a brilliant young man. Hardly anyone will deny that. It seems almost impossible to hit on any subject about which he hasn't some information or on which he hasn't done some clear thinking. But it turns out Orson has his Achilles heel, like everyone else. He was never any good at mathematics—and still has to have someone else handle his personal accounts. He can't make a column of



Jay Meredith is one of the adventuring Falcon's companions. (Tuesday nights at 8:30, MBS).



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses



MAKE EXTRA CASH *Easy Now!*

Sell Smart Christmas Cards

Earn good profit on each \$1 sale, taking orders for Personal Christmas Cards with name imprinted. Show to friends, relatives, business people, fellow workers. FREE Samples. No experience! Earn EXTRA money with stunning New Assortments—Religious, Christmas, Everyday, etc. SPECIAL PLAN FOR LODGES, CLUBS, CHURCH GROUPS. For Quick Cash, send for your samples TODAY. WRITE NOW!

WETMORE & SUGDEN, Dept. 5-5
749 MONROE AVE., ROCHESTER (2), N. Y.

Personal Christmas Cards WITH NAME 50 for \$1

The bra that gives you just the right amount of freedom exactly where needed... constructed for unhampered action in sports. Assures admirable form... fashionably and functionally... And so delightfully décolleté that it's perfect for evening wear, too.

Made in a variety of colors and fabrics. Sizes 32-34-36.
Available at stores everywhere... or write

STYLEFORM FOUNDATIONS
76 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



One of Charlotte Manson's many radio roles is Dr. McVicker, of NBC's daily Road of Life.

figures add up to the right answer.

* * *

Sometimes, maybe, we're inclined to be a little supercilious about things like the program-end descriptions of escaped criminals on the Gang Busters. We're not going to be after this. We hear that one of those descriptions, broadcast back in November 1945, was picked up by a couple of real detectives in St. Louis.

Months later, in April 1946 to be exact, the two detectives noticed a man with peculiar tattoo marks, similar to the ones described as appearing on one Henry Moity, murderer of two women. The man was arrested on suspicion and identified by authorities from the Louisiana State Penitentiary, from which Moity had escaped, and the two detectives are receiving a citation from Phillips Lord, producer of Gang Busters, as well as from the sponsor of the show.

* * *

Just to clear up the notion that child prodigies too often fade into mediocrity—here's a report on a couple of those Quiz Kids. Van Dyke Tiers was graduated from college on his nineteenth birthday, getting his A.B. from the University of Chicago—and making Phi Beta Kappa, by the way. Another holder of a Phi Beta Kappa key is Cynthia Cline, also a graduate of the brainy kid program.

* * *

Seems to us that every time we turn around Guy Lombardo is in a new business. He never gives up any of his older ventures, just adds new ones. Not content with being a bandleader of no mean repute, racing speedboats and running the Long Island Airlines, Lombardo is now distributor for Higgins Boats for the entire East Coast, including Cuba and the Bahamas. The Higgins Boat is a cabin cruiser designed along the lines of a P.T. boat, which latter the company manufactured during the war.

Guy is apparently making certain there will never be a rainy day in the Lombardo family.

* * *

Maybe you heard Paulette Goddard and her husband Burgess Meredith do their satiric version of a husband-and-wife chatter program when they visited Hildegarde on the Penguin Room show. The kicker is that ever since then the Merediths have been getting offers to do a husband and wife show.

Stops Perspiration Troubles Faster

THAN YOU CAN POWDER YOUR NOSE



Something new has happened to deodorants . . .
a super-fast cream deodorant that *stops perspiration troubles* }
faster than you can powder your nose.

Try new ODORONO Cream Deodorant today—works better because it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper.

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

It's excitingly different. It's the wonderful, new super-fast ODORONO Cream Deodorant.

NEW, Superfast



ODO·RO·NO

CREAM DEODORANT

39¢ Also 59¢ and 10¢ Plus Federal Tax

ODORONO ICE is back from the wars . . . 39¢



“Quick, Mommy!

**Us new housekeepers
oughtta follow
this hot tip!”**

Mother: A hot tip on housekeeping? I could use it! All I *know* about house-keeping, I've learned just since Daddy got home from the Service!

Baby: A fine job, too! Well, here's the hot tip: Put “Lysol” brand disinfectant in the cleaning water, to *kill germs* . . . like “old hands” at housework do!

Mother: What! Is using “Lysol” *customary* in cleaning?

Baby: *Sure!* Almost *two-thirds* of all housekeepers use this real *germ-killer* . . . to help guard family health.

Mother: Then no more chances on germs, Toots. I'll keep *our* house “Lysol”-clean—*all the time!*

Every single time you clean

. . . disinfect with

“Lysol”
Brand Disinfectant
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



“Lysol” the floors: Just add 2½ tablespoons to each gallon of cleaning water. Won't harm floor finish.



“Lysol” tub, basin, toilet. Kills germs, helps remove stubborn stains. Disinfects. Leaves a nice clean odor.



More women use “Lysol” than any other household disinfectant. Don't ever risk being without it!



Maurice Copeland, of the Ma Perkins show, has an off-mike hobby—his harmonica.

Cal Tinney frequently comes up with ideas that are worth repeating. Here's one. Cal thinks that Americans have told themselves jokes about absent minded professors for so long that now they believe them. Cal's remarks stemmed from a charge by Dr. Harold Urey, one of the key scientists in the development of the atomic bomb. Dr. Urey said, “. . . good men simply won't work on the atom bomb the way the Army wants them to.”

“I don't think our scientists, as opposed to our military men, are being listened to enough on the subject of atomic research,” Tinney said. “We treat 'em like they may have sense enough to split the atom but that they don't have sense enough to come indoors when it rains. Atomic scientists are not absent minded professors. Neither are they chattels or trained seals. They are brilliant men who may have trouble getting along with the military mind. It would be much safer for this country, if it wishes to keep its lead in atomic research, to assume that Doc Urey knows what he is talking about, and that he is not just talking through his microscope.”

Odd data . . . Practically everyone connected with the Boston Blackie show is a former athlete. Richard Kollmar, the star, was a member of the tennis team at Tusculum College in Tennessee and later an outstanding water polo player at Yale. Maurice Tarplin, who plays Inspector Faraday, was a member of the championship ice hockey team at William and Mary. Lesley Woods, who plays Blackie's girl friend, was captain of the girl's basketball team at Northwestern. Jeanne Cagney was on the fencing squad at Hunter College.

Even the writers and producers of the program are former athletes. Co-writers Ken Lyons and Ralph Rosenberg, Jr., are expert baseball and track men, respectively. Jean Harrison, director of the program, captained her Philadelphia high school's swimming team.

And to make matters complete, Charles Gaines, producer in charge, has financed an amateur baseball team of teen-agers who play throughout New England during the summer to raise funds for various charities.

For **FREE** booklet on fighting disease germs, write Dept. G-46, Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

We see that the Ohio State Institute for Education by Radio has honored Mutual's House of Mystery—an honor which we heartily endorse. And for the same reasons as those given in the citation of the Institute, thus: "This program merits the award because it achieves the objectives essential in a program for children. First and foremost, it entertains; second, it is good radio drama; third, the suspense is resolved within the program, and fourth, it shows that superstition and fear are based on ignorance."

Network headaches department. Ever since Robert Merrill became a permanent fixture on the RCA Victor show, shrilling bobby soxers have been the bane of program producers. Their exuberance at times practically drowned out the orchestra, singers and announcers. But the problem has been solved—and neatly. And with psychology. NBC corralled six of its tallest and handsomest page boys and put them in charge of seating the screamer-fans. The result? The bobby soxers were awed into silence!

Colby College, up in Waterville, Maine, is up-to-the-minute in educational methods. Dr. Norman D. Palmer, assistant professor of history at the college, uses the radio scripts of Raymond Swing as part of his source material in modern history.

The Billie Burke Show has been running for some time now, but until recently the author of the script might just as well have been a ghost. Paul West writes the show at his home in Bedford, Oregon and, as a rule, wires it to Hollywood. When he turned up at a rehearsal not long ago, it caused quite a sensation in a small way.

Grace Albert, who alternates between gun molls and heroines on the Crime Doctor show, has a sweet sideline outside of radio. She is purchasing agent and eastern sales manager for her mother's fruit cake business, which began some time ago as a hobby and has developed into a flourishing enterprise—especially around holiday times.

Staats Cotsworth started it as a gag



Ventriloquist Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou are CBS's Friday, 7:30 P.M. summer show.

LITTLE LULU Gets An Earful

by Marge



Copyright 1946, International Cellucotton Products Co.

LIKED BEST IN A NATION-WIDE SURVEY BY 7 OUT OF 10 TISSUE-USERS

There is only one Kleenex America's Favorite Tissue

Only Kleenex has the Serv-a-Tissue box — pull a tissue and up jumps another

NOW! MORE KLEENEX is being made than ever before. So keep asking for it!

©T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Watch for Paramount's latest LITTLE LULU cartoon in Technicolor at your favorite theatre.

8 LETTERS THAT
BRING YOU PLEASURE
BEECH-NUT

Ask for Beech-Nut
Gum and you'll enjoy
a delicious, long-last-
ing flavor every time.



—and now lots of other radio personali-
ties are taking it up. Annoyed by the
taxicab shortage, Staats bought himself
a doorman's whistle. The first time he
used it, he was trying to get a taxi for
his mother—and he was more surprised
than anyone else when a taxi actually
pulled up before him in response. He
told the story as a joke on himself—
but the idea is catching on and there's
practically a run on the market in
doorman's whistles in New York.

In spite of housing bills and all kinds
of plans, there are still not enough
places for people to live. One of the
most novel solutions we've heard about
so far is Herb Shriner's. He's the
Hoosier humorist on the Frolics pro-
gram. Herb got tired of apartment
hunting in vain. He's bought himself a
yacht and his summer residence will be
an anchorage in the East River.

Some of Johnny Desmond's disap-
pointed fans are practical, at any rate.
Johnny's been informed that lots of the



You know the Bumsteads—
Dagwood, (Arthur Lake) and
Blondie (Penny Singleton),
heard each Sunday on CBS.

young ladies who can't get tickets to
his broadcasts listen at home and tend
to their knitting. Johnny likes loud,
colorful socks—and that's what the
devotees are devoting themselves to—
providing for him in profusion.

Did you know that if Xavier Cugat
ever got tired of music he has a career
all ready for him as a cartoonist? Once
in the distant, pre-rumba past, Cugy
worked as a cartoonist for the Los
Angeles Times. He gave up the job,
as he puts it, because, "I found it im-
possible to be funny and make a dead-
line." Actually, that crack is more
in line with his cartoon gags, because
he really gave up his job to become a
concert violinist.

Those of you who heard and liked the
Truth and Consequences show devoted
to veteran rehabilitation can now buy
it in an album of records. Decca puts
it out and the aim of the waxing is to
help all drives on behalf of the veterans.
All proceeds from the sales of the
records will go to the Veterans Ad-
ministration. So you'll be doing your
share for the vets, as well as having
an album of moving, vital records for

Lovely hair deserves fine care...

use a
Du Pont Comb

Hair that goes straight to his heart . . . and
a Du Pont Comb goes straight to your
heart. Rounded teeth, so kind to your
scalp . . . smooth, easy-to-wash plastic.
Carnival colors . . . exclusive designs.
10 to 50 cents—Du Pont quality.

Du Pont Combs
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
... THROUGH CHEMISTRY



your own listening pleasure and fun.

Very few people know that the charming wife of tenor Jack Smith is Victoria Schertzinger, niece of the late Victor Schertzinger, who was noted for his fine direction of film musicals. With Jack moving his show to the Coast to complete screen negotiations, it begins to look as though a film career is on the books for Mrs. Smith, too. One bidder for Jack's services also offered Victoria a job as an assistant director.

We hear that Patti Clayton, lovely CBS songstress, has been approached by Harry Conover with offers to become one of his "Cover Girls". It's not surprising, of course. Patti is darned pretty.

Maybe it's occurred to you to wonder why, on the Married For Life show, the couples never get to kissing one another until the very end. It's a very practical reason. Very early in the run of the program, the producer found out that when a couple about to be married embraced and kissed, the split second timing of the radio show could

Cal Tinney's brand of homely philosophy is an American Broadcasting feature, Monday through Friday, 6:45 P.M.



go hang. So a little clever manipulating was done to arrange for all kissing to come at the very end of the show. Now couples can kiss as long as they like without interfering with that important little stop watch.

It's always been a mystery to us exactly how directors and producers in radio hit on any one choice for a role. McKay Morris, who plays Henry Newman on the Lone Journey show, says he was chosen after thirty-seven other actors had auditioned for the same part. Morris is a fine actor, with an excellent background. But what is the extra something the others didn't have?

On July 22, Paul Whiteman will play Radio Mirror Editor Doris McFerran's favorite old songs on his ABC show, Forever Tops (Mondays, 9:30 P.M. EDT). Wonder what love songs of past years make an editor's heart beat faster?

Tending the baby made mom rush like mad



But GAYLA HOLD-BOBS kept her hair smart for dad

● Invisible heads, rounded-for-safety ends, long-lasting, springy action make Gayla Hold-Bob pins America's favorite brand.



Gayla
HOLD-BOB
BOBBY PINS THAT HOLD

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The King Sisters and Meredith Willson are on the NBC network Thursdays (8 P.M. EDT) while Burns and Allen summer-vacation.

Here are some puns to end all puns. They were dreamed up by Larry Wellington, accordion star of Reveille Roundup, who says a sonata is "a well-known crooner and aspirant to Bing Crosby's laurels." An aria is "a form of greeting, as, how aria today?" "Aida" is a verb—"Aida heavy breakfast and skip lunch."

It goes on and on that way. If you can take it.

* * *
The original Terry of Terry and the Pirates is back with the show. Cliff Carpenter was discharged last February from the Army and has been resting until recently at his family's ranch in California.

Cliff served more than two years as a rifleman in the 102nd Division, attached to the Ninth Army. He saw combat with that outfit from the Siegfried Line to the Elbe River, where the division met the Russians. Cliff took the long rest mainly to get reacquainted with his small daughter.

* * *
We miss Charlie McCarthy on the air these days, but it's good to hear Alec Templeton again. There's nothing else in the music world quite like Templeton's musical satires and personally we could listen to them for days on end. Here's hoping that some enterprising network will see fit to give Alec a permanent place on next season's air.

* * *
Our scouts tell us that David Nelson and Rickie Nelson, ten and six year old sons of Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard, approve heartily of Henry Blair and Joel Davis, who play them on the Ozzie Nelson show. They visit the show regularly, sit in the sponsor's booth munching chocolate bars and nodding their approval at the right places in the script. For the two juvenile actors that's a real test of ability—to be favorably judged by the very people you're portraying. Wonder how often that really happens elsewhere?

* * *
GOSSIP AND STUFF . . . Harry Sosnik, Penguin Room maestro, is celebrating his 15th year as a bandleader . . . Kenny Gardner is back as Guy Lombardo's



Kate Smith and Ted Collins listened in while Count Basie rehearsed for his recent guest-star date on Kate's CBS show, Fridays at 8:30.

featured vocalist after three years working in Uncle Sam's Army . . . Ditto Lew Valentine, the original Dr. I.Q. . . . Chances are that Jack Dempsey will have a sports program on the air this fall . . . The recently released novel "The Hucksters" is sitting a lot of advertising agencies moguls on their ears. They don't go for the cracks taken at them or their business. Lots of radio people, however, are getting a big kick out of the book . . . William Spier, who produces the Suspense chillers, is setting up a film unit to produce the same kind of spine-tingling fare in pictures . . . Burl Ives has been

signed to appear in a Walt Disney animated folk tale . . . Fifteen-year-old Anne Francis, who's been playing Kathy Cameron on When a Girl Marries, has been signed to a seven-year contract by MGM. She's a lovely little thing—slender, blonde, fragile as a porcelain shepherdess (you saw her picture on the March Radio Mirror cover, remember?) and should be first-rate movie stuff . . . Charles Paul, conductor of music on Theatre of Romance, has written the music for "The Star and the Sword," which will open early in the fall on Broadway . . . So, with all these plans for all these people for an exciting and busy future, we leave you with the thought that there are still among us some million or so veterans who don't have any such plans. And lots of them would like to get into radio. Naturally, there isn't room for all of them, but many of them were trained and got good experience during their service. Can't we work it out?



INTRODUCING

JIM BRITT

JIM BRITT, Yankee Network ace sportscaster, is the man behind the mike who keeps New England sports fans happy all year with baseball, football, and general sports commentaries.

In the summer Britt, a former Navy air combat intelligence officer, broadcasts over WNAC and the Yankee Network vivid play-by-play descriptions of the baseball games of Boston's major league teams, the Braves and Red Sox.

This is his first year back on his civilian job and Yankee's silver anniversary of baseball broadcasting. He is also heard every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6:15 P.M. on WNAC-Yankee in Jim Britt's Roundup.

When the leaves start turning in the Fall, Britt turns to the gridiron for his football broadcasts and his crisp voice is familiar not only in the six New England states, but also from coast-to-coast, because he airs East-West games, and many bowl games including the Sugar Bowl and the Cotton Bowl—covers the games wherever they happen to come.

As a matter of fact, it was through football that he first became at all interested in radio. He and Gus Dorais, his University of Detroit football coach, were listening to a football broadcast in 1933. Britt criticized it. Gus asked him if he could do any better.

Britt's answer was, "How could anyone do a poorer one?" He wound up by broadcasting the home games of the Detroit team in 1933 for no pay.

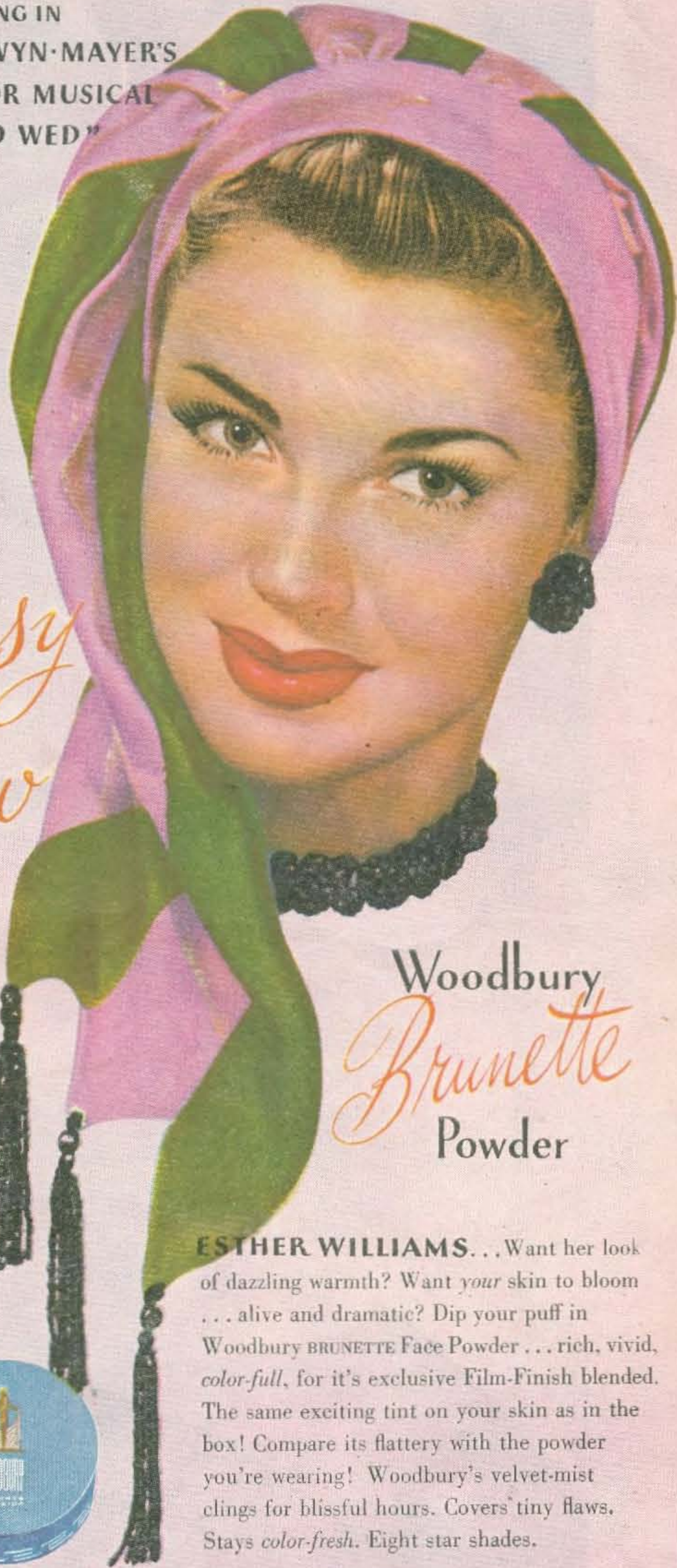
He employs a tricky electric light board during his play-by-play football airers with two spotters following the ball via a system of push-buttons which flash directly behind his WNAC-Yankee mike. The board once handled 64 players in a Notre Dame-Wisconsin game. †

Jim Britt is a native San Franciscan, over six feet tall, married to the former Peggy Kendall, of Beverly Hills, and the father of a ten-year-old daughter, Judith Ann. His hobbies are golf, squash racquets, and writing. He is much in demand as a lecturer and after-dinner speaker on his sports and naval careers. He also does sound work for Paramount sportsreels.

That's Yankee's Jim Britt, an adopted Yankee and a really versatile sportscaster.

ESTHER WILLIAMS,
STARRING IN
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
TECHNICOLOR MUSICAL
"EASY TO WED"

*Gypsy
Glow*



Woodbury
Brunette
Powder

ESTHER WILLIAMS... Want her look of dazzling warmth? Want *your* skin to bloom... alive and dramatic? Dip your puff in Woodbury BRUNETTE Face Powder... rich, vivid, color-full, for it's exclusive Film-Finish blended. The same exciting tint on your skin as in the box! Compare its flattery with the powder you're wearing! Woodbury's velvet-mist clings for blissful hours. Covers tiny flaws. Stays color-fresh. Eight star shades.



Woodbury *new film-finish* Powder

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

1. Big \$1 box of Film-Finish Powder
 2. Star lipstick... your just-right shade
 3. Matching rouge... right for you
- Boxes of Film-Finish Powder, 25¢ and 10¢, plus tax.

FREE! 8 POWDER SHADES! * MAKE-UP CHART!

Try all eight... find your most exciting shade! Make-up chart shows *your* skin type and the powder shade selected for you by Hollywood experts!... Mail coupon to:
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 315 Valley St., Cincinnati 22, Ohio.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....

CUTEX

Play Red
newest color *under the sun*



NEW CUTEX "PLAY RED" . . . brilliant, sun-sparkle color that glows in daylight—moonlight, too . . . spice for the browned-butter shade of your skin. When you like a sweeter flavor, try new Cutex "Confection Pink" . . . bonbon color, full of sentiment. Remember, now Cutex contains a new wear-ingredient to make it the longest-wearing polish Cutex ever had!

WHAT ABOUT

Television?



2—NBC: THE CASE FOR TELEVISION TODAY

By JOHN F. ROYAL

Vice-President in Charge of Television, NBC

Last month, RADIO MIRROR printed on this page the first of two controversial discussions on the subject of Television—the Columbia Broadcasting System's Case for Color Television. Here is the second of these articles, presenting the National Broadcasting Company's side of the picture. Here is what Mr. Royal has to say—

You have been hearing much about television, this new wonder of mass communication, this new art of sight and sound combined, and I assume you have a natural curiosity about it. You now want facts. When will we have television, how much will sets cost, what about the color-television controversy, what are you going to see for programs, and what will be the social implications of the programs? These are only a few of the questions people want answered.

Except for the spoken and written word, there have been only six major innovations of method in human communications: printing, telegraphy, and telephone, the movies, radio—and now, television. The invention of each, in turn, has resulted in social and psychological changes and advances of a revolutionary nature. Changes which, with the exception of television, are already a matter of record.

In television are combined in one medium the singular advantages of each of the others. Mass communication became possible, for example, with the invention of the printing press. The telegraph gave wings to the transmission of ideas and messages, made possible their dissemination over great distances in shorter time. The telephone added the intimate quality of the human voice to the transmission of messages. The motion picture film made

it possible for these ideas and messages to be dramatized visually, and recorded for the enjoyment of greater numbers of people. Along came radio—to reduce the dimensions of the globe to the proportions of a loud speaker, as it carried messages instantaneously and inexpensively to and from the farthest regions of the earth into the livingroom. Radio, within the space of a single generation, eradicated provincialism and fostered the greatest upsurge in all time. And now comes television—adding vision and animation to the speed and immediacy of radio communication.

Now, let's answer some of those questions I mentioned in the first paragraph. Number one on everyone's list is: when is television going to be made available to the general public? The answer to that is: *right now!* Black-and-white television is a going concern at this very moment, in key cities. New television transmitting equipment is being erected in a dozen more cities.

Corollary to that question is the second one: when will television sets be on the market and what will they cost? There are sets on the market now, and many more in the process of manufacture for early distribution. From the best information now available from the manufacturers, the first sets will probably cost between \$200 and \$250. There may be some cheaper ones, and in the fall, some larger and more expensive sets. These instruments will be ornamental, and the pictures will be of sufficient brilliance so that they can be seen by the ordinary light of your rooms in the daytime.

This seems about as good a spot as any other to bring to (Continued on page 54)

Honeymoon in NEW YORK

Honeymoons are supposed to be the special property of young lovers. But NBC's *Honeymoon in New York* recognizes that there are no age limits on romance



Herb Sheldon stood by with the gifts, and as Joy

Hodges handed them to us, Durward Kirby described them one by one to the radio audience. We were overwhelmed by them!

I HAD hoped desperately that this trip to New York City would change things for the better between my husband and myself. But now, sitting alone in my hotel room the morning after we had arrived, I wondered if the trip would do any good at all—or if any marriage that was breaking up right under one's feet could be saved once it started breaking . . . even though I knew my heart was breaking too. If John and I continued this slow, steady drifting apart for much longer, I knew our marriage would be just another of those "after all these years, isn't it a pity?" tragedies that go neatly into the divorce statistics for the year 1946. Or maybe for 1947, or 1948—what did it matter which year a marriage died, if it were doomed to die?

"There must be an answer," I said aloud to the walls

of my room. "There must be, after all these years of happiness."

Ever since the night before, our arrival night, I had been so sick with worry that I hadn't been able to think of anything but the problem. Instead of New York bringing us together, it had widened the breach between us within an hour of our arrival. . . .

But I wouldn't think of that terrible incident again. I had spent a sleepless night thinking about it. Now, I told myself, I was going to eat my breakfast, which had just arrived on a tray; and I was going to think constructively about John and myself. Somehow I was going to solve the problem. Meanwhile, to try somehow to relax, to forget just for a minute, I turned on the radio. I had noticed it during my wakeful night—I guessed it

was there especially for lonely people like me! (I, Kate Greenan, who hadn't been lonely in twenty-five years—until last night.)

Resolutely, I flipped on the radio. I didn't know New York well enough to know what stations to dial, or what programs, or anything. I just turned the dial until I heard a cheerful masculine voice. Then I sat firmly down before my breakfast and poured my coffee. "Hello, everybody, and good morning!" the voice said. "This is Herb Sheldon talking to you from NBC at our usual nine o'clock rendezvous—announcing the show *Honeymoon in New York!*"

That's all he had to say—and I put down my untasted coffee with misery flooding my mind again. *Honeymoon in New York!* I was vaguely aware that he was in-

troducing master-of-ceremonies Durward Kirby, who in turn talked about Trousseau Time music, with Joy Hodges singing. Then I heard a girl's voice beginning a love song.

But I didn't hear any more for several minutes—my thoughts wouldn't let me. I was thinking again how impossible it was to believe that my marriage was no marriage any more. I had met John Greenan twenty-six years ago, and we had been married for twenty-five. It had been a wonderfully happy marriage for nearly all of those years, too.

And then, quite suddenly, something happened. I knew precisely the day when things had begun going—well, not going wrong, but just getting stale as far as John was concerned.

All the couples who appear on NBC's *Honeymoon in New York* have stories to tell as romantic as this, which was written especially for *Radio Mirror*. Tune in every weekday morning at 9, EDT.



I couldn't remember everything that happened. I was too glowing and happy and bewildered. My heart was singing to me that John was mine again!

It was two years after our son David's wedding, and a year after our daughter Jane's. Jane had married a nice young man she'd met while he was in uniform, and they had moved to Seattle. Our marriage had remained intact for a long time after both children had gone from our house, taking with them the noisy companionship they'd brought us for so long. It had remained intact until this one day, the day that I was later to label as the day our marriage began breaking up.

But at the time it hadn't seemed that way at all.

John had come home from his accounting office late that afternoon and said, "Dear, you are looking at the dream of every American business man. You are looking at a man who has retired." He had held out his arms to me. "You and I, Kate," he said, "are going to have some of the fun we deserve at last. The firm gave me my pension, and we'll always have a steady income, and everything's going to be rosier than you've ever dreamed. I'm going to do all the things I always planned on doing—cabinet-making, and playing golf, and reading. . . ."

How warmly, truly delighted I had been for him—for both of us! I remember putting my hand up to his iron-gray hair as he held me close to him, and I remember saying, "Darling, it will be wonderful—it's everything we ever wanted! Time to be together—more time than we ever dreamed we'd get!"

But that bright day, I realized now, was the beginning of the end.

Somehow, the old house became emptier with both of us in it all day long than it had ever been when I had been home alone . . . not emptier for me, mind you; but for John. Somehow, golf and cabinet-making left him long hours of impatience and aimlessness. He took to drifting into the kitchen where I'd be working and he'd wander around it like a lost puppy. Then he'd say, "Paring potatoes? Give me a knife. I'll help." But in only a minute, he'd throw the knife down angrily and go out, banging the door behind him. Not like my considerate, mannerly John at all.

And somehow I began to irritate him as I had never dreamed I could. All the things about me that used to amuse and refresh him began to get on his nerves unbearably—and I could see it, I could feel it! But I had no idea what to do about it. All my chatter about my sewing club, my luncheons with "the girls," my day every week at the hospital reading to invalids—always he had been amused and interested hearing my reports about these things. He'd roar with laughter over some of the stories I told about "the girls" and their quarrels, or over two of them wearing the same dress.

But no longer. Now he'd cut me off sharply with some caustic remark on the triviality of my stories.

It wasn't long before he began go-

ing out alone at night—just to the movies, or to take a walk. Just to get away from me, I knew, and my heart kept aching until I thought it couldn't ache any more.

Oh, there was no other woman in his life. Sometimes I wished there had been—then I'd have had something concrete to fight. How could I possibly combat this growing, building boredom John was feeling toward our life together—and toward me? How could I make myself over into something else (which I would gladly have tried) if *nothing* I ever did could please or interest him? Everything irritated him—my talkativeness, my silences, whatever I did. I loved him as completely as I always had, and his slights to me were doubly hurtful because of this. And some time, I knew, his growing feeling of staidness would swell into an active break-up. I knew it as surely as if it had already happened—there would be a small opening wedge, and then the distance between us would grow wider and wider.

That's why I recognized the opening wedge when it did happen—last night, our first night in New York. I thought wryly how it had been I who had suggested and pushed this trip in my desperation, as a change. I had used our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary as my excuse. John had agreed only indifferently to it, but he had finally agreed. And then, within an hour of our arrival in New York, he had put in that opening wedge. It had happened at the desk in the lobby of the hotel. I could still feel the wincing pain I'd had when it happened.

"Could we have two rooms, instead of one?" he asked, not looking at me but just at the clerk. And somehow, in spite of the hotel jam in New York, his sudden request had been granted. "Because of a lucky cancellation—and because you're only staying four days!" the manager had explained, beaming.

So, for the first time in twenty-five years, I had spent a night in a bedroom all to myself. John had come to the door of my room, and while the bellboy was setting down my suitcases he muttered something meaningless about sleeping better in separate rooms in a noisy place like New York. Then, with a quick nod from the doorway, he hurried after the bellboy to his own room. And I cried quietly into my pillow until almost dawn.

For that matter, I was crying again now over my breakfast. I had been crying helplessly for an hour this morning, ever since John had popped his head through the door and said, "Going out for the day, Kate. See you at dinner time." So I'd known he wasn't even interested in spending our first day in New York together. And I had dreamed of so much from this trip—this second honeymoon, as I had called it to myself, with our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary (Continued on page 64)

A new girl walked into Carter's
 Drug. Bill Webster emitted a low noise
 suspiciously like a whistle. And
 what a snowballing chain of events two
 simple things like that can start!

IT WAS probably Eve who said it first—doubtless about the time that Abel was having the little ruckus with his brother. Anyway, since time immemorial, people have said that "boys will be boys." And it's true.

Billy Webster was only being true to the genus—he was simply being a boy, as boys will be—when he whistled at Josephine. But that started the whole thing.

As a matter of plain, sober fact, it wasn't really a whistle. Billy, having been nicely brought up, wasn't that crude. But the fact remains that he did purse his lips and emit a long, low sound that was about first-cousin-once-removed to a whistle. And Josephine recognized it as such. Trust that girl, Jo, to be able to detect and classify every noise or gesture made by anything male within approximately one mile of her person.

And Josephine, admittedly, was something to make a noise-first-cousin-to-a-whistle about. She came into Carter's Drug, where the gang was gathered that summer afternoon, with Sylvia Snow, and she made even redheaded, vivid little Sylvia look suddenly pallid. She was tall and slim, with a cloud of sunny hair, and eyes that Bill described afterwards as being like green grapes. It's a good thing nobody heard him. His reputation as the most he-mannish member of the Carter's Drug set wouldn't have been worth a nickel.

Sylvia smiled and waved as she and the luscious object she had in tow passed the table where the Websters, Bill and his younger sister, Liz, sat with Belinda Boyd and Jeep Stanley. But the new girl didn't look around.

"Huh," said Jeep, gazing after the retreating vision, "she didn't even hear you, Bill." Jeep had lately acquired

the habit of prefacing his every contribution to the conversation with a guttural "huh." Liz, who was more or less his girl, deplored it, but knew in some vague way that it was only a passing phase. Therefore her, "Don't say huh, Jeep" was purely academic, and she passed on swiftly to, "Well, I should hope not!"

"She wasn't supposed to," Bill assured them loftily. "I was merely—"

"Oh, she heard you all right," Belinda put in. "I could tell from her spine."

"Huh," said Jeep. "And what did you gather from her vertebrae, Miss Curie-eyes?"

"She must be Sylvia's cousin from Weston," Liz put in hastily, before the thing got out of hand. "Sylvia told me she'd be coming to stay for a couple of weeks—" And then she stopped, for Sylvia and the new girl had come back to their table.

"Mind if we sit down?" Sylvia took the invitation for granted and sat, without waiting. "There isn't another table in the place. Josephine, this is Liz and Bill Webster, and Belinda Boyd and Jeep Stanley. Jo Lynn."

Liz was pretty disgusted. It beggared belief, she told herself, that boys could be so dumb. There was her brother Bill, now, sitting there and looking exactly as if someone had hit him over the head with a sledge-hammer and he had only partly come conscious again. And all because a new girl, with a new look, had walked into their lives! It gave you pause, it really did!

As for that girl, Jo, she was in her glory. She knew how to play her cards; she wasn't paying the slightest attention to Bill. Oh, she talked to him, of course; she

allowed the sun of her smile to warm him until he almost purred; she threw him a tinkle of laughter now and again, which he caught in the manner of a seal wolfing a fish. But Jeep was included too, and even the girls. Josephine knew that she was the new person, the center of interest here, and that all the young people in Carter's were looking her way. That is, she paid no special attention to Bill Webster until Sylvia, whose chief ambition at the moment was an appointment to the Freshman Week Committee, happened to mention that Bill was the president of the student council at Spring City High.

"Really?" Josephine batted her eyelashes at him in a manner which, if it wouldn't have got her the secret papers in international intrigue, was more than adequate in Carter's Drug. "But isn't that a terribly responsible job? I mean, everybody in the school is actually responsible to you, and you're responsible to them, and—"

"It is," Billy admitted with fine originality, "a very responsible job." And he beamed as if Josephine had just been thoughtful enough to knight him.

Belinda opened her mouth and then closed it again, firmly. Liz choked on her coke. And their eyes met, across the table. There, for goodness H. sakes, was that Josephine, acting as if being president of the student council was rather more to be desired than being president of these United States. And there was Bill, giving out with a combination squirm and beam and looking altogether as if he were waiting for the next vacancy at the looney-bin. Disgusting, their eyes agreed. Made one positively sick—but nauseous!

Belinda decided it was high time to put a stop to it.

THOSE WEBSTERS and —

That
 Girl
 Jo!

Sylvia and the new girl walked by,
 not paying the slightest attention.



"It's almost four," she said, briskly. "I have to meet Mother downtown—"

"There's a lot of work to it," Bill said, addressing himself to Jo, "but it's fun, too."

Belinda cleared her throat, and tried again. "It's nearly four—"

"Of course, it carries a lot of responsibilities—"

"And I have to meet Mother—"

"And it means that you're practically forced to attend all the games and parties—"

"I have to meet Mother downtown!" Mrs. Boyd, patiently waiting on the corner fifteen blocks away, probably heard Belinda clearly. Even Bill did, that time. He started to get to his feet.

JOSEPHINE raised her eyes. "I'm soooo sorry you can't stay," she murmured. Apparently she had now taken the lease on Carter's Drug and was dispensing gracious hospitality. "We'd love to have you. Besides, Sylvia and I had planned to have you all at the house for cake and lemonade, afterwards." Her eyes swept the table. "But you can come, can't you, Bill? And Jeep? And—er—Liz?"

"Thanks," said Belinda, and walked out with the air of one trapped like a trap in a trap.

Liz muttered something about being late to dinner and left, too, clutching some old, torn shreds of dignity about her. But no one noticed. Except maybe Sylvia, and it was obvious by now that Sylvia didn't count. No one, it appeared, was going to be allowed to count for the next two weeks but that girl, Jo!

Bill came floating in about two feet above the carpet that evening at about the time the rest of the family was starting dessert. He hugged his mother, which immediately, as it always did, got her fresh out of the mood for scolding him. George Webster, however, had a few things to say, and he said them in a tone of sweet reasonableness cribbed directly from Mrs. Webster's stock line when he was late for dinner. "Don't you think, Bill," it ran, "that you owe us some explanation? Your mother works hard to see that our meals are hot and tasty and on time, and—er—" He caught Jane Webster's eyes at the moment, and the rest was lost.

"I was held up," Bill explained earnestly. "I took the girls home from Carter's"—his tone implied that it was only the gentlemanly thing to do—"and we stopped at Sylvia's for cake and lemonade, and—"

"Cake and lemonade?" repeated his mother. "And a soda at Carter's too, no doubt?" She watched with her never-failing admiration as her son helped himself generously to thick slices of cold roast and a mountain of salad. "What is that animal with six stomachs?"

Bill ignored that. "I asked Josephine to go swimming with us tomorrow," he said in the direction of his sister.

"The girl staying with Sylvia?" his mother asked. "How nice."

"Yes," agreed Liz. "Very nice. Belinda will be crazy from it."

Bill laid down his fork, aggrieved. "And why not? For gosh sakes, Josephine's a stranger in town. She practically doesn't know anybody, for gosh sakes. Why, it's practically our duty to see that she isn't lonely—"

"Josephine," Liz informed him, "would not be lonely in the wilds of Africa. She'd suddenly find herself able to speak Dyak like a native—"

"The Dyaks are from Australia," George Webster put in, but nobody heard him.

"Do you mean to say, Liz Webster," Bill went on, his voice rising to an indignant squeak, "that you aren't going to be nice to that poor girl, for gosh sakes? That you aren't going to speak to her?"

"Oh, I'll speak to her," Liz told him coldly. "I'm civilized, I hope. But we're not obligated to entertain her. That's Sylvia's worry. And besides, Belinda's my friend. After the way Jo cut Belinda out this afternoon—"

Bill was the picture of outraged fair play. "Cut Belinda out? Well, for gosh sakes—she had to meet her mother somewhere. Girls!" He glared vindictively at the forkful of potato salad halfway to his mouth, and

then bolted it with a suggestion of practiced cannibalism.

"Don't get so excited," his mother told him mildly.

"Excited? Not me! I'm not excited." Of course not. A Webster could face tragedy—nay, even betrayal at the hands of his kith and kin, without flinching. "I'm not excited."

Liz stared grimly at her roast beef and let it go at that. Boys!

But the next morning she was happy to learn that she had support in her feelings about Josephine. Solid, substantial masculine support—the kind a girl needs

That Girl Jo! is a brand new adventure in the lives of Those Websters, which is heard every Sunday evening at 6:00 P.M., EDT, over the Mutual Network. As seen in the pictures on this page and the preceding pages, young sister Liz Webster is played by Elmira Roessler; Bill Webster by Gil Stratton, Junior; Belinda Boyd, Bill's girl friend, by Jane Webb; and Jeep Stanley, who is Liz's "exclusive property," by Jerry Spellman.

in this world. When the crowd went swimming, she and Jeep sat on the float, talking and watching Josephine. Mostly watching Josephine. She was such a busy girl! Up to the present bulletin she had played beachball with Peewee Ames, had raced Everett Nelson to the diving tower and had allowed Mortie Vernon to teach her the backstroke—which, Liz observed, any half-wit could have seen that she had practically been born doing. Then she had joined Bill and Belinda, who had been sunning themselves on the sand, just as they were about to go into the water. Liz and Jeep couldn't

hear what was said, but presently Belinda strode purposefully into the water alone, and Bill remained behind for the apparent purpose of covering Josephine with sand.

"Don't forget her face," Jeep muttered.

Liz shook her head dismally. "I don't understand! She stays just close enough to Bill to keep tab on him. And yet she seems to have just as much fun with the other fellows. Why does she bother with Bill?"

"Bill," Jeep explained patiently, "is president of the student council." (Continued on page 87)

"I'm not going home," Jo said. And everything seemed to stop. "I'm going to stay here all winter with Sylvia."



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 "Apple Tree" by Marion Doyle



APPLE TREE

The oak, the elm, the hemlock rise
Sturdy, straight and tall—
Did the apple grow as these
Before Eve's fall?
The tulip, pine and poplar are
Trees of a haughty race,
The twisted apple crouches low
In a sheltered place,
As poor bewildered, frightened Eve
Hiding from her outraged Lord;
In storm, it seems to fly, as she
Before the lightning's fiery sword;
Its elbowed-branches crooked to shield,
Its bound feet straining at the sod;
Its shining hair astream upon
The wild breath of an angry God.
Was it the serpent's monstrous coils
That bent the boughs and trunk awry,
That kept the yearning leafy crown
From reaching nearer to the sky?
Is it the crafty serpent still,
Coiled in the grasses at its heel,
That draws the branches from the heights,
Fruit-burdened for the commonweal?
The beech, the lynn, the sycamore,
Tower tall above their roots,
So busy holding up the sky
Give little time or thought to fruits;
They are the Adams of their race—
One thinks of gods: half-tree, half-human,
But an apple tree—leaf, flower and fruit—
Is Woman.

—Marion Doyle

Between the Bookends

New poems to give wings to your imagination, together with lovely lines from the past that perhaps you've forgotten



By **TED MALONE**

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

QUESTION BEFORE THE HOUSE

What husband can, however sage,
Identify the nylon's gauge
Which his good wife, however dumb,
Can spot from here to Kingdom Come?
—W. E. Farbstain



I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses, riotously, with the throng.
—Ernest Dowson
Non Sum Qualis Eram

HIS SONG

No longer do we hear him sing
Though he is gallant still and strong;
Surely the Muses to him bring
The melodies he loved so long;
Morning and night we're listening—
In vain, in vain . . . She was his Song.
—Archibald Rutledge

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.
—Lord Byron: She Walks In Beauty

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all
conceal.
—Lord Byron: Childe Harold's Pilgrimage



EVENING SCENE

On all things worn, the night plays tricks.
Lamp light is kinder, by far, than day
To threadbare furniture, scratches, nicks,
In a home where happy children play.
The table that wobbles, the fabric that's torn
Are gently obscured from critical view;
The night is kind to all things worn—
Kind to me, too!
—May Richstone

UNREGENERATE

In my budding years I thought
Love was all; all else was naught.
Love was more than food and drink
And satin gowns and capes of mink.
Love was everything, said I,
The heart could borrow, beg, or buy.
Love, I vowed, was right and true.
And heaven help me, I still do!
—Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

GIRL AND ORCHARD
Her blue dress blows by the wall, and far-off
hazes
Build on the west a wall of greater range;
The orchard sways with fruit on which she
gazes
Through wind and pattern-change
The wind is tossing the sudden drift of swallows
Over the hilltop grass that is leaning away;
And something out of her dreaming turns and
follows
Something, as sure, must stay.
Hot bees dip in the cups of orchard clover,
Quiet speaks to her with more than sound;
She looks on the laden boughs, then turns to
discover
Crimson and gold on the ground.
Together they stand on the hill, each with a
reason
For being part of a mood that is touched with
glory—
The orchard heavy with fruit, and her own
season
Lovely and transitory.
—Glenn Ward Dresbach



QUIET EVENING

The moon drifts down the sky, veiled in white
dreams;
And pungent fragrance from the wood-smoke
clings
To the cool west wind that whispering sings.
From many windows gold light softly streams,
Pale shadows deepen into lavender
And loosened from the trees leaves seek the
ground
Slowly, reluctantly and without sound,
While overhead young bird-wings faintly stir.
Gay, childish laughter echoes down the street.
Doors stand ajar and mother-faces peer
Into the quiet evening till they hear
That happy music, children's homing feet.
—Edith Tatum

**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.

Ted Malone has chosen this month many poems that are old favorites, and new poems that will be favorites

NO ACCIDENT

Some call it fate, and some the hand of God,
And some leave ever unnamed the working
out
Of life mysteriously to their good
Or to their harm. But this beyond a doubt
I know is more than casual accident:
Your being, through the years, lover in friend,
And friend in lover, listening when I call,
Your keeping faithful until life shall end.
—Elaine V. Emans

SHIP'S LANTERN

These mountains hold some kinship to the sea.
The wind speaks, here, of distance it has spanned.
Above these heights the stars wheel ceaselessly
In steadfast paths that sailors understand.
And never did the fabled ports of old
Store richer cargoes than the autumn spills
When frost pours out its treasure-laden hold
Of jeweled splendor all along the hills.
Sweet distance lures the dreamer to clean heights
Where nothing hides the sky and great trees soar
As straight as masts. And the deep mountain nights
Are starry as the coast of a dream shore . . .
And it is fitting that, long journeys past,
This lantern burns in anchorage, at last.
—Beverly Githens

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Barry Cameron



The story of a man's struggles with his heart

BARRY CAMERON is a returned veteran who has worked out his readjustment problems with common sense—and the help of his lovely wife Anna. Barry's overseas experience—three and a half years of it—has contributed to his advancement at the Johnson Plant, where he is now a rising executive. (Spencer Bentley)

ANNA CAMERON, Barry's wife, worked during his overseas service, and has continued to work as a model since his return. Though she has been successful, Anna wants to retire as soon as she can, to devote herself to her husband and to the happy marriage her love and understanding have helped to create. (Florence Williams)

Barry Cameron, conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard every Monday through Friday at 11:30 A.M., EDT, over NBC network stations.





MARAINÉ CLARK, renowned as one of America's greatest actresses, has burst into the Camerons' lives to play a startling role—that of Barry's long-missing mother. And it isn't play-acting, for Maraine is actually Barry's mother though she kept the fact secret for many years. Maraine is a woman forever unpredictable, always startling—and never dull.
(Played by Dorothy Sands)

VINNIE has been Maraine Clark's maid for a long time. Serving a temperamental, willful woman like Maraine is not the sort of job that would appeal to everyone, but Vinnie finds many compensations in it—for example, caring for the actress's beautiful things. Though she is fired at least once a week, Vinnie has enough sense of humor to take these, and all the other of Maraine's frequent outbursts, in her stride.
(Played by Doris Rich)



JOHN NELSON, the attractive young man who owns the model agency where Anna works, has been the cause of much misunderstanding between the Camerons. Because Anna was very helpful to John in his early struggles to make the agency a success, a close friendship has grown up between them, which has been mistaken for love by several people who don't know either of them too well. Though Barry knows how unfounded such suspicions are, he has sometimes found John a disturbing element to his peace of mind.
(Played by Scott McKay)



MRS. MITCHELL is the motherly owner of the boarding house where the Camerons live. Because she has no children of her own, Mrs. Mitchell has adopted the two young people who occupy the whole top floor of her house, and has made all their doings—all of their failures, successes, problems, and joys—as much a part of her own previously lonely life as though she were in fact an affectionate elderly relative.
(Played by Helen Carewe)

Because both Barry and Anna Cameron are alert, active young people with varied interests and plenty of character, they sometimes find married life not quite as placidly smooth as, ideally, it should be. Anna's career as a model has complicated their lives a bit, and they have also had to contend with all the different pressures that come to bear on any youthful couple who are just beginning to make their way. But Anna and Barry are very much in love. Their faith in each other is a growing thing, already tested by misunderstandings which they have ironed out together. One of their greatest pleasures is breakfasting together, an affectionate interlude which leaves them cheerfully facing the problems of the busy day.



JOSEPHINE WHITFIELD is Barry's aunt, and a very troublesome element indeed in the Cameron household. Motivated by a most unreasoning jealousy of Anna, Josephine tried from the beginning to break up Barry's marriage, and has caused her young nephew and his wife a great deal of unnecessary unhappiness. But her intense remorse for her past misdeeds has earned her the forgiveness of Barry and Anna.
(Played by Elsie Hitz)



WILL STEVENSON is Barry's superior at the Johnson Plant, and Barry is fortunate to have him both as a co-worker and friend, for Will has a good-natured, easy-going temperament which is not easily ruffled or confused. MARTHA (left), Will's wife, doesn't always feel that her husband's forthright, outspoken directness is the right way to handle all situations, but because she has learned to curb the impatience she sometimes feels, theirs has become a truly happy marriage.
(King Calder, Mary Hunter)

"AT FIRST SIGHT— and Forever!"



"That musician," June's family called Bob—but that was years ago.

Love at first sight? Look at
June and Bob Crosby,
 who went from that first heart-
 stopping moment into a
 serene and lasting happiness

By
Mrs. BOB CROSBY

FOR a long, long time I have refused to tell the story of the way I met Bob Crosby, how we fell in love at first sight—*really* at first sight—and lived happily ever after.

For one thing there was a fictional quality about the whole proceeding which—if it *had* been fiction—would have bounced it back in my lap with a rejection slip marked "not plausible." Also, there is always a question, I guess, of how long is "ever after."

Now, however, when we are old married folks, with seven—almost eight—anniversaries behind us, when we have three children and another one on the way, I feel secure enough in the present and sure enough of the future to recount the whole amazing business—with all the implications it may have for an eighteen-year-old girl that she can, if

she's as lucky as I was, take one look at a man—if he's the right man—and be his forever. (Sorry to be so "iffy," but those ifs are important.)

It happened during Easter vacation in 1936. I was a freshman in Sarah Lawrence college in Bronxville, New York, and had flown home to Chicago to spend the holidays with my parents. It was a very merry week, and I managed to go out dancing every night—with a casual beau. Luckily I was between "engagements."

My beau and I, having "done" all the older night clubs, decided to try the town's newest—the Congress Casino, where Bob Crosby and his band were playing. I had never heard of Bob Crosby, believe it or not, and, yes, I made the usual and tiresome remark that he probably was just trading on the reputation

of the Crosby I *had* heard of. The band probably couldn't play anything but waltzes. But I would go if everybody else wanted to. We could always leave if we didn't like it. Besides, Bob Crosby was Bing's brother, the gang told me—that almost made the trip worthwhile. I certainly didn't dream, at that time, that I would be spending the rest of my vacation within hand-holding range of the bandstand.

I didn't notice Bob in particular, at first. But I liked the band. They all looked so happy.

"For once," I remarked, "here is a bunch of musicians who look as though they're glad to be here—as though they enjoy their work."

And then I got a good look at Bob. "Well now," I said to myself, "that is not hard to take. Not hard to take at all."

"Let's dance up closer to the bandstand," I added aloud.

We danced back and forth in front of the band—in front of Bob, for he was all I saw—the rest of the evening. And I guess—from what happened later—that he saw me too.

The next night I inveigled my friend into taking me back to the Casino—the music, I said, was so much better than anywhere else. And we danced back and forth in front of the band again.

About midnight—I had gone to the powder room to make repairs—a girl I didn't know came up to me and asked a couple of very odd questions.

"Were you here last night?"

"Did you have on a black suit with lynx collar?"

Then came the \$64 question, the oddest of all:

"Would you like to meet Bob Crosby?"

I didn't answer. You can't talk with your mouth wide open, you know. So she explained. She was the publicity director for the hotel. Bob had looked her up, explained that he had noticed me the night before—wanted very much to meet me. Her instructions were to stand by in the girls' room until I put in an appearance, and then to arrange an introduction.

I was sure there was a joker in the deck somewhere, but I promised to come into the lobby at the next intermission.

When the time came, I was surer than ever that one of my friends was playing a joke on me. So I excused myself and slipped off alone—at least if I were going to be humiliated it wouldn't be in front of my escort.

I walked into the lobby feeling very silly indeed—but I needn't have, for there waiting by a pillar stood my new acquaintance from the powder room and my dream man, Bob Crosby, himself.

I didn't have time to be embarrassed. He was charming to me and insisted that at the next intermission he would be delighted to meet my friends. Perhaps, he suggested, we (Continued on page 78)



Working upwards: Cathy, seven; Bobbie, two; Christopher, four; and Father Crosby, who heads the CBS Bob Crosby Show Wednesday nights at 9:30.

ONCE WE'RE MARRIED.

AN AUNT JENNY REAL LIFE STORY

AT FIRST, Phil Ruskin and Sally Burnett were just two of the many of Littleton's young people who often drop into my house looking for cookies or advice, or both, or just for the fun they seem to get out of meeting there. But I soon realized that Phil and Sally were in love, and as soon as I knew that, I knew, too, that there was trouble ahead. For Phil's father, Berg Ruskin, was president of the bank and his mother one of Littleton's social leaders, while Sally was definitely "from the other side of the tracks." And trouble, as I expected, came.

In the first place, Phil, just home from the Army, had always been very much under the thumbs of his parents. He was all for eloping with Sally and telling his parents afterwards. But Sally—very wisely—would have none of that. She knew it would start their marriage off on the wrong footing. She insisted that Phil tell his mother and father that he and Sally were in love, and were going to be married. Finally, she and I persuaded Phil that Sally was right—but unfortunately, the night before Phil planned to tell his parents, Sally's brother was arrested—he had driven the car for two robbers who held up a diner in Littleton. Oliver insisted that he didn't know what the men were doing in the diner, and nearly everyone in Littleton believed him. But, as Phil pointed out that evening, it certainly didn't help any in telling his parents that he wanted to marry Oliver's sister, Sally. Sally and Phil had a bad argument at my house that night, but Phil finally did go off to tell his parents.

Of course, they raised violent objections. And the next day, Berg Ruskin called Sally down to his office and told her that he would get her brother released if she would refuse to marry Phil. Of course, Sally said no—it was a hard decision, but she had to make it—she couldn't make a bargain like that. And that night at my house, Phil and Sally argued again—this time because of Phil's very obvious reluctance to marry Sally at once. He wanted to wait. He had told his parents, but he didn't want to add another blow by marrying Sally at once. And the argument ended with Sally's breaking the engagement.

It was one day a little later, that, not knowing that Phil hadn't heard about it, his mother told him about his father's offer to Sally to help her brother if she would give Phil up. Oliver had already been released from prison because of lack of evidence that he was actually involved in the robbery. And, of course, it seemed to Phil that that was the reason that Sally had broken the engagement—that she had accepted Berg's offer!

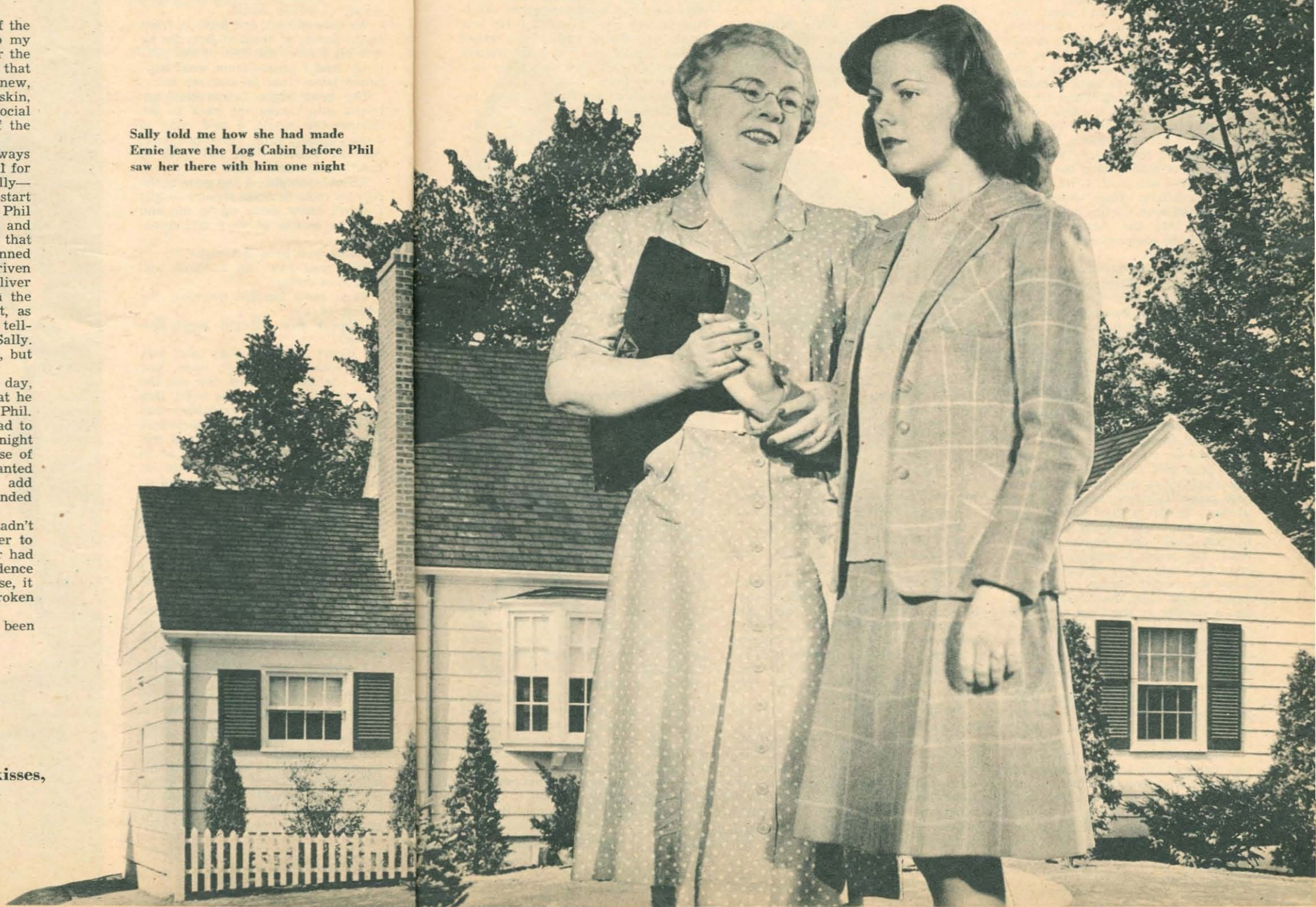
It meant to Phil that Sally's feeling for him had never been strong enough to come before her feeling for her family.

Sally and Phil had to find their happiness.

And what was the measure of it? The warmth of kisses,

perhaps? Or the peace of a free conscience?

Sally told me how she had made Ernie leave the Log Cabin before Phil saw her there with him one night



After that night, Phil Ruskin provided the Littleton gossips—and I'm not denying that there are a few—with something to talk about. He gave up his job at the bank, or I should say he didn't so much give it up as never go back to it. "Why should I work?" he said to Ed Horton, the bartender at the Smoke Shop. "My father's the richest man in town—ask him, he'll tell you so himself—and I've got a thousand dollars of my own I saved up while I was in the Army. With all that, why should I work?" He looked down at his glass, saw that it was empty, and tapped it against the polished wood of the bar. Ed filled it up again.

THAT story, along with a good many others, got around. I heard that Phil usually wasn't seen anywhere until late in the afternoon, when he would appear at the Smoke Shop and start drinking. Later on, he might go next door to the pool room, and stay there until it closed. Or he'd call up some girl and ask her to go with him out to the Log Cabin. He didn't have a car of his own, and he couldn't get his father's, but that didn't bother him. There were always boys or men around the Smoke Shop to give him a lift if he wanted to go anywhere. They weren't the ones he had been friends with before he went into the Army, but he seemed to be companionable enough with them now.

No one in town dared to say anything to Berg or Helen Ruskin about him. No one at all.

They showed how proud they could be, in those days. Berg went to the bank at the usual time every day, walking as erect and prim as ever, nodding to the people he knew and looking straight through those he didn't. Before Phil started his drinking, Berg had been invited to make a speech at the monthly meeting of the Lunch Service Club, and he made it, standing there in his dark grey suit and white shirt and neat polka-dot tie, talking about how much Littleton needed a new library. It was a good speech, too. Helen went right ahead with her Church Guild and Orphan's Home work, and when it was her turn to have the bridge club meeting at her house she served chicken patties and mocha pecan cake, and made just as fine a hostess as she ever had. She was showing the strain, though. She had begun looking her fifty years while Phil was overseas; then, when he first returned, she had brightened up again, but now the strained lines around her mouth were back. And whenever I talked to her I got the impression that she wasn't really listening to what I said.

There aren't many different places you can go to in Littleton, and Phil and Sally were bound to meet at one of them, sooner or later. The only reason the meeting didn't happen before it did was that Sally tried her best to avoid it. She and Ernie

Meadows, she told me one day, were at the Log Cabin one night when Phil came in, but luckily Sally saw him and was able to persuade Ernie to leave before Phil caught sight of them.

She wasn't quick enough, the first Friday night in June when Cotter's Pavilion opened.

The Pavilion has a dance floor, open at the sides but with a striped awning over it. You can buy beer and soft drinks and sandwiches, and eat them at little tables set around under the tall poplar and cottonwood trees, and on a spring or summer night it's a pleasant place to go—even for old folks like me. This year the dance floor had been enlarged and an orchestra hired from Metropole, and the weather was as soft and warm as summer, so a good crowd turned out.

Sally was with Ernie Meadows again. She'd been going out with him a good deal—not steadily, but oftener than with anyone else. He was a



Once We're Married is a brand new Aunt Jenny story. Listen daily to Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories, broadcast every Monday through Friday, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

nice boy, it seemed to me—honest and good-natured, with a wide grin—and it was plain he thought a good deal of Sally. As for Sally herself—well, who could tell what she was thinking, under her gaiety?

They danced, and sat at their table and talked, and Ernie told Sally that he was in line for a better job at the power company. He might have said more, only just then Phil was standing beside them. He'd come out from Littleton with two other fellows from the Smoke Shop, and Sally hadn't seen them arrive.

"Hello, Sally," he said. "How's everything?"

Sally looked up at him, and for a minute she couldn't speak. She had thought it was all over between them; she'd done her crying, all alone by herself, and then she'd lifted her chin and gone out to build whatever kind of life she could. She had trained herself to see him on the

street or across a dance floor, and not to show that she cared, but instead, as unobtrusively as possible, to avoid coming face to face with him. But now, at the sound of his voice, blurred as it was with liquor, her knees turned weak and words stuck in her throat.

Ernie Meadows jumped up, all politeness. He didn't know there was any connection between Phil and Sally; not very many people in town did. He didn't even know who Phil was, because he'd lived in Littleton only a year.

Sally found her voice. "Hello, Phil," she said. "Do—do you know Ernie Meadows? Ernie, this is Phil Ruskin."

Phil had been drinking, but he had sense enough to shake Ernie's hand when it was offered. He didn't have the sense to go away right afterwards, though. "Mind if I sit here with you for a while?" he asked Ernie. "Sally and I are old friends, and we haven't seen each other in a long, long time."

Ernie didn't see Sally's quick, involuntary gesture of protest. "Why—why, sure," he said, puzzled but still polite, and he drew up a chair from another table. Phil sat down.

"To tell the truth," he said, "I've got a feeling that Sally's been trying hard not to see me. How about it, Sally? Haven't you?"

Below the surface of the table, Sally's hands gripped the edge of her chair, hard. She wanted to leap to her feet and run away, as far and as fast as she could—away from Phil's handsome, flushed face, the odor of liquor on his breath when he leaned toward her, the reproach of his presence in this condition. She wanted to run away—but another part of her wanted to stay and put her arms around Phil and press his head against her breast, kissing away the torment that had brought him here.

"You see?" Phil said to Ernie when she didn't answer. "She practically admits she's been avoiding me." He shook his head in owlish reproach. "Bad, very bad. I wouldn't have thought Sally'd forget her old friends. She's a very loyal person. But maybe—" His voice lost its ponderous mockery and turned hard and brittle. "Maybe it's only her family she's loyal to!"

Sally's breath caught raggedly in her throat, and she shrank back against her chair. She couldn't take in the full meaning of Phil's taunt—not yet. She only knew that it was cruel and horrible, that he'd said it because he wanted to hurt her.

And of course Ernie was completely at sea. He looked from one of them to the other in amazement, and then he said loudly, "Look here, Ruskin—I don't know what all this is about, but you'd better stop annoying Sally unless you want a punch in the jaw."

Phil paid no attention. "How is Oliver?" he asked Sally. "How's he getting (Continued on page 80)

A "MY TRUE STORY"

Wonderful Day

The real-life experience in Wonderful Day is adapted from the script "Balanced Dinner", written for My True Story (heard on ABC, 10 A.M. ET, 9 A.M. CT, 11:30 A.M. MT, and 10:30 A.M. PT., every Monday through Friday).

DON'T do anything. Don't worry about anything!" Doctor Peters had ordered.

But how can you stop worrying—especially when you have carried the load I had for seven years?

I turned, fretfully, nervously on the clean, hot, white sands of Laguna Beach, easing the shoulder-strap slightly off one reddened shoulder. Easy enough for the doctor to advise complete relaxation, but he had no concept of the nerves inside me that quivered to be on the move, that tensed and would not let me relax.

A big breaker broke and foamed up on the beach, curling around the little sand piles nearly at my feet. But I barely heard the crash of waters or

the mournful cries of the sea gulls or the faraway voices of the other bathers dotting the beach.

Much clearer in my ears—though he was miles away in Los Angeles—was the habitual fussy scolding of Mr. Jensen in the bakery shop where I worked. From habit, even now, I caught myself listening for his dread "Miss Ballin! There's a customer up front—!"

Or else I was wondering what was happening at home. Was Mother running up bills, going on one of her "splurges" in her usual impractical fashion?—now that I wasn't there to watch the budget? Were Jim and John, the twins, in trouble again with the neighbors? Was Flick, my pretty, flighty sister, getting out of hand? Poor Dad had been in a wheelchair these past seven years and I had taken his place as head of the family. Was Flick too much for him to control?

I buried my head in the sand, while I tried, unsuccessfully, to blot out all thoughts of Mr. Jensen—of Mother—of Flick. My hair jerked loose from its smooth net and from long habit I started to train it back in its usual severe manner.

My back was to the ocean or I might have seen it coming. But there was no warning. I was helpless to move, with my hands upraised to my head—when the huge wave broke—

swept far up the beach—and my first warning was an icy drenching, me, blanket and all!

"Oh! Oh—my shoes—!" I grabbed for the floating sandals, scrambling gracelessly to my feet, making futile darts for suntan oil, sun glasses, candy bar. I jerked the blanket, but it held fast.

"Let go!" I yelled to the figure lying prone on one corner of it. The wave receded quickly, but this man—obviously one of the strong swimmers who "ride" the breakers in—had been left behind in its wake. "Get off!"

HE TURNED his breathless face up to me.

"Hi!" he panted. He seemed very comfortable, where he was. "That was a lulu. Did you see me come in?—did you see that bonny wave take me clear out from by that raft and carry me in right up onto your blanket?"

"No, I didn't," I said, crossly. "Just look at my shoes!" I held up the soggy cloth sandals. "And my bottle of nail polish is full of sand—you and your wave! Get off that blanket—it's all wet and I want to get into the sun and out of danger. There may be another one coming!"

He hoisted his long, lean frame up slowly. He studied me gravely, but there was laughter behind his sober-

ness. I fussed a little under his stare, remembering the disorderly cloud of my hair and that my nose was beginning to peel just a little. It was hard to hang on to my dignity.

He took one corner of the blanket and flapped the sand off it with a quick, strong movement of his hand. His red hair stood up on end.

"There's a problem here, Angus." He pretended to be talking to himself. "Can I go off and leave this girl in her unhappy illusion? It's plain she thinks the ocean is something to look at and the sand is something to curl up in with a good book. That's a terrible state of affairs. Here she is—a visitor—and here I am with my duty staring me straight in the face. She's got to be educated."

I was edging away from him a little, not sure what he had in mind. He was bundling my junk up inside the blanket and I wanted to stop him—but somehow I couldn't.

"You see how it is," he told me, with that laughter still peeping out of his eyes, "I can't go off and leave you worrying about such things as wet blankets and such trifles. I'm going to have to make an ocean swimmer out of you." Before I could protest he had flung my rolled-up blanket behind a rock and had grabbed my hand, pulling me behind him toward the water.

I tried to make him stop. Why,

this—this was a pick-up! I heartily disapproved of them, even though—having been in Laguna for three days—I had come to realize that strangers here talked to each other without introduction and that friendships flowered here on the beach without any strings attached. But not for me!—I tried to stop him, but he was too strong.

THE next moment we were running through the low shore-line water, bracing ourselves as the first few gentle waves broke on against our legs. I was too busy now to hang back. I was too anxious to hold on. Out on the horizon a big billow was shaping itself to sweep down the beach.

"Better try diving through and under the first few big ones!" he counseled. "You'll get confidence that way."

I waited until just the last moment. Then, when I felt the quick pressure of his hand on my shoulder, I closed my eyes and dived through the bottom of that huge, powerful crest towering up above me.

"Oh—that's fun!" I gasped, coming up the other side. "There's nothing to it!"

He grinned, wiping the water from his lean, tanned face. "It is easy, that way. But don't kid yourself about the force of that water. If you

stand up and let it hit you broadside, you can get hurt. It'll pick you up and turn you around and scrape you on the sand—I've seen people get hurt pretty badly."

My learning progressed all through the morning. Angus Howard was a good teacher and he seemed to be enjoying himself. I learned to wait until the wave was nearly on top of me—to throw myself upward and forward—to kick like mad with my hands outstretched—and then feel the surge and power of the wave sweep under me, pushing me far up on the beach.

That is, I did it once. Most of the time I only got a little ride, because I was still too timid. I couldn't judge them as expertly as Angus did.

"Lunchtime!" he called out suddenly. "Let's try the Trader Inn!"

I had passed the Inn yesterday and I had thought then, wistfully, that it looked an interesting place. But not—with the crowd there who seemed to know each other so well—definitely not the kind of place a lone girl would want to try. Now I was going there with this red-headed stranger!

There were driftwood tables for two in the little cove the Trader Inn nestled into. Abalone shells were used for ash trays and those brilliantly-colored, netting-encased glass fishing balls the Japanese used and

which drifted clear across the ocean to wash up on our California beaches, hung from the ceiling for decoration. Directly in front of us as we ate was a smock-clad artist, with camp-stool and easel, nonchalantly painting the ocean scene, oblivious to the interest of passersby.

It was so different—this whole, exciting morning, and now my being here with Angus—so different from the lonely three days I had already spent that I was dazed. So much so that I had forgotten all about my hair, until after we ordered.

"I look a mess," I apologized to Angus, as I gathered the thick waves into a neat bun at the back of my head.

He looked at me for a moment, critically, and then, with one swift, gentle motion of his hand, he swept the hairpins aside, undoing the bun, and letting my hair cascade down onto my shoulders.

"I like it better that way, Sue. You look—sweet, that way. Not like that prim young lady who bawled me out this morning. And who would probably rap me over the knuckles if I asked her for a date to go dancing tonight!"

For some strange reason my heart began to pound. My throat thickened up and I felt the nerves in the back of my neck and shoulders begin to quiver (*Continued on page 68*)



It was so different, this whole exciting morning!

Inside the everyday Sue there was another girl, a girl who ran and laughed in the sunlight—who fell in love with Angus. It was this girl Angus wanted, because he was the kind who would never take second best





Sam Cowling's Almanac offers wisdom for those not laughing too hard to hear it.

The BREAKFAST CLUB

This hour-long breakfast time show has been starting the coast-to-coast day right for many years



Music winds in and out and around the rest of the program, some of it provided by the rhythm quartet called the Vagabonds.



Cruising Crooner Owens finds a dream girl of any age, sings tenderly to her alone.

SPONTANEOUS as the first spring flower, always funny and frequently rising to great heights of wit, ABC's thirteen-year-old Breakfast Club comes on morning after morning in the same format, more or less. But because it is largely unrehearsed (those portions of it involving the studio audience are completely unrehearsed) there is always room for some bit of madness, some wild surprising gaiety which m.c. Don McNeill culls from the always-enthusiastic studio audience or makes up as he goes along, out of whatever happens to catch his fancy.

Don McNeill started his radio career as an announcer, but he's been an m.c. for, by his own figures, around 4,400 microphone hours. He's never late, seldom absent, and has taken only brief vacations, and still his adlibbing has a freshness and liveliness that less experienced m.c.'s envy.

Aunt Fanny was born by accident, one day in a Waterloo, Iowa radio station, when singer Fran Allison was called on to say a few words between songs. She is now a composite of so many Ioway ladies remembered by Fran from her growing-up days out there that Fran's mother is in a perpetual dither for fear one of her friends is going to recognize herself in one of Aunt Fanny's outrageous caricatures. But so far it hasn't happened.

Sam Cowling is from Indiana. Before he thought up his Fiction and Fact Almanac he sang tenor with a trio, but now most of his creative effort goes into manufacturing lopsided wisdom for the Almanac.



DON McNEILL, The Breakfast Club's Master of Ceremonies, runs through his hour-long program day after day without benefit of script-writers, manufacturing dialogue as he goes along out of whatever happens to strike his fancy. He can do this not only because he's been doing it for years, and not only because the rest of the Club's cast cooperates so enthusiastically, but because he has a large measure of that special talent, indispensable to m.c.'s, of setting his unrehearsed audience guests completely at ease before the mike. The Breakfast Club's kind of fun is friendly, unpretentious—the let's-all-join-in kind that everyone enjoys. The Breakfast Club is heard every Monday through Saturday morning at 8 PDT, 8 MDT, 8 CDT, 9 EDT, over ABC.

The BREAKFAST CLUB.



During the Breakfast Club's second quarter hour there is no clowning. This is when the studio audience, the cast, and many listeners at home bow their heads in prayer. A hymn of the day, chosen from among favorite hymns of all religions, follows.

Jack Owens has been the screen singing voice of many a Hollywood star. And to his composing credit there's a long list of smash-hit songs: "Louisiana Lullaby", "I Dood It", "The Hut-Sut Song". He's been the Cruising Crooner since 1944, but he still writes a song a week.

Ilene Woods, only nineteen, became a singer in spite of the strenuous efforts of her mother, a professional singer, to steer her along other paths. Ilene came to the Breakfast Club via several ABC programs and a bond tour with Paul Whiteman.

Nancy Martin, who was voted the Best Woman Singer of Popular Songs a while ago in a radio-listener poll, does a lot of things besides singing. She's a wife, a swimmer, and a writer of poetry, fiction and songs, several of which have been published.

Aunt Fanny, played by radio actress Fran Allison, makes herself generally useful in the program's fun department.



Some days the romantic music is sung by pretty Ilene Woods—



—And some days the songs are sung by pretty Nancy Martin.



Aunt Fanny and Sam Cowling produce some of the show's most hilarious moments, full of country-style words and music.

Around the studio breakfast table go the marchers, and around their own tables at home go many listeners!



Life can be Beautiful

The letter Papa David chooses this month tells how happiness was fought for, and gained, through a wise friend's guidance



Ralph Locke plays Papa David in *Life Can Be Beautiful*, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker.

Radio Mirror Offers
one hundred dollars
each month for your
Life Can Be Beautiful Letters

Have you sent in your *Life Can Be Beautiful* letter yet? For the letter Papa David considers best each month, RADIO MIRROR will pay one hundred dollars. For each of the other letters received during the month which we have space enough to print, RADIO MIRROR Magazine will pay fifteen dollars. Address your letters to Papa David, care of RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.

IF you have faith that a *good life* is within the grasp of anyone who wants it, then *your Life Can Be Beautiful*. This does not mean that an existence free of any hardships or unhappiness can be had at will, only that beauty dwells in unexpected places—unexpected situations, and it is up to each one of us to seek it out. As a wise poet once said, "Beauty and truth are worthy to be sought."

And when troubles come, as come they do to all of us, don't give way to despair. More often than most people realize, the compensation of suffering is that it brings us to a greater appreciation of our blessings.

O beautiful in this living that passes like
the foam,
It is to go with sorrow, yet come with
beauty home.

Hardly a day passes that I don't find proof of this in my own life or the lives of my friends and neighbors. I was discussing it with the tobacconist from around the corner quite recently. He is a widower, whose daughter Harriet, an unusually gifted girl who had been given every possible advantage of education, became blind about a year ago. After much suffering and illness, a series of successful operations restored her sight. And now Harriet is *glad* of the experience!

"All my life I will be more thankful, more grateful for the precious gift of sight because I was once without it," she told her father. "All my life I will have more sympathy and more understanding for the blind because I know what it is like to be blind."

I was filled with thankfulness when the tobacconist repeated these words—the thankfulness I always experience when hearing that one more person has learned the joyous secret—*Life Can Be Beautiful*. It is the same thankfulness I feel at the deluge of inspiring letters which you have sent to me—letters that are a tribute to the philosophy of life which is the moving spirit of our radio program. I only wish we could print them all, but, since that is impossible, here are the ones selected as the most fitting testimonials that *Life Can Be Beautiful*.

This first one, from a young woman, I have chosen as the best letter sent by a reader this month, and to the writer of it goes RADIO MIRROR's check for \$100.00—and gratitude from all of us for sharing her experience with us.

A Wise Teacher

Dear Papa David:

When I was twenty-two months of age, I was a victim of that dreaded child disease infantile paralysis which left me with a shortened leg and a badly twisted right foot. I was unable to walk until I was almost nine years old; by that time I was very self-conscious about my affliction. I hated the thought of starting to school. I shunned the other children and only watched when they played, although they asked me to join in.

One day our teacher, to whom I think I owe more than anyone else, announced that our room was to put on a forty-five minute program at the high school. I could hardly believe my ears when Mrs. Thomas said that she was giving me the leading part in the play. I begged her not to, but to no avail.

One day she asked me to remain in at recess. It was then she made me tell her the reason I did not want to be in the play. Through burning tears I told her how I felt about my twisted foot. She patted my head and spoke so tenderly. "Honey, you are going to be in our play and no one will even know you are a cripple." She left the room and soon returned with a large box. She soon had me dressed in a long hoop skirt, a black blouse and a grey wig complete with black rim specs. It was then I learned I was to play the part of a typical "old maid" school teacher.

Two weeks later our play was presented with huge success. When I left the stage Mrs. Thomas was waiting for me. "Darling, you were wonderful," she exclaimed, and to prove she really meant it, before that term of school was out she had put me in nine forty-five minute programs. Almost unnoticed by me she managed to dress me each time in the first five plays so that no one would know I was a cripple. But the last four I played my part in very short little girl

dresses. I pleaded with her not to put me in those roles but she only smiled and said, "Honey, you have been my very best little actress and you won't let me down now, will you?"

It was then and there I made up my mind I would never let her down, and I didn't. I went on the stage as any other child and played my part.

I finished school at the age of sixteen, went to the city and took a good job. In less than a year I met and married the best man in the world I think. We have a darling baby girl and a lovely little home.

If it had not been for my teacher I don't feel I would ever have the happiness I enjoy today.

Mrs. T. L. R.

And here are other letters, each of them a lesson in life. To the writers of each of these, RADIO MIRROR has mailed fifteen-dollar checks.

Help From Within

Dear Papa David:

For six years I let a "sorry complex" nag my life. My first memory was the day on which my teen-age husband was drowned. I felt I was bearing all the grief of the world. Later when my son was born, my joy was over-shadowed by my feeling of utter loneliness and I cursed the fate that placed me alone to raise my child. I had plenty to look ahead to, but I preferred to look back.

A year later my Dad was captured as a civilian worker on Wake, and for two years we were doubtful whether (Continued on page 56)

NEVER out of Season



Solid goodness—that's what you buy from your frozen food dealer. He has everything that you need for a meal, from start to finish.

SUMMER wouldn't be summer without fried chicken, but there are sultry days when the labor of cleaning and disjointsing the bird does detract from its appeal. That is why the return to our markets of quick frozen fryers is such good news, for the frozen fowl is beautifully cleaned and singed and is cut to provide eight generous portions. For dinner in a hurry, for dinner with a minimum of time spent in the warmth of the kitchen, and for dinner which your family will call the best ever, serve Fried Chicken Southern Style or Buttermilk Fried Chicken and as an accompaniment to either one, try creamed peas or sour cream succotash.

Fried Chicken, Southern Style

- 1 quick frozen frying chicken (about 2 lbs.)
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- Shortening

Thaw chicken enough to separate pieces. Roll in flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Heat

sizzling hot about ½ inch shortening in heavy skillet. Place chicken in fat and fry slowly 25 to 30 minutes, or until tender, turning to brown delicately on both sides. Arrange on hot platter. Garnish with halved orange slices and water cress.

Buttermilk Fried Chicken

Follow directions for fried chicken southern style, but after thawing dip chicken into buttermilk before rolling in flour.

Creamed Peas

- 1 (10 oz.) package quick-frozen peas
- 4 tbs. shortening
- 2 tbs. minced onion
- 3 tbs. flour
- 1¾ cups milk
- ¼ cup vegetable liquor or vegetable liquor and milk
- Salt and pepper to taste

Cook peas according to directions on the box. While they are cooking, saute onion in shortening until tender and golden. Add flour and stir to a paste. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly. Cook gently 2 minutes, or until thickened, stirring constantly. Measure liquor drained from cooked vegetables, adding milk, if necessary, to make up the amount. Add to white sauce and blend. Season with salt and pepper. Mix lightly with drained peas. Serve hot.

Sour Cream Succotash

- 1 pkge. quick frozen string beans
- 1 pkge. quick frozen corn
- 1 tbs. shortening
- 4 tbs. minced onion
- 1 tbs. flour
- ½ cup vegetable liquor
- ¼ cup sour cream
- Salt and pepper to taste

Combine corn and beans and cook as directed on package. While they are cooking saute onion in shortening until clear and golden. Add flour and stir to a paste. Add ¼ cup liquor from corn and beans and cook, stirring constantly, until well blended, about 2 minutes. Remove from fire and stir in sour cream. Add salt and pepper to taste. Combine sour cream mixture with cooked corn and beans, heat piping hot and serve at once.

Another quick frozen treat is chicken a la king, and I am putting it on my list of favorites not only because it is delicious, but because it can be served in so many ways. For instance:

Bake a corn meal short cake, a large one or small individual cakes, using a prepared corn muffin mix. Fill and top with piping hot chicken a la king.

Stir up a batch of corn meal waffles and top them with chicken a la king.

Make a ring of cooked rice or noodles, fill the center with chicken a la king and all plates will be passed back for more.

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.



INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

Sunday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time
8:30		CBS: Country Journal
8:30		ABC: Earl Wilde, pianist
9:00		MBS: Young People's Church
9:00		ABC: White Rabbit Line
8:15	8:00	CBS: Renfrew Valley Folks
8:15	8:00	NBC: Story to Order
6:15	6:30	9:30 NBC: NBC String Trio
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Voice of Prophecy
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Choir Practice
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Church of the Air
7:00	9:00	10:00 ABC: Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Highlights of the Bible
	10:00	MBS: Radio Bible Class
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Church of the Air
7:30	9:30	10:30 ABC: Southernaires
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Circle Arrow Show
8:30	9:30	10:30 MBS: Chaplain Jim
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Eternal Light
	11:00	MBS: Pro Arte Quartet
8:05	10:05	11:05 CBS: Wings Over Jordan
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir
	11:30	MBS: Reviewing Stand
	10:45	11:45 NBC: Solitaire Time, Warde Donovan
9:00	11:00	12:00 MBS: Pilgrim Hour
	12:00	CBS: Invitation to Learning
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: NBC Concert Orchestra
	12:30	MBS: Lutheran Hour
10:00		12:30 ABC: String Orchestra
	1:00	ABC: Cliff Edwards
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: People's Platform
	12:00	NBC: Voice of the Dairy Farmer
	1:15	NBC: America United
	1:15	ABC: Orson Welles
	1:15	MBS: Ilka Chase
10:15	12:30	1:30 CBS: Time for Reason
10:30	12:30	1:30 ABC: Sammy Kaye's Orchestra
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: Chicago Round Table
	1:30	MBS: Sweetheart Time
11:00		2:00 NBC: Harvest of Stars
11:00	1:00	2:00 MBS: Songs Along the Trail
	2:00	ABC: Warriors of Peace
	2:00	CBS: Reader's Digest
	2:15	ABC: Dorothy Claire, songs
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: John Charles Thomas
11:15		2:30 ABC: National Vespers
	2:30	ABC: Bill Cunningham, news
	2:45	MBS: The World Tomorrow
12:00	2:05	3:00 MBS: Open House
	3:00	CBS: Columbia Broadcasting Symphony
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Carmen Cavallaro
12:15		3:45 ABC: Galen Drake
	3:30	ABC: A Present From Hollywood
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: One Man's Family
	3:30	MBS: Vera Holly, songs
	3:45	ABC: Johnny Thompson and Ilena Woods
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Columbia Workshop
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: The National Hour
	4:00	ABC: Stump the Authors
	4:00	MBS: Murder Is My Hobby
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: The Electric Hour
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Frank Black, Robert Merrill
12:30	3:30	4:30 ABC: Right Down Your Alley
	4:30	MBS: True Detective Mysteries
2:00		5:00 NBC: NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Family Hour
7:30		5:00 ABC: Darts for Dough
	5:00	MBS: The Shadow
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Quick as a Flash
2:30		5:30 CBS: Gene Autry
1:30		5:30 ABC: David Harding, Counterspy
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Silver Theatre
2:00	5:00	6:00 ABC: Stairway to the Stars
	6:00	MBS: Those Websters
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: Catholic Hour
	6:30	ABC: Phil Davis
	7:00	MBS: Let's Go to the Opera
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Frank Morgan
9:00		7:00 CBS: Gene Autry
	7:30	MBS: Star Show
8:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: The Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Fitch Bandwagon
8:30	8:30	7:30 CBS: Blondie
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Alec Templeton
	8:00	MBS: Mediation Board
4:00		8:00 ABC: Ford Hour
	8:30	MBS: Don't Be a Sucker
8:00	7:00	8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Tommy Dorsey
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Meet Corliss Archer
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Exploring the Unknown
5:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
5:15	8:15	9:15 ABC: Louella Parson's Show
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Texaco Star Theater, James Melton
5:30		9:30 ABC: Former Mayor LaGuardia
	9:30	MBS: Double or Nothing
8:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: American Album of Familiar Music
5:45	8:30	9:45 ABC: Jimmie Fidler
	9:45	MBS: Dorothy Thompson
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It
6:00	9:00	10:00 ABC: Mystery Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Hour of Charm
	10:00	MBS: Freedom of Opportunity
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Meet Me at Parky's
	9:30	CBS: We the People
	10:30	MBS: Serenade for Strings
10:15	10:30	11:00 CBS: Bill Costello
10:30	11:30	11:30 ABC: Orson Welles
	11:30	NBC: Pacific Story



NEVER WASTES TIME

Alfred Drake, who's holding down the singing m. c. job on the summer edition of the Ford Sunday Evening Hour (ABC, 8 P.M. EDT) almost became an opera singer. He and his brother both entered the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air contest together. Alfred's brother won the contest. You hear him, now, as Arthur Kent, of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Alfred Drake didn't lose any time weeping over his disappointment, however. He went after Broadway musical work and radio and wound up as the singing lead in the now almost legendary musical, "Oklahoma."

Alfred and Arthur both started out in Brooklyn with the patronym Cappura. They both showed their talent for singing quite early. And they both started their careers very early, singing in the churches in their neighborhood—for pay, which they were glad to get because it helped to pay for their singing lessons. They changed their names, because after a while they fell into the hands of an enterprising agent, who insisted that they must have an American name, since the big rage in singers then was for Americans. Since they often went to the same places for jobs, they decided to take different last names. Therefore the Alfred Drake and the Arthur Kent.

Alfred is fully trained for Opera. He's a fine linguist, having given in to his parents' wishes to the degree of going through college with the apparent aim of becoming a language teacher.

Shortly after his graduation from college, and after a brief spell with a Gilbert and Sullivan company, Alfred was hired as an understudy to William Gaxton in "White Horse Inn," which some of you may remember as a fantastically lavish presentation at the Center Theatre in New York, a theater where the stage is a good block away from the last row. Quite against all the rules in real theater—only in the movies do understudies ever get a chance—Alfred had to sing and play Gaxton's part for eleven days.

After that Mr. Drake made Broadway history by becoming one of the busiest actor-singers in the business. He can look back to "Babes in Arms," "Straw Hat Revue," "Two for the Show," and "Sing Out Sweet Land." After his success in "Oklahoma" Hollywood caught up with him and he now has a contract to work six months in the film city and, if he chooses, six months in New York. His first film was "Tars and Spars." His next will be a picture with Rita Hayworth.

Alfred Drake is married to the former Harvey Brown, who sang in the ensemble of "Oklahoma." They have a baby daughter named Candace, Candy for short.

Monday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time
8:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Honeymoon in New York
	8:15	9:15 CBS: This Is New York
	9:15	MBS: Shady Valley Folks
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
	10:00	NBC: Lone Journey
	10:00	MBS: Once Over Lightly
	10:15	NBC: Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
	10:15	MBS: Faith In Our Time
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
1:45		10:30 ABC: Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30 NBC: Road of Life
	10:30	MBS: Married For Life
	10:45	ABC: Policewomen
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
7:45		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
9:30	10:10	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
	11:00	CBS: Arthur Godfrey
	11:15	MBS: Elsa Maxwell
	11:30	CBS: Tena and Tim
10:00	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
	11:30	NBC: Barry Cameron
	11:30	MBS: Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
	11:45	MBS: Victor H. Lindlahr
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00		12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
	12:15	MBS: Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	ABC: At Your Request
	12:30	MBS: U. S. Naval Academy Band
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45 NBC: Maggi's Private Wire
	12:45	MBS: Naval Academy Band
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
	1:15	MBS: Luncheon With Lopez
10:15	11:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
	1:45	MBS: John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
	2:15	MBS: Smile Time
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Rosemary
3:00	1:30	2:30 ABC: Bride and Groom
	2:30	MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Time to Remember
11:45		2:45 NBC: Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Al Pearce Show
	3:00	CBS: You're in the Act
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Woman of America
	3:00	MBS: True Confessions
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
	3:15	MBS: Judy Lang, Songs
12:30	2:30	3:30 ABC: Ladies Be Seated
	3:30	CBS: Cinderella, Inc.
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
	3:30	MBS: Lady Be Beautiful
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00		4:00 ABC: Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
	4:00	MBS: Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
	4:15	ABC: Alien Prescott
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
	4:15	MBS: Johnson Family
	4:30	ABC: Our Singing Land
	4:30	CBS: Give and Take
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
	4:45	MBS: Mutual's Melody Hour
4:45		4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Feature Story
5:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
	5:00	MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe
	5:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
	5:15	ABC: Dick Tracy
	5:15	MBS: Superman
	5:15	CBS: Woman's Club
	5:30	MBS: Captain Midnight
5:30	5:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
	5:30	CBS: Cimarron Tavern
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
5:45	4:45	5:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
5:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:45	MBS: Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Sketches in Melodies
3:30	5:15	6:15 CBS: Waitin' for Clayton
	5:30	6:30 CBS: Skyline Roof
	6:45	ABC: Cal Tinney
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Club
7:30	9:30	7:30 CBS: Bob Hawk Show
6:00	6:30	7:30 ABC: The Lone Ranger
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Cavalcade of America
9:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Forever Ernest
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum & Abner
	8:00	MBS: Bulldog Drummond
8:15		8:15 ABC: The O'Neills
8:30		8:30 ABC: Fat Man Detective Series
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Night Life
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30 MBS: Sherlock Holmes
	9:00	9:00 ABC: I Deal in Crime
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: The Telephone Hour
	9:15	MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Benny Goodman
	9:30	MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	9:30	9:30 ABC: Paul Whiteman's Orchestra
7:00	10:00	10:00 ABC: Bill Thompson Show
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Contented Program
	10:00	MBS: Your Land and Mine
	10:15	ABC: Ralph Morgan
	10:15	CBS: Jon Gart Trio
9:30	10:30	10:30 CBS: Tonight on Broadway
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Dr. I. Q.

Tuesday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time
8:00	9:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	9:00	9:00 NBC: Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:15 CBS: This Is New York
		9:15 MBS: Shady Valley Folks
6:45	9:30	9:30 NBC: Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:00 MBS: Alan Scott
		10:00 NBC: Lone Journey
8:30	9:15	10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
		10:15 CBS: Light of the World
		10:15 MBS: Faith in Our Time
2:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
1:45		10:30 ABC: Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30 NBC: Road of Life
		10:30 MBS: Married For Life
11:30	9:45	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
7:45		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
		10:45 MBS: Fun With Music
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
9:30	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
		11:00 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
		11:15 MBS: Elsa Maxwell
10:00	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 CBS: Tena and Tim
		11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
		11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
		11:45 MBS: Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00	12:00	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15 MBS: Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
		12:30 ABC: At Your Request
		12:30 MBS: Command Band
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45 NBC: Maggi's Private Wire
		1:00 MBS: News For Women
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
		1:15 MBS: Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:30 MBS: Smile Time
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
2:30	1:00	2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News
1:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
		2:15 MBS: Smile Time
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Rosemary
3:00	1:30	2:30 ABC: Bride and Groom
		2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Time to Remember
		2:45 NBC: Masquerade
		3:00 CBS: You're in the Act
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
		3:00 MBS: True Confessions
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
		3:30 MBS: Lady Be Beautiful
		3:30 CBS: Cinderella, Inc.
12:30	3:30	3:30 ABC: Ladies Be Seated
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	2:45	4:00 ABC: Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
		4:00 MBS: Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:35	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
		4:15 MBS: The Johnson Family
		4:15 ABC: Allen Prescott
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
		4:30 CBS: Give and Take
		4:45 ABC: Our Singing Land
		4:45 MBS: Mutual Melody Hour
4:45	4:45	4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:00	5:00 MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
		5:15 MBS: Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
		5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
		5:30 MBS: Captain Midnight
5:45	5:45	5:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
		5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Jose Bethencourt, Marimba
		6:15 CBS: Patti Clayton
10:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
3:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Kern Kobblers
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: American Melody Hour
		7:30 MBS: Songs by Ward Donovan
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Big Town
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Johnny Desmond, Margaret Whiting, Herb Shriner
		8:00 MBS: Nick Carter
8:15	7:30	8:15 ABC: The O'Neills
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Dark Venture
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: A Date With Judy
		8:30 MBS: Theater of Romance
5:55	7:30	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
9:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Ed Sullivan
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Amos & Andy
		9:15 ABC: Eugenie Baird
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Encore Theatre
10:45	8:30	9:30 ABC: Doctor Talks It Over
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Fred Waring
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: American Forum of the Air
7:15	10:00	10:00 ABC: Concert Time
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bob Hope
		10:00 CBS: Crime Photographer
10:30	10:30	10:30 CBS: Open Hearing
		10:30 MBS: Better Half
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Sigmund Romberg
		11:15 CBS: Frontiers of Science



LOVELIEST LOVELY

Milena Miller is an easy client for the publicity boys to handle. Milena, who is now featured songstress on the Music Hall summer show, requires very little build-up. All the boys have to do is send out her picture. And her beauty is widely recognized. Last spring a group of illustrators—which gentlemen, after all, should know a little something about such things—named Milena the most beautiful girl in radio. Look at her picture. What do you think?

Milena came to be a radio singer by a roundabout route. She was born in Mansfield, Ohio, and her very first ambition was to make her mark as a costume designer. The center of such things is New York, so Milena hied herself to New York City when it was time to start her training. She studied at the Traphagen School of Fashion.

While one studies, one usually has to eat. Milena's allowance was nothing very elaborate, so, at the suggestion of some friends, she decided to earn a little extra money modeling. The Harry Conover Model Agency took one look at her and she was promptly put to work. That was in 1941 and, somehow, she began to be on call for modeling jobs so often that she had to skip more classes than seemed sensible. So she gave up the school. Milena never forgot what she had learned, however, and she's still interested enough in designing to design most of her own clothes.

In 1943, Harry Conover suggested that Milena enter an Atlantic City Beauty Contest in which the entrants had to have dramatic or musical ability, as well as beauty. And that's what clinched it for Milena. She won hands down for beauty combined with singing ability.

Unlike so many beauty contest winners, for Milena the breaks began after the contest was over. She made her professional debut as a song stylist at a supper club. Shortly afterward she was signed as the permanent vocalist for the Ballantine Show.

Despite the relative ease with which her beauty and talent have led her to a rapid success—a success which promises to go much farther—Milena isn't at all spoiled. That same beauty and talent could provide her with dozens of dates and plenty of fancy beaung, but she limits her time on those things. She still likes to read a great deal and one of her pet forms of relaxation is to sit for hours listening to George Gershwin music. Milena also likes the movies—and it is our guess that before long the movies will be liking her to the tune of a fat contract. She's by way of being a slightly screwball fan about the flickers. Sometimes, when the mood strikes her, she'll go from one theater to the other and see three or four pictures in succession.

Milena says she has some very important plans for her future. It remains for time to tell whether she will change them.

Wednesday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time
8:00	9:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	9:00	9:00 NBC: Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:10 CBS: This Is New York
		9:15 MBS: Shady Valley Folks
8:15	9:30	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
		10:00 NBC: Lone Journey
6:45	9:30	9:30 NBC: Daytime Classics
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:00 MBS: Once Over Lightly
		10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
		10:15 MBS: Faith in Our Time
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
1:45		10:30 NBC: Road of Life
7:30		10:30 MBS: Married For Life
10:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
11:30	9:40	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
7:45		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
9:30	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
		11:00 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
		11:15 MBS: Elsa Maxwell
10:00	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
		11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
		11:30 CBS: Tena and Tim
8:45	10:45	11:45 MBS: Victor H. Lindlahr
10:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
		11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	12:00	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15 MBS: Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
		12:30 ABC: At Your Request
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45 NBC: Maggi's Private Wire
		1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
		1:15 MBS: Luncheon With Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
		2:15 NBC: Today's Children
		2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
		2:15 MBS: Smile Time
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Rosemary
3:00	1:30	2:30 ABC: Bride and Groom
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
		2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Time to Remember
		2:45 NBC: Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
		3:00 MBS: True Confessions
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
		3:30 MBS: Lady Be Beautiful
		3:30 CBS: Cinderella, Inc.
12:30	3:30	3:30 ABC: Ladies Be Seated
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
		4:00 MBS: Jack Berch
		4:15 ABC: Beautiful Music
		4:15 MBS: The Johnson Family
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
		4:30 CBS: Give and Take
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
		4:30 MBS: This Is Your Country
4:45	4:45	4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
		5:00 MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
		5:15 MBS: Superman
5:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
		5:30 MBS: Captain Midnight
5:45	5:45	5:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
		5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
3:30	5:10	6:10 CBS: Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Jose Bethencourt, Marimba
		6:15 CBS: Patti Clayton
10:00	5:30	6:30 CBS: Skyline Roof, Gordon MacRae
4:00	6:45	7:00 ABC: Cal Tinney
8:00	7:00	7:00 NBC: Headline Edition
8:00	7:00	7:00 CBS: Lanny Ross Show
		7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15 MBS: The Kern Kobblers
9:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Adventures of Ellery Queen
6:00	6:30	7:30 ABC: The Lone Ranger
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
		8:00 MBS: What's the Name of That Song?
9:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Mr. and Mrs. North
		8:15 ABC: The O'Neills
		8:30 MBS: Fresh Up Show
8:30	7:30	8:30 ABC: Fishing and Hunting Club
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: A Life in Your Hands
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
		9:00 ABC: Court of Missing Heirs
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Frank Sinatra Show
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: McGarry and His Mouse
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Bob Crosby Show
6:30	8:30	9:30 ABC: So You Want to Lead a Band?
		9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Mr. District Attorney
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Academy Award
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Kay Kyser
		10:00 ABC: Sports Review
		10:00 MBS: Endorsed by Dorsey
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: David Rose Orchestra
		10:30 MBS: Bill McCune's Orchestra
		10:30 ABC: Fantasy in Melody

Thursday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time
8:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Honeymoon in New York
6:15	3:30	9:15 CBS: This Is New York
		9:15 MBS: Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30 NBC: Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:00 NBC: Lone Journey
		10:00 MBS: Once Over Lightly
8:30	9:15	10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
		10:15 CBS: Light of the World
		10:15 MBS: Faith in Our Time
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Road of Life
1:30	2:00	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
		10:30 MBS: Married for Life
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
11:30	9:45	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
7:45		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
		10:45 MBS: Fun With Music
		11:00 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
9:30	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
		11:15 MBS: Elsa Maxwell's Party Line
10:00	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
		11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
		11:30 CBS: Tena and Tim
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
		11:45 MBS: Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00	12:00	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
		12:15 MBS: Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
		12:30 ABC: At Your Request
		12:30 MBS: U. S. Navy Band
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45 NBC: Maggi's Private Wire
		12:45 MBS: Judy Lang
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
		1:15 MBS: Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
		1:45 CBS: Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15		2:15 ABC: Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
		2:15 MBS: Smile Time
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Rosemary
3:00	1:30	2:30 ABC: Bride and Groom
		2:30 NBC: Woman in White
		2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Time to Remember
		2:45 NBC: Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Al Pearce Show
12:30	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
		3:00 MBS: True Confessions
		3:00 CBS: You're in the Act
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:30		3:30 ABC: Ladies, Be Seated
		3:30 MBS: Remember?
		3:30 CBS: Cinderella, Inc.
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
		3:45 MBS: Lady Be Beautiful
1:00		4:00 ABC: Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
		4:00 MBS: Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
		4:15 MBS: Johnson Family
		4:15 ABC: Allen Prescott
		4:30 CBS: Give and Take
		4:30 ABC: Our Singing Land
		4:45 MBS: Mutual Melody Hour
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
4:45		4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
4:00	5:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
		5:00 MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
		5:15 MBS: Superman
		5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
		5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
		5:15 CBS: Waitin' for Clayton
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
		6:30 CBS: Skyline Roof
		6:30 NBC: Clem McCarthy
10:00	6:45	6:45 ABC: Cal Tinney
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15 MBS: Korn Kobblers
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Mr. Keen
		7:30 ABC: Professor Quiz
8:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Bob Burns
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Meredith Willson
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Suspense
		8:00 MBS: Elaine Carrington Playhouse
8:30	7:30	8:30 ABC: America's Town Meeting
9:00	7:30	8:30 NBC: Olmstead Playhouse
		8:30 MBS: Rogue's Gallery
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Dick Haymes
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Eddie Duchin, Edward Everett Horton
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 ABC: Detect and Collect
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby
		9:30 MBS: Treasure Hour of Song
		9:30 NBC: Jack Haley with Eva Arden
7:00	9:00	10:00 ABC: Curtain Time, drama
		10:00 MBS: Beatrice Kay Show
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Abbott and Costello
		10:30 ABC: Here's Morgan
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Rudy Vallee
		10:30 MBS: Leo Elgart's Orchestra



QUICK CHANGE ARTIST

Recently, Nannette Sargent pulled a switch that could only happen in radio. For the past five years, Nannette has played the role of the baby, Paulette Henderson, in the Ma Perkins show. She made the first baby cry, which was all the part called for in the beginning, and worked steadily through the part to the present age of the script baby, about five years. And then, a few weeks ago, Nannette was shifted to playing the part of the baby's mother.

This is no unusual thing for Nannette. She's one of the most versatile actresses in radio. She can and does portray characters from day-old babies to eighty-year-old women. As leading lady for WGN's Mystery House, she's called on to enact a wide variety of women, from sweet young things to hardened criminals. Not long ago, in three consecutive broadcasts of ABC's Curtain Time, she played a baby, a twenty-two-year-old girl and an eighty-year-old woman.

An injured back and a dare are the cause of it all, Nannette says. Nannette, who was born in Montpelier, Ohio, and went through High School there, started her professional life at the age of six as a ballet dancer and continued as a ballerina until about thirteen years ago, when a serious fall while she was dancing as the Ballerina in the Pageant of the States put an end to her dancing career—and almost to her walking. When she was finally able to walk again, she still had the theater bug and she turned to the legitimate stage.

A year with the famous Jesse Bonstelle started her off on the right track. She then spent several seasons with a traveling stock company, touring the South.

Nannette, like so many stage people, was terrified of a microphone. But Nannette also couldn't refuse dares. So, when her mother dared her to go to Station WROL in Knoxville and ask for a job, Nannette, feeling very sure she wouldn't get it, went. She proved wrong. She not only got a job, but she stayed with the station for a year and a half, doubling as "platter turner" and leading actress. From there she returned to her native state of Ohio and went to work for stations WLW and WKRC in Cincinnati, where she again was an actress of all work and kept steadily busy until 1940, the year that she moved to Chicago.

Now you hear her many times a day—and many days. Besides the shows already mentioned, she is heard as Catherine Colby in NBC's Today's Children, Vivian in CBS's Judy and Jane and as baby Michael in NBC's Masquerade.

During her free time, Nannette commutes between Cincinnati, where her husband is in business, and Chicago, where her radio shows originate. A busy radio schedule and maintaining two apartments is a full-time job even for the huskiest. And Nannette is no husky. Blonde and blue-eyed and delicate, Nannette stands all of four feet eleven inches in her stockings.

Friday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time
8:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Honeymoon in New York
		9:15 CBS: This Is New York
		9:15 MBS: Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30 NBC: Daytime Classics
8:15	9:15	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:00 NBC: Lone Journey
		10:00 MBS: Once Over Lightly
8:30	9:15	10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
		10:15 CBS: Light of the World
		10:15 MBS: Faith in Our Time
2:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
10:55	9:30	10:30 ABC: Betty Crocker
		10:30 NBC: Road of Life
		10:30 MBS: Married for Life
7:30		10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
12:45	9:45	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
11:30	9:45	10:45 MBS: Fun With Music
9:30	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
		11:00 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
		11:15 MBS: Elsa Maxwell's Party Line
10:00	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 CBS: Tena and Tim
		11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
		11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
		11:45 MBS: Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00	12:00	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
		12:15 MBS: Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
		12:30 ABC: At Your Request
		12:30 MBS: U. S. Army Band
9:45	11:45	12:45 NBC: Maggi's Private Wire
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
		12:45 MBS: Judy Lang
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
		1:15 MBS: Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
		1:45 CBS: Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, news
		2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel and Albert
		2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
		2:15 MBS: Smile Time
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Rosemary
3:00	1:30	2:30 ABC: Bride and Groom
		2:30 NBC: Woman in White
		2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Time to Remember
		2:45 NBC: Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
		3:00 MBS: True Confessions
		3:00 CBS: You're in the Act
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:30		3:30 ABC: Ladies, Be Seated
		3:30 MBS: Remember?
		3:30 CBS: Cinderella, Inc.
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
		3:45 MBS: Lady Be Beautiful
1:00		4:00 ABC: Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
		4:00 MBS: Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
		4:15 MBS: Johnson Family
		4:15 ABC: Allen Prescott
		4:30 CBS: Give and Take
		4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
		4:45 MBS: Mutual Melody Hour
1:30	3:30	4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
4:45		4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
1:45	3:45	4:45 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
4:00	5:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:00	4:00	5:00 MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
		5:15 MBS: Superman
		5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
		5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
		6:00 ABC: Kiernan's News Corner
3:30	5:15	6:15 CBS: Waitin' for Clayton
		6:30 CBS: Skyline Roof, Gordon MacRae
		6:40 NBC: Clem McCarthy
		6:45 ABC: Cal Tinney
10:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00	6:00	7:15 MBS: Korn Kobblers
8:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou
6:00	6:30	7:30 ABC: The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: The Aldrich Family
		7:00 NBC: Highways in Melody
		8:00 MBS: Passport to Romance
8:00	8:00	8:00 ABC: Woody Herman Show
8:30		8:30 ABC: This Is Your FBI
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Duffy's Tavern
9:30	9:30	8:30 CBS: Kate Smith Sings
		8:30 MBS: Voice in the Night
		8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
9:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Break the Bank
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Harry Sosnik
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 ABC: The Sheriff
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Waltz Time
6:55	8:55	9:55 ABC: Elmer Davis
		10:00 ABC: Boxing Bouts
		10:00 MBS: Tommy Dorsey's Playshop
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Mollie Mystery Theater
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Mercury Summer Theater
		10:15 MBS: Meet the Press
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Maisie

Saturday

Eastern Daylight Time

P. D. T.	C. D. T.	Time	Station	Program
		8:15	CBS	Phil Cook
		8:15	NBC	Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30	CBS	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	ABC	Musical Novelty Group
		8:45	CBS	Margaret Arlen
8:15		9:00	ABC	Wake Up and Smile
6:15	8:15	9:15	CBS	The Garden Gate
6:15		9:30	CBS	Carolina Calling
		9:30	NBC	Fashions in Melody
		9:45	NBC	A Miss and a Male
9:00		10:00	ABC	Galen Drake
11:30	11:30	10:00	CBS	Give and Take
		10:00	MBS	Albert Warner
9:15		10:15	ABC	Club Time
11:00	9:30	10:30	MBS	Rainbow House
		10:30	CBS	Mary Lee Taylor
3:30		10:30	NBC	Adventures of Archie Andrews
		10:30	ABC	Teen Town
4:30	10:00	11:00	ABC	Harry Kogen's Orchestra
		11:00	NBC	Teentimers Club
8:05		11:05	CBS	Let's Pretend
		11:15	ABC	Bible Message
9:45		11:30	MBS	Lan' of the Lost
		11:30	ABC	Johnny Thompson
		11:30	CBS	Billie Burke Show
		11:30	NBC	Home Is What You Make It
		11:45	ABC	Note From a Diary
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS	Theater of Today
		12:00	MBS	House of Mystery
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS	Stars Over Hollywood
10:00	11:30	12:30	ABC	American Farmer
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC	Smiling Ed McConnell
		12:30	MBS	Snow Village Sketches
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC	National Farm & Home Hour
6:30	12:00	1:00	CBS	Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC	To Live in Peace
		1:00	MBS	Opry House Matinee
10:30	12:30	1:30	ABC	Hank D'Amico's Orchestra
10:00	12:30	1:30	CBS	County Fair
		1:30	NBC	The Veteran's Aid
11:15	1:00	2:00	ABC	Chicago Serenade
		2:00	NBC	Your Host Is Buffalo
		2:15	CBS	Adventures in Science
		2:15	MBS	Don McGrove's Orchestra
		2:30	CBS	Hollywood Star Time
		2:30	NBC	The Baxters
		2:30	MBS	Opry House Matinee
		2:30	ABC	Hill Toppers
		2:45	NBC	Stories by Olmstead
		2:45	ABC	Melodies to Remember
11:00		3:00	MBS	Sinfonietta
		3:00	CBS	Assignment Home
		3:00	ABC	Piano Playhouse
11:30		3:30	ABC	Roundup Time
		3:45	CBS	Cross Section AFL
		4:00	NBC	Doctors at Home
		4:00	ABC	Duke Ellington
		4:15	MBS	Tex Fletcher's Orchestra
		4:30	MBS	George Barry's Orchestra
		4:30	NBC	Easy Money
2:00		5:00	ABC	Saturday Concert
		5:00	NBC	Phone Again Finnegan
		5:00	MBS	Sports Parade
2:30	4:40	5:30	NBC	John W. Vandercook
		5:30	MBS	Gray Gordon's Orchestra
3:30	4:45	5:45	ABC	Charles Jordan
		5:45	NBC	Tin Pan Alley of the Air
3:15	5:15	6:15	ABC	Jimmy Blair
		6:15	CBS	American Portrait
4:15	5:30	6:30	ABC	Harry Wismer, sports
		6:30	MBS	Los Angeles Symphonic Band
		6:30	CBS	American Portrait
2:45	5:45	6:45	ABC	Labor, U. S. A.
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC	Religion in the News
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC	Our Foreign Policy
		7:00	MBS	Hawaii Calls
3:00		7:00	ABC	Voice of Business
		7:15	ABC	Correspondents Abroad
9:30	6:30	7:30	ABC	Green Hornet
		7:30	NBC	Jimmy Edmondson
4:30	4:30	7:30	CBS	Tony Martin
		7:45	MBS	I Was a Convict
8:30	7:00	8:00	MBS	20 Questions
8:00		8:00	NBC	Life of Riley
8:00		8:00	ABC	Dick Tracy
8:30		8:30	ABC	Famous Jury Trials
		8:30	MBS	Saturday Night Revue
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC	Truth or Consequences
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS	Ned Calmer
9:00	8:00	9:00	MBS	Leave It to the Girls
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS	Your Hit Parade
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC	National Barn Dance
		9:00	ABC	Gang Busters
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC	Can You Top This?
		9:30	MBS	Jonathan Trimble, Esq.
5:30		9:30	ABC	Berkshire Festival
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS	Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS	Theater of the Air
		10:00	NBC	Judy Canova
7:30	9:30	10:30	ABC	Grand Ole Opry
		10:30	ABC	Hayloft Hoedown

What About Television?

(Continued from page 19)

your attention the much stimulated, red-herring subject of color in television. There are some who suggest that television should wait for color, and one executive of a company crusading for delay has said that the public will wait indefinitely for color. Progress never waits. We at NBC have experimented with color and recently gave a public demonstration at the RCA Laboratories in Princeton. At that time we stated that color—I mean good color—will ultimately be a reality in television, but it is far from being ready for public acceptance at this time. That is not the opinion of one company, but rather the joint opinion, the consensus, of the engineering staffs in the entire industry, with a few exceptions. Color has great psychological importance in our lives, and it must be handled with care. When good and practical color in television is ready for your homes, our company will have it. Many of you are familiar with the many trying years of color effort by the motion picture industry. Much of the same uncertainty faces us in our color problem in television. Now, the question as to what television programs are like:

TELEVISION comes directly into the home, and all the precautions which have been thrown around sound broadcasting to render it domestically acceptable may be automatically assumed to be equally essential for television. Furthermore, because the visual impression is likely to be more vivid and detailed, and because to be understood it requires less imaginative response on the part of the observer than does an auditory impression, it must be much more carefully supervised if it is to avoid producing objectionable reactions. Television cameras will tap vast reservoirs of information and instruction. The curricula of the schools of the future may well include television lectures on scientific explorations, travel, art, literature, archaeology, also exhibitions on the television screen depicting processes and methods of manufacture, and experimental demonstrations in all the sciences. Modes and methods of doing things in all fields of human activity, visits to places of historic importance and demonstrations of new inventions and discoveries, are some of the things which television will make available to students, in many instances long before the appearance of such information in textbooks.

Radio has been a tremendous influence in our national political picture, and it is my feeling that television will have an even greater influence in the future. Many of the old-school type of political spell-binders may have difficulty holding your attention and interest. Ghost writers, campaign managers and the advertising agencies will be hard put to make a dull figure acceptable on your screen. I do not mean to suggest that our candidates of the future must have bobby-sox appeal like Frank Sinatra or Van Johnson. Sincerity or the lack of it, on the part of public speakers, will be emphasized by television, and this phase of the new art will be worth watching!

Television will strip the phony—the demigod—the mountebank, as bare as the day they were born. That lot will not be able to stand the scrutiny of the American people in their homes. Of course these statements are based on

the premise that without political interference telecasters will be permitted to present typical American programs of a clean and wholesome and cultural nature.

The most interesting and most treacherous field for television is the drama. It appeals to old and young alike. It has its own traditions based on the living stage and a secondary set derived from the moving picture. Shall television be governed by these, or must it develop its own standards, principles and techniques? It is too early to dogmatize about all these things, yet already it appears to be clear that television faces peculiarities in its medium which, in fact, compel it to find its own way by bold and intelligent experimentation. It can directly copy neither the live stage nor the cinema, even if it would. Meantime, because it comes directly into the home, it will almost certainly find it necessary to exercise caution and a measure of restraint in the plays which at the outset, at least, it offers for public consumption. The theater has achieved a license which harks back to the Restoration drama, and not a few of the things there to be seen and heard are certainly unfit for a medium which finds its way into the ordinary American home, where standards of purity and decency are still anything but extinct. Those who, to enjoy themselves dramatically, must have the extreme for Art's Sweet Sake, can go to particular shows which offer it. Fortunately, there is an immense amount of superb dramatic literature which lends itself to television production without raising any question of propriety. In passing, one may remark that how soon opera may be effectively televised is another unanswered question. But of one thing we may be sure—the television theater is going to revolutionize the appreciation of drama, and for that we should be profoundly grateful. It is going to bring new pleasures and new values into innumerable American homes.

One question frequently asked us is "What about motion pictures in television?" We feel that motion pictures are and will be a very important feature of television programs. The flexibility of films will be an asset to the program structure. There will be features made exclusively by film, and there will be interesting combinations of live talent and films.

THEN comes a follow-up question: "Who will make the films, and what is the attitude of the film industry?" When the time comes, there are many companies now available to make all the film programs television can use. Whether the films will be made on the west or the east coast has not been decided. There is the important matter of economics to be considered. It is surprising to know that the east coast can also make good pictures for television.

Exhibitors are worried about the effect of television on theater attendance. As an old exhibitor, it is my feeling that people will always go to the theater—if the show is good. Going out is an event—a delightful diversion, and while we feel that television will provide programs of unusual interest, we are not so overconfident that we think the American people will become hermits, glued to television sets.

SHE'S ENGAGED! SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES Pond's!



Soldier Shows are a specialty with Patricia. "The boys get a big kick out of costume plays," she says, "and they certainly appreciate my Pond's Cold Cream for taking off their make-up!" Her fiancé is in the Army Medical Department—program manager for the Hospital Broadcasting System.



"The nicest beauty care a girl can ask for" is what Patricia calls her jar of fragrant, snow-white Pond's Cold Cream.



Dark hair in a tiara braid . . . eyes of mermaid green . . . skin as smooth as fine porcelain

Patricia Sanford—charming young New Yorker, engaged to Sergeant Andrew Donnelly, Jr., also of New York. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Sanford, Jr.



Her ring—an emerald-cut diamond flanked by four baguettes, set in platinum.

PATRICIA SANFORD was sixteen when she first knew Andy Donnelly, and he was nineteen. "He was as unromantic as a big brother to me *then*," she says with a cute twinkle in her eyes.

Things are different now. Patricia and Andy are engaged!

She's another Pond's bride-to-be. Another girl with a soft-smooth Pond's complexion! "I adore Pond's Cold Cream," Patricia says. "It has the nicest feeling on my face—and leaves my

skin looking so clean and smoothed." Here is her favorite Pond's creaming:

She smooths soft, snowy Pond's Cold Cream thoroughly over face and throat—and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues it all away.

She rinses with another cream-over, swirling her fingers around in little circles. Tissues off. She thinks this extra Pond's rinse "just fine" to get her face extra clean, extra soft.

Give your complexion a double Pond's creaming every morning, every night—

and for daytime freshen-ups! It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask today for a big jar of Pond's.

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties

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Lady Doverdale
Mrs. Victor L. Drexel
The Countess of Carnarvon

"Lucky me...

*different me...
thanks to Midol!"*



Can you imagine yourself setting the pace—showing the way on "those days" when you used to curl up like a sick kitten, because menstruation's functional cramps, headache and "blues" made you miserable?

It can be done. It *is* being done by girls and women everywhere who know about Midol. So before you break another date or lose another day due to menstrual suffering, *try Midol!* These effective tablets are offered especially to relieve functional periodic pain. They contain no opiates, yet act quickly in three ways: *Ease Cramps — Soothe Headache — Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue"*.

If you take Midol as directed, you will soon discover how comfortable and carefree you can be. Your druggist has Midol.

MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope.

Write Dept. N-86, Room 1418,
41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 49)

he was alive. In the rush of foolishness I married a boy after four dates, and expected to see him go overseas. Instead he was hospitalized immediately and nine months later discharged for a nervous condition. He had been in an important position for four years while in the Army and the strain had caused him to have a nervous collapse.

Our girl was born right after that and it was a fight from the first keeping her alive. She lacked so many vital requirements, it was hard to force her to hang on to the thread of life.

My "sorry complex" had developed into the horrible idea that I was a jinx stalking the ones I loved. My husband started to break under the added strain and we feared for his mind. I was no help at all. I thought of everything but the right thing. I prayed and pleaded and mentally fought to conquer my defeatist attitude. It wasn't over night but gradually as if my mind had willed the change my surrounding life began to take new meaning. My baby successfully weathered an operation and is now well. My husband was given an opportunity to make a new life under the Disabled Veterans Job Training Program. And six months ago my father came home unharmed.

My proudest feeling now is of accomplishment. I made myself realize life can be beautiful if I believe in it, and do my best to make others know it.

Mrs. H. H.

PRAYER LIGHTED THE WAY—

Dear Papa David:

Charles and I were married in the early twenties, after a short, but lovely courtship. We had everything to make our union a happy one. When our two children came along, it seemed that, indeed, our cup was overflowing. They were normal, healthy, happy children and we loved them so very much.

Then about the time of the 1929 crash our troubles began. Oh, we had some money saved, and Charles had his job. However, in spite of all this, he began staying out late nights, and grew cross with the children. Several times he came home drunk. This really worried me, for he never touched liquor.

Matters grew worse and the arguments became more heated. Sometimes he didn't even bother to come home. I knew there must be a reason for his behavior and determined to find it. One night, I left the children with mother and took a walk to think things over; something had to be done. I found myself standing before the little church several blocks from our home. The doors were open so I went in, hoping to find a little peace there, for just a while. Just inside, however, I stopped in amazement.

There I found Charles, kneeling before the altar. I moved closer and heard—"God forgive me for this terrible wrong. Give me the strength, the courage to go on. Kathy and our children—for them let me be good. Let me be worthy of them."

I dropped to my knees beside him. "Darling, you are good and you are strong, because you still have your faith in God. That's all you need."

Then together we offered a little prayer of thanks for all the things we had, love, understanding, our two wonderful children and—we had each other!

He told me that he had lost his job and that rather than worry me, he

used the money we had saved, hoping to find another job soon, and replace it. But things didn't work out that way. Matters grew worse and he began drinking. We talked it over, and next day mother kept the children, while we both went job-hunting. I found a job at once, washing dishes in a restaurant. The pay was small, but it helped. Within a week, Charles, too, found a steady job.

From this love and understanding grew a life more beautiful than we had known before.

Mrs. C. D. S.

TO THE ISLE OF PINES—

Dear Papa David:

Most of the letters you published were about things that had happened to your readers recently—but I have to go back a long time ago to tell you about mine. I lived along the Lake and at night I could hear the waves pounding. My world was pretty big for such a little girl—a hundred acres of land and lots of living things.

I had a lovely great-grandma that lived with us when I was still that tiny puzzled child. She looked like that picture of Whistler's Mother, only much smaller and not so long of limb. She sat in her rocker in the kitchen that was big and sunny and made quilts. So did I (of sorts). At the age of four I could sew blocks that stayed together fairly well. Hers were the kind you keep in an old chest to show your grandchildren. Mine were to keep me out of mischief.

I had a small red rocker myself which I placed between the rockers of her chair and we "played train." She rocked and pretended she went to "York State" where she was born, but I wanted to go to the Isle of Pines, because there was a picture of it in a book that lay on the center table, constant reminder that my grandfather wanted to buy a sugar plantation there, but never quite got up the courage to go. One day my grandma went to another daughter's house to have her ninetieth birthday party, and she died without ever coming home. I had the Pink Eye and couldn't even go to see her. It was the first time I had known that humans could get still and quiet like that and no matter how you called them, they never answered. My very breathing seemed to stop inside me. I kept looking at those "blocks" that were hers. The needle was stuck in the cloth for a dainty "running stitch" that she could do so well. All at once it struck me that I must find out where she had gone and what she was doing or burst. My four-year-old heart panted after her old one and I hated every breath I drew while she was away. Soon it was night and I followed my mother out to the barn. The vast heavens were full of stars and it was light with glory. I had been to Sunday School and knew where heaven was. I said, "Mother, when people die, what do they do in heaven?" She answered casually, "Just what they always did only they do it better, and the place is so beautiful you are blind with the light. God is there and walking on lovely streets, no one cries or feels bad and they are always singing."

All of a sudden Life was in me again. All my dread went away. Grandma rocked in her rocker between the great dipper and the chimney of our house. She made quilts more beau-

tiful than ever only they were all blue with white stars on them. I made blocks myself for her and rocked and rocked to the Isle of Pines because an adult knew the right thing to say at the right moment.

Grandma had gone where she wanted to go, so I could!

Mrs. W. S.

HAPPINESS THROUGH SERVING—

Dear Papa David:

Father was a country preacher, deeply interested in the saving of souls and especially interested in foreign missions.

In my girlhood days I had the feeling that he would like me to be a missionary, but when I decided that I would prefer to marry a country doctor he made no objections. After my marriage I soon found that I was in a position to be of usefulness to my husband. At that time there were few trained nurses; the nearest hospital was a hundred miles away. We had no automobiles, radios, telephone or X-ray equipment. If my husband had a case of bone fracture he had only to use his best judgment and take his chances. If an immediate surgical operation was indicated, I had to help administer anesthetics, and whatever else might be required. Of course my first duty was to keep my husband fit for his work. Very often I was up the most of the night in order to provide him a nourishing meal on his return from an extended trip and perhaps assist him in getting away on another night case. Sometimes it became necessary for me to accompany him and assist in a case of childbirth. Several times I have assisted in preparing bodies for burial as we had no near undertakers. Often in his absence, I was able to check a bad hemorrhage or extract a bean or other obstacle from a child's nose or ear. Such cases required prompt attention.

At one time, when my husband was ill, I drove several miles alone in the night to administer a sedative to a suffering patient. I do not write this in a spirit of boasting. I simply took up this work, that seemed to fall into my lap, and did what I could. And I liked my work. If I had my life to live again I think I would like to do the same.

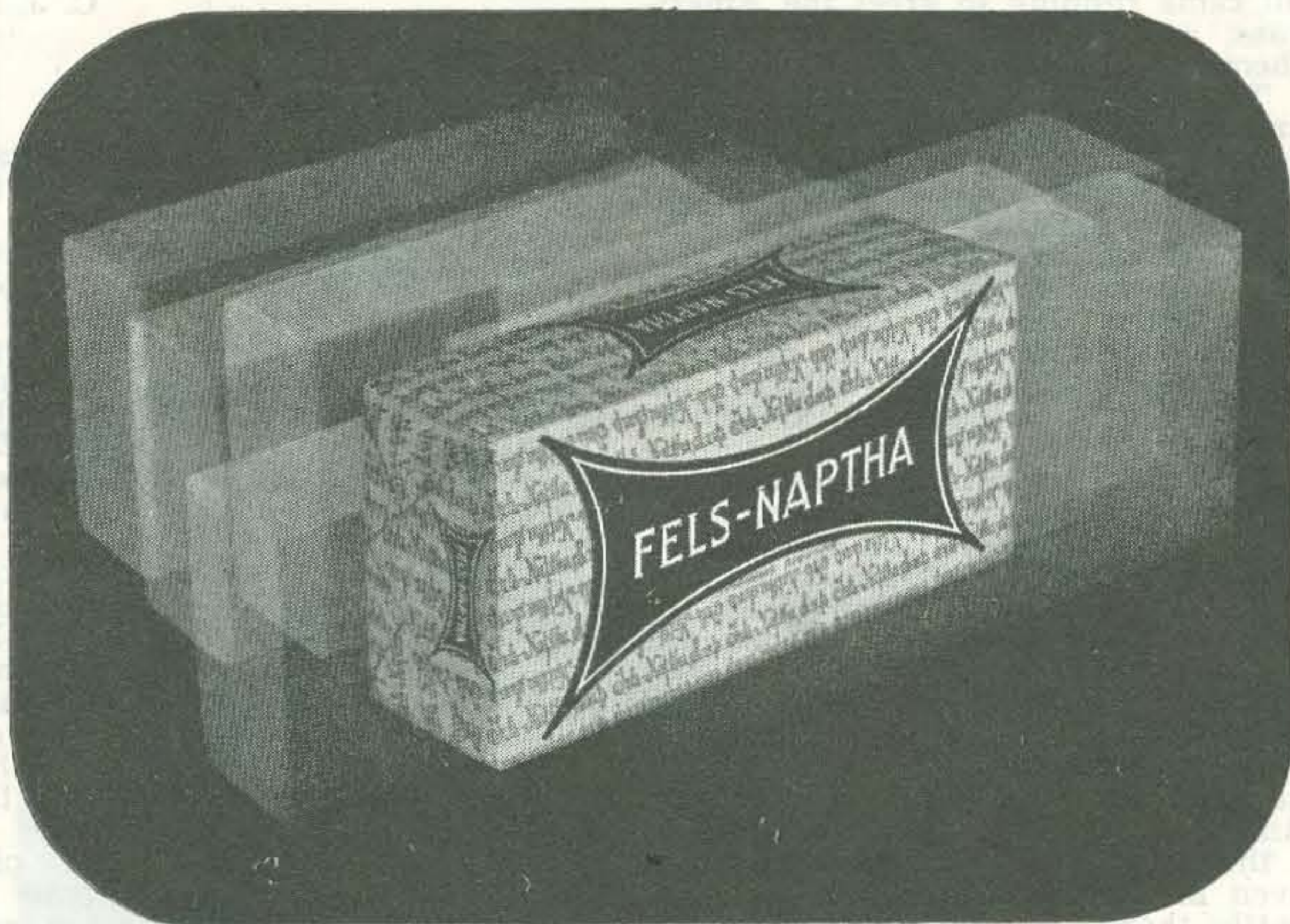
I am now ninety-two years old, my work is done. But in these sunset days as I look over the past, I can but be grateful that I have been permitted to have even so small a share in a really worthwhile service, ministering to suffering humanity. Life, for me, has been and still is beautiful.

Mrs. M. W. D.

EVEN IN BATTLE—

Dear Papa David:

Like thousands of soldiers, I had a funny feeling that we should by-pass Luzon, because it would save so many of our men's lives. We'd already fought up through the Islands and were so tired of war that we thought to ourselves, "Let them fight their own battles." Finally we found ourselves at Lingayen Gulf on the day of invasion. Like all D-days, the beaches were being shelled, and guns firing everywhere, and planes bombing enemy positions. We hit the beaches, and just about one hour later, we went in. We saw our first civilians, men, women and children. All up through the Islands we hadn't seen any civilians whatsoever, and I believe every man's heart softened when he saw the women and children. Some had been hit by shrap-

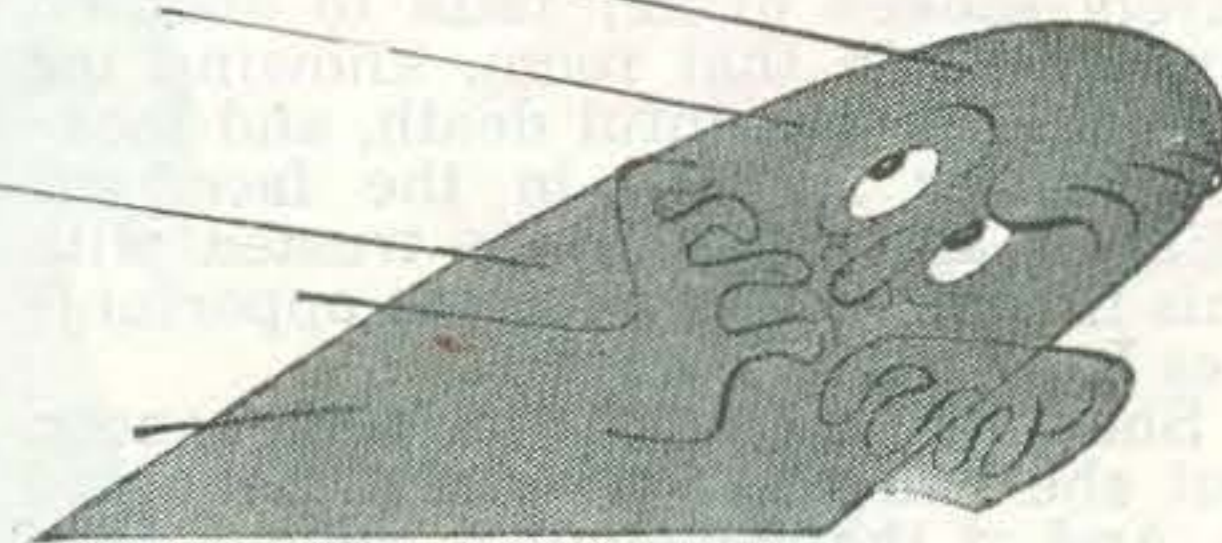


How Many Soaps IN A BAR OF FELS-NAPHTHA ?

Well . . . we're still counting. Letters from housekeepers who discover new uses for Fels-Naptha Soap are almost a daily occurrence. They tell us there's hardly a spot from attic to cellar that can't be improved by the Fels-Naptha treatment.

This much *we* know: there isn't one piece of family apparel, from rough deeply soiled work clothes to sheer and dainty infant wear that can't be washed cleaner, with gentler handling of fabric and with less work—by Fels-Naptha Soap.

We know the reason, too. It's the Fels way of blending gentle, active naptha with good, mild soap, that makes Fels-Naptha such an extra fine laundry soap—and all-round household cleanser.



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

nel. Some had other wounds, but they all came running to greet the Americans, and to thank them for freeing them.

Ten of us went out on patrol to find an area to take our company to. We had one medic with us. Children everywhere were lined up along paths, trails and roads greeting us with a "Hello, Joe." We came to a place where a woman was standing wringing her hands and crying. Her baby had been hit by shrapnel, and was spitting up blood. Our medic said he would take a look. He went into her humble little bamboo hut and gave the baby some medicine which eased its painful wound. And the baby hushed crying and went to sleep in a very short time. When the medic came out of her house, the woman fell on her knees, and kissed his hands, and wept with joy. It touched all our hearts, I think. And I knew then that I had been wrong in feeling like we should by-pass Luzon. Because here were human beings who greatly needed help and kindness that the Americans could give just a little of. I think that this will show you that even in the horribleness of war and battle there are times when life can be beautiful!

J. J.

THE ENEMY OF FEAR—

Dear Papa David:

As the Rector of this little parish it is my privilege to try to help others. But working constantly with people in all walks and circumstances of life, sometimes one's own faith is tested almost to a breaking point.

One afternoon had been particularly hard and gloomy. A call on a mother who had just received one of those fateful telegrams—"regret to inform that . . . killed in action." An hour spent with a family gathered about the bed of a dying father. An attempt to mediate one of those depressing domestic quarrels to avoid the break-up of a family. And then the last and most dreaded call of all—a friend, condemned to death by her doctors, with cancer.

I shall never forget entering that Nursing Home with heavy steps. For she knew what they thought of her hopes of recovery as well as I.

I suppose she must have read the dismay on my face. There was no light in her bedroom, and when I went in, she sat up, and I can only express what happened by saying that it was as though someone had lighted a beautiful lamp.

"You need not be troubled for me," she said. "I am not afraid of death. All that you preach is true." Then she added a sentence which I shall always remember. She was a rather quiet and reticent soul, and it had been rather a trouble to her that although God meant a great deal to her, she had rarely spoken of her faith to another. And there in that room, knowing the probability of painful death, and looking cancer straight in the face, she said, "I am proud to be trusted with this illness. It is giving me opportunities I never had before."

She might not get better from cancer, but she had most certainly conquered it. And at that moment it seemed as if some obscene and beastly ghost had slunk from the room defeated by the glory of her courage, and the place of her crucifixion had become a beautiful garden.

It was a triumphant visit. I had gone to cheer her—she had cheered me instead and by her courage and faith

had rallied my own faith and belief.
C. J. L.

SOME HAVE LESS—

Dear Papa David:

When the Stage Door Canteen was to open in San Francisco, I read that they had everything except a piano, and could not open without someone giving one. I had a serious illness which confined me to my room and my piano was a great comfort to me—I had just paid my last installment on it. But when I read the article, I was happy to think I could do my part in the war effort, for it distressed me greatly not to be able to contribute financially as much as I would have liked to.

My little piano was used all through the trying years of this war and is on the way now to Mexico where I live. The heads of the Canteen advised me a month ago that now that the war is over the Canteen is returning the gifts given them, and thanked me for having made thousands of our boys a little bit happier.

Most important about the piano though, is this: two boys who had lived in my apartment house were in training in Catalina Islands and related to me the following story on their first leave home. They had had a disappointing day, everything seemed to go wrong and they were blue and homesick. They were ordered to empty the garbage cans, and all of a sudden a San Francisco *Chronicle* fell out with the announcement of the opening of the Stage Door Canteen. Being their home town, they eagerly read on and when they came to the article telling of my gift of a piano to the Canteen they told me it changed their whole day from a dull one to a happy one. They related me of the thrill and pride they felt to see that someone in their building had offered as a gift the piano so badly needed, and were ashamed to be grumbling over their petty worries when a person who was ill and needed the piano had done without it to make others happier.

I used to enjoy your program the five years I lived in San Francisco but here in Mexico the station does not come in clearly, so I depend on RADIO MIRROR to keep up with your doings. I have been ill for a long time now and magazines and books are my greatest diversion. I have suffered a great deal and my long illness has been hard on me financially, but I still find "Life can be beautiful" if you try hard enough.

S. M. F.

COURAGE DEFEATS FAILURE—

Dear Papa David:

It all began when I was just five years old. Our family lived in the country about five miles from town. My parents were earnest, hard-working, honest farmers.

Mother worked very hard trying to help my three brothers and my father take care of the farm, besides doing her housework such as washing, ironing, cooking and keeping the five of us children prepared for school. During the depression, 1931, we thought we had all the burdens anyone could possibly bear; then, all of a sudden, Mother and Daddy's troubles really began.

Our next door neighbor's baby had just been attacked by a terrible sickness, but the doctors could not decipher her case. She died shortly after her attack in my mother's arms—Mother not knowing that I was to be the next in line for this horrible disease. Yes, I

"No more Alibis!"



NOW you can lose up to 15 pounds — in a single month!

And you can do it easily, quickly, *safely*, the *Common Sense Way!* Whether you are overweight, or merely want to rid yourself of overly large hips, heavy thighs, legs or ankles, Sylvia of Hollywood gets right to the root of your figure faults in her amazing book, *No More Alibis!*

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was the next in line; but, I wasn't its victim as Frances had been. I became very ill about a week after little Frances' death. Daddy had called all the doctors in the nearby town; but when they examined me, they would each turn away and shake their head. Like most people then, we were poor and got by on the least bit of money possible; I wasn't taken to a clinic or hospital and today I am thankful I wasn't.

Mother did everything in her power to help me to be healthy and normal again. She gave up helping father in the fields and gave me her every attention. She wouldn't eat nor sleep.

I lay helpless for weeks without moving my body or tongue. My vocal cords were paralyzed. After a lapse of time, I began to notice things that moved and the different sounds about me. It seemed that my mother was always moving about doing something, so I made a complete study of everything I could watch her do. This made mother very happy, because it gave her the feeling of comfort that I would be all right again. She made me take every kind of exercise possible that would give me strength. I learned to ride horseback, swim, and other sports with mother's kind assistance. It was one day when I was splashing around in the swimming pool that I gave a hoarse gurk. Mother was very startled, but from that day on she coached my speech. There were months of coaching, but gradually I began walking and talking again.

During those long months, my life seemed to idle. No one knew what went through my mind. There was plenty of time for thought. I thought of things that grown up people haven't any idea that children think about, but I know what great imagination children can have. I began to get a "key hole" view of what I thought life was going to be like. It has led to be quite different than I had figured, yes, quite different.

You know, after you combine several good things together, you can almost always expect some good result. Good things such as the careful attention of my mother, the hardships of my father and faith in my own self were all combined to give me health and strength of a normal person. Some might say that it was mother whom I should praise highly, but if you stop to think—all good things come from God. He gave mother, daddy and me everything we possess. I give thanks, not only to mother and daddy, but to God, also.

Today, I am very proud of myself. In my twenty years, I have won beauty contests and honorable mentions with a perfectly healthy body and mind. I also have sung in the school glee clubs and church choir, just to think that one time I thought I would never speak again! I'm not bragging in the same manner that one would if he had a million dollars, but like one who has so much love in his heart for the joy of living, like one who was once an invalid, helpless, and thought there was nothing in life!

M. D. H.

ON THE WAY TO RECOVERY—

Dear Papa David:

For twenty-five years I've lived with and loved a very excellent lady. My wife. For twenty-five years I've given her no more than was necessary to get along in a threadbare sort of way. I've worked hard but never seemed to earn more than just enough to stopgap from one undesirable set of circum-



*You know
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HIGH LIFE BEER



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Why wish and yearn for COMFORT-IN-ACTION?



GOSH, BETTY—SLOW UP!
THIS IS MY DAY TO
LAG—I HAVEN'T HAD A
MOMENT'S COMFORT!

DARLING, WHAT A
SHAME! TRY MY FAVORITE,
MODESS AND SEE WHAT
REAL SOFT COMFORT
CAN BE! IT'S SO SAFE
AND DAINTY, TOO!

It's a revelation—how soft, soft, soft Modess really is! And how soft it stays on the days you need it most. Modess' comfort is something extra-special because it's...

Comfort-in-action! Gentle as a cloud whether you take things easy or fly through the busiest day.

You feel so safe and serene, too, for Modess has all the safety a girl could long for! A special triple shield guards against accidents. And no telltale outlines with Modess—it's silhouette-proof.

Daisy-fresh, too! Modess' triple-proved deodorant in every napkin helps guard your charm.

Costs no more! Yet Modess is America's luxurious sanitary napkin. Discover the extras it gives you—try Modess!



stances to another, and constantly worried by the thousand things that can plague the life of a guy who continually tries but never quite arrives.

At last came a break. A manufacturer in Chicago took an interest in a guy fifty-three years old, and sent him here to represent the company. But the customers didn't accept the new man so readily and again worry and anxiety got in their licks and twenty-four years of frustration took a final swing on the old glass chin for a regular sleep producer.

The doctors called it cerebral hemorrhage. I called it the final curtain and decided the show was over.

Then the thing you preach daily entered the picture. My son in Japan was allowed by the Army to talk to me, by radio and telephone, over 7,000 miles. And the things that boy said! All about how he would be home in four months to help me complete the effort I'd started for the Chicago manufacturer. And other things you'd never even expect a twenty-one-year-old boy to think of.

My daughter canceled all dates and such in order to spend extra hours with Pop. Her friends (youngsters) came to see me. My new-found adult friends spent hours in my sick room. Someone was around to take up where someone else left off in the rubbing of spastic muscles. Books, flowers, cards and all the usual sickroom things appeared along with offers of money, etc. from folks we hardly knew.

And Mom was just as wonderful as she has always been.

And after the evidence of good fortune I had witnessed I felt like a heel for sure and agreed with ole man conscience that I had to get well in order to repay all the kindnesses of my family and friends.

Today I'm on the way to recovery and in another short while I'm sure God will let me walk well enough to do my work. Already I get around the house and today helped Mom dress me. From a disheartened self-convicted failure at fifty-three, the patient is convinced that he'll live another twenty-five years, working and succeeding in his work, enjoying the love and companionship of true friends, the love and affection of his loyal wife and kids.

D. B.

THERE ARE ALWAYS MIRACLES—

Dear Papa David:

Life can be so beautiful even though the darkest hour seems so near. I had been a semi-invalid all my life and as we were too poor to hire help, my mother had been the nurse, housekeeper and maid all in one. She was a guarding angel through my sickness.

Then my mother became ill with a dreadful, incurable disease. We all knew she couldn't live long. Her greatest worry was what was to become of dad and me after she died. Dad was getting old and I wasn't even able to care for myself.

Mother must have prayed many prayers while she lay in bed, because all at once a miracle began happening. Almost by the hour I began growing stronger. In a few months I was not only able to care for myself but could do most of the nursing of mother and keeping house for dad.

I'll never forget the day before her death, mother called me to her bedside and said, "I never thought I'd live to see the day when you would be strong enough to do what you've done the past six months. Now I can die in

peace, knowing you'll be able to make your own way in this old world when I'm gone."

It has been almost four years since that day and I've grown stronger with each passing year. I'm now able to help support dad in his old age.

Surely God does send miracles if we ask for them in the right way.

Miss A. G.

A FAMILY WAS CREATED—

Dear Papa David:

When my young husband contracted tuberculosis and was ordered to a sanatorium, life gave me my first hard jolt. I had to go to work to make a living for my two small boys.

My first job netted me only enough to get by on, but by careful planning, I managed to work in the mornings and go to school in the afternoons, studying shorthand and typing. It wasn't easy. At night, I was so tired that I dragged myself home by sheer will power. To make it worse, my husband had never been away from me before and I missed him terribly. The hospital was several hundred miles away and I didn't even get to visit him for months at a time. When I did get to go, although he was cheerful enough (chiefly for my benefit I knew), my husband could not hide the loneliness and sadness he felt at being away from home.

At the end of the school term, I took a Civil Service Examination and passed with honors. Soon after, I got a good position and was now able to buy more things for the children and home. Time dragged on and on: one year, two years, went by. When nearly three years had passed, my husband died suddenly at the sanatorium. For a while, I was stunned, but I had to keep going or collapse. I drove myself night and day. I was now nearly thirty. I wore smart clothes, attended business meetings and church, but life was empty and dull because I wasn't happy.

Then I met Anthony. I had known that he was a farmer from the southern part of the country and had seen him in our office several times on business, but one day I seemed to really see him for the first time. There was a lull in the busy day and we struck up a casual conversation. He seemed interested in me too and asked me to a movie. I went, and that was just the beginning. I had almost forgotten how to have a good time with someone to share it and I gave myself up to it fully.

We were soon in love, a deep strong love born of a need for companionship and for each other. Anthony too, had known loneliness, for after years of illness, his beloved wife had died, and perhaps that is why we understood each other so well.

We married and went to live at the farm.

That was over a year ago, and to see me now, one would see a truly happy woman. As I look out my kitchen window, I see my husband driving the tractor into the lot. Across the pasture, a little boy of eight is after a fat red pony. Climbing the gate is my eldest boy with a shiny milk pail, proud of having learned to milk old Nellie. Soon we will all sit down together, a family once more, while my husband says grace. Yes, life is rich and good and wonderful. Five years ago, it was dark and miserable, but I have learned that clouds do have silver linings, and that life can be beautiful.

Mrs. S. A. F.

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R
M

NO MATTER HOW YOUNG—

Dear Papa David:

Older people are not the only ones who get hurt. I am a young girl and I can remember times when I was so very happy.

Like walking through Rock Creek Park, in Washington, D. C. Going to church and the zoo. Just laughing for the joy of life. We had lots of fun just walking, talking and laughing with the whole world.

I think all Washington knew we were in love. I remember once he said to me, "Cathy, a love such as ours is beyond time and distance. You're so much a part of me, dear, that I shall always love you more than anything on this earth or the next one, for if I should die tomorrow a part of you would go with me into eternity. Not for one second will you ever be apart from me. Your lovely spirit will walk forever by my side." And Papa David, a part of me is truly with him now; not even eternity can separate us. You see he was killed eleven months ago—in action on Mindanao—Philippine Islands.

The hurt is something I will never get over. Although time will heal, I will always remember his words to me. That my spirit would walk forever by his side. Even in the next world.

That shows me no matter how young we are, life can and will be beautiful.

Mrs. C. D. B.

LOVE MUST BE GUIDED—

Dear Papa David:

I have listened to the Life Can Be Beautiful serial for years and have many times been inspired by the courage of the people involved and especially by your kindly philosophy.

My husband was recently discharged after five years in the service, part of it in the severest of combat. I, like thousands of others, blandly assumed we would pick up where we left off and return to a normal way of living. But such was not the case. He was finding it difficult to adjust to the difference between Army life overseas and being an ordinary civilian. I had been used to having my own way and unconsciously resented having my routine upset.

He had trouble finding a job, so I went back to work. I resented his being home while I had to work. I hated coming home and doing housework, and didn't hesitate to tell him so. The imaginary grievances added up until at the slightest excuse I flew into a rage and said things for which I was immediately sorry. Several times in my anger I told him I was going to take our son and live alone if he didn't conform exactly to my way of thinking and doing things. Being a very intelligent and strong-minded person he rebelled at being dictated to.

Finally one night he said, "And for this I lived and dreamed while I was in the midst of battle." In his face was mirrored the pain and disappointment he felt. I knew our home was near to the point of being broken up. At the same time, I was being released from my job, and we would have no income. Things looked very black. We were both miserable and it was hard to see a ray of sunshine any place.

One day I sat down and made a list of things good and bad about our life together. It struck me very forcefully that most of the erring was on my side. It is amazing how it clarifies things in one's mind to put it in black and white on paper. After making a

list of the things of which I was most often guilty, I pinned it in the kitchen cupboard where it was sure to remind me constantly to be on guard against them. Everytime I forgot, a check mark went on the sheet.

Soon it was a joke with us. The home atmosphere improved rapidly. Our differences we discussed calmly and sensibly. My husband responded immediately to the change, and began to talk about the things he would like to do, and the kind of job he would like to have.

Before long, instead of wishing he were back in the Army, or any place just to be away, we were enthusiastically making plans for the things we will do in the future.

Now I have a new and better job and he has a wonderful opportunity to train with an insurance company.

We are two busy, happy people, now and both firm believers in the fact that a lot of sorrow and broken marriages could be saved by a little determination to make life beautiful, instead of vainly hoping for a miracle.

R. M.

A TRUER HAPPINESS—

Dear Papa David:

So many times we delude ourselves that we are making life beautiful but deep in our hearts there is an uneasy, unsatisfied feeling that we are accepting a substitute. This acceptance can prevent us from trying to seek something real that will not only make life beautiful for ourselves but for others who may need our help, badly. That has been our recent experience.

We bought a small new home in Los Angeles, just in the nick of time to avoid high prices. Although we have owned three homes, no other has so completely satisfied us. Our yard was a sand pile, but in no time we had it growing lovely California native shrubs and flowers. The little house has two bedrooms, so we each fixed ours as we had always wanted to do. My red and cream kitchen has windows that look toward the mountains and is a joy to work in. Small, yes, but so right!

At one time, we thought we would adopt children but illness prevented. We became complacently happy in our similar interests of good music, literature, gardening and a dog, and now that we neared sixty, seclusion was our right.

The war came, leaving us untouched. We worked, of course; my husband received a civilian citation and I certificates of merit, but we still had our pleasant home life, while about us were people just as deserving and more so without even living quarters. We were sorry for them but we could not see how we could help.

Our nephew came home to his wife and baby after serving all through those desperate years to find it impossible to rent a house. To buy at the current prices meant mortgaging his future too heavily. We faced our problem. Could we give them a home?

There's no use denying that the first adjustments were almost painful, but there were no longer lonely moments, and laughter filled the little house and love. Oh, how we learned to love the baby! The young folks took a little freedom evenings and left us to put her to bed. Life took on a different meaning and we came to realize more and more that the willing happy sharing of our home was one of the deeper experiences that brought home that life can be beautiful.

Mrs. A. C.

THE GREATEST OF SORROWS—

Dear Papa David:

At our home, we had just lost the last round to that grim old adversary, death!

My young wife, and mother of three children, had at last been compelled to release her loving grip on all our lives, after an epic battle to look after us until the last moment.

Through the days that followed, I lost all grip on life. Most of the time I sat motionless. It began to seem that life had come squarely up against a blank wall, and I felt that I, too, had died.

We were making preparations for our first breakfast together as a reduced family unit. The setting was throat-constricting, watching three children bustling about, trying to carry on where mamma had left off, since I was still pretty vague.

Amid the clatter of dishes, I heard my oldest daughter admonishing her younger sister, "What did you set five places for? It's no use setting a place for mamma!"

Something clicked into place in my scrambled brain, and I saw the beginning of light dawning. I came out into the kitchen and spoke up, "Go ahead! Let her set a place for mamma! Let's all set a place for mamma, always, both here at home, and in our hearts."

From that time on, setting a place for mamma gradually overcame the sting of death. I have come to realize that you can still take life's heaviest jolts, even if you only have a symbol or an ideal to cling to. A year has gone by, and mamma still runs our lives.

Now, I won't claim that life is as beautiful as it was, but I will say that "setting a place" for mamma has brightened it up considerably.

W. A. H.

KINDLY THOUGHTS—

Dearest Papa David:

I am a student nurse in a large university hospital—or rather I was until recently, when they found a lesion in one of my lungs. They confined me.

I'm an average girl with the usual number of friends. That's why I was so overwhelmed when I came to my room at the hospital. It was laden with flowers, my pajamas were laid out, and everything was in readiness! I was deeply touched. Not only did it not stop there—but every day one of the girls brings something new and interesting to keep me occupied in my long siege of rest.

All this may not seem much to you—but to me, lying here staring at four walls—maybe an invalid for life—I have found that friends like these can make life beautiful—even for an insignificant individual like me!

A. M.

Coming in September

RADIO MIRROR—

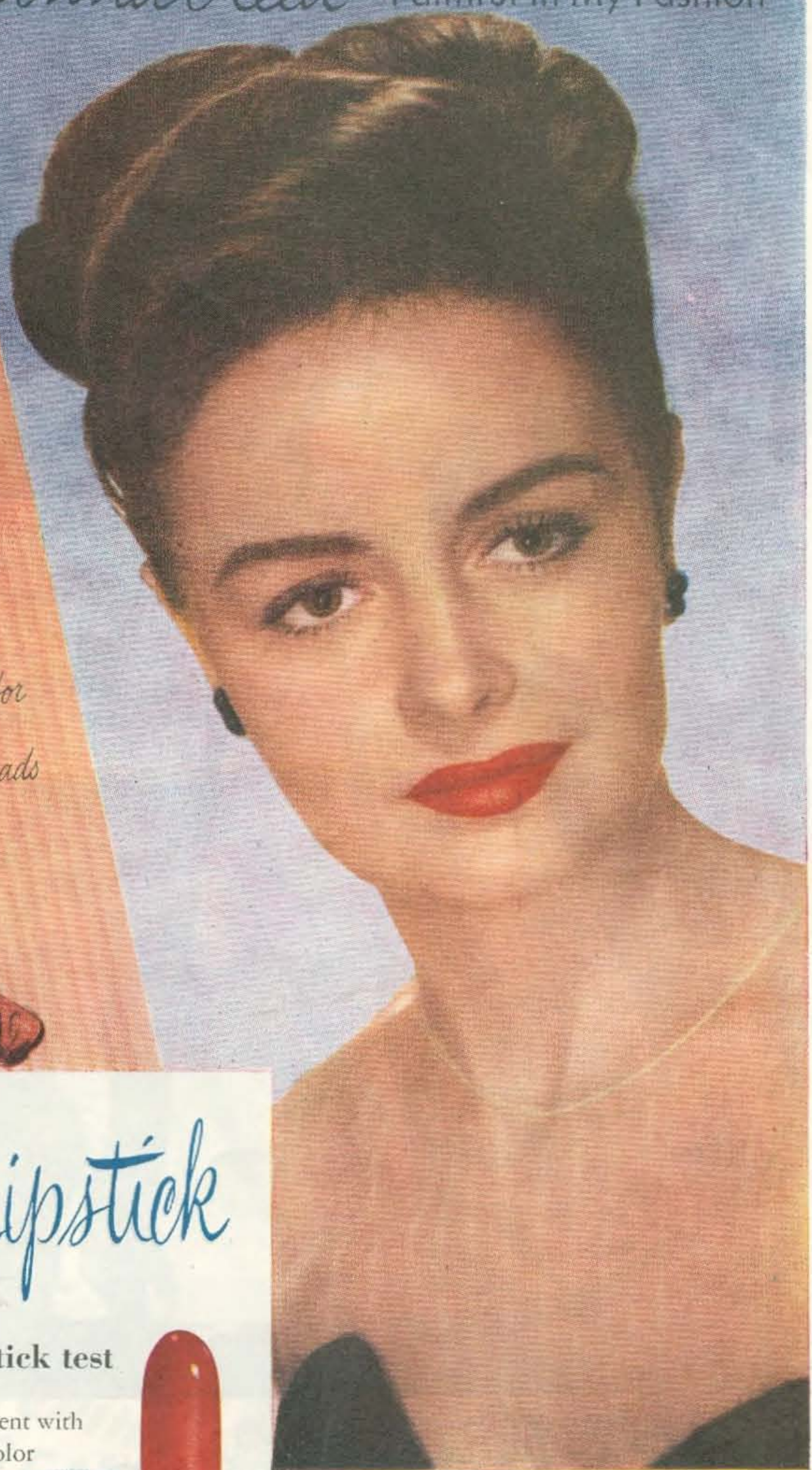
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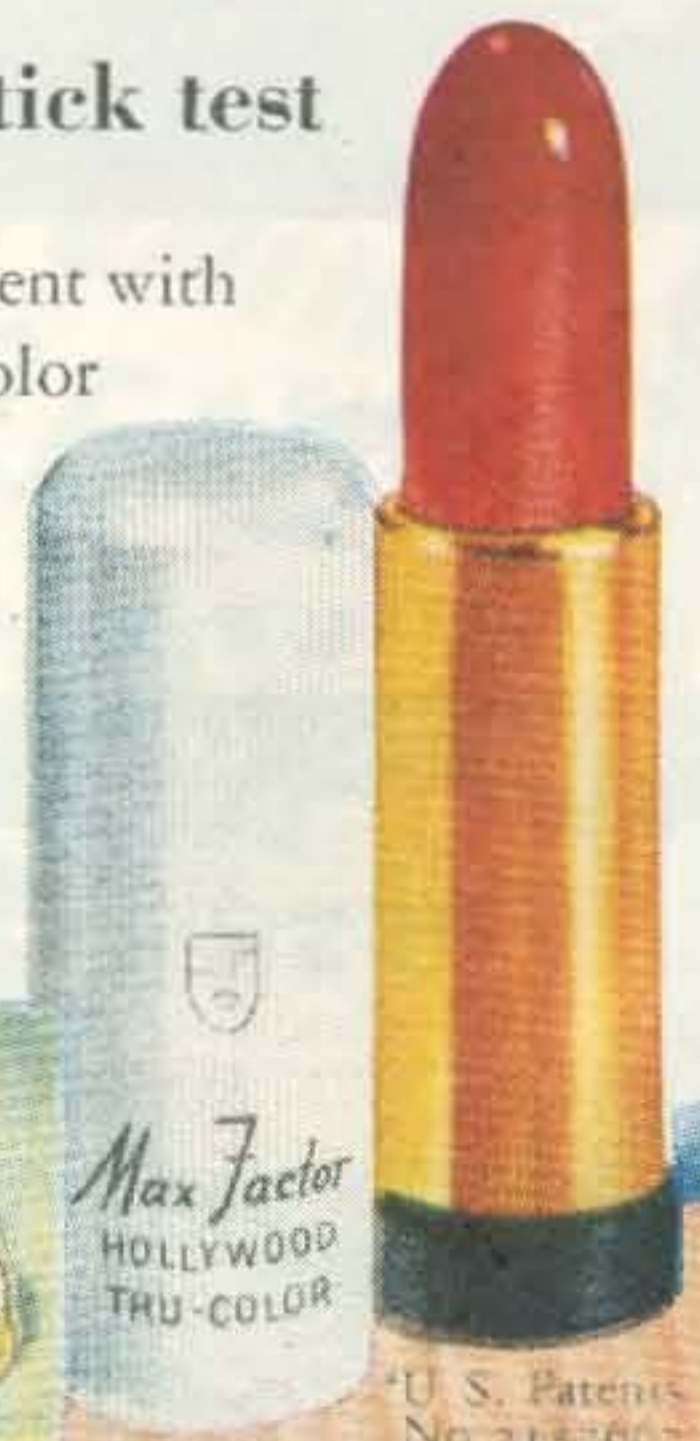
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Honeymoon in New York

(Continued from page 23)

coming up all too soon—on Thursday! Now, sitting in front of my tray, with the radio's music still pouring over me, I had to admit I didn't know the answer to my problem. I didn't know how to become a companion again to the man whose closest companion I'd been for twenty-five years.

It was right here that my thoughts were interrupted again by the radio. "And now I'm proud to introduce our first couple on this morning's Honeymoon in New York," Mr. Kirby was saying. "Marine Sergeant McGuire and Miss Shirley Wright—our engaged couple for today!" I found myself listening while he interviewed the two of them—both youngsters, giggling the whole time—about how they had met (on a Greyhound bus in Maryland), when they had first kissed (on their second date), when they were going to be married. I listened while they told their plans for marriage, and what they expected their lives to be like together. And then I listened while Mr. Kirby and Joy Hodges gave them an avalanche of presents from the NBC Gift Table—a fountain pen and a wedding ring, sets of records, sheets—dozens of things they would need.

For awhile then I forgot all my own problems completely. I heard Joy Hodges singing again; I heard Mr. Kirby saying that all engaged couples, or married ones with anniversaries of more than twenty-five years coming up, should write the program if they were coming to New York—and appear on the show. I listened while a Silver Wedding anniversary couple were introduced, talked of their courtship and marriage, and were given presents. I listened to the story of a sweet young honeymooning couple—who, like the others, were given more presents than you can imagine, from theater tickets to a new stove. Listening for a little while, the program took me entirely out of myself. And when it signed off—"until tomorrow morning at nine o'clock"—I was, to my astonishment, relaxed in my chair, smiling to myself, and happier than I'd been in months.

It was at that very moment that the idea came to me—the idea that might, I felt, change my whole life. Maybe all good things in life come when you've given up straining for them . . . at any rate, it was at that moment that my thoughts on John and myself took an entirely fresh turn.

I acted on them without a pause. I got to my feet, crossed the room to the telephone, looked up National Broadcasting Company in the telephone book, and called the number. I asked to speak to Durward Kirby, the master-of-ceremonies of Honeymoon in New York. A second later his voice was saying, "Hello?" Then I was pouring out a flood of words—about how Thursday was John's and my twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, and how much it would mean to me to be on the program that morning. I wound up saying, "Please, please—I would so appreciate it!"

"If we have an opening, Mrs. Greenan, I should be delighted to have you. Just a minute," he said. There was a second's breathless pause. Then he came back on the line and said that yes—the Greenans could definitely be



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on the program! "But first our producer, George Voutsas, would like to interview both you and your husband on Wednesday afternoon, the day before you go on the air," he said. "It's part of our preparation for the program. We like to know where you're from, what your history is, and so on. Do you think you can come to the NBC studios for the interview?"

"Yes," I said. "Yes indeed." And I hung up in a complete whirl. I could hardly wait to tell John about it. I didn't stop to analyze the excitement that had taken possession of me. I only knew that I must somehow get John to agree to come on this program with me. I was utterly convinced, and I didn't attempt to question my conviction, that it would be our turning-point, that it would somehow or other make everything come right for us. But getting John to agree? Surely the whole idea of being on a nation-wide broadcast would strike him as being a little bit crazy; it was the sort of thing that didn't happen to an old-fashioned, middle-aged business man from a small, quiet town in West Virginia. For two hours I paced the hotel-room floor, bracing myself to meet every objection that he might raise.

But to my surprise, he agreed the minute I told him about Honeymoon in New York. It was part of his new character, part of this strange John I didn't know at all.

"Why not?" he said. And just as he said it, I caught him looking quickly at himself in the mirror across from our table. Then he looked at me—but not really at me, just through me—and added, "Radio, eh? Well, this old dog needs to learn some new tricks."

And so all my expectant happiness began seeping out of me, and my hope with it. Once more I felt he had eluded me—I knew with utter sadness that he was going into this radio appearance not as a team with me but as John Greenan, alone, trying something new and interesting. Sitting opposite him at the table, I felt even more alone than I had the night before in my quiet hotel room.

I still felt that way during the interview at NBC on Wednesday. We sat in easy chairs across a desk from nice, plump-faced George Voutsas, the producer of the program. He asked us simple, pleasant questions on how we'd met, how long we'd been married, to what we attributed our marital happiness. I hardly answered him at all—I couldn't, in the depths of my sadness. But John made up for my silence. He

spoke brightly, rapidly, completely. So, at the end of it, I found myself wondering why I had come along at all, and if two people could ever become one person again . . . if only one of them wanted it that way.

I was in the same sad mood all that evening, although we went to a gay musical comedy at a theater. I was the same way throughout the lonely night in my room. But the next morning I didn't have a chance to think at all. I was rushed from the minute I got up—getting into my blue print suit and new blue hat, catching a quick breakfast with John in the hotel grill, rushing to NBC to be there at 8:30, half an hour before the show started.

Once in the radio theater where we were to appear, I was so busy getting new impressions I still had no time to think. We were on a small stage, right down close to the small theater-full of seats. It was already crowded with people when we got there . . . mostly couples, I noticed, holding hands as they watched the stage. Mr. Voutsas greeted us warmly, and introduced us to pretty singer Joy Hodges, and to six-foot-four Mr. Kirby, and to Mr. Sheldon the announcer—and to the two other couples who were appearing with us. There were always three couples on the program, it seemed—an engaged couple, a honeymooning couple, and an anniversary couple.

And then suddenly we were on the air—that is, the program was. John and I sat to one side of the stage on folding chairs, beside the other two couples who were to appear. We watched while Durward Kirby started the show going and while Joy Hodges sang something enchanting—and then watched again while the engaged couple were led up to the microphone. Mr. Kirby, grinning, introduced them. They were a healthy-looking, handsome young pair in their early twenties—and yet I thought, there was something oddly bitter about their expressions. Something that shouldn't have been in their faces at all.

They had met the way young people today seem to meet—at the ends of the earth; in Africa, during the war. She had been a WAC, he an Army sergeant. "We met," she said, looking into the eyes of her young man, "when my jeep broke down on a dusty road just outside of Cairo. He pulled his jeep up alongside mine—and by the time he'd fixed the engine, we'd fixed our future lives!"

John pressed my hand just then and I missed the next few answers and

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questions. I knew what he was thinking—from what a different, more peaceful time in the world's history our love had come! The young couple were going on: how somehow he would find a job—though he hadn't been able to as yet—and how then they would be married. But it was hard to wait, and they'd been waiting for months now. (This, I thought, accounted for the bitter look in their eyes.) Then suddenly Joy and Mr. Kirby were handing them present after present—and then Joy was singing again—and then, abruptly, she was guiding John and me up to the microphone.

"Well, here are Mr. and Mrs. John Greenan!" Mr. Kirby was saying across the microphone between him and us. "On their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. That's today, isn't it, Mr. Greenan?"

"THAT'S right," John grinned back, and I saw an embarrassed red begin creeping up from under his collar. But I also felt his hand reaching for mine again—for the second time, now!—and suddenly he was saying, "That's right, it's our twenty-fifth anniversary, after about the happiest marriage I know. And just to make sure there are more like ours, I'd like to tell that young fellow who was just on before me that I think I know a job for him. If he doesn't mind moving to our part of the world, West Virginia!"

Well, you should have heard the long pause that followed that—and then the burst of applause. I felt tears coming to my eyes—but they were tears of pride and happiness, not sadness.

Mr. Kirby applauded harder than anyone else, grinning from ear to ear. Then he said, "Well, Mr. Greenan, that's just about the nicest thing that's happened on this program, ever." Then he turned to me, still grinning. "Tell me, Mrs. Greenan, when did you meet this fine man you're married to—and where?"

It was so easy, once I started talking! I said, "It was just the opposite of a dusty road in Cairo—and we were both wearing the opposite of uniforms! We were going to our town's high school dance, and I remember John was wearing the tight pants of those days and the stiff collar—and I thought him the handsomest man I'd seen since I'd last seen Francis X. Bushman!"

John was holding my hand tightly. "And she was wearing some filmy white dress that floated like a cloud around her. I thought she was an angel." Then he looked right at me. "And I still do, Kate—even if I act a little devilish myself sometimes!"

That was so unexpected—and so utterly sincere—that again tears came into my eyes. And again the audience applauded and stamped and laughed and cried too!

Well, I can't describe all of it. I was too glowing and happy and bewildered to remember it all. My heart was singing to me that my John was mine again! And somehow I knew it had all been brought about by this romantic program, and by the worried young couple who'd been on the air before us, and by our own remembered peace in a different kind of world for young married people. And suddenly Joy was wheeling out a heaping table of gifts—the NBC Gift Table—and John and I were gasping over our presents. We had gold wrist watches apiece, and I had a complete set of lingerie (black!), and John had an electric razor and an ultra-violet lamp, and we both got a complete set of fine English china and a sterling

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silver tray. And then, as if that wasn't enough, Mr. Kirby told us that just for the night we were to have a dinner at the famous Stork Club, tickets for the play "State of the Union"—and spend the night at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in a special honeymoon room! This was extra-special; usually it was the honeymoon, not the anniversary couple, who got the honeymoon room. But Mr. Kirby said we *were* extra-special, because of John's job offer to the young couple.

"And during the evening, Mrs. Greenan, we'd like you to wear this corsage of orchids, with best wishes from all of us," Mr. Kirby said, handing me a transparent box through which I could see two snow-white orchids.

We were both speechless, though John tried to mumble that we already had hotel rooms and therefore shouldn't use the one at the Waldorf. Kirby would have none of him. "It's your anniversary, isn't it? Spend it at the Waldorf!" said he.

So that was why, late that night, I found myself beside John in a huge bed in the Waldorf Hotel—with my white orchids pinned to the pillow over my head! We were exhausted from dinner, the theater, the excitement—and from John's telephoning all the way to West Virginia to cinch the job in his former firm for the young fellow on the program that morning. Yes, we were exhausted; but we were terribly happy. I was happier, I was sure, than ever before in my life. And as I was thinking that—right after telling it to John!—he said, "Katie, you know I'm just as happy. And I've been thinking, ever since that program this morning. You know what I've come to figure?"

"NO," I SAID into the darkness. His hand gripped mine more tightly.

"I think maybe the trouble with us in the past few months was that we were a couple of getting-old fogies staying in the same old rut," he said. "Now, that young couple this morning needed what we've had—security, and solidness, and peace. But maybe we could use a little of what they've had too much of—a bit of adventure and travel. Maybe what we should do is take a trip away from where we've been living all our lives . . . to California, say." His voice warmed with his growing enthusiasm. "Might even settle down there," he said. "Might even start a little business of my own—how'd you like that? Get old John back in the harness—but living in a country full of flowers and sunshine, and plenty of people our age out there too, for the same reason we'll be going. How's it sound, Katie?"

"It sounds wonderful, darling," I told him, and I meant it. My heart was still singing, as it had been that morning.

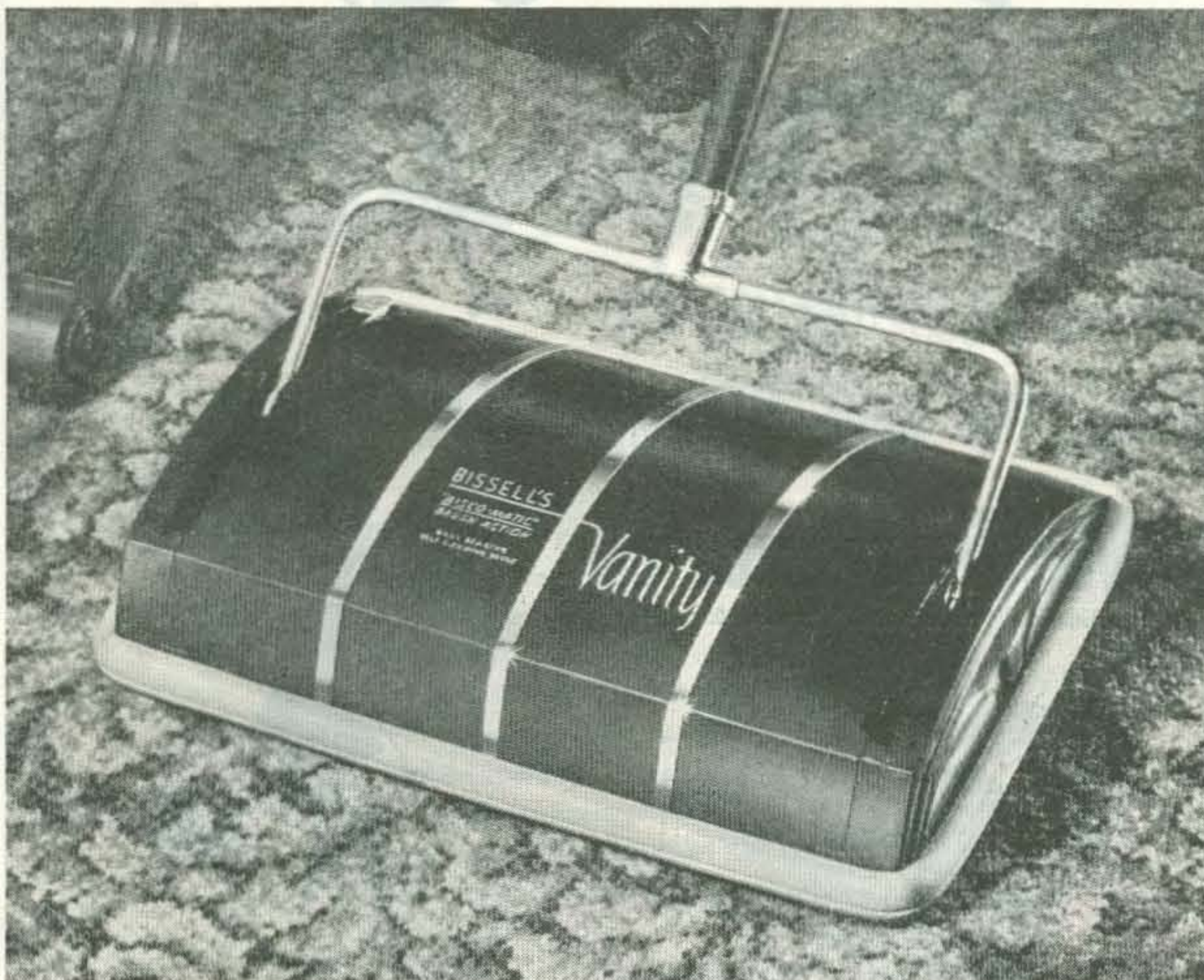
"Well, things'd have to be pretty rough not to be wonderful with you," said he. And again our hands linked.

Maybe, if it all hadn't happened, we would have worked our problem out together anyway. Maybe John would have told me about his dissatisfaction, and "talked it out" of his system, and we would have taken up our lives in the calm sort of happiness we'd always had together. But this way was so much better! It was exciting, not calm—like being really young again!

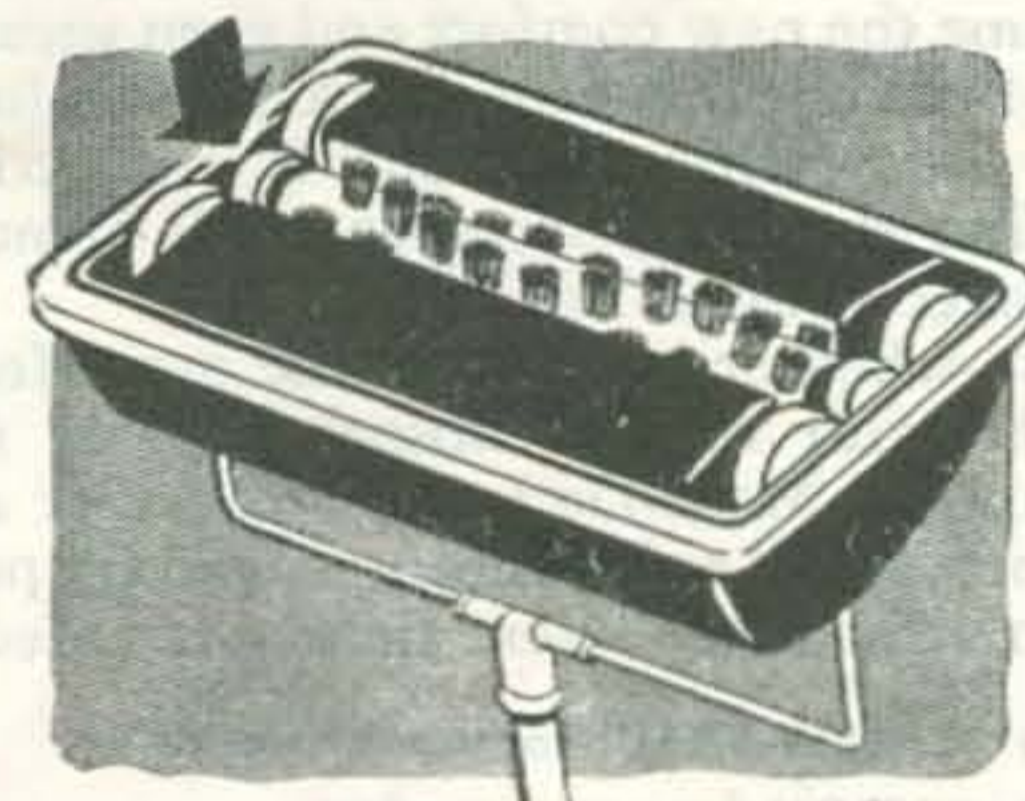
And I fell asleep with my fingers twined in his and with my last thought one of thankfulness for everything Honeymoon in New York had brought the Greenans.

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Wonderful Day

(Continued from page 43)

and race. These were the symptoms that had made Dr. Peters order this holiday, and these strange weaknesses came with sudden, unpredictable, overpowering rushes. Sometimes, I would find myself crying, helplessly, all night long.

I felt his hand gently cover my own clenched one.

"Take it easy, Sue. It's okay. Just relax. Don't say anything for a few moments . . . you're white as a sheet. I was in the Navy—a flier—and I'd say what you're suffering from is kind of like combat fatigue."

I thought he was laughing at me again, but he went on, seriously. "Some of you civilians have been pushing yourselves, punishing yourselves, too long. You get the shakes, just like we used to."

I TOOK his advice and sat there, letting his low voice go on in a rambling tale of his Navy days, in an account of the photography shop he had bought here in Laguna, and somehow I forgot the terror of my nerves. The sun was warm on my back and the sight of the monotonous dash and retreat of the big waves below us was hypnotic. But it was his voice, mostly—and his friendliness.

That evening was a wonderful one. At his insistence I had let my hair float around my shoulders and I had slipped a ribbon through its shining waves. The skirt I wore was a simple, straight one—but I had recklessly bought a peasant blouse from a little shop on my way to the boarding house at dinnertime.

"No one would ever say you look cute—you're not the type," Angus told me. And my heart sank like a stone, then rose like a cloud at his next words. "But cute girls aren't my type, anyway. I like them straight and proud and slim, like you. Like the way you hold your head and the funny way your smile comes and goes."

I like you, too, Angus Howard, I whispered to myself. I hardly dared even think it. For so long I had ruthlessly stripped myself of all personal emotion, and now this new, tremulous, budding shoot of emotion was frightening.

The days that followed were each better than the last. We swam together every morning and I learned to be nearly as brave as he was. We lunched at a different place every day. The evenings were always a surprise—dancing at a big hotel, or watching the kids jitterbug at the friendly little casinos on the beach. Exploring the world-famous pottery shops where local artists displayed their wares.

And then came that wonderful, that lovely evening. We walked on the beach that night. Moonlight lay incandescent on the water and the beach was a ghostly shelf, not cold, not unfriendly . . . but rather a smooth, intimate, silvery path at our feet.

Angus tucked my hand in his pocket.

"Have to keep you with me," he explained. "No telling what you might do on a night like this, with the mermaids sitting out on that rock—they might start calling to you and the next thing I know, you'd be swimming out to join them. You and the other Loreleis!"

"No," I reassured him, and my feet danced a little from sheer happiness.

"I promised Father Neptune that if I stayed out of his territory he would keep his mermaids off the beach. I couldn't trust them—not the way they go for red hair."

It still seemed a miracle to me, that I could talk this boy-and-girl nonsense as if I had been used to it all my life.

"And do you like red hair?" he asked.

"Yes—" I tried to make it sound flippant. But, suddenly, the words stumbled in my throat and came out a whisper—"Yes—oh, yes, Angus—!"

He turned me around to face him. "Enough so you wouldn't mind looking at it and the face that goes with it, for a long, long time? For forever? Seeing it at odd moments, say—like over a breakfast table every morning?—or the last thing at night? Sue—could you love me?"

"Angus—" and then he had closed my lips with his and there was no need to say anything. He was holding me tight against him and a little wind stirred the collar of my coat, blowing it high and around our faces, making a shelter that was unbearable, wonderful intimacy. His arms around me were gentle at first. But when I responded, helplessly, gladly, to the demand of his mouth—when I found myself answering with the fullness of my own—then his arms tightened in an almost-brutal hunger.

I WALKED that night in a dream. I went to bed in a dream and I was still spellbound when I awoke the next morning.

The feel of his lips had lingered through the night, and the memory of his arms around me seemed still a physical reality. And I would be seeing him in a few minutes. It was real. It had actually happened!

And then I saw the telegram. Someone had pushed it under my bedroom door.

I didn't want to open it. Something seemed to warn me not to touch it. I stood there, motionless, looking at it, fighting to go back into the dream that held no telegrams. Back into the place where only Angus and I existed.

But finally I had to pick it up. I ripped it open.

"Come back. Need you desperately. Flick ran off to Las Vegas last night and married a boy named Tom Silva. What are we going to do. Need you. Mother."

Automatically I found myself, from habit, counting the words in the telegram. Mother never could limit herself to the cheaper ten-word rate!

And then it came, like a delayed reaction, penetrating through my consciousness with the sharpness of a knife-cut, slashing across the web of happiness I had woven for myself these past few days. In the quickness of time it took me to re-read the telegram through, I was no longer Sue, beloved of Angus. I was Sue Ballin, head of the Ballin family, responsible for all the troubles and the futures of five people. A dream had died.

Flick had run off and married some boy I didn't know. My little sister had achieved another of her impulsive gestures—only this was more serious than neglecting her school home work, or staying out after twelve o'clock. *Flick married!* She was a child—seventeen—and it was up to me, her older sister, to get her out of this mess.

But Angus couldn't see it that way. Not when I told him I had to leave and didn't know when I would be back.

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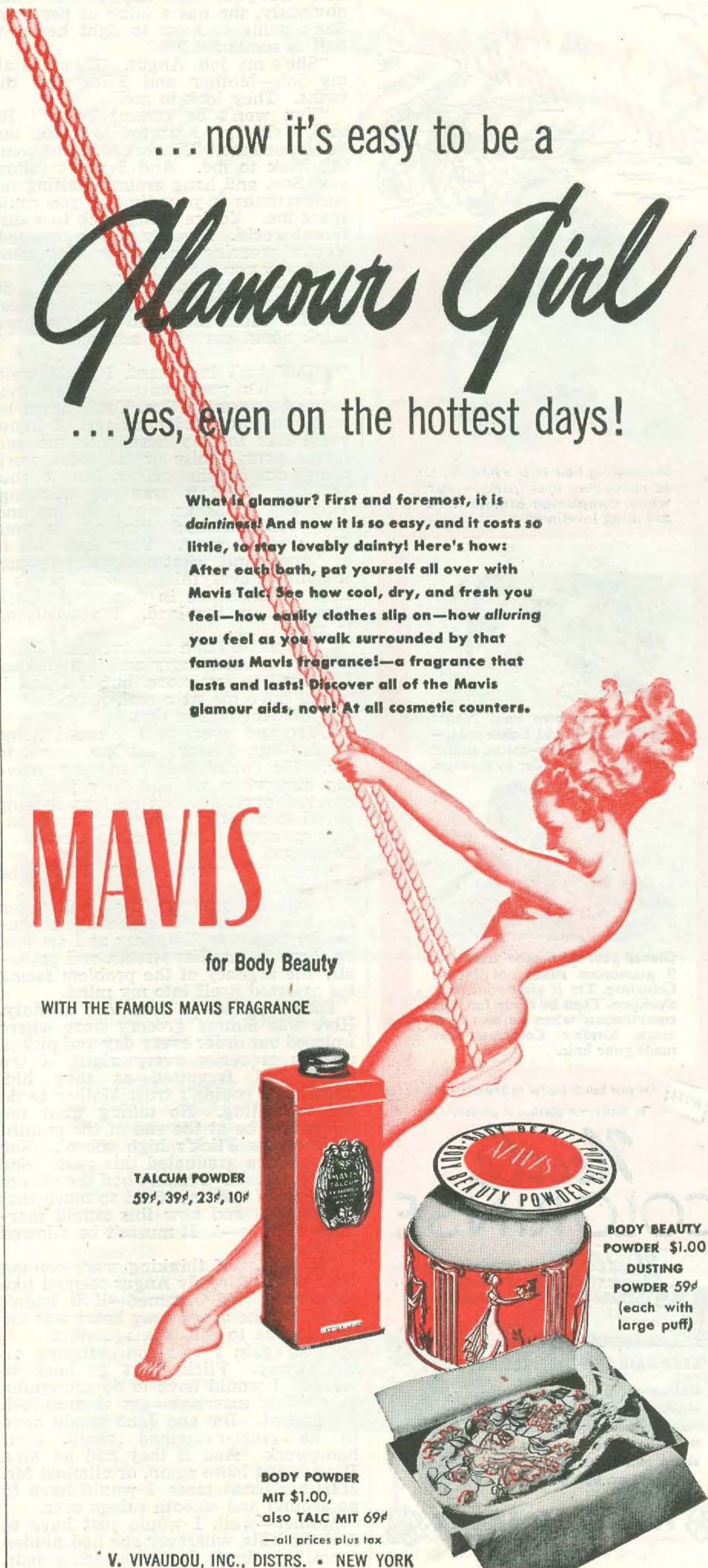
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Sue. But your sister has parents. And, obviously, she has a mind of her own. She's going to have to fight her own battles sometime."

"She's my job, Angus. They are all my job—Mother and Flick and the twins. They look to me."

"You won't be coming back." He said it slowly. I started to speak, but he stopped me. "No, you won't be coming back to me. And I won't follow you, Sue, and hang around waiting for such crumbs of your time as you could spare me. You're going back to a different world. Already you've changed. You're wearing your hair that same tight way you did at first."

"It's—oh, Angus, what else can I do now! Just let me straighten this mess out for them first, and then we can think about ourselves and plan—"

"**T**IME isn't important. I could wait. But it's your state of mind that comes between us, Sue. You'll never be ready for love and marriage. I know you'd like to stay here with me and forget your family or let them work things out for themselves, but, to you, that's a holiday way of thinking. Thinking about us, about Angus and Sue—that's wishful thinking, to you. That's impractical. Your real job is at home. And, what really worries me, in spite of everything, is that there's a kind of eagerness in you to get back and pick up the load. It's satisfying to you."

"You mean I'm a martyr? And I like it?" I was hurt, angry and incredulous. I wanted to say more, but if I had it would have meant a real quarrel.

I left Angus like that. Over and over, as I jounced home on the bus, I heard his last words to me. He could understand my leaving him when we had only just discovered our love, but he was looking ahead to a pattern when my responsibilities must always come first, and he second.

Angus take second-best? I knew he wouldn't.

I walked home the few blocks from the bus station. The feeling of unreality began to disappear as I set foot on these so-familiar streets, and gradually the urgency of the problem facing me asserted itself into my mind.

Each step was a reminder of duty. Here was Simms' grocery store where I placed our order every day and picked up the groceries every night, if the twins had forgotten—as they did, usually. I couldn't trust Mother to do the marketing. No telling what the bill would be at the end of the month!

Here was Flick's high school. She was to have graduated this year. She must graduate. I hadn't had the chance to finish. I had sacrificed so much that she should, and now this stupid marriage of hers—! It mustn't be allowed to interfere.

Old habits of thinking were coming back now. Already Angus seemed like someone I had dreamed—if it hadn't been that the ache in my heart was too real for me to call it imagination.

Once again I was concentrating on my family. Flick must go back to school. I would have to do something about this marriage—get it annulled, I supposed. Jim and John would have to be cross-examined about their homework. And if they had let Mrs. Perry's dog loose again, or climbed Mr. Martinez' fruit trees, I would have to go around and smooth things over.

Mother—well, I would just have to find the bills, wherever she had hidden them, this time. She was such a dear,



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but money trickled through her fingers.

I thought with relief of Dad. Quiet, almost diffident, never asserting himself, but quick to back me up. He had let me run things for a long time, but, still, a word of praise from him was all the reward I had ever wanted. If only I could see him first and talk things over with him!

But it was not to be. Mother met me at the door, her eyes red and puffy from crying, her hands twisted in her apron.

"Oh, Sue! If only you'd been here, it would never have happened. My baby—Flick—" Mother was crying again as she led me back to the big, sunny, clean kitchen.

"Tell me about it, Mother. How did it happen? Do you know this boy, this Tom Silva?"

"Why, you've met him, yourself, Sue. He used to come to the house with all the rest of those youngsters and I never gave him a second thought. Just a boy, eating cookies and making up sandwiches and dancing with Flick to the radio. And now he's married her—those two children—oh, Sue!"

"NEVER mind, Mother. We'll get it straightened out." I patted her shoulder, feeling unhappy and at the same time, feeling my old energy pouring back. "I'll talk to them. I'm going in to talk to Dad first. But—before I do—are there any bills around need taking care of? Did you send off the insurance payment?"

"Your father attended to all that," Mother said, absentmindedly. "He gave me a new budget system and I can really understand it. But—Sue—the electric iron won't work, and the handle came off the coffee pot, and we need a new clothesline—oh, how can we talk about such things! With Flick—"

"Where is Flick? Where are they now?"

"I'm right here," a voice said, defiantly from the doorway. "We came back last night. And I'm getting sick of it—everywhere I go, people talking, talking, behind my back, treating Tom and me as if we were children. Problem children! We're married! He's my husband—my grandmother got married when she was fourteen—"

"This is 1946, Flick," I said, and crossed the room to kiss her cheek. "Look, darling, let's not discuss it right now. You knew how I'd feel about an elopement like this . . . and you know it's because I want all the very best for you in life. I don't want you to make any mistakes."

Her head drooped. She looked absurdly young, standing there in white ruffled blouse and pinafore, moccasins and bobby socks. That was the way she used to stand when she brought me her dolls to be mended—ridiculous!—to even think of her being married!

That was a good sign, I thought to myself, as I went into the little bedroom that was also Dad's study and library and a kind of haven that drew the rest of the family. Some of the weight that had settled back on my shoulders eased slightly. Dad would help me. He would tell me I was doing the right thing. He knew the sacrifices I made and his praise kept me going.

"Hello, Dad," I whispered.

He wheeled his chair around in a flash. "Sue!" he beamed at me. Then his face clouded. "But you've cut your vacation short—the first one you've had in years! That isn't right. I told your mother not to c . . . back."

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"Something has to be done about Flick," I reminded him.

With almost a shock, I saw how much better he looked than I had seen him in a long time. His color was better and there was energy and purpose in his face. The quiet indifference was gone from his eyes. He looked—alive—more alive than he had for years.

"Flick? Oh—her marriage, you mean. Well, it is something of a shock but it's done, Sue. Young people do get married, you know. I've wanted you to fall in love for a long time." I think he saw my sudden start because he added softly, "It's time you fell in love and got married, my dear. I'm afraid you'll let it pass you by."

I brushed this aside. This was no time to be thinking of me. "You're taking Flick's marriage very casually, Father. She's just a baby and there's plenty of time for her to be thinking of settling down. This isn't a normal happening, it's a tragedy. I'll have to do something—get the marriage annulled—before it's too late."

ALARM leaped into his eyes. "Annulled? Wait a minute, Sue. Think this thing over carefully. Your sister isn't like you. She's not a good student. She doesn't like school; she doesn't want a career. All she's ever wanted was a home and babies and she loves this Tom and he loves her."

"Do you think I don't want a home and babies? I wanted to shout at him. Do you think I'm so different from other girls?"

"Flick is only seventeen. She doesn't know what she wants. She's had me to do her thinking for her all her life. I'll have to decide—"

"I wonder," he said, carefully. It seemed to me that some of the purpose and the aliveness in his face was going; that his eyes were losing their look of energy. "I suppose you know your sister best, Sue, but somehow—in some ways—Flick seems to me older than you. There's a simplicity in her for the few things she wants in life, and the rest she will brush aside. You want her to have and enjoy the things you missed—but are you sure she wants them? You can't force her into a mold. And I like this boy, this Tommy Silva. My son-in-law."

He was trying to make a joke out of it, but to me it seemed revolting. "Don't say that, Dad! Son-in-law—why, it seems almost indecent. He's still a kid. And that means I'll have the extra responsibility of caring for two adolescents in this house instead of just Flick. I won't do it! I can't start worrying about how Mr. and Mrs. Silva are going to live—it's all I can do to worry about Flick!"

"And if I take them both on, how can I ever escape to you, Angus?"

Now the spark seemed to be entirely extinguished in Dad's face. When he spoke again, it was with his old indifference. "I guess you're right, Sue. You must do what you think is best. I can't expect you to carry the load as you have in this family, and then interfere with your decisions."

I didn't want him to take it like this. I hated to hear him openly acknowledge his own helplessness. We had played a game, Dad and I—asking his advice, talking things over with him, deferring to his judgment—although we both knew it would always be I who really made the decisions for the family.

I went out just as the twins came bounding in.

"Hello, Sue!—Hi, ya, Sue!—Look, Dad!—I made a dollar ten cents—"

you did not, I made sixty cents of that—like you said, Dad, Mrs. Perry was glad to have us walk her dog on the leash and she said she didn't understand how much we were nuts about that dog and now she's swell and she pays us and—Mr. Martinez is going to let us pick all the apricots we want. We told him what you said—"

I was so surprised I stood stock-still, outside the closed door. The twins actually working and making money? Walking Mrs. Perry's dog—instead of devilling the old lady by sneaking it loose from its kennels? The hours I had spent apologizing to Mrs. Perry! And being on such friendly terms with Mr. Martinez—! It seemed unbelievable.

That evening Flick brought Tommy Silva to see me, as I had asked.

The boy was nice looking and he had an appealing charm, I had to admit. There were clean lines to his face and a stubbornness to his chin that promised well. But his black hair was unruly and kept falling into his eyes. And his faded sweater still carried the imprint of a hastily-unripped school athletic letter. *He's too young*, I told myself sternly.

THEY heard me out in silence. Evidently Flick had already warned the boy that her family wanted an annulment, because he showed no surprise. But talking it over with me like this, must have made it seem actual and official, and I saw a sullenness come over Tom's face and Flick looked scared.

"I know you two children love each other," I finished up by saying. "But if it's real it will last. You can afford to wait a couple of years and get your feet on the ground. Flick will never have to blame you, Tom, for making her miss the fun and the excitement the other girls have. Then you can be married again, with our blessing. Doesn't your family feel the same way, Tom?"

I saw I had scored. He flushed. "Yes. But we do love each other, Miss Ballin. And my folks aren't really opposed, though they think we were unwise. But we're not too young. I have a job promised and if I have Flick to work for, we'll get along. I'm a good mechanic and we planned that I would go to trade school, nights, and at the same time I could be learning and supporting her by working in the garage. I won't make very much but we could get by."

Suddenly Flick started to cry. The boy looked at her, dazed. She threw herself into my arms and sobs shook her. "It's awful—the whole thing—people prying and talking us over and not letting us alone! I didn't think it would be like this! I don't want to be married . . . I don't want to be anything! Let me alone—all of you! Go away, Tom—they won't let us be happy—it was so wonderful and now it's so horrible! Leave me alone!"

He left us then.

Flick cried herself to sleep. Mother was in tears, too, as she finished wiping the dishes in the kitchen. Dad had shut himself up in his room and there was a strange wall between us that had never been there before.

I sat in the livingroom, feeling more alone than I ever had in my life. I had done what was right, but there was no satisfaction.

There was no peace and no happiness. Now, when I was alone, thoughts of Angus came flooding back.

I turned my head restlessly on the couch back. Those nerves—those silly,

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Is *your own* case similar to this? Your marriage started out just sparkling with romance, love and happiness. Then slowly it dawns on you that your marriage is lacking something. Your husband grows more indifferent—less attentive in those little things so dear to a woman's heart.

Too many married women still do not realize how important douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, charm, health and *marriage happiness*—how important douching is to combat one of woman's most serious deodorant problems. And what's *more* important—they do not know about this newer, scientific method of douching with—ZONITE.

No Other Type Liquid Antiseptic-Germicide Tested Is SO POWERFUL Yet SO HARMLESS

Thanks to a world-famous Surgeon and a renowned Chemist who have given the world the remarkable ZONITE principle—wise women no longer use old-fashioned, ineffective or dangerous products.

The ZONITE principle developed by these two great men of Science was truly a miracle—the first antiseptic-germicide in the world that was *powerful enough* yet positively *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning*.

For this reason—ZONITE has been found of great worth for intimate feminine hygiene. Ask your doctor. Despite its great strength, you can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without risk of injury.

What Zonite Does—

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective* no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that ZONITE will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE ZONITE *immediately* kills every *reachable* germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Buy ZONITE today. Any drugstore.

FREE!

For frank discussion of intimate physical facts—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. RM-86, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

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Address _____

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WE DON'T STAND A
GHOST OF A CHANCE
SINCE HE GAVE HER
LEAF GUM!



LEAF

Listen to LEAF'S
"Tin Pan Alley of the Air"
Every Saturday—
Coast to Coast.

THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER...

uncontrollable, quivering nerves in the nape of my neck—were hurting again, sending their needle-like stabs through my whole body again at even the touch of the upholstery. And my head throbbed. What good had been my vacation and Dr. Peters' prescription and the sun and the waves and the dancing, when I had returned to this? What good had it been to fall in love, and then endure this aching misery for its fleeting?

And even then, from old habit, even while my heart tore with pain at thoughts of Angus, other stupid reminders—of broken coffeepot handles and new clotheslines—were thrusting themselves at me.

The ring of the doorbell startled me. Tom—had the boy come back to plead again?

But it wasn't Tom. Tom didn't have that red hair. Tom wasn't so tall—his shoulders weren't so broad—

"Angus!"

Then I was in his arms.

"I FOLLOWED you," he said, quietly, after a while. "I said I wouldn't, but I couldn't let you go like that, with all the questions unanswered and nothing settled."

"It was the hardest thing I've ever had to do—leaving you, darling," I whispered.

"Then never again." And his voice was firm and resolute.

I didn't know how to answer. I was confused.

"Come in and meet my Dad, Angus." Maybe that would make him understand. Maybe then he would see my responsibilities here.

I took him in and introduced him and left them there. Dad's hot chocolate was a ritual at this hour and I was glad to escape and busy my hands—and try to think.

I felt strangely light and gay and carefree. My heart had taken possession of my body, laughing at nerves, refusing to be sobered by questions or problems or difficulties.

Angus was here.

It was then, I think, that the first real, solid doubt of my own rightness came to me. Oh, it had had beginnings—back there in Laguna when Angus had accused me of being a willing martyr. And in the change in Dad when I had come home, the aliveness of him, the way the twins had brushed me aside and gone to him with their account of themselves. The way Mother and Dad had arranged their own budget while I was gone.

The twins working. No furtiveness of hidden bills on Mother's part. And Flick—

Now I understood the dissatisfaction I had felt with my solution for Tom and Flick. Had I been right?

Doubt came to me now with the solid impact of revelation.

Was I really needed here? But—more important—was this happiness I felt with Angus the reality? Was this what life intended and meant I should have?

Now I wondered. In denying love, was I not denying life itself? Could any real happiness for our family stem from a frustrated, disappointed, martyred—yes, Angus was right—martyred woman?

Flick, then, knew this truth, instinctively, that I had only just now discovered. She knew what was important and what was real, and the rest didn't matter. Maybe she would regret some of the dances and the parties and the pleasures her girl-friends would



Breathless
Thrill!

Now, a mouth wash that protects breath and health, and at the same time is a joy to use! You'll like the exhilaration it gives—the feel of new oral cleanliness. And you'll like its economy, too—every cent goes from 2 to 4 times as far as with ordinary mouth washes. You use ¼ Lanteen Mouth Wash with ¾ water. Get 25c, 49c or 89c size at your drug store today.

See your dentist regularly.

Lanteen
MOUTH WASH
Pleasant and Refreshing



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For **CHRISTMAS CARDS**
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Make Money: Sell Empire LEADER 21-card Christmas Box \$1—up to 50c profit. 5 big name imprinted lines 50 for \$1 and up. Complete variety Christmas and Everyday Boxes, gift wrappings, stationery, correspondence notes, 20 big money makers. Extra Bonus. Get samples on approval.
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Amazing New Plan!
DRESS for YOU
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THRILLING NEW PLAN! Your choice of Gorgeous New Dress or Suit, in your favorite style, size and color, given to you for sending orders for only three dresses for your friends, neighbors, or members of your family. That's all. Not one cent to pay. Everything supplied without cost.

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Famous Harford Frocks will send you their big, new Style Line showing scores of latest fashions, with actual fabrics, in dresses, lingerie, children's wear, etc., at sensational low, money-saving prices. Also SPORTSWEAR, slacks, suits and coats. Show styles and fabrics to your friends, neighbors, and family—send in only 3 orders—and get dress or suit. You can get your complete wardrobe easily, quickly and without cost, and also earn good money for spare time work if you wish.

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WRITE TODAY for Big Style Presentation. Due to today's conditions we may not be able to send it at once... but rush your name and address to be placed on our list and be among the first to receive the new Style Line when available. Write now.

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Dept. H-9001, Cincinnati 25, Ohio



be enjoying. Maybe she would have a hard time getting used to the role of a wife so young. But it was what she wanted and she went to it with the direct simplicity of the wise and the very young.

Her husband was like her. And he had even made plans for them—plans I could find no real objection to. He was ready for maturity.

And I had treated them like a couple of thoughtless children. They, who, in their natural acceptance of love and its path, were wiser and older than I!

"Well, you two seem to be getting along fine together," I told Dad and Angus as I came in with the tray. And, indeed they were—although there were questions in Dad's eyes and a stubborn premonition to argument in Angus', as they looked at me. Maybe it was that that moved me to sudden impulse. "It's a good thing you are—" I told them, while my heart pounded—"because it's all in the family. Angus and I are going to be married, Dad."

I SAW the surprise and the delight in Dad's face. And the joy in Angus'.

"With your permission, sir." He turned to Dad. "Because I'll be taking Sue to Laguna with me to live. My job is there and that's where we'll have to stay."

"You have my permission and my blessing." Dad's voice was strong and firm. The energy had come back into his eyes and the aliveness into his face. He looked like a man capable of taking charge, and proud to be doing it. "Sue, here, has given enough of her life to problems that shouldn't have been hers, rightly. It was my fault. I felt helpless, bound here in this room."

"It's been my fault, too, Dad," I told him from the shelter of Angus' arms. "Responsibility went to my head, I guess, after a while."

I was beginning to enjoy trouble because it made me feel needed. I wasn't really able to control the twins or help Mother or run Flick's life for her. But I was doing it, just the same. And I was heading for a mess."

"No annulment?" Dad smiled at me.

"No annulment. You were right. Tom can go to work and he can live here—he and Flick—and help. They can pay rent here just as they would have to someplace else and that will help—oh, Angus—there I go again! Planning what people should do!"

He didn't laugh at me. He just held me closer. "I won't mind a little of it, Sue. I'm a careless fellow, myself. But try bossing me, sometime—try it and see what happens!"

"You see, darling," he explained to me, later, when we had said goodnight to Dad, "it's like those waves I taught you to ride. You never had anyone to teach you how to ride *these* waves—these responsibilities you took on. You just stood up and let them hit you, knock you down and roll you around. And then you'd stand up again. You thought that was the only way to do it. But life can be a wonderful thing, darling, if you just learn not to fight it all the time."

"Like this?" I reached up and kissed him again. This time it was sure and complete and wonderful—better, even, than that first passion-awakened kiss at Laguna. Because this was no sudden and holiday tempest. This was promise and fulfillment. This was a wave, carrying us both to the unbroken crest of ecstasy and sweeping us far into the safe haven that was the security of love.



"STOP, LOOK
and make your baby's skin
GLISTEN"

"Here's your orders: Sprinkle mild, soothin' Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder on your baby's skin every day, for lovelier skin, 'glowin' with health. Mennen is *smoothest*—that means extra comfort. Bein' *antiseptic*, it protects better against diaper rash, prickly heat, urine irritation and lotsa other skin troubles. No wonder *more doctors prefer Mennen* than any other baby powder. And its wonnerful new scent makes us babies *smell so sweet!*"

*Twin Blessings
for Baby-*
MENNEN



TAN MORE BEAUTIFULLY, SAFELY, COMFORTABLY . . . new beauty secret—mothers rave about their beautiful suntans (and baby's, too) with soothing, protective Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil. Try it yourself now—best for baby, best for you!



Transform your daily baths into soothing, glamorizing "beauty treatments" with Bathasweet bath aids! They make ordinary water (even hardest water) extra-cleansing, and as soft as summer rain. And the alluring Bathasweet fragrances seem to cling to your skin for hours. Try a Bathasweet beauty bath tonight, and see how flower-fresh you feel!

Bathasweet Water Softener Bathasweet Foam
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Bathasweet Pine Oil Bathasweet Soap

3 fragrances: Garden Bouquet,
Forest Pine, Spring Morning.

Bathasweet
BATH ACCESSORIES

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 4)

MOOD ORGANIST

The organist who pumps out the familiar background music for your favorite daytime radio show or night time drama is short, stocky Lew White, one-time member of Roxy's famous radio gang. It's rather hard to avoid Lew if you're a rabid dialer. Every weekday from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., the prolific and prosperous Philadelphian is busy dashing from one network to another, setting musical moods for the assorted heroes, heroines and villains of the airwaves.

Lew has made his particular and peculiar career a one-man industry that nets him about \$100,000 a year, and to talk to him you have to adjust yourself to his exhausting time-table. I caught him between Barry Cameron and Rosemary, just two of his dozen radio activities.

The experience necessary for such work came to Lew when he worked in large Philadelphia and New York movie houses, first playing appropriate music for silent pictures and then scoring for talkies.

"You use the same principles for radio dramas. The thing is to know in a flash just what to play," Lew says.

Lew knows what to play, having stored in his alert brain more than eight thousand musical cues and variations.

Busy radio producers can't afford to take chances with inexperienced performers or scripters.

"Lew," explained one big advertising agency director, "is like insurance. No matter what the problem Lew can come into a studio five minutes before air-time, glance at the script and dash off the appropriate musical accompaniment."

If they want to get the effect of a large dance band, Lew simply has a piano pushed next to his Hammond

organ, plays melody on the piano with his right hand, gets rhythm on the console with his left, and uses his nimble feet on the pedals for bass.

If they want a hazy, ethereal quality, no need to bother with super-duper arrangements or carloads of musicians. Lew White calmly drops his right elbow high up on the keyboard and simulates bell music with his other hand. "I call that," he explains, "my Portia 'heartbeat' rhythm."

Lew has been in radio since 1928 and knows every trick of the trade. At one time he ran an organ school, equipped with three impressive consoles, charged students \$15 for every half hour lesson. Out of a \$10,000 investment he made a \$90,000 profit, sold one of his organs to CBS.

Lew studied organ at the University of Pennsylvania, has played piano since he was four, under the diligent eyes of his father, Herman White, a prominent violin teacher. The late S. L. Rothafel, "Roxy," brought him from his native Quaker Town to New York.

"Roxy hired me at \$250 a week to be chief organist at the Roxy theater. A generous man—I'll never forget that when I went to collect my first pay check it was for \$400."

Lew told Roxy there must have been some mistake.

"It's no mistake," Roxy told him, "you're good and I like to hold on to good things."

Roxy held on to him until the former's death. Old-time dial twisters will fondly remember the old Roxy gang, Wee Willie Robyn, Gladys Rice, Douglas Stanbury, Milton Cross, Lew, Erno Rappee and of course, Roxy himself.

When radio dramas became standard fare, Lew's knowledge of quick music scoring became a valuable property and he naturally went into this line of radio.

Today, Lew is heard on such programs as Portia Faces Life, Rosemary, Barry Cameron, Young Widder Brown, The Listening Post, Grand Central Station, Inner Sanctum, and Bulldog Drummond.

Lew starts his typical day at 7:45 A.M. He and his wife, an ex-model, breakfast in their large Central Park West apartment with their two children, Barbara, seven, and Mimi, five. An hour later he's down at NBC rehearsing Listening Post, which goes on the air at 10:45 A.M. Broadcast over, Lew dashes across the hall to the Barry Cameron studio.

"About this time I get a breathing spell," Lew told me, "and I usually go to a gym on 54th street and relax. I seldom eat any lunch."

At 1:30 he's over at CBS for Rosemary rehearsals and back again at NBC for Young Widder Brown at 4:30 and Portia Faces Life at 5:15.

He's back home fifteen minutes later. "Regular business hours," Lew says, proudly. "When would I ever see my family otherwise?" he asks.

NEW RECORDS

(Each month Ken Alden picks the most popular platters)

ALVINO REY: Turns in another torrid treatment of "Cement Mixer" and for good balance uses the reverse for the ballad "We'll Gather Lilacs." (Capitol.)

HELEN FORREST - DICK HAYMES: A delectable duo in two Jerome Kern hits from "Centennial Summer—" "All Through the Day" and "In Love in Vain" (Decca.) Louanne Hogan does the same tunes handsomely for Musi-craft.

MAURICE ROCCO: Some solid boogie-woogie variations on "Begin the Beguine" and "St. Louis Blues" by a hard-hitting keyboard king. (Musi-craft.)

BENNY GOODMAN: The new sextet with Messrs. Goodman, Norvo, Wilson, Feld and others, featured in a new Columbia album that includes such worthies as "Shine," "I Got Rhythm" and "China Boy."

WOODY HERMAN: A perfect pairing, "Panacea" and the oldie, "You've Got Me Crying Again." The maestro interprets the lyrics feelingly. (Columbia.)

BING CROSBY: That Man again doing a neat wrapup of "Who's Sorry Now" and "I've Found a New Baby." Eddy Heywood's neat little band helps things along. (Decca.)

FRANK SINATRA: On deck with two new Irving Berlin hits from "Annie Get Your Gun." The tunes are "They Say It's Wonderful" and "The Girl That I Marry." (Columbia.)

VAUGHN MONROE: "Love On a Greyhound Bus" and "All the Time."—Excellent job. (Victor.)

FOR EXCITING RADIO DRAMA



TURN YOUR RADIO DIAL TO "TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

Every Sunday afternoon the thrilling, factual stories from True Detective magazine come to life over the stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System. If you enjoy the suspense-filled, action-packed stories in True Detective, don't miss this new and exciting radio series.

4:30 p.m. EDT • 3:30 p.m. CDT • 2:30 p.m. MDT • 1:30 p.m. PDT

ON ALL MUTUAL NETWORK STATIONS

AND FOR MOTION PICTURES' NEWEST SENSATION

In cooperation with the editors of True Detective magazine, The Crime Newsreel presents something entirely new in motion pictures. The Crime Newsreel reveals in dramatic fashion actual crimes . . . the real criminals involved . . . and their subsequent capture or conviction. A new issue of this exciting and different motion picture will play at your local theater every four weeks. Look for it. Released Thru Film Classics

THE CRIME NEWSREEL

With LEWIS J. VALENTINE
Formerly N. Y. Police Commissioner



Think of winning
a sm-o-o-th Ford
station wagon!
... one of

653 Exciting Prizes

you have a chance to win
— including lovely, hard-to-get nylon hosiery

1st Prize

1946 model Ford convertible station wagon. Immediate delivery!



2nd & 3rd Prizes

Beautiful Bulova wrist watch



Next 150 Prizes

One pair of lovely, hard-to-get nylon hosiery



Next 500 Prizes

Stadium Girl gift box containing large-size plastic compact and lipstick



... in this easy Stadium Girl Lipstick Contest



It may become *yours* — this handsome convertible! Sounds grand, doesn't it!

You have a chance to win it—or any one of 653 worthwhile prizes—in the Stadium Girl Lipstick Contest. Just complete this statement in 25 words or less: "I like Stadium Girl Lipstick in the easy push-up plastic container, because ..."

That's easy, isn't it! Especially when all you have to do is to write about the favorite lipstick of many beauty-wise women. Stadium Girl,

you know, is the popular lipstick that comes in six of the season's smartest, most flattering shades.

You can enter this contest as many times as you like. But include with each entry the card on which you get the 25¢-size Stadium Girl Lipstick.

Get your Stadium Girl Lipstick today at your nearest five-and-ten cent store. Or, if your dealer can't supply you, order by coupon below. Read the contest rules. Then get busy writing the entry you hope wins a thrilling prize!

Read these contestrules:

- Write or neatly print your contest entry on sheet of paper containing your name and address.
- Mail entry, together with card on which Stadium Girl Lipstick comes attached, to Campus Sales Co., Dept. 1886, 411 E. Mason St., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin.
- Entries to be judged on originality, uniqueness, and aptness by independent judges. Decisions final. In case of tie, duplicate awards will be made. No entries returned.
- Contest open to all persons except employes of the Campus Sales Company, their advertising agency, and their families.
- All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight Sept. 15, 1946. Prize winners will be announced as soon thereafter as possible.
- Enter as many times as you wish.

[Tear out coupon and mail today]

CAMPUS SALES CO., Dept. 1886
411 E. Mason Street
Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin

I am enclosing 35¢ (in Canada 50¢) which includes tax and postage, as payment in full for a large-size Stadium Girl Lipstick. I have indicated my choice of shade at the right.

No
C.O.D.'s
please

Name.....

Address.....

City.....(.....) State.....

My choice of lipstick shade is:

- Cherry Red (med. lt.)
- Sunset Pink (med.)
- Orchid
- Tropic (med. dk.)
- Ruby (dark)
- Burgundy (very dk.)

"At First Sight—and Forever!"

(Continued from page 37)

could all meet him in the lounge.

You know the advertisements about how "they all laughed when I sat down to play"—well, that is a little bit the way I felt when I tried to explain to the others in my party that we were all invited to sit out the next intermission with the Boss Man himself.

It was during that next intermission that Bob drew me aside and asked me if I would have dinner with him the next night. *Would I?* I had a date—with my faithful, if platonic, beau, but I was sure he'd be sensible about it. He'd better be, I thought.

Bob explained then that some friends of his had invited him to dinner—he'd love it if I went along. Perhaps I would come back to the Casino while he played. If I wouldn't be bored, he said, I could sit and listen to the band. If I wouldn't be bored!

I agreed avidly to all of his plans, and didn't think until I was on the way home—up in the clouds and in a daze—

that putting off my boy friend wasn't my only problem. There was my father.

Father—he was Dr. Leroy Philip Kuhn—was one of Chicago's famous surgeons, and a father of the old school. I had been brought up quite strictly to be a Lady. I was not allowed to go out with boys at all until I was ready for college, and then only with boys whom father had met and approved of and whose families he knew.

Telling father about my meeting with Bob Crosby and winning his consent for my Sunday night date was going to be a hurdle.

I was up early next day and ready for an argument. After all, this Sunday was the last day of my vacation—and it could be so wonderful. I just had to swing it.

Quite as I had expected father listened to my story with horrified astonishment. He certainly would not give me permission to keep my date with a band leader.

But I am my father's daughter, and I, too, have a mind of my own.

"But father," I protested. "I have accepted his invitation. I simply can't change my plans now."

Very well, if I insisted upon going out with this—this *musician*—father couldn't stop me. But he certainly would refuse to meet the man.

That was the way we left it. When the time came for Bob to arrive, father retired to his room, closed the door and—I am sure—paced the floor. I waited in the livingroom, feeling a little unsure and scared myself.

The doorbell rang, and the maid admitted Bob. I felt better the minute I saw him. He was no monster. He was a nice guy. And I guess curiosity got father—for he popped into the room before five minutes had passed and, a little gruffly, held out his hand to my guest.

"June tells me you like baseball," Bob, that old diplomat, opened up. And

Straight Line Design

**cleans teeth best
say dentists 2 to 1**



How Dentists Voted in Nationwide Survey

There are only 3 basic brushing surface designs among all leading tooth brushes!



When 30,000 dentists were asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design!"

Why Pepsodent's Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best. Despite popular belief, most teeth in the average mouth lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Authoritative research shows Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs . . . Actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

Pepsodent



STRAIGHT LINE DESIGN

**Every
Pepsodent Brush**

**has the Straight Line Design
most dentists recommend**

they were off. They made a date to go to a baseball game, another date to play golf, and parted with the greatest reluctance.

I floated through the dinner party. Later, when we arrived at the Casino Bob ducked away for a minute and came back with an armload of magazines. "Here," he said, "is something to keep you busy—I don't want you to get bored."

I had thoughts only, eyes only for Bob—half way across the room on the bandstand—and he seemed to be singing all of his songs just for me. I was bursting with pride and happiness.

At about 11:30, after he had finished a love song, he stepped down from the stand and while the other musicians and the dancers watched him wonderingly, he walked straight through the crowded dance floor, to my table.

"June," he said, his eyes burning into mine, "will you marry me?"

I COULDN'T find words. I just looked at him, a dozen questions racing through my head. Did he mean it? Or was this just a line? I was familiar with the current "lines" from Princeton, and Yale, and Harvard. But this was something new. Was I supposed to take him seriously? Could he be playing some sort of a cruel joke on me?

Bob took my silence for indecision, I guess. He touched my hand lightly and said, "Don't answer now. Think it over." And he walked quickly away.

For another hour I had to sit there alone, torn by those questions. And more questions, each with Big Problem attached. What would father say, and mother, when I told them I wanted to leave college? How could I get out of going back to school next day?

What developed was that I couldn't. Mother and father, convinced that this was just another of my school-girl infatuations, very firmly shepherded me next day to the train which would take me back to Bronxville. Mother even went with me to "explain" to Bob—to make sure, probably, that I wouldn't run away with him.

Bob listened respectfully as mother explained that I was just eighteen, that I was too young to think of marriage, that I must finish school.

I was surprised, and a little hurt, when he agreed with all her conclusions.

"Go back and finish your freshman year," he told me. "And think it all over." He added: "I have a few things to straighten out myself."

Did this mean he wasn't sure? That he had changed his mind?

I was a sick girl when that train pulled out of Dearborn station. Mother and father, who thought that I was merely impressed with Bob's glamor, the Big Name, were so wrong. I was in love. Dizzily, achingly in love.

And now I was sure I would lose my big chance. Bob would forget me as soon as I was out of sight. He would find somebody else. I knew he would.

From the first station out of Chicago I dispatched two frantic telegrams. To Bob I wired "All you have to do is say the word and I will get off this train." To my family went an S.O.S. "Please. I will lose him."

But it was no use. Bob didn't say the word. And my father phoned as soon as I arrived at school. "Be sensible," he pleaded. "You're eighteen years old. You've been 'engaged' three times. You're bowled over now. But wait. If you really love him and want to marry him a year from now I will consent."

"But he'll marry somebody else!"

"Then it would have been a mistake in the first place," father said adamantly. And to make sure that I didn't reverse his decision he made another long distance call—to my Dean. I was not to be given permission to leave school—for anything.

So I stayed.

Little by little the events of Easter vacation took on the fuzzy qualities of a dream.

It had been a dream that Bob had fallen in love with me at first sight, as I had fallen in love with him. (But for keeps, on my part.) It had been a dream that he had asked me to be his wife. My college mates were obviously incredulous about the whole story, and I stopped telling it—for what proof had I, except for an occasional hurried letter from somewhere on the road?

Then my father died. His death and the problem months which followed blotted out even those thin threads of contact with my dream weekend.

When I began to try to put my life together again I decided to go west. I had a chance to try out for the movies.

And besides Bob was in Hollywood and I wanted very much to see him again. Until I saw him—found out for sure that our bright flame of a year ago had been but the flash of a single match—I couldn't know for certain what I wanted to do with my life.

I wired Bob that I was coming, gave him a telephone number at my aunt's, where I planned to stop temporarily.

When I arrived, I found he had driven the family crazy trying to find out when I was coming, for how long, and what about me, anyway.

I saw him that first night in Hollywood, and we knew at once that things hadn't changed. Love at first sight had stuck.

There was only one hitch—the "things" Bob had had to straighten out before, and which still required straightening. He was married, Bob confessed. He had been married for five days, separated for five years—but he had never been in one place long enough to get a divorce. If I would promise to marry him, however, he would start proceedings right away.

ALL of this brought mother on the double-quick to the West Coast to whisk me away on yet another "trial separation." This time we went to Europe, as though I could forget Bob faster among the ancient ruins than I had at Sarah Lawrence. We were away two months and I was miserable every minute. At last mother was convinced that this was no infatuation, but the real thing.

I had insisted that Bob and I announce our engagement before I went to Europe, but it was not until I was back in Chicago that all our problems were removed. Then on September 22, 1938, in Bob's home town of Spokane, we sought out an old friend of the Crosby family, Judge Fred Witt, and said the matter-of-fact, legal words which made our implausible story true.

Life was fun for us two Crosbys. It is even more fun now that we are five—growing on six.

To count noses: there is Cathy, who is seven, and just like her father. And Christopher, who is four, and Bobbie, who is two.

We have a big stone house with a high fence around it and a couple of acres of flat grass to accommodate the children's noise and paraphernalia.

It all seems very sane, and sensible, and permanent.

I think father would have approved.

Take a Test on Tampons

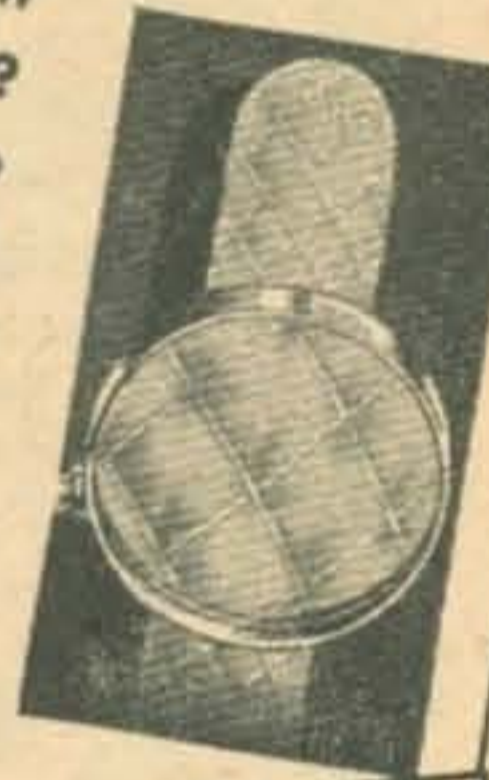


What's the reason for rounded ends?

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Once We're Married

(Continued from page 40)

along?" His voice was very bitter. Sally understood then. The color came flooding back into her face. "Oh," she whispered. "Your father told you—"

"Not him—Mother. Not that it makes any difference, does it?" Phil asked pleasantly.

"But I didn't—" Sally began, and stopped. There was nothing she could say, she realized, that would change that hard stare of disbelief in Phil's eyes. His father had promised to secure Oliver's release if she would give Phil up; she had given Phil up, and Oliver had been freed. Those were the facts, and nothing could change them.

"No," she said quietly. "It doesn't make any difference." She picked her purse up from the table. "Let's go now, Ernie," she said. "I'm tired."

But Phil was in the grip of a reckless bravado, and he wouldn't let them go. "Wait a minute," he said. "Let's have a dance, Sally. Just one. Listen!" He reached for her hand. "They're playing 'It Might as Well be Spring'—remember how we used to play it on Aunt Jenny's phonograph when it first came out? And besides, it is spring now!"

SALLY jerked her hand away. Suddenly she hated him. "Let me go!" she said furiously. "I won't dance with you—I don't even want to see you!"

He tried to seize her, standing up and reaching across the table. Ernie stood up too. "Hey!" he said, and threw himself at Phil. Out of the corner of his eye, Phil saw him coming, and turned, bringing his clenched fist up as he did so. The fist landed on the side of Ernie's head, and he staggered, recovered himself, and aimed a blow at Phil. People came running. . . .

They managed to separate Phil and Ernie before either of them had done too much damage to the other. Ernie took Sally home, driving with one hand and holding a handkerchief against a split lip with the other, and Phil's friends took charge of him. He was quiet enough by that time, and perfectly sober again, with a bruise already turning purple around his right eye. They took him back to town, and dropped him at his own house.

His father and mother had gone to bed, and he crept silently up the stairs and into his own room—knowing that they were probably awake, listening. He turned the light on and stared at his reflection in the mirror for a moment, then turned away in distaste. No wonder, he thought, that Sally hated him now; he hated himself, as far as that went. Everything had gone wrong for him since his return to Littleton. Everything had gone wrong, but tonight he no longer blamed his parents, or Sally, or anyone except himself. He'd been weak where he should have been strong, indecisive when he should have been resolute; and he'd climaxed everything by getting drunk and fighting in a public amusement-park.

For a long time after he'd gone to bed he lay awake, thinking—and his thoughts weren't pleasant.

He was up early the next morning, but he didn't go downstairs. He pulled shirts and underwear out of the dresser drawers, suits out of the closet, and stacked them neatly on the unmade bed. Up in the attic he found two suitcases, and brought them down. He had nearly finished packing them when his mother knocked at the bedroom door.



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"Come in," he called.

"Phil, don't you want any breakfast?" she was saying as she entered, and then she saw the suitcases, and one hand flew to her mouth. "You're packing! Why? Where are you going?"

"Away. Somewhere out west," Phil said. "I've made a mess of things here. I'm going to start in all over again, where nobody knows me and I don't know anybody."

"No—you mustn't!" She caught sight of the bruise on his eye. "You've been fighting! That's the reason. Oh, Phil, what has happened to you?"

"I've been in a fight," Phil said, "but that's not why I'm leaving. Or maybe it is, in a way. Maybe it woke me up. The point is, Mother," and he closed the first of the suitcases, "I can't stay here any longer. I've got to get out and make something of myself. You and Dad—you love me too much. I depend on you, and I know I shouldn't, and I end up making a fool of myself. I love Sally Burnett, and I should have gone ahead and married her." He slammed the other suitcase shut. "It's too late now for that. But I can go out and begin learning to stand on my own two feet."

HIS MOTHER didn't cry. She stepped to one side, leaving his path to the door free. Her eyes were on his face, fixed there by the realization that what he said was all true. She and Berg—they had done everything they could to hold him, to order his life for him, and they had failed. Of course they had failed, because such attempts were always bound to fail. They were losing him now, he was walking away from them in bitterness and anger, and he would probably never come back.

"Why is it too late," she said faintly, "for you and Sally to be married? Do you still love her?"

Phil picked up the suitcases, one in each hand. "I'll always love her," he said. "But she won't have anything to do with me. After last night—" He shook his head. "I don't know what got into me. I didn't have any right to blame her for agreeing not to marry me if Dad would see that Oliver kept out of prison. He's her brother—she had to do what she could for him."

"If you went to her now—if you asked her again—"

"You don't understand, Mother," he said. "I saw her last night. I had a fight with the fellow she was with, and she told me she never wanted to see me again. I don't blame her—I acted about as badly as anyone could. Anyway—" He managed to laugh. "You don't want Sally and me to be married, do you?"

"Yes—I do, I do! I was wrong, Phil—your father and I were wrong. We thought you'd forget about each other—we didn't know how much Sally meant to you. Stay here in Littleton, Phil. See Sally again, and tell her we've changed. Tell her we understand now that she's the only one who can help you!"

That was Helen's mistake. Phil's face hardened. "I'll help myself, thanks," he said, and carrying the suitcases left the room.

She ran after him, but he was already half-way down the stairs. "Phil!" she cried. He didn't turn. With long strides he crossed the hall, opened the front door, and went out.

Helen watched him, saw that he didn't take the car, and had a wild impulse to take it herself, catch him, and plead with him some more. But she had moved only a few steps when she hesitated, pressing her hands to her forehead. There was only one person who

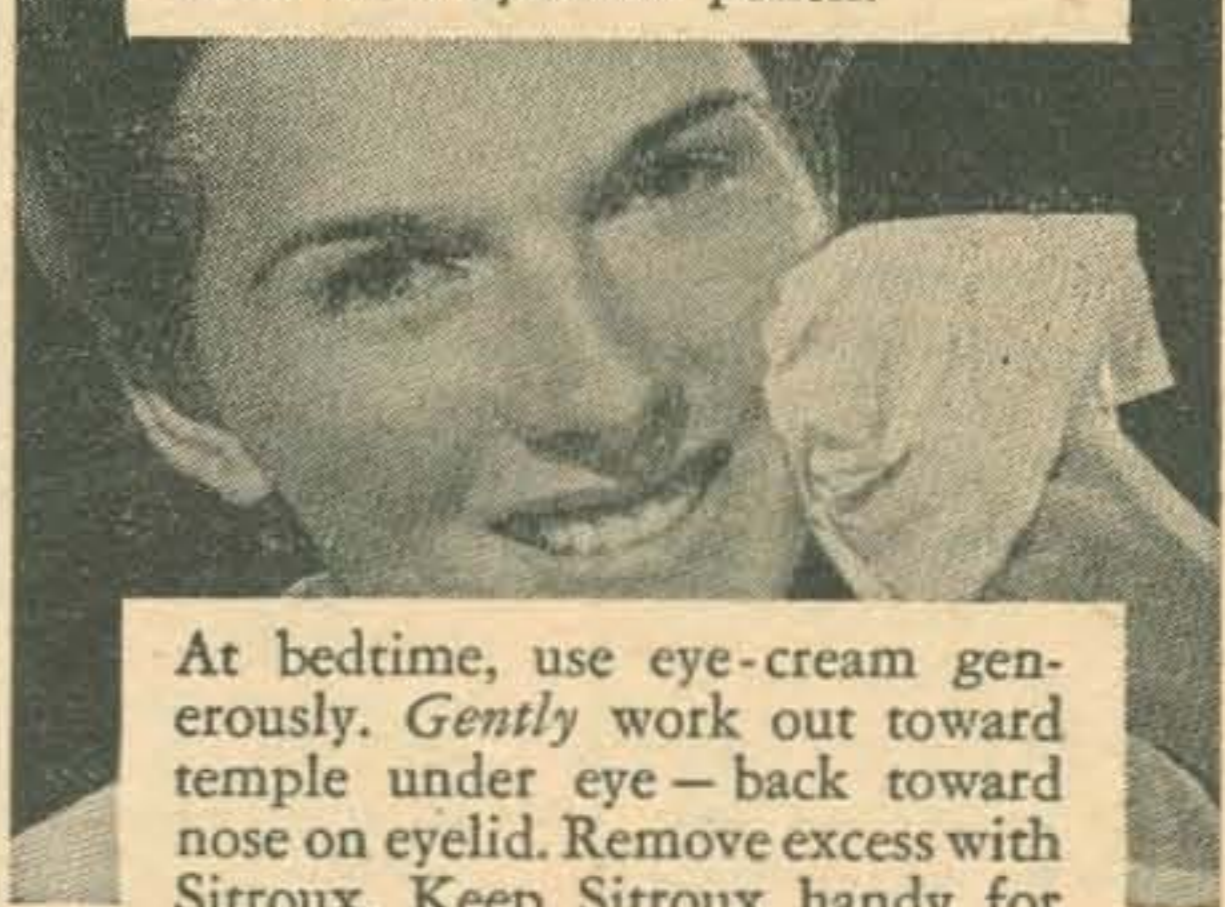
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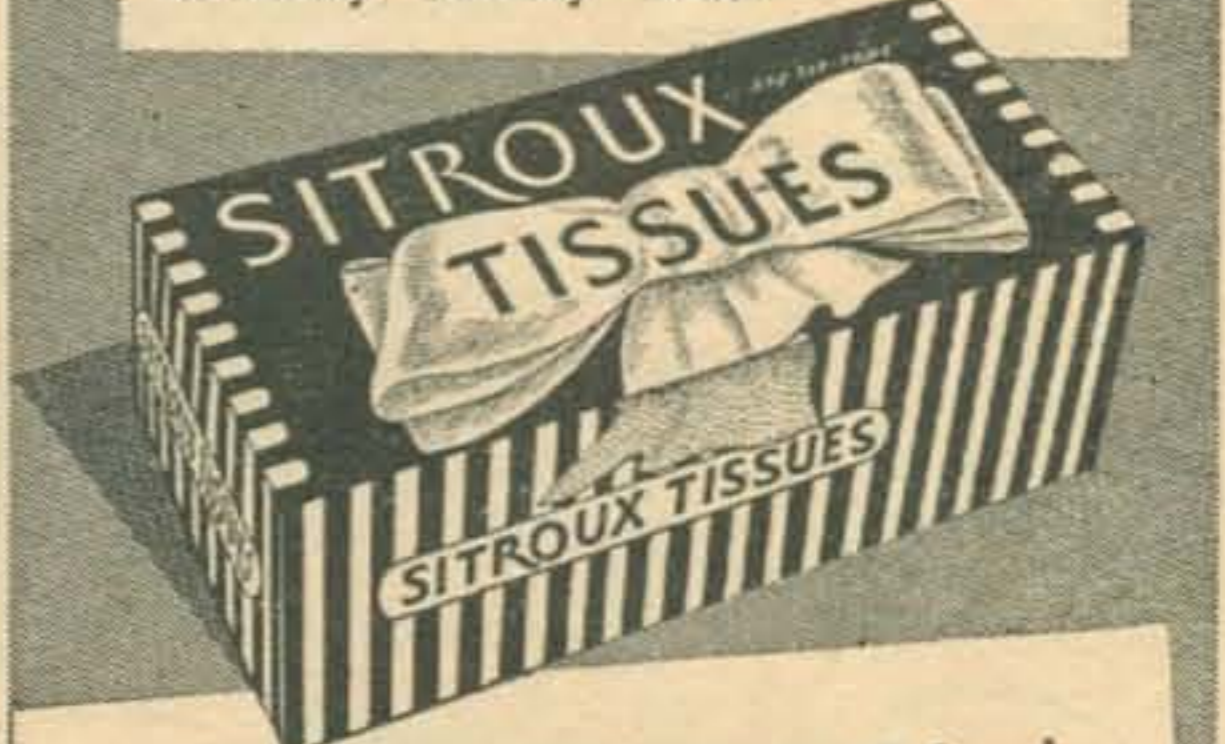
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could keep Phil in Littleton, only one to whom he would listen. She glanced at her watch. It was ten o'clock. The Metropole bus—the only means of transportation out of Littleton—left on the hour, and Phil had left the house too late to catch the one which must be pulling out this very moment. That meant she had an hour, until the next bus at eleven. She picked up the telephone and called the bank.

"Berg?" she said, when she was connected. "Phil's just left the house. He's going away—he wouldn't tell me where." She waited, only half listening to her husband's exclamation. Suddenly she felt sure of herself, surer than she had felt in months, and her voice when she went on was calm. "We've made a terrible mistake, Berg. We had no business trying to stand in the way of his happiness. I'm going to try to make up to him for—for everything. But I may not have time, and I want you to go to the bus terminal and talk to Phil. Keep him there—make any excuse you like—but don't let him get on the bus until I come."

"What are you going to do?" Berg demanded.

"I haven't time to explain. Just do as I say—meet Phil at the bus terminal, and keep him there!" She hung up quickly, before he had a chance to protest, snatched up a hat and light coat, and ran out the back door to the garage.

SHE WAS in the car when she had another thought. "Aunt Jenny!" she half whispered, and turned down the street toward my house.

Helen had never mentioned Sally to me. I knew she blamed me because Phil and Sally had met in my home and because I had let them go on meeting there, but she hadn't reproached me in words. Her manner, when we met, had been a little cool and distant, but that was all.

There was nothing cool about her when she rushed in my front door that bright June morning. "Jenny!" she was calling, almost before she was inside. "Jenny, can you come with me? I think I'm going to need your help."

I was getting a cake ready to go into the oven, and I didn't want to be interrupted—certainly not by Helen Ruskin. I'd already heard the story of Phil's fight the night before, and I was feeling anything but kindly toward all Ruskins, Phil included. "I'm sorry, Helen," I said when she was in the kitchen. "I'm busy."

"Let it go," she begged. "Jenny, I've been an awful idiot. Berg and I both have. If Phil's been making a spectacle of himself around town, it's as much our fault as his. And now he wants to leave Littleton—go away and start all over again somewhere else. The only person who can stop him is Sally Burnett, and I'm going to see her now. Won't you come along and—and give me moral support? I think I'm going to need it."

I dropped my cake spoon. "Well!" I said joyfully. "That's different. Of course I'll come."

Two minutes later we were both in the car, driving down to the Saturday-morning knot of traffic in the business section of town. Farmers from round-about had come in, parking their cars all around the Square, and it was ten-fifteen before Helen had found a space to stop. We almost ran the block and a half to Simpson's drug store. "If she isn't there—" Helen gasped.

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startled glance and a nod to me, Sally ignored us, and went on making ice-cream sodas for the people at the fountain. "Come on," I said to Helen. "We'll sit at the fountain and talk to her when she waits on us." My hand on Helen's arm felt its trembling.

We perched on stools, and in a minute or so Sally came over to stand in front of us. "Hello, Aunt Jenny," she said. "Good morning, Mrs. Ruskin."

"Good morning, Sally," Helen said hurriedly. "My dear, I have to talk to you. Can you get away for a minute and come outside?"

Sally shook her head. "I couldn't possibly," she said shortly. "We're terribly busy this morning."

"But it's important," poor Helen insisted. "It's—it's about Phil." Sally's pretty face hardened. "He's going to leave town—for good, Sally. He says he has to go somewhere else and start all over again."

"I'm sorry," Sally said. "But maybe he's right. Maybe it would be better. And anyway, there's nothing I can do to stop him."

"Oh, there is! If you'd—" Helen broke off, and looked around her. A dozen people were in the store, three or four of them within hearing distance, and I saw the struggle between her desperate need and a life-time of reserve mirrored in her face. If you were Helen Ruskin you simply didn't expose your family difficulties in a public place. But Helen had never been in a trouble like this before, and all at once she made up her mind. She forgot over-hearing ears, and poured out her plea, her apologies, her regrets. And Sally listened, stony-faced.

"I see," she said finally. "You didn't want Phil to marry me. You and his father did everything you could to keep us from being married, and you succeeded. But now—now when Phil's going to walk out on you, then I'm good enough, all at once, to be his wife. No thanks, Mrs. Ruskin. I don't see things that way."

She started to turn away.

"No, Sally!" Helen cried. "It isn't like that. Won't you understand? I was

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wrong, and I only want to set things right again. And as for losing Phil—We've lost him already. We lost him when you refused to marry him. The—the only way we can keep him for our son is by sharing him with you. I didn't realize that before, but now I do."

"You didn't realize it soon enough," Sally said. A look of pain, a lost look, came into her eyes. "Phil thinks I gave him up to help my brother. Even if I tried to see him, he wouldn't have anything to do with me."

"He doesn't blame you for that, Sally! He told me he didn't, only this morning."

"I don't care whether he blames me or not. He should know better than to believe it! But he does believe it—because you told him it was true." Sally shivered. "I'm sorry—I have a lot to do this morning. I can't stand here talking."

Helen glaced frantically at the clock. It was twenty-five minutes of eleven, and the bus terminal was on the other side of town.

"Sally," I said quietly. She had started to walk away, but at the sound of my voice she stopped.

"What, Aunt Jenny?" she said without turning around.

"Come back here. Just for a minute," I said, and she slowly obeyed. "Sally," I said, "do you know what has been keeping you and Phil apart, from the very start?"

SHE SHOT a glance at Helen, and seemed about to speak, but then she only shook her head.

"It's been pride," I told her. "Nothing but pride. First his parents were too proud to let him marry you. Then Phil's pride was hurt when he thought you'd given him up to help Oliver. Now your own pride is making you stubborn and stiff-necked. What difference does it make if Phil thinks you made a bargain with his father? You can tell him you didn't, can't you, and let him decide whether to believe you or not?"

"Jenny's right, Sally," Helen said eagerly. "We were too proud—shamefully proud. But I'm not now. I came here so you could see that I'm not. Can't you let bygones be bygones? You and Phil can still be happy together, if you only will!"

Sally looked from one of us to the other, indecisively. My words had reached her, shaken her—I could tell that. But still there was the memory of how she'd been hurt, the resentment, the fear of being hurt again. And the druggist chose that minute to come fussing over from behind the prescription counter, complaining:

"Sally! What's going on here? The store's full of customers and you're standing around doing nothing!"

He didn't wait for her answer, just turned and hurried back to the other side of the store. Sally made a helpless gesture.

"Even if I wanted to come with you, how could I? I have to stay here—it's my job, and Mr. Simpson wouldn't ever forgive me if I—"

I knew, at that, we had won. I got off my stool.

"You run along, Sally," I said briskly. "I guess at my age I can put a few strawberry sodas and chocolate sundaes together. Go on, now—quick, before Mr. Simpson catches on to what's happening!" I got behind the counter and pushed her toward where Helen was waiting, and at first she resisted but then suddenly she was running. At the door she turned and smiled at me—tremulously, half-afraid of the meeting



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that was just ahead of her, yet eager for it too. I smiled back, and asked two gaping high-school girls what they wanted to order.

It was fifteen minutes to eleven by that time, and Helen and Sally ran down the street to the car. They didn't have either the time or the breath to talk much, Sally told me later. They just jumped into the car and drove as fast as they could to the bus terminal. Phil was nowhere to be seen.

"Let's look inside," Helen said. "Where the buses leave."

They hurried through the little ticket office and waiting room. The space beyond was dim and smoky with exhaust-fumes, and at first they thought Phil wasn't there either. But then they saw him, standing with his father near the door of a bus that was being boarded by other passengers; and they heard Phil's voice saying, "It's no good, Dad. I told Mother I was leaving, and—"

At that instant he saw Sally, and stopped.

She walked slowly toward him. "Hello, Phil," she said. "Don't go away. Stay here and marry me."

PHIL'S father made a startled sound, and Helen went quickly to his side. "Phil," she said, "I brought Sally here so she could say that to you. I want the two of you to be married." She glanced up at her husband. "I haven't talked to your father about it—it's all my decision. But—I hope he'll back me up. I hope he'll see, as I do, that we made a mistake."

Berg's lined face did not change—but it didn't matter, because neither Sally nor Phil was watching him.

"Last night," Sally said, "you asked me if I'd promised your father to break our engagement, in return for his getting Oliver out of jail. I didn't answer you. I let you go on thinking that was what happened. But—it didn't happen, Phil." Her voice was soft and tender. "I'm telling you the truth. I broke our engagement because I thought you'd be happier if you weren't married to me. That was the only reason."

She was only a foot away from him, and she stood there, waiting for his answer. Suddenly he dropped the suitcases he'd had in his hand, and caught her close in his arms, lifting her until her feet barely touched the ground and pressing his mouth hungrily down on hers.

Helen put her hand on Berg's sleeve, and at her touch his lips softened into a smile. He cleared his throat.

"Phil," he said. "I can see it doesn't matter much to you now, but I'd like to have you think a little better of me. Sally refused my proposition, but I put in a good word for her brother with the district attorney anyway. I—I had to, because the boy had convinced me he was innocent. As a matter of fact," and for perhaps the only time in his life Berg Ruskin looked embarrassed, "he'd convinced the district attorney too. . . ."

Once Sally had told me the kind of wedding she and Phil would have. "A big one, with the organ playing and me in a white dress and veil—" And I'd thought that her chances of having that kind of a wedding with Phil at her side were about as remote as her chances of flying to the moon. But that's the way it happened, after all, on a day near the end of June, when little clouds were flying across the sky and the trees in the churchyard were shaking their leaves gently, like tiny applauding hands. A perfect June day, it was, a perfect day for a happy wedding.



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YOUNG APPROACH TO LOOKS

By Jeanne Griffin

Many a woman could lop years off her birthdays and learn to be young in heart merely by reviewing what makes a young girl look and seem young and then doing something about it. The crux of the matter is the young girl's approach to living and looks as Fanny Brice would say. And Fanny ought to know, for though she was in the Follies, 1910, Fanny today is youthful looking and has a young point of view.

At 16, a young girl has the urge to be lovely that too many of us lose later on. Being attractive is terribly, terribly important to her. She buys several lipsticks and shades of powder in small sizes to try them out and find the ones that best suit her. She experiments with her hair. Furthermore, she takes good care of her hair and is apt to wash it more often than is absolutely necessary to keep it shiny and soft.

The teen-ager works for beauty—keeps her mind wide open for everything that's new. She's the first to try new shades of polish—almost before they've hit the cosmetic counters. She tries new techniques in make-up because she wants to learn.

And she's a shiny thing. When you see a young girl who really has a boy or boys on her mind, she's the shiniest thing on two feet. Her hair gleams, her eyebrows shine because they're brushed free of powder. And her eyes shine to high heaven from enthusiasm, from the sheer good fun of living, from the joy of looking forward to more fun. Too little courage, too many "I'm too olds," too little adventure in her blood won't steal the sparkle from her eyes for awhile yet. Her shiny lashes need little mascara except on special occasions but a small amount is always a "must" for her mother since her eyes seem to fade a little as time goes on. Refreshing with eye lotion and a framing with mascara and a little eyeshadow carefully applied can aid and abet the sparkling look that's so appealingly young. Her lips are shiny too and there's a luscious roundness to them that they'll probably lose in time. That's why the older woman needs a little more generous outline.

Because of the training she gets in "gym" class and because her body is young and full of energy, the young girl's posture is far better than it will be if she grows careless. But now she stands and walks tall and straight and that looks young. Her head and chest are carried high. To get the same effect, her mother will probably have to cultivate that proud young look and overcome any bosom droop with a bra that rounds and lifts. She may even have to supplement what nature gave her for there's nothing pretty or youthful about flat-chestedness. She has enthusiasm for clothes and often a canny sense of style. She knows what's new and is not afraid to try a new style if it suits her figure and type for she hasn't acquired the restraints or imaginary taboos that lead too many of her elders to the well-grooved rut.

Such enthusiasm is possible till the day we die providing we think life is exciting and want to keep it so. But the trouble is that too few of us care enough, want or try hard enough. Obviously the young approach can't change the number of our years, says Fanny Brice, but it can make us look and feel years younger.

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That Girl Jo!
(Continued from page 27)

"What of it? That's only during school, and school isn't on again until next month. She'll be gone by then—I hope."

Jeep nodded. "But it still means he's popular. She wants to go everywhere everyone goes. Obviously Bill does go everywhere. She wants an escort. Bill's elected."

Liz gazed at him admiringly. Jeep didn't look like much, but he was bright. He was the living example that looks aren't everything.

"Bill's a goon to let her get away with it," Jeep continued. "Me, personally, I like girls who wear shoes that look like shoes, and a dress that doesn't look like she'd sneaked it out of her mother's closet."

LIZ glowed. Privately, ever since yesterday, she'd had her doubts about her sloppy-Joe shoes and her sweaters and skirts and dirndls. Of course, Belinda and Sylvia and the rest of the crowd wore them, but—well, they'd become suddenly a little juvenile. And here was Jeep, who, you'd think, would no more notice the way a girl looked than he'd take wings and fly, telling her he liked her as she was. She was so pleased that when he began to rock the float she let him think he'd rolled her off. When she came up, appropriately sputtering, Jeep had one final word to deliver on the subject. "I betcha," he said, "she finds some way of getting Bill to take her home. Alone."

"But how could she?" Liz asked, climbing on the float again. "Why, Sylvia's house is closest to the beach."

"Wait," said Jeep, "and see."

Liz waited. And saw. Belinda and Bill and Jeep and Liz walked as far as Sylvia's with the two girls. They were saying goodbye when Josephine noticed what a lovely day it was—what a lovely day for a walk. "It's a shame to go inside so soon," she told them. "I think I'll go on a ways with you."

Belinda glanced at Liz. "Do," she said. "By all means do." Do walk along with us and have a sunstroke. Do stop in with us at Carter's for a coke and get ptomaine. Do trip over a paving block and break a leg.

Sylvia didn't offer to tag along, and Josephine didn't urge her. In fact, Josephine, too, seemed to lose her desire for a walk as soon as they reached Belinda's. She let Bill take her back to Sylvia's after that.

Liz, with that clarity of perspective that sisters have, had never thought her brother perfect. But, on the other hand, she had never thought he was such an 18-karat droop, such an absolute, bona-fide drip as he was proving himself to be these days. Any fellow who would let a girl—especially a girl like Josephine, she amended hastily—lead him around by the nose, was—well, he was a droop and a drip, that's all. She went into the house, mourning him as one dead.

The crowd's summer activities were strictly informal, in the main. They swam in the mornings. They hung around Carter's in the afternoon. They gathered at one house or another in the evening. And in the days that followed, where the Websters were, there was that girl Jo. If Belinda or Liz sat next to Bill in the drugstore, Josephine would wedge her way in

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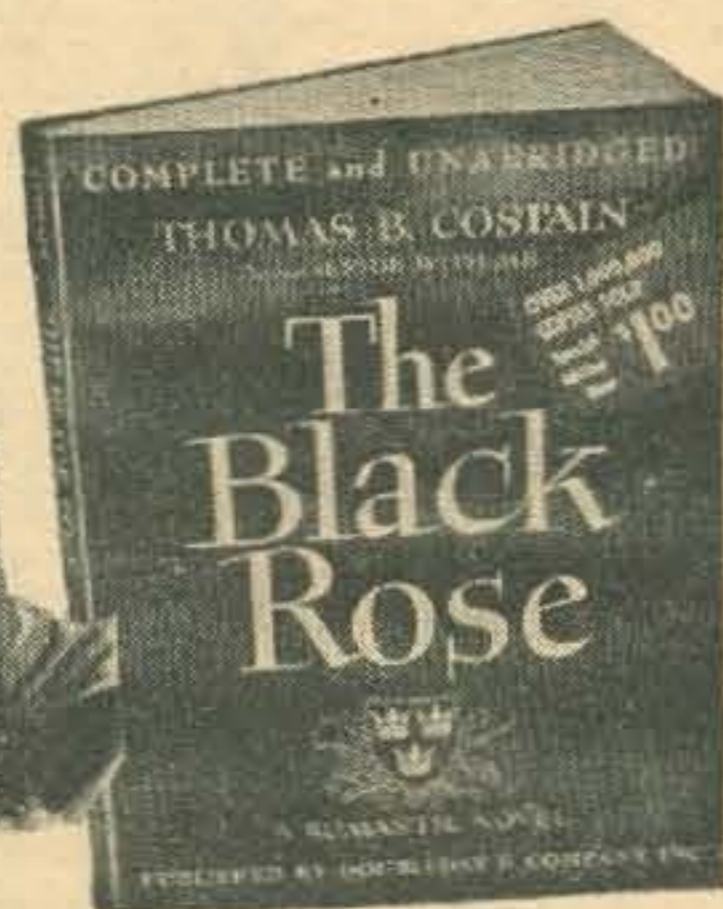
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between them, saying she was only going to stay a sec. When it was time to go home from somewhere, there was Josie-on-the-spot, her arm linked in Bill's.

And Belinda—well, Belinda put up and shut up, as Jeep expressed it, but any amateur volcanist could have taken one look at her eyes and predicted a bang-up eruption to come.

One night at Sylvia's the crowd was alternately listening to and dancing to records, as they often did, when the horrid blow fell. Belinda remembered afterwards, as one always remembers the smallest details of a major disaster, that Bill was moving his shoulders, tapping his foot to the rhythm of one number that was almost finished, while she stood by with another record in her hand, ready to put it on. And Bill said, "You know, Liz, we ought to have a big party for Jo at our house before she goes. We can—"

"But," said Josephine, "I'm not going home." I'm not going home. The house is on fire. There's a tidal wave bearing down on us. It didn't matter—they were all in the same class.

BILL'S foot stopped tapping. His shoulders went rigid. "Wh—what did you say?" he inquired, and his voice had risen a couple of notches.

"I'm not going home—not all year." Josephine shook back her hair and favored them all with a sunny, impartial smile. "Mommy and Daddy are going to California, and they're going to let me stay with Sylvia."

Belinda shut the phonograph off, and in the silence Bill seemed to be having some small difficulty with his Adam's apple. He finally got past it with, "Then you'll be going to school here? All winter? To Spring City High?"

Josephine shared the lovely news just with him. "Won't it be fun? They've been talking about it for a long time, but they didn't decide until last week."

Liz and Belinda looked at each other—that meeting of eyes of theirs had become chronic. And each knew exactly what the other was thinking—that Josephine had known all along that she might be staying in Spring City all winter.

Bill was singularly quiet the rest of the evening, but after the Websters and Jeep had taken Belinda home, he groaned aloud.

"Jo's staying. Oh, jeeppers! And school's only a couple of weeks away!"

Liz was sweetly sisterly. "And what's wrong with you? She's just one of the crowd—you said so yourself."

He was too crushed to quell her with a look. He just shuffled along. From the other side, Jeep jumped in with both feet. "But, Bill—gee whiz, I should think you'd be glad. You go for her, don't you?"

Bill explained this sort of thing from the height of his two-months-and-six-days seniority to Jeep. "A fellow," he said, "may like a little change once in a while. He may like to fool around with a new girl in the summer. But Belinda's my girl. When winter comes—"

"Can Jo be far behind?" murmured Liz.

"Kids—it's not funny. You gotta help me out of this. I'm in a terrible spot. Why, I'm in a real jam. I might even lose Belinda. You've got to help me!"

A horrid suspicion dawned on Liz. "Billy Webster, what have you done?" He avoided her eye. "Nothing. Only

I told Jo I wished I could take her to the Freshman Week Dance. It was perfectly safe—she wasn't going to be here then. And now she'll be planning to go to it with me!"

"Just that one dance?" Jeep prodded. Bill swallowed mightily. "Well, I might have mentioned the football games and the Thanksgiving party. Just mentioned them in passing."

"But you've got dates for all that stuff," Liz wailed. "Dates with Belinda—from way back last Spring, when they were planned."

"That," said Bill succinctly, "is it." They stumbled along in gloomy silence until they reached the Websters' house, when Bill made his last desperate attempt. "We'll think of something," he said. Napoleon rallying his men before Waterloo.

"What d'ya mean, we?" Jeep yelled. "Leave me out of this," Liz added.

"I thought," said Bill, "you were my friends." Then, conscious of the obligations to society that a handsome and popular man carries, yet brave withal, he went into the house.

LIZ had meant it when she told Bill to leave her out of this. And afterwards she wished with all her heart that she had stuck by her guns and had left Bill and his woes strictly alone. But at the time she couldn't help it—not when a beautiful, neat solution practically walked up and introduced itself to her.

It happened the very next morning. Liz had wakened early and, because it was too hot to sleep anyway, she slipped out of the house for a before-breakfast swim. The sand stretched hot and empty under the sun, and the water was like glass; Liz was glad she had come—for a while. She played as she swam, turning herself seal-fashion in the water, swimming on her back and kicking her legs high. She didn't realize that she was not alone until she pulled herself up on the float and found herself face to face with any woman's dream.

He was definitely handsome enough to be a movie star—tall and bronzed, with long, dark eyelashes that swept at the corners. His hair was short and fitted his head like a curly cap, and his teeth were as white as a toothpaste ad's. And, of all things, he said "I do believe it's Liz Webster, isn't it? Up early aren't you, Liz?"

She dug frantically through her memory and finally emerged with, "Tip Carter?" very uncertainly. It was years since she'd last seen him. She'd been in grade school when he went off to college, and then he'd been in the war, and just the other day she'd heard her mother say that he was back, and going to college again.

He nodded. "There you have it," he complained. "Nobody knows me anymore, and I don't know anyone. I got back from summer school last week, and I've been wandering around like a lost soul ever since. You haven't any unattached friends you'd like to lend me for a short spell, have you?"

Liz caught her breath at the magnificent simplicity of the plan that leaped full-blown into her mind. But could she work it? Was Tip serious, or was he fooling? Could—?

"I'd ask you to share my lonely lot," he was saying politely, "but Mom was catching me up on the town gossip the other day and she said you go around a lot with Jeep Stanley. Of course, I won't be here after school starts in the fall, so I wouldn't want to horn in on anything. I just thought you might

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know some nice girl who likes to dance—"

Liz realized that he was just being polite about not wanting to come between her and Jeep. What he really meant was that she was too young for him. But Josephine, now...

"I know," she said with tremendous decision, "just the girl for you. She's in my brother's crowd, but she seems older, somehow, and sort of—of sophisticated, I guess."

Tip brightened up. "Fine," he said. "Can you latch on to her for tonight? We could all go somewhere, to break the ice. You and Jeep and Bill and his girl, I mean. How about the Rustic Lodge?" He added quickly, "On me, of course. I want it to be my party."

"WONDERFUL," said Liz, in a way that made Tip look at her as if she might have a touch of the sun. She stared at the water, dazzling bright, and felt dazzled herself at the sublime rightness of the way things were going. She could see Jo in Tip's arms, drifting around the dance floor at the Rustic Lodge. She could see Belinda in Bill's arms, drifting right behind them. In her new-found bliss she could even see herself and Jeep, and goodness knows Jeep's dancing was more like paddling than drifting. Everything was, to put it in a word, super. Utterly and definitely super!

It was arranged that they would meet at the Websters' that night. Bill called Belinda and Josephine, and they came over after dinner, Belinda in flowered cotton, Josephine in pale green shantung with a black linen belt and a boldly-wrought black monogram on what was definitely beginning to be her bosom. And the plan was working—Liz could see at a glance that Jo was dazzled at the invitation to go dancing at the Lodge, which was a favorite spot of the college crowd. Jeep and Bill even wore coats and ties in honor of this occasion.

"We'll have a whing-ding!" Jeep prophesied in pleasurable anticipation, and Liz, while she deplored the expression, heartily concurred in the sentiment.

"Who is this Tip Carter?" Jo asked, beating Belinda to the place beside Bill in the swing by a nose. "Someone from out of town? I don't see why you didn't ask Peewee. He's a marvelous dancer. And he always gets his father's car and—"

Her voice faded, and pop-eyed was the only proper adjective for her expression, as a long maroon-and-gray roadster slid to a stop at the curb. As Tip, undeniably handsome even at that distance in the dusk, got out, she touched the ends of her hair—apparently to make sure it hadn't risen off her head in surprise—and moved a little away from Bill.

Bill glowed with pride and satisfaction, and Liz couldn't have been any prouder of Tip Carter if she'd borne and raised him. Any moment now, that Jo would be off their hands forever...

But she counted her triumphs before they hatched. Tip beamed at one and all impartially when introduced—and then made straight as an arrow for Belinda! "Well," he said, with as much satisfaction as if he'd invented her on the spot, "you've certainly come a long way since hop-scotch days! Remember the time you skinned your knee and I rode you home on my bike?"

And there they were, launched off on a string of reminiscences. He didn't even see Josephine. The arch glances,

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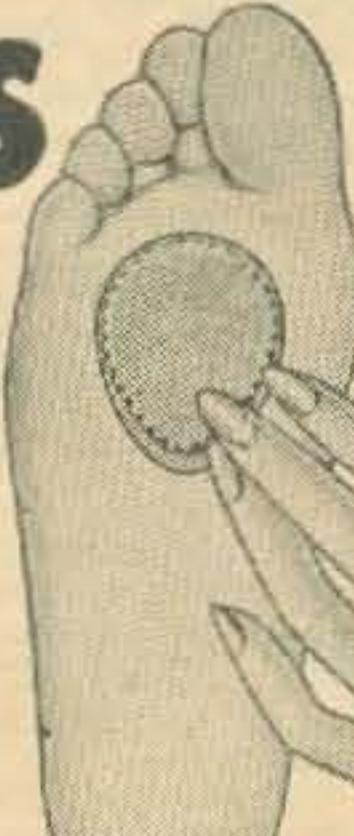
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the pretty little exclamations tossed into the conversation—even the monogram—were lost on him. Indeed, when they went out to the car, Tip stowed Belinda carefully into the seat next to the wheel, and Josephine might very well have been relegated to the rumble if she hadn't had the presence of mind to mention that the night breeze was bad for her sinus.

Miserably, Liz squeezed in between Bill and Jeep. It was all her fault, of course. She should have described Josephine to Tip, made it very clear that she was the girl for him. She should have just casually dropped into the conversation this morning the fact that Belinda was Bill's property. Even now, if she could just get Tip alone, maybe she could explain. He'd understand . . .

But before the evening was half over, she wasn't so sure that Tip would understand and enter into the spirit of the thing. Tip had danced once with her, once with Josephine; that was for politeness. The rest of the time he'd danced with Belinda, and that, obviously, was for pleasure. When they weren't dancing they talked—low, murmurous conversation, mostly, meant only for each other. It was, Liz mourned, obviously a case of love at first sight. The real article, as advertised. The thing you read about in Dorothy Dix.

EVERY time Josephine tried to get Tip's attention, Liz felt for once like rooting for her. And if she had, her throat would have been raw, because any disinterested by-stander would have said that Jo was putting up a game battle, in there fighting every round, getting in the punches where they ought to have counted. But none of her tricks worked, the way they had on the high school boys. When she sat down between Tip and Belinda, saying that she had something she simply had to tell them, Tip listened politely, then stood up and dismissed her, saying, "Run along now, little one. Belinda and I have a date on the dance floor." When the band played a rumba, Jo leaned forward and said, "I'm such a dope about rumbas, Tip—won't you show me that step you and Belinda were doing?" But he didn't bite on that, either. He simply told her, "Believe me, Josephine, it's the same step you were doing with Bill. He's a smooth dancer. It just looks different when someone else does it."

All in all, it was enough to discourage the most case-hardened schemer, and Liz certainly wasn't that. She was glad when the evening was over and Tip took them home. At least, she thought, that's the end of that. She had tried and failed, but it was over, thank goodness.

She was so wrong . . . when Tip stopped at the house, he leaned back and said, "You know, Belinda's lived in Spring City all her life and she's never seen the pirate caves down the river. Suppose we all go out there tomorrow afternoon—how about it? I know a good place to eat on the way back—"

Bill opened his mouth to refuse, and had to change his mind quickly when Josephine gushed out a blanket acceptance. After that, Tip wouldn't let them back out.

So the next day—Saturday—they visited the caves and had dinner at a lovely country inn on the way home, where the fried chicken almost melted in Liz' mouth and almost choked her

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going down. On Sunday it happened all over again. It was Belinda's idea this time—a picnic on the river. To pay Tip back, she explained, for being so nice about taking them out. Put that way, the Websters couldn't very well refuse. Belinda and Liz brought the usual sandwiches and tomatoes and potato salad and deviled eggs, but Josephine turned up with a whole cold roast chicken. Liz, remembering how Tip had said, the night before, that he loved roast chicken, began to feel almost sorry for Josephine.

She felt even sorrier for herself, as the perpetrator of this calamity. And sorriest of all for Bill, who had begun to look as if he contemplated taking himself to a monastery.

MONDAY night, Belinda brought some dress goods and a pattern over to show Liz. Jo was there, too—in the backyard with the boys, from force of habit, although she had most obviously renounced all claims on Bill Webster. Jeep and Bill were practicing putting, under Josephine's eye, and Belinda and Liz were discussing the merits of the peplum versus the slim, svelte line on the front porch, when Tip drove up. He joined the girls on the porch and entered into the shopping conversation as easily as if it had been made to order for his purpose. "You're lucky," he observed, looking at Belinda's material. "At least you know what you want and where to go for it. Now me—I've got something extra-special to buy tomorrow, and I don't know where to begin to look for it. If some kind young lady would take me under her wing for the expedition, I'd take her to dinner at Dawson's afterwards."

He was looking at Belinda, but it was Josephine who answered. She had developed a sort of sixth sense about Tip—something psychic seemed to take her by the hand and lead her on the scene whenever he put in an appearance. "I'd love to help you Tip," she said brightly, if hastily. "What is it you're shopping for?"

For once, Liz thought she'd maneuvered him into something he wouldn't be able to back out of. But just as Jo seemed to have everything under control for a change, Bill came galloping around the corner of the house and seized her arm. "Say, Jo," he shouted with such fine, boyish enthusiasm that Liz wished for a frightening moment that she had death-ray eyes, "you wanted to see Jeep sink that long putt—well, he's got it down pat." He tugged at her arm. "Come on!"

Nothing short of a quick right to the jaw could loosen Bill Webster's grip when he was in the throes of an enthusiasm he wished to share. Jo, being hardly in the position to administer one, had to go along with as good grace as she could muster. They went off toward the back, looking somewhat like living statues entitled *Dragging the Slaves to the Market*. Tip turned back to Belinda with a relieved smile. "As I was saying, if you could meet me downtown tomorrow about three..."

Liz and Bill and Jeep sat in a quiet, subdued row on the Websters' porch swing the following night. All in all, it had been a strange, offkey sort of day. For one thing, the weather had turned cool in the morning and there had been hardly anyone on the beach. In the afternoon neither Belinda nor Josephine had turned up at Carter's. Everything seemed suddenly to have changed, and summer, with all its fun and excitement, to have melted quite away.

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Bill's foot jabbed ferociously at the porch floor and set the swing into a restless creaking. "Jeepers, it's dead around here," he complained. "I wish something would happen."

"Huh," said Jeep. "Something's gonna—here comes Josephine."

As she turned into their walk, it struck Liz that Jo was rather more dressy than usual. She had a soft white coat over a vivid dress Liz hadn't seen before, and there were bands of pearls on black velvet at her wrist and throat. And as she mounted the steps she protested, "Honestly! Aren't you ready yet?"

"Ready for what?" asked Bill, in a tone which indicated that in this moment of sorrow, he was ready for anything.

Jo's eyes were innocent, her tone only mildly chiding. "Why, ready to go to Dawson's, of course! I thought we were going tonight—"

For a second, Bill just looked at her. Then he said, very slowly, as if addressing one not quite bright, "Nobody said anything about any such thing. How'd you get that idea—just because Tip and Belinda are out there?"

LIZ caught her breath. It was the closest Bill had ever come to arguing with Josephine, and she didn't even need her woman's intuition to be able to predict the winner. Josephine had a way of putting things so that there could be no argument. True to form, she sidestepped this one neatly. "Why, Bill Webster," she exclaimed, her eyes wide and full of unmerited injury. "Of course not! I just thought, since we've only been dancing once to a real orchestra, and that was the night Tip took us to the Lodge—well, I guess I just took it for granted that we'd be going to Dawson's tonight. That we'd make it a party. I mean—"

It was a work of art, Liz mused, how Jo could put the other person in the wrong. Here she was, as much as telling Bill he was a nickel-nurser, that he'd been very slow with the buck in showing her a good time. He was already visibly squirming. He couldn't very well say, now, that Dawson's was too expensive—which it was. Expensive and beautiful—a summer hotel located on a lake several miles out of town. He made the first feeble protest that came to his mind, "You have to go formal," knowing in advance that it would be refuted.

"Only on weekends," said Jo, with the air of one who had all information on all forms of night life at her finger tips. "That's what their ads say."

Jeep put in helpfully, "We can't get there without a car."

"We can take the bus," said Jo. A good sport, Jo!

Bill slid his hands into his pockets and telegraphed a question to Jeep. He wanted to be where Tip and Belinda were as much as Josephine did; Liz felt that he was almost glad Jo had given him an excuse.

Jeep backed away a step, and his voice was an alarmed squeak. "No sir, Bill Webster. No you don't! I'm saving that money for a movie camera—"

"Look, Jeep. I'll give you half my allowance every week—every single, solitary week—if you'll just loan it to me—"

Jeep could never hold out against Bill, but he tried—for time-wasting minutes. More time passed while they all, except Josephine, changed clothes, and then there was a good wait at the

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bus stop. All in all, it was after ten when they reached Dawson's. "Have to turn right around and go back," grumbled Jeep. "Besides, we prob'ly won't get a table."

He was a good prophet. Inside, the crowd waiting at the diningroom doors stretched half way across the lobby. But Josephine slid through the mob with the ease of an eel through water, and the others, perforce, trailed along, until they were stopped at the dance floor by a red velvet rope and the guardian of same. "Have you," he inquired in the manner of one unused to addressing the lower classes, "a reservation?"

The trip home might have started then and there if Tip and Belinda hadn't come dancing by.

BELINDA looked surprised to see them; Tip didn't. "Having trouble?" he asked. "You can have our table. It's a four—and we're leaving very soon. They can pull up a couple of extra chairs till then."

Bill turned an unbecoming beet-juice color and started to protest, but once more Jo led the way and they had to play follow the leader. She smiled and thanked Tip and stepped across the room as the waiter let down the rope, and somehow managed to get Tip out on the dance floor while another waiter was still scouting for extra chairs.

Then they were seated, and stiff, glossy menus were shoved into their hands. Bill didn't glance at his—he was looking at Belinda. And Belinda was lovely to look at, in her soft white dress, her hair a shining mass on her shoulders. And on her lips there was a demure, secret little smile.

Jeep studied the menu—and its prices. *My movie camera!* his heart cried out, but his lips only said, "I'll have a coke."

"I'll have—" Liz began, and then she stopped, her eyes following Belinda's. Belinda was staring at the dance floor. Tip and Josephine were coming toward them, not dancing—in fact, Tip was half-carrying Jo.

"Josephine's ill," he said as he reached the table, "and I'm going to drive her home. Have you her coat check, Bill?"

Bill's hand went automatically to his pocket. Then he looked at Belinda, and at Tip, and his jaw set firmly. He got to his feet. "I'll take her," he said, "if you'll give me the keys to your car, Tip—"

Josephine jerked upright, then sank limply back on Tip's arm. But there was nothing limp about her voice, and her eyes flashed indignantly. "You will not, Bill Webster. It's Tip's car, and no one likes anyone else to drive his car, let alone a mere boy. You're just being jealous and possessive, the way you've been ever since I met you. At my elbow every minute. I can't even dance with someone without you cutting in—"

Liz with great effort quelled her righteous and laudable desire to slap Josephine down. She knew what Bill was trying to do: he realized that Jo wasn't really sick, and he was trying not to let her spoil the

evening for Belinda and Tip.

But Tip managed the slapping down verbally and effectively. "It's all right, Bill. I'll take her and drop her at her door and be right back. Won't take me long to get rid of her. Belinda, if you'll get her coat—"

Belinda rose quickly, and the three of them left. "Women are wonderful," Jeep mused. "Big and wonderful! She finally got her hands on Tip."

"Much good it'll do her." Bill spoke tightly. "He likes Belinda."

"Huh, that doesn't matter to Josephine. Just makes the game more interesting."

Liz knew, then, why she disliked Josephine so much. Maybe she'd known all along, without realizing, but Jeep had put it into words. It was because Jo played games. Before she'd come along all of their relationships had been friendly and casual and happy; Jo had made a game of them—a sharply competitive game.

Belinda came back to the table, still smiling her little, secret smile. "Do you want to see what Tip bought today?" she asked, sitting down. And she reached into her bag and drew out a little white box. And then a diamond was sparkling on her finger.

Liz felt a cold chill sneak down her spine. Oh, no! It was awful, awful, awful!

YOU see," Belinda said, "Tip is engaged to a girl in the East—a girl he met overseas, where she was with the Red Cross. That's why he likes being with me. I mean, he says I look a little like her and I act a lot like her. That's why he wanted me to help him pick out this ring. He was sure that anything I liked, she'd like, too. And just now, out by the car, he slipped it to me and said maybe I ought to show you, and—and end the awful agony." She giggled, and was Belinda again—no longer a woman with a secret.

Liz felt limp all over. Hastily she stripped off the bridal white with which her mind's eye had clothed Belinda, and threw the big bunch of calla lilies into the trash basket. She breathed again.

The waiter was back, impatient this time. Belinda smiled up at him, and then around at the gang. "Order anything you want, kids," she said. "Tip says the party's on him—sort of an engagement party."

Bill studied the menu. His eye caught, wavered, and rejected breast of guinea hen under glass and black cherries flambé.

"I'll have a coke," he said, hoarsely.

"Tip wants us to stay and dance." Belinda went on. "He says he'll call our parents from town and tell 'em we're safe with him, and that he wants to make it a party." She was silent for a moment. "It—Bill, it was swell of you, when Joe got sick, to offer—I mean—

Bill, they're playing a rumba. You rumba so much better than anyone I know!"

Liz was terribly fond of everybody, right then. And terribly proud of Bill. He looked so happy when he got up to dance, and so dignified, sort of. Almost courtly. Almost—well, almost grown-up.

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