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A Lovely Skin is a Call to Arms

See how soon the Camay Mild-Soap Diet gives you new loveliness

To win and hold the heart of one you love—make this pledge to yourself—a pledge that new loveliness shall be yours! Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet—tonight!

Remember—skin specialists advise a Mild-Soap Diet. Yes, Camay gives your skin the mild cleansing that these specialists say actually helps your skin to new beauty! So start tonight! Give up improper cleansing methods—and change to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Be faithful. Day-by-day, Camay helps your skin look fresher, and clearer—till new beauty is yours!

Tonight—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Watch your skin look smoother, softer-textured... day-by-day!
Dry flakiness smoothes away...
Oiliness is reduced!

America's Loveliest Brides are on the Mild-Soap Diet!
Put a bright sparkle in your smile. Make it your winning charm—with the help of Ipana and Massage.

Here's to you, Plain Girl! Here's to your success in winning friends, romance—your heart's desire. Yes, you can do it—if your smile is right. For the girl with a lovely, flashing smile has a radiant and appealing charm!

So smile, plain girl, smile. But remember, for the kind of smile that wins attention you need bright, sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush!"
If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist! He may tell you your gums are tender because soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

For Ipana not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to new firmness. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE

Beau-catching Charm—see how a sparkling smile can add to the fun in your life. Enlist the beauty aid of Ipana and massage.
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ON THE COVER—Ginny Simms, star of the Johnny Presents Ginny Simms show heard over NBC. Color portrait by Tom Kelley

---

**Irresistible...AS ALWAYS!**

We dedicate to the WAVES...

**IRRESISTIBLE Pink Rose LIPSTICK**

Today, it’s your duty to look lovely! In the service or on the home front, Irresistible Pink Rose, a luscious, crushed strawberry shade is doing its big bit for beauty! Whir-Texx through a secret process, Irresistible Lipsticks are easy to apply, non-drying, longer-lasting... especially important to today’s woman of action. Complete your make-up with Irresistible’s matching Rouge and Face Powder.

10¢ AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES

Whir-Texx TO STAY ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R! ★ A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME IS GOOD FOR THE EGO 10¢
Did you know?

Few leathers for women's gloves have been affected by WPB orders for military requirements. However, you'll see short lengths and untrimmed types that don't use too much material and waste no precious labor featured in fall fashion displays.

* * *

The women auxiliaries of the German armed forces have a very different life from that enjoyed by our WAACS, WAVES, SPARS and Women Marines. The position of the German woman soldiers is that of servants to the armed forces, not as members enjoying the rights of membership in the same way as men.

* * *

By now, the surplus of Victory Gardens is beginning to go into cans and jars and freezing boxes, into brine and into dehydrating processes for rounding out next winter's supply of food.

Regulation of sugar for canning is on much the same basis as last year—to obtain the sugar you make a declaration of the purpose for which it is to be used. Special efforts have been made, too, to provide you with an adequate supply of glass jars, tops, rubber and pressure canners. Those pressure cookers, by the way, which are essential for canning fruits, are scarce—remember to share with your neighbor if you have one and she hasn't.

---

Summer is the Open Season for Underarm Odor!

Avoid the offense men hate! Every day use speedy, gentle, dependable Mum!

Business or shopping is a test of summer daintiness. So start each day with Mum! It takes 30 seconds to use Mum, and guard daintiness for hours to come! Mum gives charm a future!

Play fair with charm! Don't spoil your fun wondering "If". Mum is sure—it prevents odor without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin or harming clothes! Mum is gentle!

Summer friendships can chill at even a hint of underarm odor. Always use a deodorant you can trust! Millions of women know they're safe from offending when Mum guards charm!

Romantic nights, silvery moonlight can weave a spell. Don't ruin it with carelessness about underarm odor! After hours of dancing, dependable Mum keeps you bath-fresh, charming!

Quick, safe, sure—that's Mum—a deodorant preferred by millions of popular girls and charming women.

Every day, after every bath, follow the Mum rule for underarm daintiness. Remember, your bath isn't meant to prevent future odor. That job belongs to Mum!

Women everywhere praise Mum for its dependability, its gentleness, its speed and convenience. Let Mum guard your charm. Ask your druggist for Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, dependable Mum is an ideal deodorant. That's why so many women use Mum this way, too.

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

Mum is a Product of Bristol-Myers
The controversy over Kay Kyser's draft status, which was front-page news, has punched a hole into the plans of many a top-flight band leader who thought he could stay a civilian as a "morale soldier." Now many of them are considering war plant jobs.

The entire Alvino Rey band crew is now working at Lockheed aviation plant on the west coast. The King Sisters are singing in theaters until the Rey band is reassembled after the war. Another band unit that may drop their musical instruments for precision instruments is Shep Fields outfit. Fields may go to work for Henry "Shipbuilder" Kaiser.

Enoch Light, former dance band leader is now running a musicians' school in Carnegie Hall.

The record-union settlement might come this Summer if a compromise plan is accepted.

Paul Whiteman, granddaddy of modern dance bands, has been appointed musical director of the Blue network. He'll take over these chores when the Burns and Allen CBS show folds for the summer.

Dick Haymes has quit Tommy Dorsey's band where he was featured vocalist.

Paula Kelly, lovely brunette singer, is now a member of Bob Allen's orchestra. Paula used to sing with Al Donahue.

Frank Sinatra is a boxing enthusiast. He used to put on the gloves with heavyweight contender Tami Mauriello when both were neighborhood kids. Frank occasionally sings the National Anthem just before the main event at Madison Square Garden.

Recently Charlie Spivak held auditions for a new drummer. The trumpet was dumfounded when one of the applicants for the post turned out to be his seven-year-old son, Joel. "Couldn't use the kid," cracked Charlie. "Has no union card."

Tommy Dorsey is busy working on his fourth film, "Broadway Melody," on the MGM lot. Phil Spitalny's Hour of Charmers will be in the new Red Skelton picture, "Mr. Co-Ed."

Major Glenn Miller of the Army Air Corps is now based at Knollwood Field, N. C. Corporal Dave Rose is busy composing musical scores for the Air Force training films.

Johnny Long returns to the Hotel New Yorker July 15. Carmen Cavalaro's band goes off on a summer theater tour.

The Murphy Sisters have joined Vaughn Monroe's band.

Dinah Shore is dickering for her own major network show next season, dropping off the Eddie Cantor programs.

Bachelor Burton's Chickens

Filling the sensational singing shoes of Helen O'Connell in Jimmy Dorsey's band was a major league assignment almost every aspiring girl vocalist in the country wanted and little Kitty Kallen inherited.

That she has become an integral part of this renowned rhythmical organization after only five months, isn't entirely due to the twenty-two-year-old Philadelphian's singing prowess or ingratiating personality. Credit goes to the shrewd plans of Billy Burton, Dorsey's able, aggressive manager.

"Jimmy hired me in California. The next thing I knew we started east and I shared a compartment with Helen," explained Kitty. "We didn't leave each other for a minute until we got to Grand Central station."

The two girls became warm friends on the trip, ripened by mutual aims. Helen was eager to help Dorsey find a suitable successor so she could leave the band. Kitty was grateful to learn all she could about her new task.

"The valuable advice Helen gave me was really responsible for my catching on so quickly," Kitty said.

I learned all this talking to Kitty, Helen, and Burton at a table within earshot of the Dorsey band playing in New York's Hotel Pennsylvania just before the band went west.

"I figure it would be a great idea to put the two kids together," Burton added, "so that Helen could tip Kitty off to eccentricities of the band. The only thing that bothers me now is that Helen told her too darned much."

The two girls exchanged knowing glances. Then Helen spoke.

"What bothers Billy is he still doesn't know exactly what we talked about. That's our secret and no one will ever find out."

When Helen told Dorsey and Burton she was forced to leave the band she knew it confronted her friends with a serious problem. Helen O'Connell, idol of the jitterbug's recording star, and a potential motion picture personality, was a vital cog in the Dorsey musical machinery.

But Jimmy and Billy didn't force
Trustworthy in a hundred little emergencies

Looking back into your childhood many of you can remember your first cut finger, your first scratched foot, your first sore throat ... and the speed with which Mother brought out the Listerine Antiseptic bottle.

In the decades that followed the discovery of antiseptic surgery, fathered by Lord Lister for whom Listerine Antiseptic was named, this safe antiseptic became a trusted first-aid in countless little emergencies. Its bright amber liquid gleamed from the white shelf of the medicine cabinet and from the black bag of the family physician.

And with medicine making magnificent strides, and research uncovering new truths each day, Listerine Antiseptic continues to hold first place in the esteem of critical millions who demand of their antiseptic rapid germ-killing action combined with absolute safety.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

IN SERVICE MORE THAN 60 YEARS

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
the safe antiseptic and germicide
Helen to stay with them. They released her from a long-term contract. Helen was a sick girl and Jimmy and Billy knew it. The tall, blonde, hazel-eyed singer was tired physically. The strain of arduous one-night tours, late work, and hours of rehearsing, finally caught up with her. The doctors warned the singer she had glaring symptoms of what might develop into fatal pernicious anemia.

No doctor had to tell Helen these facts. When Helen joined the Dorsey band in 1939 she was an apple-cheeked young violist from Toledo, Ohio, weighing a sturdy 145 pounds. Four years later she was down to a 114 pounds and the color was fast fading from her pretty face.

In addition, Helen had fallen madly in love with a Boston socialite, Clifford Smith, Jr., now stationed at the Navy's pre-flight school in Chapel Hill, N. C. She wanted desperately to be near him as often as possible.

So the Dorsey board of strategy worked out a plan for Helen to leave the band and stay in New York, concentrating on radio work.

The change has done her a world of good.

"It's wonderful not to have to live in a suitcase any more," Helen told me happily, "I've taken a small apartment. I love to fuss around, cleaning and sewing and almost every weekend I get to see Cliff."

Helen plans to marry her Navy man when he gets his commission in the Fall. Meanwhile Helen is keeping busy singing on the Al Jolson CBS show and Blue network programs.

When Dorsey offered the job to Kitty Kallen, after turning down a score of unsuitable applicants, the tiny vocalist was an NBC staff singer in Hollywood. She had come there after singing with Jack Teagarden's band for three years. She had been with Quaker City kiddie programs, Kitty first sang with dance bands when she was only thirteen. She wore her older sister's high heels and no one guessed her right age.

"It was like a dream come true," Kitty said. "I always wanted to work with Jimmy Dorsey. But I was a little leery about taking over Helen's job. My room mate, Dinah Shore, encouraged me. So I told Billy Burton I was willing to take the chance if he was."

Burton was willing to take the chance but not before he set the stage carefully.

"Before Kitty sang a note with our band she cost us $8,000," he explained. "For six weeks our arrangers worked with her. Recordings were made and played back for Jimmy. But when she did make her debut with us, the kid was ready and right in the groove."

Bachelor Burton watches his two expensive chickens, like a mother hen. He may criticize them when they're off a beat, reprimand them when they're late for dates, but the girls love him. They know and respect his judgment.

However, even to the great Burton sometimes comes a cropper.

"I only made one mistake with Helen," he admits. "Last summer when we were playing in Boston, I took 'Stinky' to the races. Instead of training her field glasses on the four-legged thoroughbreds, she spots them on a two-legged one, wearing a natty double breasted suit. It's this guy Smith. And of course Smith responds. It's love at first sight and I know that Helen's days with Dorsey are numbered."

World War Two tunesmiths are far behind the music makers of 1917-18 in turning out patriotic songs of nationwide and memorable fame. To date, only four songs associated with the current holocaust have reached or topped the 500,000 mark in sheet music sales. These songs are "White Cliffs of Dover," "Praise the Lord," Army Air Corps song, and "When the Lights Go On Again"—weak sisters when compared with "Over there," "Fuck Up Your Troubles" and "Oh, How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning."

Ginny Simms, the Johnny Presents star and former Kay Kyser singer, signed to a movie contract by MGM.

The McFarland Twins, George and Art, threaten to break up their dance band and go into war production work.

Sammy Kaye says he has a sequel to his hit tune of last season, "Daddy." It is called "Name It Baby And It's Yours."

Add Believe It Or Not Draft Note: Skinner Ennis, butt of all Bob Hope's 4F gags and better known to radio listeners as the Bloodless Bandleader, expects to be inducted into the Army.

D'Artega who batoned several big league air shows several seasons ago, is grooming an all-girl band which he'll conduct.

Kenny Sargent, ex-Casa Loma vocalist, is now working in a Memphis war plant.

Betty Rhodes, singing star of Mutual's This Is The Hour show, has some tips for you on how to spruce up your last year's shoes. Betty shops around and finds attractive costume jewelry, rips off last year's trimmings on old

Irving Caesar of "Sing a Song of Safety" fame, plays host to Marisa Regules, Good Will Ambassador and South American pianist.

(Continued from page 4)

Work or play, summer is a trying season from the standpoint of monthly sanitary protection... And Tampax helps a lot at such times because it is worn internally and cannot produce chafing, wrinkling or bulging. No pins, belts or pads—no odor can form! Tampax is easy to carry, quick to change.

Tampax was perfected by a doctor and is made of pure surgical cotton, extremely absorbent but compressed to a dainty size. Each Tampax comes in a patented one-time-use applicator, so your hands need not touch the Tampax. And the whole thing is so compact there is no disposal problem.

Sold in three sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) providing a variety of absorbencies—at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package gives you a real bargain and lasts 4 months, average. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies

REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR
shoes and makes them look like new with knick-knacks she picks up in jewelry stores. Betty's shoes are now sporting everything from matching lapel pins to dime store rhinestones.

Well, Tommy Dorsey has married again. Tommy's wife, actress Patricia Dane, is now on her honeymoon and it is a strange one. It is what might be called a "one nighter" honeymoon. The Dorsey band is on a coast to coast tour of service camps and Pat is accompanying Tommy and the band. Tours across country with a band are often a hardship, but the new Mrs. Dorsey says she likes it. "I'm not only getting to know Tommy better," she laughs, "but I'm learning a lot about the music business. I could almost step in and manage the band." If Patricia does, she will be the first woman band manager.

That gal Trudy Erwin on the Bing Crosby show is fast becoming one of the most popular stars on the air. Bing picked her out of the Kay Kyser chorus and gave her that first, all important break. Kyser, not to be outdone by Crosby, lifted one of the girls out of Bing's chorus, and is starring her. A little more about Trudy, whose real name is Virginia and who was born in Los Angeles just twenty-five years ago. Trudy and Bing have much in common. Both like to sing, follow sports and collect things. Bing has a stable of horses. Trudy has two. "Mine eat less than Bing's and run faster," she says.

The Carnation Contented Hour's honor number the other night was "Forward to Victory," the song of the Red Army Tank Corps. We'd like to hear more songs of our fighting Allies and also more of our own fighting men's songs. That song of the Army Air Corps is a genuine and inspirational thriller.

"Co-ed orchestras will be commonplace in radio by the end of 1943." Authority for this statement is Nat Brusiloff, veteran of 20 years in radio, now conducting the orchestra on Double Or Nothing, over the Mutual network, Fridays, 9:30 p.m., EWT.

"BEFOREHAND" LOTION FOR BUSY HANDS!

TOUSHAY

guards hands, even in hot, soapy water

It's maidless summer! You're washing undies, doing dishes ... work that's hard on soft hands. So before you tackle any soap-and-water job, smooth on Tou Shay! Used beforehand, this fragrant lotion guards hands from the roughening effects of hot, soapy water. Inexpensive, too. Get Tou Shay at your druggist's.
They go where they want, they do what they want—Mercedes McCambridge and her husband

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

I t’s no use,” she said breathlessly, “I can’t read this dialogue. I can’t read it naturally, I mean. Because I wouldn’t talk like that—not in a hundred years!”

“Okay, Mercedes, fix it up to suit yourself—so you can read it easily,” Gordon Hughes, the director of the radio show told her. She was so eager, so earnest he couldn’t argue. He knew he’d have trouble with the writer. But how soon he didn’t guess.

The writer, new on the show, was on the telephone five minutes after “Lights Out” went on the air. “What happened to my dialogue?” he demanded. “I worked over those lines so they would show what kind of girl . . .”

“Look,” said Hughes, “suppose you hop a cab and come over here and meet Mercedes McCambridge. Maybe you two can work out the character together, figure how she’d be likely to think and talk and stuff . . .”

That night when Mercedes walked into the control booth where Bill Fifeild, the writer, was waiting there were stars in her eyes. She thought it was so wonderful for a writer and actress to get together and talk things over.

Hughes, introducing Mercedes and Bill, thought how alike they were, how there was the same clean intense look in their eyes, how they had the same vital health and the same finely chiseled nose and sensitive mouth.

“Busy tomorrow?” Bill asked Mercedes, “If not, I thought we might go swimming together and talk about the show. Okay?”

“Okay!” Her answer might have been an echo. Their voices were alike too. They had the same enthusiasm.

Waiting for Bill to call the next morning Mercedes made little mental memos of everything she had to say about the girl she played on the show. But somehow, amazingly enough, as she and Bill drove through the deep green of midsummer they had more important things to talk about than a radio show. They talked of all the things they wanted to do and the fine, uncompromising way in which they wanted to do them. They couldn’t understand, either one of them, how

During the day Mercedes McCambridge plays with her baby son, Jon, but at 7:00 o’clock, EWT, every weekday night, you hear her on I Love a Mystery program on CBS.

men and women could bear to give up their ideals and become slaves of jobs and possessions—little houses furnished with little chairs and beds and rugs and tables, little garages with little cars in them, little lawns and lawn mowers. He talked a great deal of Thomas Wolfe, the writer and his idyll. Mercedes had never read anything of Wolfe’s but she became excited about him that she bought all his books she could find in her local library.

For lunch they ate great plates of baked beans and frankfurters and sauerkraut with ketchup sprinkled generously over all of it and drank big cups of coffee, one after another. Afterwards, unequal to anything else, they threw themselves full length on the grass of a little picnic grove and talked some more about how utterly ridiculous it was for a girl with a career to marry and how horrible it must be for a man with ideals and ideas to return home every night to a girl interested in nothing under the sun but bridge and clothes.

Then Bill said suddenly, “But if a man and a girl each had a career in the same work, if we could work together as a unit I imagine marriage would be wonderful.” Whereupon he turned his bright dreamer’s eyes full upon her bright dreamer’s eyes and said, “For instance, I would marry you. In fact I want to marry you, more than I want anything else in the world. Will you marry me?”

“Yes,” she answered. It seemed to her the most natural thing in the world that he should ask her.

Mercedes’ parents sent frantic telegrams from California where they were vacationing urging her to wait. It was apparent, however, that they didn’t believe for one moment that she would. The priest they sought refused to marry them. “Marriage,” he explained patiently, “is a sacred institution which allows a man and a woman who love each other enough to share a home and have children. You are young and eager and there is an attraction between you. It may be great, at the moment, but it isn’t enough for marriage. In six months’ time come back to me and say, ‘We still want to be married and I’ll marry you gladly.”

Bill waited until the good man had finished talking but it was evident from the way he pounced upon the first indication of a pause that he had not waited patiently. “Come driving with us, Father,” he said. “Let us tell you about ourselves—the things we feel, the things we want to do, the things we believe. Give us a chance to show you how life is with us, for us.”

Two hours later when they returned to the cathedral after a drive in the country and lunch at a little woodland cabin the priest had agreed to marry them in the morning.

They started on their wedding trip without any idea of where they were bound. “Let’s just drive,” Bill said, “and stop any place that appeals to us.” Most of their time they spent at a little lake in Wisconsin where the Swedish people (Continued on page 88)
Keeping in Condition

by Bob Hope

1. A few simple home exercises will help you to keep fit. First, the minute you wake up, throw the covers off, jump out of bed, run to the open window. Then fill your lungs with that fresh morning air, touch your toes briskly ten times... say... this sounds interesting... I must remember to try it sometime!

2. Maybe you won't believe it, but I once posed for health magazines. Remember the ads that said "Before" and "After?" Well, I posed for one that said "Heaven forbid." But you don't need bulging muscles to make you look fit. Pepsodent... that cool-tasting Pepsodent... does that by making your teeth and smile look like a million.

3. I'm the only guy who ever gets thin from overeating. Every time I come home my relatives are over, eating! Of course, that wouldn't be so bad, but they use up all my Pepsodent, too! Imagine them in front of the theaters, picketing my previews, yelling: "Remember, folks, nothing beats Irium for removing the film!"

4. It's a good idea to exercise. One good way is to grasp your toothbrush firmly, squirt a little Pepsodent on it and brush your teeth vigorously. This develops the "saluting" muscles in your arm in case your draft board makes you class 1-A. It also gives your teeth plenty of class and makes your smile A-1.

5. Above all, don't worry. I once thought I had high blood pressure. But my doctor cured it in two minutes. He sent the nurse out of the room. Of course, I'm luckier with my dentist's nurse. She gave me a couple of dates... you know... Use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year!

How Irium in Pepsodent uncovers your bright smile

Beware of unsightly film on your teeth. You can see it. Others can see it. Film collects stains, makes teeth look dull - hides the true brightness of your smile.

Film clings, is hard to remove. This film-coated mirror shows that soap, used in many dentifrices, can't be counted on. Even fine soap leaves a film of its own.

But look what Irium can do! The same film-coated mirror... but Irium has loosened, removed the film, floated it away, left the surface clean and bright.

That's how thoroughly Pepsodent with Irium removes film from teeth... safely, gently. That's how easily it uncovers the natural, cheery brightness of your smile.
Her Romance Began with Glamorous Hair

Yes, it was Joan’s lovely hair that Bob first noticed. I remember the day he confided to me—“I must meet her—that girl with the glorious hair! Have you ever seen such sparkling hair? It seems so alive, so soft, so . . .” He stopped confused and I chuckled, for—

It wasn’t so long ago that Joan’s hair was as dull and drab as a blue Monday. Then Mary, the girl at the beauty shop, recommended Colorinse for adding richer color and brighter highlights to the hair—for making it silkier, softer and so much easier to manage. Well—

It worked like a charm. Today Joan’s hair is as lovely as any girl could hope for. And a happy bride says “thanks” to Nestle Colorinse. Joan also uses Nestle Shampoo Before and Nestle Superset After Colorinising. Why don’t you try it, too?

P.S. For your next permanent, ask for a Nestle Opalescent Crème Wave.

Nestle COLORINSE

2 times for 10¢
5 times for 25¢
All 3 and 10¢ wares
and boxes stocked

What’s New from Coast to Coast

Lovely Lucille Manners, long known as the bachelor girl of radio, has finally said “yes” to Sgt. William Walker. Below, Texan Ernest Tubb, is the new addition to WSM’s Grand Ole Opry.

By DALE BANKS

You hear a lot about the role of women in the war these days and women are taking over jobs men once thought only they could master. Vice President Wallace, in a recent speech, said that in the era to come women are going to gain full equality with men in every walk of life. In radio, women are equally as important as men and are in charge of many of the most responsible jobs. The idea for one of the most popular programs on the air should be credited to a woman. Her name is Mrs. Ralph Edwards. A few years ago, she and her husband were sitting home one night trying to think up a new Quiz show. Mrs. Edwards hit on the idea of a “Truth or Consequences” show. Several weeks later, it was sold to a sponsor. Not only has it become one of the most popular programs on the air, but it has raised millions of dollars in war bonds. And Ralph Edwards is no longer an unknown announcer, but somewhat of a celebrity. Ralph has always given his wife credit for her idea and she is now his legal business partner. Let’s have more ideas from women!

That delightfully whacky Joan Davis of the Rudy Vallee program had been having trouble trying to find a maid. (So are lots of people these days.) Joan solved the problem by inserting the following ad in a Los Angeles newspaper. “Wanted, a maid. I will pay Lockheed wages and get you a screen test at MGM.” Joan had plenty of answers to that one!

We’ve been writing about radio for a good many years. Time has gone by very fast and the kids in knee pants we once knew are now soldiers, nurses, WAAC’s. We were talking about it to Nila Mack, director of the CBS kid program, Let’s Pretend. Here are what some of her once famous kids are doing. Arthur Ross is a Private at Camp Upton; Bobby and Billy Mauch are in the Signal Corp in New Mexico; Don Hughes is a member of a mechanized division; Billy Halop is in the Special Services division; out in California, Lester Jay is in the Coast Guard; Jimmy McCallion is a Private in South Carolina; Sidney Lummet is in Special Services; Arthur Anderson is with the Air Forces, and Patricia Ryan is serving as a nurse’s aid.

Boston, Mass.—Leo Egan, young Yankee Network announcer, began his career in Buffalo, New York, as a bond salesman and if it had not been for a friend’s illness who was taking part in a local show, he might still be a successful bond salesman today. Leo stepped in and did the job so well that he changed his career to radio and has been doing very well ever since.

This young bond salesman went into dramatics and appeared with Bert Ly-
How my "30 Second" Secret keeps me Fragrantly Dainty all evening...
Girls who live by the clock can't SUFFER by the CALENDAR!

No need to tell you how valuable time is now! You know. Doing the work you have always done—cheerfully accepting new duties—wedging in time for service organization activity, you find that your months are woefully short.

Now, especially, the days you used to give grudgingly to menstruation's functional pain and depression are too precious to waste. And wasting them is very likely needless. For if you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, Midol should make these trying days as comfortably carefree as others!

But don't regard Midol as just another means of relief for "dreaded days headache". Its comfort goes farther. For while it is free from opiates, Midol helps lift your "blues"—and an exclusive ingredient speedily eases spasmodic muscular pain of the period.

Get Midol now. Have it when you need it. Large packages for economical regular use, and small packages to carry in purse or pocket. At your nearest drugstore.

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

argued with her for awhile, couldn't convince her that he was Eddie Cantor. He finally had to phone a friend to get his own phone number.

A new kind of news program made its debut when Pay Off News went on WOR. The series, heard daily at 9:15 P.M., EWT, is conducted by Fulton Oursler, noted author and editor. The broadcasts consist of questions sent in by listeners on the news of the day both at home and on the battle fronts, and answered by Mr. Oursler. Three dollars is paid for each question used on the air. Oursler emphasizes that he does not attempt to be a commentator on his new series, but merely follows his profession of twenty-five years—that of reporting.

Charlotte, N. C.—WBT's newest addition to its announcing staff—tall, Alonzo G. Squires—is blind. Whether this is a keen sense of humor, a more refreshing personality, or a wittier or nimbler mind. He's as clever a comedian as they come, and his imitations cause even the grummet of his listeners to roar with laughter.

Alonzo is just as independent as anyone who can see, and refuses to behave like you'd expect a blind person to. When Squires was a guest on the Fred Allen program some time ago, Fred, seeing his blind guest was without a seeing-eye dog, offered to buy him one. Quick came the reply, so typical of Squires. "Thanks, Fred. But, heck, I'm too reckless to have one of those things around me—he'd be sure to get hurt!"

If you think that's a strange remark for a blind man to make—that's just because you haven't talked with Alonzo. You're not with him over three or four minutes until you've completely forgotten that he's blind. You'll become completely absorbed by his pleasant baritone voice, and thrilled by his personality.

Alonzo was born in Kelly, N. C., 25 years ago, grew up determined to be a lawyer. It was while Squires was studying law at U.N.C. that he made his first appearance on the radio, and subsequently made radio his career. Fred Allen had sent out scouts in search of guest talent for his radio program. When these scouts heard Alonzo's imitations—they took him right back to New York with them.

Alonzo Squires likes dancing, prefers blondes, and changes his brand of cigarettes every once in a while "just for the diversion." He buys all his clothes himself, and selects tweeds and soft-collar shirts. "I drive a hard bargain, too," says Alonzo. "These slick salesmen can't fool me with fancy patterns and pretty colors like they do most people. Wool has got to feel like wool—when I buy it!"

Squires is a bachelor, but enjoys the company of the opposite sex. The girls like him, too.

Alonzo Squires does a complete job of making others feel at ease. That's why people flock to him, instead of staying away for fear that they'll blunder into a remark that would hurt his feelings. Alonzo is merciless in his kidding about himself and his blindness. But it has accomplished what he wanted it to do. It has endeared him to the hearts of everybody... and earned for him a permanent niche in the world of seeing people.

Alan Reed, who plays Sol Levy on Abie's Irish Rose, phoned author Anne Nichols and told her he was in the hospital having his appendix out. Anne quickly rewrote the entire script. Next day, Reed phoned and said the Does

He writes a sports column, conducts a service man's quiz, is special events reporter for the Yankee Network—Leo Egan who started his career as a salesman.

Fulton Oursler, above, well known author and editor, has brought a new kind of news broadcast to listeners of WOR, with his Pay-Off News heard weekdays at 9:15 P.M.
had changed their minds. Not long after that, he was quite surprised to discover that, in the script, Anne had written several scenes in which Solomon's appendix are removed.

* * *

At last, Betty Lou, Tommy Riggs' little girl, can be seen as well as heard. She will be co-starring in a new cartoon strip drawn by artist Fred Moore, one of Walt Disney's ace ink men. Tommy tells us that the strip is going to be swell and thinks you Betty Lou fans will go for it.

That very fine singer and lovely person, Lucille Manners, will probably be a blast by the time you read this. It was a romantic romance strictly in the Hollywood tradition. A year or so ago, a young business man of a prominent New York family, sat across the footlights and watched the golden haired girl sing. He began going to all of her Cities Service programs and finally managed to meet her. His name is William Walker and he is now a Sgt. in the Army Air Forces. The date and place of the nuptials are now up to Uncle Sam.

The Great Gildersleeve's dumb secretary, Tillie, the Toiler, is played by Pauline Drake. Pauline is not dumb, but beautiful, smart and ambitious. Six nights a week, she works the "graveyard shift" at Douglas Aircraft plant where she punches figures in the payroll department. Pauline also writes songs and collects watches, sometimes wearing as many as three at a time.

During the time Orson Welles pinch-hit for the ailing Jack Benny he had the time of his life. The serious Orson now wants a comedy show of his own. Many radio people thought that Orson was beginning to sound more like Benny every week, which Benny says is one of the reasons he recovered so fast. If Jack hadn't come back when he did, Orson Livingston tagged that she was going into vaudeville with Orson. "I can see it in lights," she laughed. "Welles and Livingston, Songs and Patter."

* * *

RADIO AND THE ARMED FORCES

Connie Haines has just completed her fifth personal record album for the War Department's overseas service. The Yanks will love this one, for Connie warbles such songs as "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," "As Time Goes By" and "I've Heard That Song Before...". Diana Carlson, former secretary to Rudy Vallee, is now a WAAC and is writing a column for the WAAC newspaper. It's called "Dear Boss," and is addressed to Dick Mack, director of the Vallee show...

The piano stool in Raymond Scott's CBS orchestra is known as the "hot seat." It was formerly occupied by Mel Powell, who went into the Army and is now with Glenn Miller's big band. Sanford Gold took over for about a week, then Uncle Sam beckoned. The new pianist, Johnny Guarneri, may be called any day...

Johnny Richards, the Phil Baker show maestro, has given 34 musicians to the Army. Tex Beneke, famous sax player with Horace Heidt, is now in uniform...

Egon Petri, the DUTCH pianist now heard on CBS, has two sons in the armed forces of the United Nations. One is an aviator in the Dutch Air Force, the other is a soldier of the United States Army and is now in North Africa. Donna

---

Wallflower

(GARDEN VARIETY)

IT WAS your idea... turning that vacant lot into a Victory Garden. It was you who pledged the gang to pitch in and plant... to grow precious Vittles for Victory.

And now, come weeding day, here's you... willing! Shirking your share while the others slave.

Maybe you were too ambitious... when a girl should take it a little easy at times like this. Result: you're on the sidelines, with a worm's-eye-view of life. While your blonde rival nobly carries on—(just hoping you'll break your date with Bill for the barn dance tonight)!

Of course, she'd never tell you how she keeps so chipper, so confident, on her "days!" She'd never let you in on the secret of relaxing... and staying comfortable with Kotex sanitary napkins!

Grow a crop of confidence!

Ask the other girls and they'll tell you that comfort and confidence and Kotex go together!

You're more comfortable with Kotex because it's made to stay soft while wearing... wonderfully different from pads that only feel soft at first touch. And none of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure.

And with Kotex you're more confident. That special 4-ply safety center promises no-escape! There's no bulging... for the flat pressed ends of Kotex don't show, because they're not stubby.

Yes, whether you're dressed for gardening or galety, your secret's secure... your protection is sure. So why wouldn't more girls choose Kotex than all other brands put together! And frankly, why don't you?

---

Keep going in comfort —with Kotex

THE TEENS ARE TALKING about the free booklet "As One Girl To Another"—that helps you cope with "calendar" problems... puts you on the beam about grooming, activities, social contacts. Get your copy, quick! Mail your name and address on a post card to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MW-7, Chicago.

For Certain Days... if you suffer from cramps, try KURB tablets, a Kotex product compounded expressly for relief of periodic discomfort. It merits your confidence. Take only as directed on the package and see how KURBS can help you!
Woō, the singer, has just married Private Ralph Dietz. . . . Also the lovely Anita, of the Tommy Riggs show, has let it slip out that she recently married Lieutenant Frank Ellis, of the Air Force. He entered the service after being at the Naval Base in San Diego dedicated to the Marine Air Corps is a hit. It's called, "A Toast To The Corps In The Air." . . . Dave "Our Waltz" Rose is now a corporal in the Signal Corp. . . .

Red Skelton is always performing, whether he is on or off the air. Coming to New York on the train, he put on a comedy routine in the club car, then passed the hat. He made quite a pile of money, which he turned over to the Red Cross. On the way back to Hollywood, Red "dood it" again, and picked up $100 in the club car and $27.35 in the observation car.

Many people have written us asking if Wendell Niles and Ken Niles are the same person. Nope. Ken is Wendell's kid brother, but they are both announcers. Wendell, the Bob Hope announcer, has had a fascinating life. He entered Fred Waring's new song known orchestra leader in the Far East and Europe. He was also once a professional singer, being one of the first 80 Government licensed school instructors. He taught flying at the Boeing Field ground school in Seattle, then became a master of ceremonies and finally an announcer. Wendell's first show was for Burns and Allen, since then you've heard him announcing for Al Pearce, Lady Esther, Old Gold, Gene Autry and Milton Berle, to name a few. He is married to Joan Messner. They have two sons, twelve and nine years old. He still flies and runs his 343 acre ranch in the San Joaquin Valley. Brother Ken does okay, too.

It is not a romance between Madeleine Carroll and Colonel Lemuell Q. Stoopnagle, but the Colonel thinks Madeleine has her cap set for him. Madeleine took a home next door to Stoopnagle in Norwalk, Connecticut.

The Colonel figured she had a slight crush on him. Then, a few days later, she opened an office right across the hall from him in a New York building. Stoopnagle is now going around with delusions of grandeur. "In my own repulsive way," he cracks, "I've got oomph."

A Texas newspaper printed a picture of Arthur Hughes and Ruth Russell, who play Bill and Nancy on Just Plain Bill. It was clipped and sent to a soldier fan stationed in Alaska. He passed it on to an acquaintance. That soldier sent it on to a relative of his in Boston who then mailed it to a friend of hers—Ruth Russell.

Fred Allen was a contestant on Bob Hawkes' Thanks To The Yanks show a few night ago. It wasn't the comedian, however, it was a young fellow from Brooklyn. Bob asked Fred Allen if he had ever met Fred Allen. The unknown Fred Allen shook his head, then said, "Got any tickets to his show?" Hawks didn't have any, but he got some tickets for Brooklyn's Fred Allen who was very glad to get them. He still wants to meet Jack Benny's nemesis.

Getting contestants for a Quiz show these days is no simple task. For a recent CBS Quiz show, Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson were notified at the last minute, that of three male contestants, their draft boards already had two. Other worry of Quiz masters is the "professional contestant." This man or woman makes a business of getting on Quiz shows and knows all the answers. Most Quizers know who they are and rule them out, but now and then one slips by them and gets the jackpot.

A new program offering the best in sweet and hot music—Barry Wood—guest band leaders—a top ranking quartet, the Double Date—thirty-four piece band—is hot news along radio row.

The title of the program, "The Million Dollar Band," certainly is just—
"I married for love...not this"

HOW A DISTRESSED WIFE OVERCAME
THE "ONE NEGLIGENCE"
THAT SO OFTEN ENDS ROMANCE

1. There never was a happier couple than Van and I—at first. But a strangeness grew up between us... Then bickerings... Day after day, I cried my eyes out.

2. One day I came to my senses. I went over to see our physician—a woman with a heart as big as all outdoors. She guessed the trouble, almost before I’d told her anything. “So often,” she explained softly, “a man can’t forgive this one neglect... carelessness of feminine hygiene (intimate personal cleanliness),”

3. Her recommendation was simple, Lysol disinfectant. “It’s so gentle,” she explained, “it won’t harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow the easy directions. Lysol deodorizes, and cleanses thoroughly and daintily. It’s no wonder that thousands of women use this famous germicide for feminine hygiene.”

4. I did just as she told me—and was delighted to find Lysol so easy to use, so inexpensive. Today, Van and I are ideally happy. I’m everlastingly grateful to my doctor.

NEWS NOTES: That international tour of Bob Hope and Company may be in North Africa now... It’s a boy at the Arthur Lakes... Jimmy Cash of the Burns and Allen show is now doing spare time duty at a local war plant... Charlie Spivak and band are soon to be seen in the Fox flicker “Pin Up Girl”... Billy Leach, vocalist with Guy Lombardo, is a proud Papa and it’s a girl named Hannah.

Check this with your Doctor
Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.), SPREADING—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually reach out perusal in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene, CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet R.M.-743. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
THERE are exercises galore to reduce hips and tummies, legs and arms, and other individual parts of our anatomy. Very efficient many of them are too. What often is most needed, however, are exercises which not only influence a general streamlining but also maintain it. There may be better streamlining exercises than those which Georgia Gibbs (she sings on the Jimmy Durante-Garry Moore program, heard on NBC Thursday nights), practices daily but we haven't heard of them. So, we give you Georgia's...

TO BE A SMOOTHIE FROM SHOULDERS TO WAIST...

... make Georgia's simple breathing-and-bending exercises part of your daily routine. Hands on hips, heels raised slightly from the ground, bend from the knees while you inhale deeply for the count of ten, from the diaphragm. Rise slowly and exhale to the same count. Make certain your back is straight and your shoulders are pulled back. Do ten of these bends a day at first and increase the number gradually until you're up to fifty or more. This exercise, properly done, is a fine bust and waistline regulator—also beneficial in promoting the proper breathing for singers, would-be singers, actresses, would-be actresses and anyone who wishes to speak in a voice that has rich resonance. Who doesn't?

TO BE A SMOOTHIE FROM HIPS TO TOES...

... be faithful to this modern version of the old rowing-machine stint. Sit on the floor, legs spread out straight before you, toes together. Raise your arms before you—at shoulder level. Pull your arms back sharply. At the same time move your body forward at the hips along the floor. Be careful, however, not to change the position of your legs. You'll find this will be a somewhat bumpy process at first. But cherish those bumps! They're just the thing that's needed to keep the hips where they belong. This also is a wonderful way to strengthen leg muscles. Try five minutes of this exercise as a starter and gradually increase your daily dosage to fifteen minutes.

All right—you're on your way to better and smoother streamlines, to better and smoother beauty.

Get rid of those bulges from shoulder to waist! Try this bending exercise recommended by radio singer Georgia Gibbs.

If you want to streamline your hips and legs, you'll get results from Georgia's version of the old rowing-machine stint.

BE BEAUTY-WISER.

Large pores are thieves of beauty—and no one has to tolerate them! Following a cream cleansing, squeeze the pores of your skin until you are sure all the excess cream has been removed from the pores. Immerse a cotton swab in rubbing alcohol and rub it over your face—briskly. Occasionally use a complexion brush on your face, with either cleansing cream or soap and water as a lubricant. This will remove the dead outer skin and stimulate your skin.

Cold baths, you'll find, act as tonics. They invigorate you, give you new vitality. If, at first, you cannot step into a cold tub or under a cold shower run the tub or shower warm and lower the temperature gradually.

Troubled with tired, aching feet? Add a little borax, table salt, or lemon juice to your foot bath. Then, after drying your feet thoroughly with a rough towel, massage your feet with cleansing cream or olive oil.

* * *

When summer lurks around the corner and swimming-suits and play-suits are featured in advertisements and shop-windows, superfluous hair on arms and legs again becomes a problem. To bleach this hair add one half a tablespoon of household ammonia to six tablespoons of peroxide. Beat this combination with a fork until it becomes cloudy. It's then ready to be patted lightly on the hairs with a cotton swab. Let it dry, of course.

Warm olive oil is first-aid to brittle finger nails. Dip the ends of your fingers in the warm oil every night until the condition is rectified.
No other shampoo

leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!*
Wear your Alluring Alix-Styled Shade of the

New Jergens Face Powder

YOUR LOOK-ALIVE LOOK
You need a new kind of beauty today—have that look-alive look or you lack allure. And the shades of the New Jergens Face Powder were styled by Alix, famous fashion designer and color genius, to give that gorgeous, young, alluring tone. Her dresses made even plain women glorious. Her shade for you can make hearts spin with your fresh glamour!

YOUR VELVET-SKIN CHEEK
Yes! That Dream-Boy in uniform will be yours for keeps when he sees your new complexion. Here's why: the texture of exquisite Jergens Powder is velvety—and by an exclusive process. Result—it makes your skin look smoother, finer, more flawless (it helps hide tiny skin faults). Wear your enticing Jergens shade today—see him stop, look and adore!

CHOOSE YOUR SHADE

Peach Bloom (for fair or medium skin)—to give a colorful, dewy look.
Rachel (for creamy-fair skin)—to give clear, striking glamour. Naturelle (for blonde-fair skin)—to give fragile, delicate beauty.
Brunette (for medium or dark-toned skin)—to give dramatic, radiant allure. Dark Rachel (for medium or dark-toned skin)—to give a tawny, vivacious look.

Big Boudoir Box $1.00...Try-it sizes 25c, 10c.
Suddenly she knew what she must do to restore Jeff's faith and courage in himself, even though it would mean losing his love should her plan fail.

But there wasn't any confidence in it. And we all knew it.

The doctors had said it all depended on the way his injuries responded to treatment whether Jeff would ever fly again. It was his legs. They were badly broken, and if they didn't heal properly then Jeff would be grounded for good. It was incredible! It was impossible. Captain Jefferson Lewis, the best pilot in the Ferry Command, the man to whom flying was life itself, who had "wings in his soul," as Sparky put it... it would kill him to be grounded for good.

And only yesterday he'd been so confident, so sure of himself. Only yesterday—

Jeff had been given fifteen hours leave, and we were going to spend it together. It was to have been our day, to do with as we wished, the longest
time we'd ever been given. Pilots in
the Ferry Command don't have much
time for dates, even with the girls
they're going to marry. And this date
we'd looked forward to and planned
for, for days.
He'd come to my apartment, the
little, two-room place that next
month would be our apartment. Next month,
there would be a card on its door
reading Capt. and Mrs. Jeffrey Lewis,
instead of Miss Elizabeth Rand. And
he'd said he was going to spend every
one of those fifteen hours just sitting
there on the sofa looking at me. Then
he'd kissed me in the way that always
sent sweet fire pulsing through my
veins, until I'd pulled away half afraid
of its sweetness.

FIFTEEN
hours," I breathed in a
hushed voice. "And all of it ours.
Every minute of it. Ours to do with as
we want. Oh, Jeff—"
"We're rich," Jeff agreed solemnly,
"as Croesus—or whoever the guy was.
Count 'em—fifteen. From now till five
a.m. tomorrow."
"With no planes to fly—"
"No orders to take—"
"With nothing to do but what we
want. Oh, darling, if you knew how
I've lived for today! 'Our Day,' I've
called it. All our other dates have been
such puny little ones—a couple of hours
here, an evening there, sandwiched in
between your flying all over the face
of the earth . . . " I extended my hand
in mock formality. "Happy to meet
you, Captain Lewis."

"The same, Miss Rand . . . I know
what I'm going to do with my fifteen
hours. I'm going to sit right here on
this sofa and spend every one of them
looking at you. You know," he went
on judicially, "you're prettier than you
were the last time I saw you, two weeks
ago. Why, I bet you're prettier than
you were even yesterday. In fact, I'll
bet next month's pay you get prettier
while I sit here and look."

"You're making me vain. You're not
going to want a vain wife, are you?"
I said lightly.
"I'll worry about the kind of wife I
want. Come here, Betsy."

I went and sat beside him on the
sofa. That was the funny thing about
Jeff and I. He never ordered people
around, but when he suggested you do
something, you went ahead and did it
automatically. I'm not saying for a
minute he is the "masterful," over-
bearing type. He just had the sure,
quietly forceful way of doing things
that seemed less natural to me. It went
with his kind of face—the face that
always reminded me somehow of a
free, soaring hawk, with its long
straight nose and dark brows. He
looked at me seriously.

"I've always known the kind of wife
I wanted. I've always had her picture
in my mind—especially when I was
flying. Up there, you shake off the fuzzy,
confusing things and your mind sees
only what is important and precious to
you. Your sense of values, I guess you'd
call it. Well—I could always see my
wife. I didn't know the color of her
eyes or that her hair would be red-
gold like yours or that she'd be slim
and have pretty legs, But I did know
those eyes would be clear and steady.
And her mouth, no matter how soft,
would have strength in it. And that
she'd be a girl who could take it—
because a flyer's wife has got to take
it. And then—I met you."

I sat still, looking down at the long
hard fingers that held mine. It was the
most beautiful thing that anybody had
ever said to anybody—what Jeff had
just said to me. "Sparky made us
meet," I said softly. "Remember? It
was a night I didn't want a date and a
night you didn't want a date, and he
talked us both into it . . ."

"And ever since the minute I walked
in that door with him, I've known it
was your face I saw when I was flying.
It's hard to believe three months ago
I didn't know you . . ."

"Such a short time—and yet, we
always did know each other. Forever
and ever. Didn't we, Jeff? And next
month . . ."

"Next month we'll be married—if I
can wait that long . . ."

"If only you didn't have to be gone
from me so much! If only—" I cried,
tightening my hand in his.

"Don't think about that, Betsy. Think
about today only. It's our day.

Obediently I pushed the sad thoughts from me, and smiled. This wasn't the time to think of future separations, or of past ones. This time we were together, with icy rain shutting us in the tiny, bright apartment, and fifteen hours ahead of us to spend. This time next month we would be living here together.

"Let's have lunch, like an old married couple," I said. "And then tonight I thought we could go dancing at the Hamilton and then on to the swing-shift dance at Murray's. Or—whatever you want."

His dark eyes were on my face. "You know what I want," he said. Almost roughly, his hand was against my throat, cupping my face, turning it up to his. And his lips, against mine, were whispering, "I want to kiss you. I want to hold you. I want to think you're mine..."

After a while, I pulled away. It was too sweet, too heady. This was a special day, a unique day. Next month there would be special days, too, but this—one had to be different from them. "Let me show you the linen the girls gave me at the office shower last week," I said hastily. "It's lovely—"

"Wait a minute. I've something to show you first."

He fumbled at the flap of his uniform pocket. No matter how often I saw Jeff, his uniform gave me a special sort of thrill. The Ferry Command suited him so. It was like him. It represented something deep in him.

He pulled out a small box—a jeweler's box. The lid flipped up and I was looking at an old-fashioned wedding ring of simple gold. It was a lovely thing. "Look inside," Jeff said.

In TINY, engraved letters I read the words that encircled it. "I love you more than yesterday, less than tomorrow."

More than yesterday, less than tomorrow. My eyes filled with tears. "Jeff," I murmured, holding me again, his mouth seeking as hungrily for mine as mine sought his.

The phone jangled, and we both jumped.

"Now who—I've got the day off from the office. It can't be them. And you've got leave—"

"Probably wrong number," Jeff said lazily. "Let's not answer."

But I was already on my feet. I picked up! the receiver. If I hadn't, if we'd pretended to be out—but that wouldn't have done any good. They'd have found him somehow.

"It's Sparky," I said and handed the receiver to Jeff. "He wants you."

There was an odd expression on his face when he cradled the phone. "He's calling from Operations. I have to go."

"Have to go?" I echoed stupidly.

"Afraid so, honey. Special orders. Something important."

"But Jeff—" I glanced at the icy rain lashing the window pane. "In this weather—"

"I told you," he said patiently. "It's a special, secret flight. As for the weather—I fly planes, I don't crack 'em. There was no manner of the braggadocio in his voice. Only simple pride in his skill.

He turned to pick up his hat and raincoat. Suddenly the finality of it, the shock and disappointment, seemed to break something inside me. I flung myself on him."

"Why, Betsy," he said startled. "You're crying. . . ."

"No, I'm not," I lied in a stifled voice. "Yes you are. What's wrong, darling?" Gently he took my arms from around his neck and forced me back so he could look at my face.

"Nothing."

"I'm as sorry about our date being broken as you are—you know that. But when you're in the Ferry Command, you—"

"It isn't that. It's nothing—really." I tried to smile at him.

"But I couldn't fool Jeff. I never could. He gave me a long, searching look, and his face changed. It wore an expression I'd never seen there before—a worry.

There was no more time. He gave me a swift, hard kiss and then he was gone—out into that icy rain to start his special secret mission. With a look of worry on his face that I had put there. I couldn't get it out of my mind. Once, months before, (Continued on page 56)
time we'd ever been given. Pilots in the Ferry Command don't have much time for dates, even with the girls they're going to marry. And this date we'd looked forward to and planned for, for days.

He'd come to my apartment, the little, two-room place that next month would be our apartment. Next month, there would be a card on its door reading Capt. and Mrs. Jefferson Lewis, instead of Miss Elizabeth Reed. And he'd said he was going to spend every one of those fifteen hours just sitting there on the sofa looking at me. Then he'd kissed me in the way that always sent sweet fire pulsing through my veins, until I'd pulled away half afraid of its sweetness.

FIFTEEN hours, I breathed in a husped voice, "And all of it ours. Every minute of it. Ours to do with as we want. Oh, Jeff—"

"We're rich," Jeff agreed solemnly, "as Croesus—or whoever the guy was. Crust 'em—fifteen. From now till five a.m. tomorrow."

"With no planes to fly—" "No order to take—"

"With nothing to do but what we want. Oh, darling, if you knew how I've lived for today! Our Day! I've called it. All our other dates have been such puny little ones—a couple of hours here, an evening there, sandwiched in between your flying all over the face of the earth..." I extended my hand in mock formality, "Happy to meet you, Captain Lewis."

"The same, Miss Reed...I know what I'm going to do with my fifteen hours. I'm going to sit right here on this sofa and spend every one of them looking at you. You know," he went on judicially, "you're prettier than you were the last time I saw you, two weeks ago. Why, I bet you're prettier than you were even yesterday. In fact, I'll bet next month's pay you get prettier while I sit here and look."

"You're making me vain. You're not going to want a vain wife, are you?" I said lightly.

"I'll worry about the kind of wife I want. Come here, Betsy."

I went and sat beside him on the sofa. That was the funny thing about Jeff Lewis. He never ordered people around, but when he suggested you do something, you went ahead and did it automatically. I'm not saying for a minute he is the "masterful," over-bearing type. He just had the sure, quietly compelling air that makes the natural leader. He went with his kind of face—the face that always seemed to be reminding you of something, and he held it, and he looked at me seriously.

I've always known the kind of wife I would need. I've. I've seen her picture in my mind—especially when I'm flying. Up there, you shake off the fuzzy, confusing things and your mind sees only what is important and precious to you. Your sense of values, I guess you'd call it. Well—I could always see my wife. I didn't know the color of her eyes or that her hair would be red, but I did know that she'd be slim and have pretty legs. But I did know those eyes would be clear and steady. And her mouth no matter how soft, would have strength in it. And that she'd be a girl who could take it—because a flyer's wife has got to take it. And then—I met you.

I was still looking down at the long hard fingers that held mine. It was the most beautiful thing that anybody had ever said to anybody—what Jeff had just said to me. "Sparky made us happy. Remember? It was a night I didn't want a date and a night you didn't want a date, and he talked us both into it..."

"And ever since the minute I walked that door with him, I've known it was my face I saw when I was flying. It's hard to believe three months ago I didn't know you...

"Such a short time—and yet, we always did know each other. Forever and ever. Didn't we, Jeff? And next month..."

"Next month we'll be married—if I can wait that long.

"If only you hadn't have to go from me so much! If only—" I cried, tightening my hand in his.

"Don't think about that, Betsy. Think about today only. It's our day."

Obediently I pushed the sad thoughts from me, and smiled. This wasn't the time to think of future separations, or of past ones. This time we were together, with icy rain shutting us in the tiny, bright apartment, and fifteen hours ahead of us to spend. This time next month we would be living here together.

"Let's have lunch, like an old married couple," I said. "And then tonight I thought we could go dancing at the Hamilton and then on to the swing-shift dance at Murray's. Or—whatever you want."

His dark eyes were on my face. "You know what I want," he said. Almost roughly, his hand was against my throat, cupping my face, turning it up to his. And his lips, against mine, were whispering, "I want to kiss you. I want to hold you. I want you to think you're mine..."

After a while, I pulled away. It was too sweet. "I don't want to be different like that. But when you're in the Ferry Command, you—"

"You know that isn't. It's nothing—really."

I tried to smile at him.

"And Jeff—" he glanced at the icy rain lashing the window pane. "In this weather—"

"I told you," he said patiently, "it's a special, secret flight. For the weather—I fly planes, I don't crack 'em up. There was no manner of the bragging in his voice. Only simple pride in his skill.

He turned to pick up his hat and raincoat. Suddenly the finality of it, the shock and disappointment, seemed to break something inside me. I flung myself on him.

"Why, Betsy," he said startled. "You're crying."

"No, I'm not," I lied in a stifled voice.

"Yes you are. What's wrong, darling?"

"It's just that, I—" I glanced at the icy rain lashing the window pane. "In this weather—"

"I'm sorry as our date being too short. But what the hell would they do when they're in the Ferry Command, you—"

"I don't know that. It's nothing—really."

I tried to smile at him.

"I know that," he whispered, "but—"

There was no more. He gave me a swift, hard kiss and then he was gone—out into that icy rain to start his flight. "Don't look on worry on his face that I had put there. I couldn't get it out of my mind. One month before, (Continued on page 56)"

---A A R N O U T O R---

A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

Extracted from an original radio drama, entitled, "My Heart Hot Wings," by Fred Fisher, first broadcast on the Stars Over Hollywood program, heard Saturday at 11:30 P.M., ETF, over CBS, sponsored by DuPont.
OFTEN I feel that each detail in our story, Michael's and mine—yes, and Julie's, too—was engraved in our hearts from the day we were born, and that I couldn't have escaped the joy and the laughter and the heartache of knowing Michael Shannon if I had tried.

For how else can you explain the strange chain of events that linked us inevitably together—drew us closer and closer until our fate was sealed forever in the small golden circle of a wedding ring?

As I look back on it now, it was so typical of Michael, the way he came crashing, blundering into my life. I was just starting as a stenographer at Interstate Press. It was my second day there. My desk, I remember, was near the aisle, between the printing plant and young Mr. Bogart's office; Mr. Harry Bogart, the puffy, stuck-up son of our boss.

Like the rest, I was already growing accustomed to the sounds that came from the print shop, to the rhythmic drone of the presses that went on hour after hour. And like the rest I looked up when the noises stopped.

And that afternoon, over the unfamiliar quiet, we heard a man shouting. Shouting and swearing in such a mighty wrath that the others around me looked at one another and smiled.

Suddenly the door of the printing plant was jerked open. And out of it plunged a man, a six foot tornado with black hair that seemed almost to stand on end. There was a wild look in his stormy blue eyes, and they were fixed in terrible anger on the door to Mr. Bogart Jr.'s office.

In one hand he held a proof, a big square of paper with a corner that was torn as he had ripped it off the press.

I could almost feel the heat of his anger as he came my way. And the next thing I knew there was a collision. He had knocked against a corner of my desk and a wire basket went crashing to the floor. It had been filled, stacked high with cleanly typed pages and cleanly typed envelopes, the whole day's work. Now they were scattered over the floor, crumpled under Michael's feet.

When he saw what had happened, he stopped. It was as though he had jammed on the brakes. He looked at those papers on the floor, and at me, and back to the papers again. There may have been tears in my eyes—I needed that job and I had worked so hard, so carefully over those neatly typed letters.

In a moment he was on his hands and knees, picking them up in his grimy, ink-stained fingers. I sat, frozen to my chair, watching him with a feeling of terror and dismay, no more thinking of trying to stop him than I would have tried to stop a tornado.

He was still on one knee when he turned to me. And as I bent over to save just one letter, his shoulder touched mine and his dark hair brushed against my face, and then he had ruined that one too.

He looked up at me humbly. The anger had gone out of those stormy eyes and they seemed to be telling me that he'd make it up to me somehow.

Then he handed me the letters. And when he saw what he had done to them, saw the way he had inked them with his fingerprints, he gave me such a look of shocked alarm that I burst out laughing, and then he was laughing too—a deep chuckle that came from somewhere down inside his chest.

He went on to Mr. Bogart's office. I turned around and followed him with my eyes. And when he turned too, and our eyes met again, he grinned, and I felt myself blushing.

I looked around at the other girls. They were watching me with knowing smiles.

"Who— who's that?" I asked.

"That's Michael," one of the girls said. It was as though she were giving me the name of a famous movie star. "Michael Shannon, the night foreman."

If you could have seen him, if you could have seen just those eyes of his, eyes that could be so friendly if he liked you, so distant if he didn't—you would understand how he could be what he was, the foreman of a printing plant, and still be known as Michael, instead of Mike.

I learned a little about Michael then. He had something of a past, it seemed, and there was a girl, a girl named Julie... No, I didn't learn the whole story, for that was locked in Michael's heart. And later I was to get it from him, one tortured fragment at a time, until I had pieced all the fragments together.

That night I stayed late at the office, working on the letters Michael had destroyed, doing every one of them over. I knew they were important, that they had to go out. And if they weren't mailed on time, what excuse could I give, except that Michael had knocked them on the floor?
I sat there outside the print shop, hearing the sound of Michael's voice occasionally above the drone of the presses. He was the night foreman. His hours were from four to twelve. And he knew that I, ordinarily, would have left at five. So when he happened to open the door of the shop, about nine o'clock, and saw me sitting all alone in that deserted office, he looked surprised.

"What in thunder are you doing here?" he asked.

I just smiled—a little sadly I suppose—and kept on working.

He came out again at eleven-thirty. He was startled when he saw I was still there. And he wore a reproving look that was half real, half playful.

"I thought I told you to go home," he said. "Have you gone daft?" He came over to my desk, where I was working on the one letter I had left to type. "What's the meaning of this nonsense?" he asked. "Expect to get a raise?"

I tried to smile, but I was almost too tired. "No," I said, "I just happen to need this job."

He looked down at my desk and then he realized what I was doing—typing over those letters he had spoiled. That was the first time I was to see that sad, repentant look, which later I came to know so well. Michael could hurt people so quickly, so deeply, and then he'd be so terribly sorry.

"So it's all on account of me," he said. He stood there wiping his hands on a bit of cotton waste, looking down at me with eyes so full of woe that I could have forgiven him a dozen times over. "I ought to be shot," he said.

I tried to tell him it was my fault, that I'd left the basket too near the edge of the desk, but he wasn't even listening. The way he was looking at me, I felt he was just watching the words come out of my mouth.

"You're a pretty thing when you try to lie," he said.

I blushed. Michael was a man who could look at you and make you blush.

"Stick around till twelve," he said.

"I'll have Battlin' Bessie drive you home."

"Battlin' Bessie?" I repeated.

"The old gray car," he said. He didn't even smile. It was only later that I learned to look for that twinkle he had tucked away in a corner of his eye.

I stuck around. And he drove me home in his old gray car. It was an automobile of ancient vintage, but under his persuasive mechanic's hands, the motor was kept tuned up to perfection.

On the way, we stopped in front of a bowling alley. The sign outside said, "Open day and night, never closed."

"I could take you home and come back," he said, "or you could stop off and do a little bowling with me. I always like to get in a game or two before I go to bed."

I had to be at work at nine, while he could sleep. I thought it just hadn't occurred to him, and I was a little angry at first. But he'd thought of it all right.

"You're all tensed up," he said. "I can feel it when I touch your arm. It's the work that's made you that way. A little bowling now and you'll relax, and sleep like an angel."

He was right. I could already feel myself relaxing in the friendly warmth of his voice. "But I've never bowled," I protested.

"Fine," he said. "I'll teach you." He
SOMETHING I feel that each detail in our story, Michael's and mine—yes, and Julie's, too—was engraved in our hearts from the day we were born, and that I couldn't have escaped the joy and the laughter and the heartache of knowing Michael Shannon if I had tried.

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When he saw what had happened, he stopped. It was as though he had jammed on the brakes. He looked at those papers on the floor, and at me, and back to the papers again.

There may have been tears in my eyes—I needed that job and had worked so hard, so carefully over those nearly four letters.

In a moment he was on his hands and knees, picking them up in his tiny, ink-stained fingers. I sat, frozen, to my chair, watching him with a feeling of terror and dismay, no more thinking of trying to stop him than I would have tried to stop a tornado.

He was still on one knee when he turned to me. And as I bent over to save just one letter, his shoulder touched mine and his dark hair brushed against my face, and then he had ruined that one too.

He looked up at me hungrily. The anger had gone out of those stormy eyes and they seemed to be telling me that he'd make it up to me somehow.

Then he handed me the letters. And when he saw what he had done to them, saw the way he had inked them with his fingerprints, he gave me such a look of shocked alarm that I burst out laughing, and then he was laughing too—a deep chuckle that came from somewhere down inside his chest.

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If you could have seen him, if you could have seen just those eyes of his, eyes that could be so friendly if he liked you, so distant if he didn't— you wouldn't understand how he could be what he was, the veteran of a printing plant, and still be known as Michael, instead of Mike.

I learned a little about Michael then. He had something of a past, it seemed; and there was a girl, a girl named Julie. . .No, I didn't learn the whole story. I only heard what was locked in Michael's heart. And later I was to get from him, one tortured fragment at a time, until I had pieced all the fragments together.

That night I stayed late at the office. I was working on the letters Michael had destroyed, doing every one of the things that should have been done. But I couldn't stop. I had to see it through then, to write that letter that could be sent, even on behalf of his letters. Michael could have been killed on the floor.

I sat there outside the print shop, hearing the sound of Michael's voice occasionally above the drone of the presses. He was the night foreman. His hours were from four to twelve. And he knew that I, ordinarily, would have left at five. So when he happened to open the door of the shop, about nine o'clock, and saw me sitting all alone in that deserted office, he looked surprised.

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I blushed. Michael was a man who could leave you blushing.

"Stick around till twelve," he said. "I'll have Battlin' Bessie drive you home."

"Battlin' Bessie?" I repeated.

"The gray car," he said. He didn't even smile. It was only later that I learned to look for that twinkle. But I had tucked away in a corner of his eye. I stuck around. And he drove me home in his old gray car. It was an automobile of ancient vintage, and under his persuasive mechanic's hands, the motor was kept tuned up to perfection.

On the way, we stopped in front of a bowling alley. The sign said outside, "Open day and night, never closed."

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I had to be at work at nine, while he could sleep. I thought it just hadn't been the right one to him, and I was a little angry at first. But he'd thought of it, he said.

"You're all tensed up," he said. "I can feel it when I touch your arm. It's the work that's made you that way. A little bowling now and you'll relax, and sleep like a baby."

He was right. I could already feel my nerves relaxing in the friendly warmth of his voice. "But I've never bowled," I protested. "Fine," he said, "I'll teach you."
got out and helped me out of the car as though he were Galahad and I was a queen. It was such an elaborate gesture, the way he did it. Suddenly the thought occurred to me that it was something that girl, Julie, had taught him, that he was showing off the manners he had learned.

A shout went up when we entered the bowling alley. There was a group of a girl or two. Michael's friends, all of them. I could see how much they thought of him here.

He introduced me with a wave of his hand. He didn't bother to give me their names.

"This is Ann," he said.


And just in the way they looked at me, I could see what an honor it was to be a friend of Michael's.

So it was Michael who taught me how to bowl. Under his simple and expert guidance, I picked it up sooner than I had expected. He knew how to get to the center of things, to give you the basic details in a few simple words.

Once in a while, when my aim was poor, he would take hold of my arm, standing close to me, blending his strong supple body with mine, to show me the rhythm of the swing, and the "follow through."

I was a woman; I was human—I began to make mistakes just so he would show me again. Once, when I apologized for my "helplessness," he assured me I was learning much more quickly than—and he stopped, there.

"Than another girl I taught once," he concluded.

Much better than Julie? I wanted to ask it. That name had been in the back of my mind. I was sure he'd been going to say "... better than Julie."

He didn't refer again to the incident of the spoiled letters. I didn't have to be a mind reader to see that he was thinking about Julie now, that he had been thinking of her all during the last part of our ride.

I just couldn't say good-night to him like this, feeling that he would never want to take me out again. And then I got an idea.

"Michael," I said, "a girl friend of mine is having a party next Saturday afternoon. She asked me to bring a friend. If you ... if you'd like to come ... I mean, would you?"

He looked at me suddenly in such a bitter, almost scornful way, that I wanted to turn and run.

"Listen," he said, "you're a good kid. A ... a nice girl. I want to give you a piece of advice. Leave me alone. Don't be inviting me to parties, or anything like that."

"Well," I said, "I only ... of course if you ... ."

He forced a laugh, but it was still a bitter laugh.

"I didn't mean to scare you," he said, "but ... well anyway, I hope you enjoyed the bowling."

"I did," I
Once in a while we'd spend a whole Sunday at a nearby lake resort, just the two of us.

said, “and thank you very much.”
“Don’t mention it,” he said. He drove off without another word. I felt as though he had meant, “Don’t mention it to anybody that you were out with Michael Shannon.”

I thought that night was the end of everything between Michael and me. It wasn't. As I’ve said, fate seemed determined to bring the two of us together.

It was a couple of weeks later that Mr. Bogart, Senior, called me into his office. The plant was very busy and he'd been looking for a girl to do night work—to take dictation when he or one of his assistants stayed late, and to spend the rest of her time as a proofreader. My work had been very good, he said, and he'd taken the trouble to learn that I had a good record at high school.

He smiled. “Sometimes,” he said, “a proofreader has to show intelligence, and you seem to have it.”

Well, the job would pay nearly twice what I was getting, and I did want to make more money. My father was a tool and die maker, a good one, but he'd had an accident, and would be laid up, the doctor said, for another six months. And my sister was only a child. I'd been a mother to her ever since our mother had died.

Yes, I had good reason for accepting the job that chance had thrown in my lap. But I sometimes wonder whether I wouldn't have accepted it any way, just for the chance to work with Michael.

I remember how my heart thumped when Mr. Bogart brought me into the printing plant to tell Michael I was the new proofreader. I expected him to hate me for it. But instead, he grinned.

“We'll make a printer out of her yet,” he said. And the way the old man smiled back at him, I could see that even he was under the spell of Michael's charm. Michael talked to him as though he were just a fellow worker in the printing plant.

Michael was still grinning when Mr. Bogart left. "So it's the little bowling champ that's to be my new proofreader," he said. "Well what do you know!"

Looking back, I realize I spent some of the happiest moments of my life with Michael in the print shop. Some of the happiest, and some of the worst. For under him the printing business became something glamorous and delightful. I learned to share his pleasure in a job well done—and I learned to fear his quick flashes of anger, as sudden and terrifying and brief as an April storm.

He taught me how to mark up a proof in the printer's language, and to know the different type faces: Kabel, Bodoni, Girder, Gothic—names like these became a part of my daily language. And working with him, day after day, I came to respect him for what he was—the best all round printing foreman in the state. He was without equal in the matching of colors, and he had a real understanding of every job in the plant, from typography to running a Kelly press.

SOMETIMES when we were working together, he would stand very close to me, and our hands would touch. I felt then that by taking this job, by being so near to him every day, I had lost him. For he seemed to have grown accustomed to me, and I was sure that when our hands touched, there was not a spark of the thrill in it for him that the touch of his hand had for me.

Once when there was a brief rest period, I overheard one of the pressmen say, "The little proofreader sure has a case on our foreman," and I wanted to run away from that job and never come back.

Michael drove me home one night when he and I had left a little later than the rest, and after that it was a regular thing. My house was on the way to the little apartment where he lived, and it was silly, he said, for me to take the bus. He didn't say he enjoyed my company, that he would rather have me with him than drive alone, but I knew that was partly behind his offer. It gave me a little hope. Such a little, for he craved company, that was all—any company would do.

Once when I saw a light in the house, I brought him in, and he met my father. I told him the next day what my father had said, that he seemed to be a fine fellow, and for some reason it pleased Michael, I could tell. The next thing I knew he was asking me to go for a ride with him Sunday afternoon.

"We can stop at a place I know and have dinner and dance, if you like," he said.

I could hardly believe my ears. "I thought you told me once to leave you alone," I said, teasingly.

"That was when I thought . . ." he began. He didn't finish. "It was just a fool idea I had," he said finally.

"Forget it." Somehow I wished he hadn't said it. I knew what he meant, what he had left unsaid. It was that he had learned to look on me as a friend, a pal, and not someone he was apt to make love to.

He called for me that Sunday and we went for a ride. And the first thing he said when we drove off was, "So your Dad thinks I'm okay, does he?"

"He said you were a fine fellow," I reminded him.

"That's funny," he said. "You know Julie—my wife's folks . . . they used to think I was sort of beneath her."

So he was still married to Julie! I'd heard she was getting a divorce some time ago, and I'd learned never to ask him about her. When I did, he seemed to (Continued on page 81)
I introduced me with a wave of his hand. He didn't bother to give me their names.


And just then two girls who looked at me, I could see what an honor it would be for a friend of Michael’s.

So I went with him as he taught me how to bowl. Under his simple and easy guidance, I picked up the ball much sooner than I had expected. He knew how to get to the center of things, to give you the basic details in a few simple words.

Once in a while, when my aim was poor, he would take hold of my arm, standing close to me, blending his strength with mine, to show me the rhythm of the swing, and the “follow through.”

I was a woman; I began to make mistakes just so he would show me again. Once, when I apologized for my “helplessness,” he assured me I was learning much more quickly than—and he stopped there.

“Than another girl I taught once,” he concluded.

Much better than Julie? I wanted to ask it. That name had been in the back of my mind. I was sure he’d be going to say “... better than Julie.”

He didn’t refer again to the incident of the spoiled letters. But I felt that this was his way of making it up to me, of making things all right.

Once, while we were sitting on the bench, waiting our turn, he did mention the boat’s son. I found out why he had been rushing so anxiously into the office of young Michael. For Mr. Bogart, Junior, had gone to one of Michael’s pressmen, and had given a change of instructions without letting Michael, the foreman, know. A foreman of a printing office, Michael explained to me, was like the captain of a ship. He and he alone gave the orders.

He sat there for a while without saying anything, and then he was lying under his breath, and I knew the curses were meant for Harry Bogart—Harry, I couldn’t forget that he was the boss’s son, and that he had once been a star on his college football team.

“One of these days I’ll knock his ears off,” Michael said. I was to remember that threat a little later.

It was early morning, of course, when he drove me home. I was tired, but I would have climbed a mountain with him that night, if he had asked me to. It was as though he were pouring some of his strength and vitality into mine.

“Now you know what bowling is like,” he said. “Did you enjoy it?” I told him it was wonderful. And I said I liked being made a member of his inner circle.

“My inner circle,” he repeated. The phrase seemed to please him, and at the same time I think I came to know more of Maxwell some place in his memory. “My inner circle,” he said again. Then he mentioned Julie for the first time.

“I had a girl once,” he said. “Her name was Julie. It was always her little circle of friends, not mine. To hear her talk you’d have thought I didn’t have an inner circle, or anyway, none that amounted to anything.”

I didn’t know what to say. I sat there beside him in the car, hoping he would tell me more, and not daring to ask.

I reached out to put my hand on his arm, and then I didn’t, for he had stepped on the gas and was driving along at a reckless pace.

He stopped in front of my door. I had to point out the house to him, and the street, and every single thing in it. He knew all of them exactly alike.

He didn’t show any interest in where I lived—or that matter, any further interest in me. It was as though our evening was simply a chance to the incident of the spoiled letters. I didn’t have to be a mind reader to see that he was thinking about Julie now, that he had been thinking of her all during the last part of our ride.

I just couldn’t say good-night to him like this, feeling that he would never want to take me out again. And then I got an idea.

“Michael,” I said, “a girl friend of mine is having a party next Saturday afternoon. She asked me to bring a friend. If you . . . if you’d like to come—I mean, would you?”

He looked at me suddenly in such a bit, almost scornful way, that I wanted to turn and run.

“Listen,” he said, “you’re a good kid. A . . . a nice girl. I want to give you a piece of advice. Leave me alone. Don’t be inviting me to parties, or anything like that.”

“Well,” I said, “I only . . . of course if you...”

He forced a laugh, but it was still a bitter laugh.

“i didn’t mean to scare you,” he said, “but . . . well anyway, I hope you enjoyed the bowling.”

“I did,” I said, “and thank you very much.”

“Don’t mention it,” he said. He drove off without another word. I felt as though he had meant, “Don’t mention it to anybody that you were out with Michael Shannon.”

I thought that night was the end of everything between Michael and me. It wasn’t. As I’ve said, fate seemed determined to bring the two of us together again.

It was a couple of weeks later that Mr. Bogart, Senior, called me into his office. The place was very busy and he’d been looking for a girl to do night work—to take dictation when he or one of his assistants stayed late, and to spend the rest of her time as a proofer. My work had been very good, he said, and he’d taken the trouble to learn that I had a good record at high school.

He smiled. “Sometimes,” he said, “a proofer has to show intelligence, and you seem to have it.”

Well, the job would pay nearly twice what I was getting, and I did want to make more money. My father was a tool and die maker, a good one, but he’d had an accident, and would be laid up, the doctor said, for another six months. My mother was a mother to ever since our father had died.

Yes, I had good reason for accepting the job that chance had thrown in my lap. But I sometimes wondered whether I wouldn’t have accepted it anyway, just for the chance to work with Michael.

I remember how my heart thumped when Mr. Bogart brought me into the printing plant to tell Michael I was his new proofer. I expected him to hate me for it. But instead, he grinned.

“We’ll make a printer out of her yet,” he said. And the way the old man smiled back at him, I could see that even he was under the spell of Michael’s charm. Michael talked to him as though he were just a fellow worker in the printing plant.

Michael was still printing when Mr. Bogart left. “So it’s the little bowling champ that’s to be my new proofer,” he said. “Well what d’you know!”

Looking back, I realize I spent some of the happiest moments of my life with Michael in the print shop. Some of the happiest, and some of the worst. For under him the printing business became something I was proud of, and delightful. I learned to share his spirit of perfectionism—done and I learned to fear his quick flashes of anger, but with rising and terrifying and bringing an April storm. He taught me how to mark up a proof in the printer’s language, and even though I don’t know his type faces: Bodoni, Bodoni, Gider, the latter I understand is his particular part of my daily language. And working with him, day after day, I came to know him. I suppose I knew better all round printing foreman in the city. I knew him well enough to know the matching of colors, and he had a wonderful understanding of every job in the plant. I even understood typography when a Kelly press.

SOMETIMES when we were working together, he would stand very close to me, and I could feel his breath on my neck. I felt that by taking this job, I was near him. One day, I had lost him. For he seemed to be more grown accustomed to me, and I was waiting for him. I was touched, there was not a spark of fire that the touch of his hand had for me.

I was often when there was a brief rest period in a line of work. I once asked Michael to help me make a review. “The little proofer sure has a nose on her,” he said. “Co’me along, my girl, I want to run away from that job and never come back.”

Michael drove me home one night when he and I had left a little later than usual. We got back to the restaurant and regular thing. My house was on the way to the little apartment where he lived. I called him up, he said, for he knew I had to take the bus. He didn’t say he didn’t have a car. I knew that he would rather have me with him than drive alone, but I knew that was partly beyond his offer. It gave me a little hope. Such a little, for he craved everything that was all—any company would do.

Once when I saw a light in the house, I brought in and I met my father. I told him the next day what my father had said, that he seemed to be a fine fellow, and for some reason it pleased Michael, I could tell. The next thing I knew he was asking me to go for a ride with him Sunday afternoon. There was a place known and have dinner and dance, if you like,” he said.

I could hardly believe my ears. “I thought you told me once to leave you alone,” I said, teasingly. “That was when I thought . . . he be a fellow, he don’t finish. I know the dumb idea I had,” he said finally.

“Forget it!”

“Don’t forget,” he wished he hadn’t said it. I knew what he meant, what he had left unsaid. It was that he hadn’t been able to look on me as a friend, a pal, and not someone he was apt to make love to. He was asking me to go for a ride. And the first Bogart, he said when we drove. “So your Dad thinks I’m okay, does he?”

“He said you were a fine fellow,” I reminded him.

“Thats funny,” he said. “You know Julia—my wife's folks used to think I was sort of beneath her.”

So he was married. And perhaps he was getting a divorce some time ago, and I’d learned never to take a hint about her. When I did, I suddenly seemed to (Continued on page 81)
My Heart Remembers

I didn't know that a human being's eyes could look the way Steven's eyes did the night I met him. Doing impossible things, even the possibility of feeling, his eyes seemed to be—past love, past fear, past pain, past hope. His eyes looked the way I had thought my heart had felt, until I met Steven, until I learned what real suffering can be, making my own suffering a small thing beside it. Steven's suffering had gone beyond the point where you feel that there is nothing left to live for, to the point where you wish you weren't alive, but the dull apathy which has closed over you doesn't let you do anything so positive, so actual, as taking your own life.

When I first saw him, he was sitting in a far corner of the U.S.O. Canteen where I was serving. Some other soldier, I learned later, had brought him there in a sympathetic attempt to arouse him to remembrance of the joy of being alive, and when the attempt had failed, had left him there on the straight little settee in the corner and gone his way.

I walked across to the solitary figure and said, with some of the gaiety I was always able to muster for my work here, "You don't look like the wallflower type—how about dancing with me?"

And then he turned his eyes up to me, and I saw what was in them. I couldn't find anything to say, but I dropped down beside him on the hard seat, as if I knew, even then, that I couldn't leave him and leave him to face the world alone.

He turned a little, and blinked at me as if he had entered a lighted room from the dark. After a moment he said, "Hello. I was thinking, I guess." His voice was dull, too, and spilled the words out carelessly, as if they were not worth the trouble of speaking them. Then he looked at me again and, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, he put his hand in mine, simply and trustingly, as a child who is lost in a crowd puts his faith in the first adult who has the sympathy and takes the time to stop and talk to him.

In the face of Steven's eyes I could summon no tact, no delicacy. I heard my own voice saying bluntly, "What's the matter?"

There was another little silence, as if we both took a longer time to reach Steven than other people. At last he answered, "Don't talk about what's wrong with me. That's what I'm trying to forget. If you want to talk, talk about you. You look nice. I'd like to hear you talk about you." He blinked again, looked at me more closely. Perhaps he was actually seeing me for the first time. "There's something wrong with you, too," he said.

I realized then that it would not be just kindness to talk to him. But to talk trivialities would be no good, either—no talk about the weather, or the music issuing from the juke box across the room. "How about it? been for April, hasn't it?" or "Don't you think that new song is sort of silly?" It would have to be something that would make him think, make him answer—make him feel. And besides, somehow I knew that with Steven, sick or well, you'd never have to dress your conversation with the ribbons and lace of conventionalism. With him you could talk as if he'd known you all your life, as if he knew the inner workings of your mind, the smallest secret places of your heart.

And so I told him, "Yes, there's something wrong with me, too. I'm in love."

I saw a flicker in his eyes, then, and I knew, I had his attention, that he was beginning really to listen to me. My own feelings were such a strange mixture—a tight, unreasonable fear that just looking at Steven had brought me, and a warm, blessed release in talking at last about the hurt that was eating my heart away.

My voice hurried on. "Dick's my foster brother. His mother and father adopted me when I was just a baby, and we've been brought up like brother and sister—lived together all our lives..."

Sitting there, with Steven's hand in mine, I felt again some of the happiness I'd known as a child. The pleasant white house in the suburbs in which we'd lived, Mother and Dad and Dick, and I, with the stretch of green lawn in front, and the garden behind, divided half-and-half, flowers for Mother and vegetables for Dad. There had been a swing in the big tree that shaded the lower end of the backyard, and Dick used to push me in it, standing uncomplaining at the task sometimes when he probably would rather have been playing with some of the boys. But once, I remembered, he had pushed me too high, and I'd fallen. And instead of comforting me, as I'd expected him to do, he'd laughed and called me a crybaby.

It's funny how you remember little things almost better than you remember big ones—little things like the hair ribbon Dick had bought me one Christmas with the first money he'd ever earned, and how Dick had liked dancing class and I'd hated it—just the opposite of the way it should have been—and how mad Dick was when I went out on my first real date, because it was with a boy he didn't approve of.

I remembered picnics and parties and just pleasant day-by-day living, until the jump in my throat grew until I could hardly force words past it. "We had—we had a wonderful time when we were children," I told Steven lamely.

Steven's eyes were brighter now, and I knew with a quick rush of relief that he had stopped thinking about himself and was thinking of me. His hand tightened over mine, and he said, softly, "Why should being in love make you sad?"

Why? If I could only have burdened this lonely soldier with the story I could have told him so exactly—I could name the very night it began: three years ago, when I was sixteen, but it might as well have been three days ago, for I could remember every word, every gesture, every look that passed between Dick and me.

That was the night I found out what was wrong with me, the night I found out that I was in love with Dick. It sounded simple, but it wasn't simple! It was complex and complicated and—frightening!

"You are more than love, you are life to me," Steven told her, and she knew she must forget Dick—she must learn a new happiness

My True Story Radio Drama
I'd had a wonderful time, that night. A group of us had gone dancing, and we'd had permission to stay out until one in the morning—the first time I'd ever been out so late. I'd gone with Ralph Emory—Ralph, who had lived down the block from us all our lives, who'd played with us when we were children.

My feet were still moving to rhythm when I slipped into the dark hall and walked silently toward the stairs. But Dick's voice came out of the dim recesses of the living room to stay me—and that voice was like cold water thrown on the warm remembrance of the fun I'd had that night.

"Susan!" The light he snapped on dispelled the last of the magic. "This is a fine hour for you to be getting in!"

I turned to face him. "I had Mother's permission to stay out till one," I told him sharply. "And what business of yours is it, anyway, I'd like to know?"

But I heard my own voice fading away, because I was seeing Dick then with new eyes. It was as if I'd never noticed before how tall he was, how straight, as if I'd never before realized how blue his eyes were, how his hair lay close over his ears like the feathers on the wings of a bird, how the ears themselves were strangely shaped, a
little pointed. I walked slowly across the hall to him, magnetized. Oh, he may have dispelled the magic of the evening that was behind me, but he was binding me to him forever now with a new magic of his own.

I felt that he must surely hear the pounding of my heart, see how my hands were trembling. And he must have caught the change in my voice when I said, very softly: "I'm sorry, Dick," for the anger left him, too. He put out his hand and with a doubled fist struck me lightly, mockingly on the chin—an old familiar gesture of his.

ALL RIGHT," he said. "Get up to bed and get your beauty sleep—you'll be an old woman before your time at this rate." But before I turned, his hand slid down to my shoulder and tightened on it, just for a moment. Then I wrenched myself away and flew up the stairs—to lie awake, dreaming of Dick all night.

I didn't understand, didn't understand, Dick! and my heart—my secret too—I found that in his own way he was fighting against it, hiding it, just as I was hiding my love for him from the eyes of a world that would mistake its meaning. I didn't understand—until one night, that still has for me all the unreality of the last—of the culmination of all I'd dreamed since the moment I'd known I loved Dick. It was late—probably three or four in the morning—and a high moon outside sent long fingers of pale, ghostly light through the windows. I was restless, and I tried to call my name, but my voice was hoarse and dry, and I decided to go down to the kitchen. My groping feet found my mules, and without bothering to turn on the light to locate my robe, I slipped out of the room and down the hall.

It was on the stair landing, with the moon, showing pale through that old faded green, that I found Dick. I stood still a moment, staring at him, conscious of my light pajamas, and of the fact that he, too, had left his room without a robe. Then, after a moment, we said, in chorus, "I was hungry, and—"

We stopped, on a little duet of foolish laughter, and then the laughter died away, leaving us in silence that was thick and heavy, like a swirling curtain of black velvet. Suddenly I began to tremble to the beat of the quick thudding of my heart. I tried to edge past him, but he stopped me, and away from his door, and his hand came out and caught my wrist, and his voice, thick and strange, cried, "Wait!!"

He pulled me around to face him, and we stood there, not thinking, not breathing. Then his voice again, crying "Go on, my dear!—a heart-wrong prayer."

"Oh, Susan!" And I was where I had longed to be—in his arms, his hungry mouth closing my eyes with kisses, bruising my lips with a delicious pain. His words were little stars in the timeless heaven into which we had slipped—"Susan, dear! My darling little sister!"

That was the word that broke the spell. We fell apart then, and stood, strange and still and cold for a moment that was whisper-short and long as forever. Then I turned and fled, up the stairs again, and into my room, to bury my hot face in the pillow to hate myself and tell the world.

I had forgotten where I was, forgotten the man with the pain in his eyes, forgotten everything but the memory of that one sweet moment. The pressure of Steven's fingers on mine awakened me to the realization of where I was—and to the realization that I had almost told to a stranger the secret I had shared with no one else in the world.

It was hard to raise my eyes to Steven's, but when I did I knew once again that he could never be a stranger, that he had shared with me a few short years of being a part of people whom you seem to have been born knowing, who, when you meet them, are closer to you than the people you've known all your lives. And I knew, too, looking at him, that I had succeeded in making him forget himself. His pale, flat-faced face had regained some of the color which once must have lightened it. There was warmth in his eyes—compassion, which above all makes you forget yourself in pity for someone else. Now he was—well, he was human again, a man, alive.

"Why did you come here, to Evans's?"

How could I tell him—or anyone—about the next morning when I knew so surely that it was impossible for Dick and me to go on living in the same house. It was simpler for me to go—simpler for me to say I wanted to leave him. I was a stranger, which would require my living close by. So I went away and went to work, and—"And," I said out loud, because something in his eyes made me say it, "it's been eight months since I left. I've almost forgotten.

But that was a lie.

We were silent for a little while after that, and I suddenly realized that I didn't even know this man's name. Of course, I've been calling him Steven all the while I've been telling you this, but you must remember that I had just met him a little bit before, just sat down to talk to him, a strange and lonely soldier.

"I— I don't know your name," I faltered. "How funny, to talk to you like this, and—"

He smiled again, that gentle, sweet smile. "Not stranger at all. Maybe we would love you better if we knew you and I, and all our lives have just been leading up to this meeting." Then he laughed, but I knew that the laugh was only for me, to keep me from thinking he was too serious—and I knew, as well, that he believed what he said.

Disengaging his fingers from mine, he got to his feet. "My name is Steven Day. And yours is Susan—Susan what?"

"Susan Lothrop."

"And now that we've been formally introduced, let's get away from here, Susan. We're a couple of old people. Let's walk in the riverside park, and maybe we can find ourselves."

Silently, yet somehow bound together, we left the big, crowded, smoky room, and walked down the quiet streets to the (Continued on page 69)
IN LIVING PORTRAITS

LONE JOURNEY

In its western setting of wheat fields, of glistening beaver ponds, with its hills of ever-changing mood and color, see the people of Judith Mountains Country that you meet daily on this true-to-life radio story.
WOLFE BENNETT was born on the Spear-T Ranch. He was educated in Illinois, became an architect and married beautiful, ambitious Nita Lord. They lived together in Evanston, Illinois, for six years when suddenly Nita decided that their marriage was a failure. Disillusioned and saddened, Wolfe returned to Montana. During the next year, he met and fell in love with Sydney Sherwood, who was visiting her uncle. Then Nita came from Chicago to visit Wolfe at the ranch and they were reunited.

(Played by Reese Taylor)
SYDNEY SHERWOOD MACKENZIE is the niece of Henry Newman, an old friend and neighbor of Wolfe Bennett's. Soon after Nita's and Wolfe's reconciliation, Sydney married a young music school director, Lansing Mackenzie, who is now in the Solomons with the United States Army. Before her marriage she was a piano teacher and when Lansing went away, Sydney decided to continue giving lessons. She now has a studio in the same building with Wolfe, and they are very good friends.

(Played by Laurette Fillbrandt)
LEILA MATTHEWS is a modern young ranch wife. She and Wolfe Bennett grew up together in the valley. They went to the same school and everyone supposed they would some day get married. But Wolfe went away to college, met and married Nita. This was tragedy for Leila, but being a very sensible person, she eventually married young JIM MATTHEWS (upper right), a nice, not too bright neighbor boy. She and Jim are contented on their ranch and have two very fine children. (Leila played by Genelle Gibbs) (Jim played by Frank Dane)

HENRY NEWMAN, left, is one of radio's most loved characters. In the Lone Journey story he is a bachelor sheep rancher, a philosopher, good neighbor, wise counsellor to the friends who come naturally to him for advice. The character of Old Henry Newman is based on a real-life Montana rancher by that name. The actor who portrays him on the program falls naturally into the part, since he has many of the qualities that have endeared this story of the West and Henry Newman to so many listeners these many years. (Played by Cliff Soubier)
MRS. KING AND KYLE are mother-in-law and daughter-in-law. Jessie King, almost single-handed owns and operates a Montana cattle ranch. She and Henry Newman are great friends. Over a cup of Henry's special and wonderful tea, these two old timers can always settle the world's ills and come to a happy awareness of life's goodness. Mrs. King has a son in the army. Kyle King is his wife, and she has come to live on her mother-in-law's ranch for the duration. Kyle is a rather misunderstood, rather tragic figure.

(Mrs. King played by Bess McCammon)
(Kyle King played by Geraldine Kay)

MEL TANNER was foreman of the Spear-T Ranch before he joined the Army, where he is now serving as a technical sergeant. Mel is a confidant and old friend of Wolfe's who considers him the salt of the earth. He is sincere, unselfish, and friendly, the kind of man you always think of when the people of the "great open spaces of the West" are mentioned.

(Played by Dewitt McBride)
Must we say goodbye?

What can come of loving another woman's husband but bitter regret? Mary knew that—still she cherished a hope that somehow their love would find a way

I ELBOWED my way out of the bus, stepping on the toes of a large lady who only glared at my hurried apology. I would have fallen if I didn't hope we'd stood all the way out from town, jostling each other, swaying back and forth, being pushed and pulled around every time someone else got on or off, until it was as hard to keep your temper as your footing.

As soon as I was on the sidewalk I started up the block, just not actually running. The super-market closed at six, and it was ten minutes to, already. At that, I was lucky tonight. Often enough I had to stay five or ten minutes late at the office, and as a result, those nights Margie and I dined on delicatessen food or something out of a can—neither of which we could afford.

But at the thought of Margie, as always, my body felt a little lighter—just as if her chubby, five-year-old magic had lifted an actual physical load off my shoulders. The worries about money, the tired end-of-the-day feeling, the loneliness—these weren't half so bad, any of them, simply because of Margie's existence. It was funny, I thought, that a little girl could complicate one's existence in such a way, and still be so infinitely precious.

The market was crowded, and I went straight to the meat counter first, digging into my purse for the precious ration book and equally precious money. I hoped they had some liver; the doctor had said Margie needed it once a week... I looked in dismay at the people ahead of me. By the time I was waited on the vegetable counter would be closed, and I had to get some kind of vegetable!

I edged in closer. I hated to be the kind of person who tries to get waited on ahead of her turn, but—

One of the two butchers behind the big glass counter glanced at me inquiringly, and I opened my mouth. But I wasn't quick enough. A feminine voice beside me said grimly, "I've been standing here for ten minutes, young woman, if you please!"

Feeling like a criminal, I stepped back while the woman gave her order. There was a man on the other side of me, a tall man with a kind, humorous mouth. He was vaguely familiar, but I didn't know why. And suddenly, in a conspiratorial tone, he spoke. "I think they'll wait on me in a minute or two. If you'll just tell me what you want I'll get it."

"Oh, would you?" I said breathlessly. "Then I could go over to the vegetables and—you know, if they have any, if they haven't—oh, I guess a couple of shoulder lamb chops."

Lamb chops were extravagant, but there wasn't any sense in getting something that would take too long to cook. I poked my ration book at him. "Here, you'd better take this."

"Aren't you afraid I'll run off with it?" he asked with a smile. "Why— About to hurry away, I stopped and looked at him. He was quite right—it was foolish to give your ration book to a perfect stranger. But in this case— "No," I said honestly, and found myself laughing up at him. "Not in the least."

Before I had finished at the vegetable counter, he joined me there. "Liver," he announced proudly. "And here's your ration book." Without asking me about it, he picked my bundle off the counter and added it to the ones already in his arms. "All ready?" he asked.

It came to me, then, where I'd seen him before. "Of course!" I said aloud. "You live up the street from me, don't you?—in the white house with the blue shutters, on the corner."

"That's right," he said, holding the swinging door to the street open with his foot so I could pass in front of him. "And you live in the brown house with the wisteria vine, in the middle of the block. You have a little girl who is just about the prettiest thing I've ever seen."

I always told myself I didn't care whether Margie was pretty or not, as long as she was healthy—and so it was foolish to feel such a warm glow of pleasure at his praise. "It's nice of you to say that."

"Well, it's true," he answered simply. We were walking side by side through the busy little suburban shopping district, the cool spring breeze sharp on our faces. "You work in town?" he asked.
"Yes. I'm a stenographer at Schley and Mortimer's."

"Must make it hard for you, with the little girl to take care of."

"It is hard, a little," I said. "Margie's awfully good, and can take care of herself very well, for only five years old, but I can't quite leave her alone. And of course I have to work—my husband," I said quietly, "was killed in an accident at the factory where he worked, two years ago."

"Oh—I see," he said, and I hurried on. "Mrs. Boland, next door, has been looking after Margie in the daytime, but she's going to work in a war plant in a week, and after that I don't know just what I will do. . . . And then, of course," I added, wanting for some reason to go on talking, "the shopping is a nuisance. If you hadn't helped me tonight, I guess we'd have gone without meat or vegetables, one or the other."

"I'm glad I happened to be there. My wife usually does the shopping, but she wasn't feeling so well today so I picked up some things on my way home." He chuckled under his breath. "What do you bet I've bought all the wrong things?"

"Probably," I said. "Men usually do, don't they?"

It was pleasant, walking up the street with him. He had a natural gift for friendliness; and I felt as if I'd known him a long time. In a very few minutes—the five or six it took to get to the corner where he lived—he'd told me that his name was Blaine Edwards, that he and his wife had lived out here for three years, and that he didn't think he'd try putting in any peas this year, he'd had such poor luck with them last. But his corn—well,
I Elbowed my way out of the bus, stepping on the toes of a large lady who only glared at my hurried apology. I couldn’t really blame her. We'd stood all the way out town, jostling each other, swaying back and forth, being pushed and pulled around every time someone else got on or off until it was as hard to keep your temper as your footing.

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But at the thought of Margie, as always, my body felt a little lighter—just as if her chubby, five-year-old magic had lifted an actual physical load off my shoulders. The worries about money, the tired end-of-the-day feeling, the loneliness—these weren't half so bad, any of them, simply because of Margie’s existence. It was funny, I thought, that a little girl could compound one’s existence so much, and still be so infinitely precious.

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“Then I could go over to the vegetables and—Two slices of calves’ liver, if they have any, and if they haven’t—oh, I guess a couple of shoulder lamb chops.”

Lamb chops were extravagant, but there wasn’t any sense in getting something that would take too long to cook. I picked my ration book at him. “Here, you’d better take this.”

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“Here’s your ration book.” Without asking me about it, he picked my bundle off the counter and added it to his own. “I have to report a thing,” he said grimly, “of course. But don’t feel so. I’m—”

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“It is hard, a little,” I said. “Margie’s awfully good, and can take care of herself very well, for only five years old, but I can’t quite leave her alone. And of course I have to work.—my husband,” I said quietly, “was killed in an accident at the factory where he worked, two years ago.”

“Oh—” he said, and I hurried on. “Mrs. Boland, next door, has been looking after Margie in the daytime, but she’s going to work in a war plant in a week, and after that I don’t know just what I will do . . . And then, of course,” I added, wanting for some reason to go on talking, “the shopping is a nuisance. If you wouldn’t help me tonight, I guess we’d have gone without meat or vegetables, one or the other.”

“I’m glad I happened to be there. My wife usually does the shopping, but she hasn’t feeling so well today so I picked up some things on my way home.”

“Probably,” I said. “Men usually do, don’t they?”

It was pleasant, walking up the street with him. He had a natural gift for friendliness, and I felt as if I’d known him a long time. In a very few minutes—the five or six it took to get to the corner where he lived—he’d told me that his name was Blaine Edwards, that he was an accountant at the Drysdale plant, that he and his wife had lived out here for three years, and that he didn’t think he’d try putting in any peas this year, he’d had such poor luck with them last. But his corn—well,
just wait until I tasted it, next July!

That—the mention of food—reminded me. "Oh—I didn't pay you for the liver. How much was it?"

"Thirty-five cents," he said matter-of-factly, "and I didn't feel that you should have been—unpleasant, if he'd thought it necessary to be gallant and say that such a small sum didn't matter. Some men would.

He took off his hat to say goodbye, and I really saw his face for the first time. It was thin, like his body. It was the face of a mature man—he must be about thirty, I guessed—but it was boyish, too. His eyes were a very clear gray, with thick, dark lashes, and looking into them I had the impression that he loved laughter and gayety, but hadn't had a great deal of either.

"Look," he said suddenly. "One nice thing about not having any gasoline to go riding is that we have a chance to meet our neighbors. Why don't you and the little girl come over Sunday afternoon, about four? We'll have a bite to eat, too. It and you and Bernice can get acquainted."

"I'd like that very much," I said, and meant it.

"Good. We'll expect you."

I went on then, warmed by his parting smile, and at the same time feeling once more the loneliness I knew so well. Oh, Ned, Ned, I cried soundlessly. I still miss you, darling. Days like this, with spring whispering in the air—times like this, when I see men coming home to their wives—I miss you most of all. It doesn't seem to matter, so much, that our marriage was never what it should have been—we were both too headstrong, too bent on having our own ways. But we were learning. If we'd had more time, we could have built a life together... maybe. Maybe.

I ran up the front steps of my own little house. It was smaller than Mr. Edwards', and not nearly so well cared-for, and the rent was higher than it should have been, but I considered myself lucky to have found a place at all. Of course, if I'd been alone, I could have lived in a single room in town, but with Margie I really needed a place in the suburbs. Ned and I had always said we wouldn't let a child of ours grow up in the city...

In the hallway I caught sight of myself in the diamond-shaped mirror of the old-fashioned hatrack—and for a second I looked at the reflection as dispassionately as I would have inspected a stranger. You're twenty-eight, Mary Manning, I thought, and darned if you don't look it, and more. Fine, soft yellow hair can be lovely when you take care of it, but not when it's just combed out any old way. All right, you can afford beauty parlors—you could find an hour to fix it yourself, couldn't you? And you always did look like a ghost without lipstick... no wonder Mr. Edwards took pity on you.

"Margie!" I called, and heard the icebox door slam in the kitchen. She came running, and launched herself into my arms as if she'd been shot out of a gun.

"Mummy, you're late!"—accusingly. "I was just deciding I'd have to cook supper myself. I was going to make a pie and a chocolate cake and roast beef and mashed potatoes..."

"Mmm—sounds good," I told her. "Maybe I'd better let you go ahead with the job."

"The prettiest thing I'd ever seen," he'd called Margie. Well, he was right! Funny he didn't have any children of his own—and I was sure he didn't, because Margie would have known, and reported on their presence, if he had.

On Sunday afternoon at four o'clock I'd washed and brushed my hair until it positively shimmered, and I'd remembered the lipstick. I'd warned Margie to be on her best behavior, and I'd dressed her and myself in crisp cotton dresses which felt wonderfully fresh and light in these first warm days of spring. The minute we entered the Edwards' house I was glad I'd taken the trouble to see that both Margie and I looked our best, because the atmosphere of Mrs. Edwards' home—not once did I think of it as his home—said plainly it was used to nothing but the best.

The living room was like something cut out of a magazine, printed in full colors. The hardwood floors gleamed around slippery oases of throw-rugs,
the slip covers had just that second come from the iron, the snowy-white organdie curtains were looped back to frame the windows in precise symmetry, and if there was a speck of dust anywhere I was sure it would have taken a detective to find it.

Mrs. Edwards herself was a little dark-haired woman, with eyes to match, and delicate, finely-cut features. She was pretty, and she certainly was hospitable to me, a comparative stranger. On a table in front of the window she’d laid out a buffet supper of delicious food—beans baked to a molasses brown, ham in shaving-thin slices, a salad bowl of lettuce, tomatoes, asparagus and watercress, tea and little cakes. All of it tasted as good as it looked.

While we ate, I told her how lovely I thought her room was, and when she made a small deprecatory sound her husband said proudly:

“Yes—and Bernice made the curtains and slip-covers herself . . . and her dress, too.”

“It’s a beautiful dress,” I said—and it was; if it was also a little too frilly to be quite right for her edged good looks, that didn’t alter the fact that she’d worked hard and well on it.

“I love to sew,” she told me. “As far as that goes, I love doing almost anything around a house—even cleaning. I simply can’t stand not having things nice—No darling!” she interrupted herself, leaning forward in her chair. Margie, slipping away from my side, had picked up a little china ornament from the coffee table. “Put it down, dear.”

She was smiling, but Margie looked scared, and I reached out and took the piece of bric-a-brac from her. And then I forgot the incident. Mrs. Edwards’ concern for her belongings was entirely natural, but I have thought since—oh, how very often!—that if only I’d been more observant, more sensitive to the undercurrents of character, I would have known better than to let Margie go every day to the Edwards’.

For that was what happened. It was Blaine’s suggestion—as so many kind and helpful things originated with him—but as far as I knew it came from Bernice, too. At the end of the week, when we had progressed to first names in our friendship, I still hadn’t found anyone who could look out for Margie while I was at work, and I was on the point of advertising for a woman to come in, which I couldn’t have afforded. That’s why it was such a relief when Blaine dropped in one evening with his offer.

“I’ll be nice for Bernice, too, remember,” he parried my gratitude.

“Margie will be company for her. She gets lonesome, there all day while I’m at the office.”

Yes, I could understand that. Bernice seemed to have no particular women friends in the neighborhood. I supposed she was one of those women who don’t take much interest in the ordinary activities of suburban social life. She’d hinted, the preceding Sunday, that she found the few women she knew on our block either stupid or dull . . .

B L A I N E leaned down, the better to talk to Margie. “How about it?” he asked her. “Would you like to visit Aunt Bernice every day?”

“Can I take Shirley with me?” Margie asked, not suspiciously, but in a reasonable spirit of wanting to get everything down in black and white before committing herself. Shirley Temple was her doll, alternately loved passionately and completely forgotten.

“And is she really my aunt?”

“No, not really,” Blaine said, “but she’d like to have you call her that. And of course you must bring Shirley.”

“. . . All right,” Margie agreed—and then, catching my eye, “Thank you.”

We were still laughing when the telephone rang, and I suppose the remnant of laughter was in my voice when I answered. There was a barely perceptible pause before a woman’s voice which I recognized at once said, “Mrs. Manning? Is my husband there?”

Strange that she should be so formal, I thought—we’d been calling each other Bernice and Mary, quite naturally, only a day or so before. Well, I wouldn’t notice it. “Oh, hello!” I cried. “Yes, he’s here, being a Good Samaritan about Margie. It’s wonderful of you to take her, Bernice, really. But are you sure she won’t be too much trouble?”

She laughed at that. “I won’t let her be!” she promised. “Can I speak to Blaine, please?”

“Of course.” I handed him the telephone, and listened to his end of the conversation. (Continued on page 62)
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"Yes—Bernice made the curtains
and slipcovers herself..."  

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than to let Margie go every day to the
store.

Paragraph 4
For that was what happened. It was
Blaine's suggestion—possibly all
sorts. I glanced at her, for I was
one of those who didn't take much
interest, and in the end, when
we reached the conclusion that
we would not have a Margie
in our friendship, I still hadn't
found anything for which I could
look out. Margie, who was
in the middle, I hadn't had
a Margie, and I'd be too
hard.

Paragraph 5
I'd be too

Paragraph 6
"I'll be nice for Bernice, too, re-
member," he parried my gratitude.  

Paragraph 7
"Margie will be company for her.
She gets lonely, there all day while I'm
at the office."

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Temple was her idol, alternately loved
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"And is she really my aunt?"
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she'd like to have you call her that.
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"...All right," Margie agreed—and
then, catching my eye. "Thank you."

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telephone rang, and I suppose
the voice of laughter was in my voice
when I answered. There was a barely
perceptible pause before I recognized
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Paragraph 12
"Mrs. Manning? Is my husband there?"
"Yes, he's here, being a Good Samaritan
about Margie. It's wonderful of you
to take her, Bernice, really. But are you
sure she won't be too much trouble?
I laughed at that. "I won't let her
be," she promised. "Can I speak to
Blaine, please?"

Paragraph 13
"Of course. I handed him the tele-
phone, and listened to his end of the
conversation. (Continued on page 62)
I HEARD a story the other day that I just can't get out of my mind. It happened to a friend named Ruth Smith. Ruth's a lovely young woman who lives over in Metropole with her husband and young boy . . .

One Friday morning not long ago Ruth went marketing early. Her brother, John, and his wife, Helen, were coming for Sunday dinner and she, of course, was shopping for dinner for him and his. Helen, who was responsible for the household, had decided to make roast beef. Helen is a great cook and always makes the choicest meat and fruit and vegetables.

She was anxious to have a specially fine dinner for John and Helen. She felt they deserved it. You see, they have two sons in the Pacific—which means a lonely home and troubled minds. Besides, they work long and hard for Victory right here. John's in defense and Helen, in addition to taking care of John and their little home, supervises a community nursery school where they look after the small children of mothers who have war jobs.

A short time back—like everybody else—Ruth didn't think twice about having a roast beef for Sunday dinner. These days she counts it a treat. She hoped, walking to the store that Friday morning, that luck would be with her and she'd be able to get the cut she wanted. Ever since her brother John has been knee-high roast beef has been his favorite food. She planned to have asparagus, too, and potatoes cooked with the meat. A mixed green salad. Apple pie for dessert. All week she had saved points.

The week before, so she told me, her butcher shop had opened under new management. Her old proprietor had sold out when his son had gone into service. Well, when it came her turn to be served she asked the new man if he had a nice roast of beef. He smiled and offered her the first three ribs. "That's just fine," she said, and she fairly beamed. She could picture her brother John's grin when that roast came on the table, all brown and crisp on the outside, rare inside.

When the ribs went on the scale the price seemed high. However, it wasn't a time when Ruth was counting the cost. Not until a few hours later, in fact, as she was putting her order away and spiking her sales slips did she really compute what that roast had cost, pound for pound. She realized then, instantly, that the price she had paid far exceeded the fixed ceiling price. That meant, undoubtedly, that she had bought Black Market meat! She stood at her kitchen table faint and sick all over. If only, she thought, I had reckoned the cost while I was in the store! Then I could have done something about it, questioned the butcher, refused to take the roast. But it was too late! She wondered, too, if there was any way she could detect Black Market meat, beyond any doubt. And she decided to ask John about it.

At dinner that Sunday, when Ruth told John and Helen what had happened, Helen tried to console her. "After all," Helen said, "you didn't set out to buy Black Market meat, Ruth! If the roast is Black Market you bought it innocently enough . . ."

But Ruth knew, by the set expression of her brother's mouth, that he felt otherwise. "No use fooling ourselves about that roast," he said, seriously, "it's Black Market meat! Its cost wouldn't have exceeded the fixed ceiling price if it was legal meat. You've got to wake up, you women! Black Markets are counting upon your indifference and your ignorance of the way they operate to survive. There aren't Black Markets just in meat either, you know. There are Black Markets to spring up in anything else which our government rations or places a fixed ceiling price upon . . ."

Then John went on to explain to Ruth and Helen that the more often a tradesman had to answer questions which his customers asked to guard against buying Black Market products, you know—the more convinced he would be that it would be stupid for him to deal in illegal goods.

A challenge to all women of America—the longer it takes you to do your all-out share, the longer this war will last!

And the more mindful of Black Markets he would be, too . . . and the less likely to be taken in by them.

John said: "You women must ever give up the men you've traded with for years if necessary. I know the difficulty of marketing in these days," he went on, "when you have no car and there are points and costs to consider, and when you're busy with all the extra war work you're tackling. But you've got to do your part in stamping out the Black Market. Even though you end up walking several blocks further to do your shopping, you must not patronize any tradesman who doesn't respect you for making sure you aren't buying so much as a nickel's worth of Black Market's products.

"Don't forget either," John went on, frankly, "that you jeopardize your family's health every time you bring Black Market meat or Black Market anything else into the kitchen. No government inspectors pass upon Black Market meat, remember. And the thieves who sell it don't care what happens to you once they have your money. . . . You bought Black Market meat, Ruth," he insisted, "else, as I said before, you wouldn't have paid more than the fixed ceiling price for it! But, so you won't buy it again—let me tell you and Helen here about the Government stamps . . ."

Well, he went on to say that every legal piece of meat that enters a retailer's store bears both a slaughter permit number and a grade stamp. "You won't (Continued on page 65)
A MAN'S nature is a treacherous thing. I had always known, I suppose, that love can turn to hate, that the closest friendship can become the bitterest enmity, that tenderness can change into a savage desire to be cruel, to return hurt for hurt, but I had never actually realized that I was capable of such complete corrosion within myself until that June morning I walked into Sally Lou Shand's hotel room.

It should have been Carolyn's room. I had expected it to be Carolyn's; it was Carolyn, with her wide green eyes and her hair like sunlight, and her lovely lightness of voice and her lovely lightness of person, Carolyn, the girl I was engaged to marry, whom I had left the Post to meet that morning. Instead I found Sally Lou, Carolyn's sister. She was eighteen, three years younger than Carolyn and four years younger than I, but to me—she was just a youngster. I remembered her as the youngster who'd run her legs off to keep up with us at Cops and Robbers when we were all children, who later on hung around the field when I went out for spring football practice in high school, who still later obligingly lured Petey and Bub, the youngest Shanes, out of the living room when I went to call on Carolyn.

And it was Sally Lou who had traveled from our home town near Richmond, Virginia, to that Manhattan hotel to speak the words which turned all of my hopes into hopelessness, which made dust of my every dream.

"Carolyn can't marry you, Jim," she said. "Not tomorrow, and not ever. She eloped three days ago with Captain Emory Lee."

That was all, and that was everything. I hadn't known that I could be hurt so much. I hadn't known how bitter hurt could be, nor that the poison of bitterness must gain release, no matter who else suffered. The truth was that I had been ill-prepared for that day. Until then life had been too kind; until then all of the important things had been pretty much as I wanted them to be.

I was the only son of indulgent parents. I had the Shanes next door
as confidants and company. I was a good athlete and a good student, and won my share of such honors as our town offered its young people. When I was graduated from high school I walked straight into a good job with Southern Textiles, a job with a future, and when I joined the Army it was with the assurance that my job would be waiting for me when I came back. And I joined the Army with the assurance, too, that Carolyn would be waiting for me when I came back.

That was the best part of my living, and had been ever since high school—Carolyn, grown-up all of a sudden, it seemed, from the long-legged, laughing maiden of my childhood into a lovely young woman—and she was mine. Or at least, from the first she gave me preference above her other beaux—and there were many of them. It was my Scholastic Society pin she wore; it was I who had the first and the last dance and made the selection of her to be my date. At first she would give me no promises. She moved always a little ahead of me, laughing at my attempts to be serious, unattainable, yet just barely beyond my reach.

Then, the night before I left home, she laid her head to my shoulder. She accepted the ring I had bought for her in a surge of self-confidence, and the kiss she gave me was a woman's kiss, deep and sweet and as full of promise as the words she whispered.

Yes, life had been too good. Even being away from Carolyn for a year, moving from camp to camp, and finally being stationed near New York, hundreds of miles away from her—even then I could be happy, knowing that I had her to return to. Ironically, it was the final touch of good fortune, the circumstance which made suddenly possible the realization of my most cherished dream.

On the same day I got my orders to the effect that after a ten-day furlough, I must hold myself in readiness to depart for a port of embarkation, I received also a letter from the agency representing a tobacco company which sold a well-known brand of cigarettes and sponsored, in the name of the cigarette, a well-known orchestra's radio program. The letter said that an invitation had been extended to Carolyn, as the fiancée of a serviceman, to come to New York to be married during the orchestra's broadcast. Carolyn would be presented with a trousseau and a wedding gown, and we would be given a week's honeymoon in the bridal suite of one of the largest and most expensive hotels.

It seemed too good to be true. I had been expecting to be sent overseas, but I had never expected to be given a chance to marry my girl on my last furlough. The fellows at camp marveled. "The original Whitlock luck," they said. "Lucky Jim does it again!"

I was excited. I wrote to Carolyn, explaining that it would be my last furlough in this country, urging her to accept the agency's invitation—never dreaming, of course, that she wouldn't—and spent the happiest hours of my life looking forward to her arrival. Ten days to be with Carolyn. Ten days to be with my bride—my wife.

I PLANNED little, inconsequential things—we would have breakfast in bed on gray or rainy days, with Carolyn, blonde and languorous and beautiful, propped up against the pillow, reading aloud. On sunny days we would breakfast at a little table drawn up before the windows in the living room of the suite. We would look out over the city together, and Carolyn's slim white hands would pour the coffee and uncover the dishes full of steaming, fragrant things. On one or two evenings we wouldn't use the theater tickets and the supper club cards which the agency was to send us. Carolyn liked to go out, but I knew that she wouldn't mind, since I would be leaving so soon—on one or two nights we would just stay at home together, and we'd read the papers and listen to the radio with Carolyn curled contentedly as a kitten in my lap. Ten nights to sleep with my wife beside me, feeling her soft and close against me in the dark, listening to her breathing, realizing the miracle that she was mine, that all of the sweetness and the dearness of her was mine to hold and to cherish.

I took the Long Island train into the city with my mind so full of the next ten days that I didn't know where to begin to tell Carolyn—

Indeed, there was no Carolyn; there was Sally Lou. Instead of Carolyn's big white leather trunk there was Sally Lou's small suitcase, half-unpacked. There was the small, but perfect diamond ring I had given Carolyn lying on the floor where it had fallen when Sally Lou had tried to give it back to me.

I had not been gentle with Sally. I had questioned her exhaustively about Carolyn and the Captain, as if by knowing every little detail the thing would become real to me. Reality, however miserable, was better than a nightmare. There was, after all, very little to tell. Carolyn had met the Captain a short while ago—three weeks—and they had eloped on the very day the letter from the agency had arrived for Carolyn.

Sally Lou repeated the story over and over again as I questioned her, speaking in a small, meek voice, as if by talking softly she could minimize what her sister had done. But there was still the secretive, stubborn look on her face, as if she were still holding something back, and I prodded her reassuringly.

"My letter arrived night before last. And you took the morning train to New York—for what?"

Sally's head snapped back, and her dark eyes flashed with anger. Sally had always been the most peppery of the Shanes.

"Stop it!" she cried. "Stop badgering me, Jim! There's nothing more to tell. I didn't want to come here in the first place. I knew you wouldn't want to see me, knew you'd hate everything connected with Carolyn. It was her idea—firstly."

"Carolyn's!"

"Yes—Carolyn's. She thought—well, she thought that it might be easier for you if one of us told you. After all, you've been so—so close to our family—"

"I appreciate her thoughtfulness." My voice was ugly.

Sally Lou rose from her chair and came to stand before me, her short dark curls trembling, her small fists clenched. "I didn't want any part of it."
A MAN'S nature is a treacherous thing. I had always known, I had long ago learned, that love can turn to hate, that the closest friendship can become the bitterest enmity, that tenderness can change into a savage desire to be cruel, to return hurt for hurt. I had never actually realized that I was capable of such complete corruption within myself until that June morning I walked into Sally Lou Shand's hotel room.

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And, like all the rest of us, she had traveled from our home town—Richmond, Virginia, to that Manhattan hotel to speak the words of fire and sadness into the ears of her brother: "I love you, Jim," she said. "Not tomorrow, and not ever. She eloped three days ago with Captain Emory Lee."

That was all, and that was every-thing. I didn't know that I could be hurt so much, I didn't know how deeply hurt could be, nor that the poison of bitterness must gain release, no matter how wrenching the process might be. I had been ill-prepared for that day. Until then life had been too kind; until then all of the important things had been pretty much as I wanted them to be.

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Then, the night before I left home, she did pledge herself to me. She accepted the ring I would have given in a surge of self-confidence, and the kiss she gave me was as deep and sweet and as full of promise as the words she whispered.

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I took the Long Island train into the city with my mind so full of the next ten days that I didn't know where to begin to tell Carolyn—

That night, instead of Carolyn, there was Sally Lou. Instead of Carolyn's big white leather trunk there was Sally Lou's small suitcase, half-unpacked. There was the small, but perfect diamond ring I had given Carolyn lying on the floor where it had fallen when Sally Lou had tried to give it back to me.

I had not been gentle with Sally. I had questioned her exhaustively about Carolyn and the Captain, as if by knowing every little detail the thing would become real to me. Reality, however miserable, was better than nothing. There was, after all, very little to tell. Carolyn had met the Captain a short while ago—three weeks—and they had eloped on the very day the letter from the agency had arrived for Carolyn.

Sally Lou repeated the story over and over again as I questioned her, speaking in a small, meek voice, as if by talking softly she could minimize what her sister had done. But there was still the sorest, stubborn look on her face, as if she were still holding something back, and I prodded her relentlessly.

"My letter arrived night before last. And you took the morning train to New York—for what?"

"Sally's head snapped back, and her dark eyes flashed with anger. Sally had always been the most peppy of the Shanes.

"Stop it!" she cried. "Stop badgering me, Jim! There's nothing more to tell. I didn't want to come here in the first place. I knew you wouldn't want to see me, knew you'd hate everything connected with Carolyn. It was her idea—"

"Carolyn's?"

"Yes—Carolyn's. She thought—we thought that it might be easier for you if one of us told you. After all, you've been so—so close to our family—"

"I appreciate your thoughtfulness."

"My voice was ugly."

Sally Lou rose from her chair and came to stand before me, her short dark curls trembling, her small fists clenched. "I didn't want any part of it.
Maybe Carolyn couldn’t help falling in love with the Captain, but at least she could have told you about it when she knew it was happening. And then your special delivery came. No one was at home—they’d all gone with Carolyn to drive the Captain back to his Post. I opened it, and—and I just couldn’t stand it. You—you sounded so happy—"

Her voice broke, but in a moment she recovered herself. "That’s what made me decide to come. I tried to telephone you first, and the Post wouldn’t let the call through. I didn’t want to come here, but at least it seemed better than telling you in a letter. There was so much to explain, and all of these plans to be called off—"

HER dark eyes glowed, and her mouth trembled, a soft and vivid scarlet. In her anger she was no longer a pert youngster, Carolyn’s kid sister, but a woman defending her own convictions. "Angry, Sammy Lou was a woman, a beautiful woman. I realized it suddenly, a new and interesting phenomenon in the wreckage of my plans.

I took a step toward her. She did not retreat, but stood looking at me steadily, her eyes very wide, very dark, still harboring their secret. "Why should they be called off, Sally? After all, you're here."

She knew instantly what I meant, and for a moment it was as if her whole being was lighted by a transfiguring flame—a flame that went quickly out, leaving her eyes and her mouth twisted like a bit of burnt paper. "Why should they be changed?" I insisted. "You came here as Carolyn Shane, didn’t you? You didn’t tell anyone—you didn’t tell the people from the agency who met you—that you weren’t my fiancée?"

"Only because it was simpler," she said colorlessly. "I wanted to get to you quickly, and I didn’t want to be stopped. I knew you could explain to them—"

I shook my head, beginning to smile a little, and it was a strange sensation, as though a robot smiled. "Oh, no, I don’t want to make any explanations. This is my last furlough—do you hear that, Sally?—my last ten days in my own country, for who knows how long. I don’t want it cluttered up with answering a lot of whys and wherefores, and facing a lot of strangers who are sorry for me. I’d much rather explain just one thing—that there’s been a mistake about the name—that my fiancée is Sally Lou, and not Carolyn Shane. Do you think you could help me with that, Sally? You’ll buy your trousseau today as these people had planned, and tomorrow night we’ll be married while the orchestra broadcasts, and then we’ll come back to the bridal suite for our honeymoon—"

She flinched as though I had struck her, and her face was drawn and paper-white. Yet I knew she would do as I wanted. Sally had always done what I wanted, ever since we were children. There are compensations—when a man’s heart leaves him, his mind becomes clearer and sharper as an eye is strengthened when the sight of the other eye is impaired. I saw the flicker of expression which crept into Sally’s dead black eyes, and I knew for what it was—a bit of feminine reasoning, handed down by generations of women who had set their heart upon a man. She would marry me not so much to please me at for the hope of winning me later. She would make me love her. . .

I knew then that I would never again love anyone.

"The telephone rang. Sally did not move, and after a moment I picked it up. A brisk feminine voice announced its owner as Miss Towne, from the advertising agency. She was waiting in the lobby to take my fiancée shopping. I placed the mouthpiece against my chest. "Miss Towne is waiting to take you shopping," I said. "Will you go?"

For a long moment she looked at me without speaking, and then she picked up her hat and went to the mirror to put it on.

"Miss Shane will be right down," I hung up the phone. Sally was already half way out the door. "Haven’t you forgotten something?" I called after her.

She hesitated, and then as I went over to her, she raised her lips—cool child’s lips—to mine. She was quiet in my embrace, and very still, and then I felt her mouth crumble under my kiss; I caught a flash of tears in her backward glance as she broke away from me and hurried down the hall.

I walked around the room after Sally had gone, trying to think what I was to do next. Whatever plans I had originally made for the day were gone as completely as if they hadn’t been made at all. I stared out the window for a time at the unfamiliar expanse of

This story was suggested by the Sammy Kaye show on which each week a service-man and his sweetheart, wife or mother, are brought together by the sponsors, Old Gold Cigarettes. The program is heard on Wednesday nights over CBS at 8:00 P.M., EWT.
roofs, and then beyond them to the
trees of Central Park.
The trees at least marked a place I
knew. I had visited the Park often;
ever in the spring I had gone there
frequently on my free Sundays, pass-
ing most often where family groups
congregated—at the lake and at the
merry-go-round. Hearing the chil-
dren's voices, watching them play, had
been a little like being back home and
living next door to the Shanes.
But the Jim Whitlock who had sat
by the merry-go-round on sunny Sun-
day afternoons, buying rides occasion-
ally for the children who had no
grown-ups of their own to buy them
rides, seemed to have no connection
with the Jim Whitlock who stood in a
hotel room awaiting Sally Lou Shane's
return. I went to the bureau and leaned
over it to look in the mirror, trying to
identify myself, to grasp my new posi-
tion and my circumstances, to find a
starting-point for action. My eyes
looked back at me with the eyes of a
stranger.
I remembered Sally's unwilling
description of the Captain, Captain
Emory Lee. Dark, she'd said, and whip-
slinger, with a small moustache. He
sounded dashing. Carolyn would like
that. When we'd first started to go out
together, when I was still no more to
her than the boy next door, she had
made no secret of the fact that she
liked to be with me partly because we
looked well together—both of us blond,
Carolyn very fragile-looking in con-
trast to my almost too-rugged build.
I backed away from the mirror, and
my heel struck something—Sally's
suitcase, half unpacked, with a dark
woolen skirt lying as Sally had dropped
it when I'd come into the room. I
stooped automatically to pick up the
skirt, and found other things—a blouse,
a jacket—which should have been
hung up to prevent wrinkling. Auto-
matically I took them from the suitcase
and put them on hangers.
THE suitcase smelled faintly musty.
I recognized it as one which had
stood for years in the Shane attic. I
emptied it, and put Sally's things away
carefully in the closet and in bureau
drawers, with a neatness learned as
much from Mrs. Shane as from the
Army. When the bottom part was
cleared, I untied the string which held
the envelope-like compartment in the
lid. As I opened a puff of dust arose,
and an assortment of objects rolled out
—a packet of letters, some dried pressed
flowers, a small gold football—tan-
nished now—a Freshman Week button
in our high school colors. I stared at
the collection—hardly one which Sally
would have packed for the trip to New
York—and realized why she had taken
the suitcase. It was hers. Each of the
Shane children had had a trunk or an
old grip in the attic in which to lock
such papers and mementoes which they
wished to keep.
Without thinking, I flipped through
the letters. The handwriting was fa-
miliar—mine, as it had been five or six
years ago, the first summer Sally had
gone to camp and had begged me to
write to her every week to keep her
from being lonesome. Evidently I had
kept my promise, because every one of
the letters was from me. The football,
I recollected slowly, was one Sally had
worn when she'd been my guest at a
game on one of those rare occasions
when Carolyn had had another date. I'd
bought her the Freshman Week button
day she'd entered high school, teach-
ing her from the heights of my dignity
as an alumnus.
The flowers I remembered especially.
They were the corsage of tiny yellow
roses I had bought Sally on the one
night I'd broken a date with Carolyn,
to take Sally to her class dance. I re-
membered how pretty she had looked
that evening, with her face alight with
happiness, her eyes rapturous. . . .
I looked briefly at the other objects
which had fallen from the lid com-
partment. Every one of them had been
mine, or had had some connection with
me. There was even a discarded necktie,
one I had left at the Shane house. . . .
"Oh, God," I (Continued on page 58)
HER dark cygna glowed, and her mouth trembled, a soft and vivid scarlet. In her anger she was no longer a portly, caroming,Carolyn's kid sister, but a woman defending her own convictions. Angry, Sally Lou was a woman, a beautiful woman. I realized it suddenly, a new and interesting phenomenon in the wreckage of my plan. I took a step toward her. I did not retreat, but stood looking at me steadily, her eyes very wild, very dark, still harboring their secret. "Why should they be called off, Sally? After all, you're here."

She knew instantly what I meant, saw I knew it, was in her whole being lighted by a transfiguring flame—a flame that fascinated me. As I, leaving her eyes dead and her mouth twisted like a bit of burnt paper.

"Why should they be changed?" insisted. You came here as Carolyn Shane, don't you? You didn't go—didn't you tell—-the people from the agency who met you—that you weren't my fiancée?

"Only because it was simpler," she said colourlessly. "I wanted to get to you quickly, and I didn't want to be stopped. I knew you could explain to them—"

I shook my head, beginning to smile a little, and it was a strange sensation, as though a robot smiled. "Oh, no, I don't want to make any explanation. This is my last lurch—do you hear that, Sally?—my last ten days in my own country, for who knows how long. I don't want it cluttered up with answering a lot of questions and wherefore, and facing a lot of strangers who are sorry for me. I'd much rather explain just one thing—that there's a name about the name—that my fiancée is Sally Lou, and not Carolyn Shane. Do you think you could help me with that, Sally? You'll buy your trousseau today, as I have, and, I tell you, the orchestra broadcast, and then you'll come back to the bridal suite for our honeymoon."

She flinched as though I had struck her, and her face was drawn and paper-white. Yet I knew she would do as I wanted. Sally had always done what I wanted, ever since we were children. There are compensations—a man who owns him, his mind becomes clearer and sharper as an eye is strengthened when the sight of the other eye is impaired. I saw the flicker of expression which crept into Sally's dead black eyes, and I knew it for what it was—a bit of feminine reasoning, handed down by generations of women who had set their heart upon a man. She would marry me not so much for the hope of winning me later. She would make me love her.

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She hesitated, and then as I went over to her, she raised her lips—cool child's lips—to mine. She was quiet in my embrace, and very still, and then I felt her mouth crumple under my kiss; I caught a flash of tears in her backward glance as she broke away from me and hurried down the hall.

I walked around the room after Sally had gone, trying to think what I was to do next. Whatever plans I had originally made for the day were gone as completely as if they hadn't been made at all. I stared out the window for a time at the unfamiliar expanse of roofs, and then beyond them to the trees of Central Park. The trees at least marked a place I knew. I had visited the Park often; earlier in the spring I had gone there frequently on my free Sundays, and sometimes even more often where families congregated—at the lake and at the merry-go-round. Hearing the children's voices, watching them play, had been a little like being back home and living next door to the Shanes.

But to Jim Whitlock who had sat by the merry-go-round on sunny Sunday afternoons, buying rides occasionally for the members, and grown-ups of their own to buy them rides, seemed nothing more than a connection with the Jim Whitlock who stood in a hotel room awaiting Sally Lou Shane's return. I went to the bay window and pulled over it to look in the mirror, trying to identify myself, to recognize the Jim Whitlock who had been the same, starting-point for action. My eye fell back on me with the eyes of a stranger.

I remembered Sally's unsulling description of the Captain, Captain Emory Lee Dark, she'd said, and his slender, with a small moustache. He sounded dashing, Carolyn would have liked that. When we'd first started to go together, when I was still no more to her than the boy next door, she had made no secret of the fact that she liked to be with me partly because we looked well together—both of us blond. Carolyn very fragile-looking in contrast to my almost too-ruled build. I backed away from the mirror, and my heel struck something—Sally's suitcase, half unpacked, with a dark woolen skirt lying as Sally had dropped it when I'd come into the room. I stooped automatically to pick up the skirt and found other things—a blouse, a jacket—which should have been hung up to prevent wrinkling. Automatically I took them from the suitcase and put them on hangers.

The suitcase smelled faintly musty. I recognized it as one which had stood for years in the Shane attic. I emptied it, and put Sally's things away carefully in the closet and in bureau drawers, with a neatness learned as much from Mrs. Shane as from the Army. When the bottom part was cleared, I untied the string which held the envelope-like compartment in the lid. As it pulled up a puff of dust arose, and an assortment of objects rolled out—a packet of letters, some dried pressed flowers, a small gold football—tarnished now—a Freshman Week button in our high school colors. I stared at the envelope of letters which Sally would have packed for the trip to New York—and realized why she had taken the suite even at the hotel. Each of the Shane children had had a trunk or an old grip in the attic in which to lock such papers and mementoes which they wished to keep.

Without thinking, I flipped through the letters. The handwriting was familiar—mine, as it had been for several years ago, the first summer Sally had gone to camp and had begged to write to her every week, if only to be from loneliness. Evidently I had kept my promise, because I'm sure the letters were from me. The football, I recollected slowly, was one Shelley found worn when she'd been my guest at a game on one of those rare occasions when Carolyn had had another other, bought her the Freshman Week button the day she'd entered high school, buying her from the heights of my dignity as an alumnus. The flowers, I remembered especially. They were the corsage of tiny yellow roses. Sally, on the one night I'd broken a date with Carolyn, to take Sally to her class dance. I recollected that Sally had worn them in those roses, and I looked a bit more carefully at the other objects which had fallen from the suitcase. I knew they had been mine, or had some connection with me. I put my hand on the door of the locked necktie, I one had left at the Shane house.

"Oh, God," I (Continued on page 58)
You'll be singing this new tune after you hear your popular swing and sway maestro, Sammy Kaye, play it on the Old Gold program Wednesday nights at 8:00 EWT, over CBS.

Voice Moderato (with a lift)

Words and Music by BILLY WILLIAMS

A boy and a girl were dancing And just happened to dance my way It

seemed they were very much in love And I heard the young man say,

Refrain

SHO' NUFF did you say you love me? SHO' NUFF

can your love be true? Re-member all those nights we spent be-

Copyright 1943 by Republic Music Corp., New York, N. Y.
neath that yellow moon, And how we both agreed that they ended all too soon.

SHO' NUFF there's a parson waitin' SHO' NUFF

we'll build a home for two. So come on say that

SHO' NUFF you'll be mine and make my dreams come true, SHO' NUFF

I'm in love with you. SHO' NUFF you.
Here's your chance to meet that madcap young fellow, Joey, his grand family and his girl friend, Minerva.

While preparing dinner for that hungry son of hers, Mrs. Brewster worries about his next prank. (Played by Connie Crowder)

Right, as he helps Minerva do the supper dishes Joey gives out with some information about love. (Minerva played by Jane Webb)

Below, Joey and Nancy get a bit of parental advice before going out. (Nancy played by Louise Fitch, Jim Brewster by Hugh Studebaker)

The antics and pranks of Joey Brewster are enjoyed by his family and friends as well as millions of radio listeners each Friday night at 9:30 P.M., EWT, on CBS, sponsored by Quaker Oats. In Mrs. Brewster's eyes, Joey can do no wrong. As for Dad, who is often aggravated to distraction, his son is the essence of young manhood. Even to his sister Nancy, Joey is a hero, although, goodness knows, he has embarrassed her no end of times. And, of course, while getting in and out of trouble Joey always has his girl friend, Minerva, to fall back on—and does she love it! (Joey Brewster played by Eddie Firestone, Jr.)
This last mad act of Gene’s had broken the power he had over her. And now Arda was free to find comfort in the arms of Tim, who had waited so long, who had loved her so hopelessly.

THE STORY

I HAD married Gene, but it was Tim, Gene’s brother, who had made our marriage possible, giving us financial security—indeed, even doing Gene’s proposing for him. And now, after less than a year of marriage to Gene, I knew that I didn’t love him, could never love him again. How could I ever again care for the man whose thoughtlessness had been the cause of my losing my baby? And Gene was utterly selfish and ruthless, caring for nothing in the world but his own comfort and happiness. Worse still, I knew that it was Tim I really loved—big, strong, sweet Tim, whom I loved all the more because my love for him seemed hopeless.

When Tim came home on leave, late in February, I didn’t guess why. Perhaps it was because my brain unconsciously set up its own defenses against a truth it did not want to know.

Seeing him again was like being given a drink of cool water when you were dying of thirst. The days with Gene had gone by in a gray mist of monotony. Sometimes I had the uncanny feeling that I was not married to him at all. We inhabited the same house, I wore his wedding ring and his name, when he desired me I lay passively in his arms, but our marriage simply did not exist. It had existed once, but it had died.

Yet I had no strength left to fight against this false marriage. I could neither bring it back to life nor escape from its ghostlike, clammy grasp. It made no difference that I knew Gene was unhappy, too. I could not help him; I’d tried, and failed. He didn’t want my kind of help. All he wanted was my blind adoration, the kind of unthinking love I had given him in such abundance when we were first married—the kind of love I didn’t have to give any more.

He spent less and less time at home. I did not think he was with another woman—several times I heard him make telephone dates with the man named Miller—but even if he had been I could not have found it in my heart to feel anything but pity. Yes—pity, I realized wonderingly. I did pity Gene. There must have been many women who would have been glad to accept him as he was: innocently selfish, spoiled, without conscience but infinitely charming when things went well for him. It wasn’t his fault that he’d married someone who wanted more.

It was on one of the evenings when I was all alone in the house that Tim walked in unexpectedly. He rang the doorbell, but before I could answer he was in the hallway, dropping his battered suitcase on the floor with a thump and crying, “Arda! Gene! Anybody home?”

“Tim!” I cried, the short, beloved little word sticking in my throat and then coming out with a gasp. In one bound he crossed the hall and swept me into a great bear-hug. In the excitement of his sudden appearance I forgot everything but my hunger for him and unthinkingly, instinctively, answered his embrace, straining my body against his. Only for an instant, though, before I remembered that this was my husband, that I must never know how much I loved him—must never know, even, that my marriage to his adored Gene was not perfect—and I pulled away, the hot blood flooding my skin, stammering confusedly.

“Tim, for goodness’ sake—you took me by surprise—”

To my shame, I saw that he had felt the unrestrained passion of that moment, for as he released me his eyes flicked over me and then away in something very like embarrassment. And his voice was a little too loud and hearty as he said, “I didn’t know I was coming myself until I was practically on the train! Where’s that good-brother of mine?”

“Why—downtown. Something to do with his job at the plant,” I said quickly. “He’ll be home any minute.”

Oh, please, I was thinking, let that be true. Let Gene come home soon—at once—because if he doesn’t how can I sit alone with Tim, make polite conversation with him, without letting him see how much he means to me? But it developed that Tim hadn’t had anything to eat—the dining car on the train had been too crowded—and I was thankful for the opportunity to bustle around the kitchen, fying bacon and scrambling eggs, measuring coffee into the percolator with my back turned to Tim so he wouldn’t see how my hands were shaking. I took as long as I could to prepare the food, and while Tim ate kept piling him with more. I must keep busy, must hide behind a screen of activity, so that he wouldn’t see what was in my heart—so that he’d forget how desperately I had held him to me in the hall.

And still, with another part of me, I knew how precious this little time was. An hour alone with Tim, in the warm kitchen, seeing him eat food prepared with my hands—oh, this was something to be treasured forever!

Reality returned when I glanced up from my seat across the table from Tim to see Gene standing quietly in the doorway, his face blank and closed-in looking. I had no idea how long he’d been there, watching us—no idea what he’d seen or heard. And then, in the split-second of recognition, I reminded myself that he could have seen or heard nothing, for the very good reason that nothing had been done or said.

“Gene!” I said, too brightly, too loudly. “Look who just showed up!”

To my surprise, he didn’t smile, or open his mouth to speak, but practically entered the room, smiling so suddenly and so delightedly that it was hard for me to believe I’d just seen him with his eyes dead and his lips closed tight over clenched teeth. “For the Lord’s sake!” he said. “Here’s the old brass-hat back again.”

They greeted each other with the hard, quick way that men have, while I stood by, trying to read a meaning into the expression I had seen on Gene’s face when I first looked up. Had he guessed, watching me, the love I felt for Tim—had he seen it, shining from me like a light? But I realized, even as I considered the possibility, that I didn’t care if he had. He could know—it made no difference to me. The only one who must not know was Tim himself.

But one thing I was sure of. For some reason, Gene was displeased at having Tim home again. I knew that as certainly as I knew my own name.

He hid it well. He sat down at the kitchen table and had a cup of the extra-strong coffee I’d made for Tim, and talked easily and naturally, about his job, in the experimental section of the airplane-instruments factory, about the way the town was filled with people, about simple, everyday things.

Only at the last, as he set down his empty cup, he remarked quietly, “This leave of yours—does it mean what I think it means?”

“Why—” Tim hesitated, but he’d never been able to lie. “Yes,” he said, “I guess I’ll be leaving the country as soon as my fifteen days are up. Of
course I don’t know where.

A sensation of bitter cold crept all over me. I’d known, of course, that a soldier must go away and fight, but in my heart I had never believed that they’d take Tim. Not Tim... crawling through steaming jungles, a target for rending steel. Not Tim.

Without turning my head, I knew that Gene was watching me. Well then, she knew, or at least he suspected. It didn’t matter, but I could play the game out. I forced the stiff muscles of my lips to move.

“You didn’t want to tell us, did you, Tim?” I said. “So we’ll pretend you didn’t, and just have a good time while you’re here.”

“That’s the idea, Arda,” Tim said in relief. Gene was silent, his mouth curved sardonically.

Fifteen days, I thought while I stacked the dishes in the sink and began to wash them. Such a short time, then at its end Tim would be gone, perhaps forever. Such a long time, when every minute of it I must pretend, must fight against the craving to touch him!

Gene and Tim were still at the table, talking, when I finished the dishes, and I said, “I’m rather tired, so I think I’ll go on up to bed and let you two visit.” It was an escape. Now I could lie silent, as if I were asleep, when Gene came up. It would have been torture to be alone with him-alone with his quick mind which could probe so accurately into mine. Alone—so infinitely worse—with the possibility that he might take the opportunity of reminding me that I was still his wife.

Long after he had come up and quietly undressed in the dim light shining in from the hall, long after his steady breathing in the bed next to mine told me he was asleep, I lay with my eyes wide open, staring at the pale square of the window. I was thinking, there will be fourteen more nights like this, nights when the nerve-ends of my skin will almost feel Tim’s presence under this (Continued on page 74)
Now that your Victory garden is planted—some of the vegetables are already showing through the ground—the next thing to think about is canning. Whether you have done any canning before or not, you may think the task ahead of you is a difficult one, but the results more than justify the effort and many of the headaches may be cured in advance by a little careful planning.

First, whenever you plant a new crop, write down in your housekeeping book the date on which the crop should mature and plan to reserve time then for canning. Next, estimate how many quarts or pints of various foods you will need next winter and if your own garden won't furnish sufficient quantities arrange to buy local produce when it is plentiful and, consequently, at its most economical price. If yours is a large family you will probably want to use quart jars, but for the family of two adults and one or two children pint jars may suit your needs.

A pressure cooker is an economy where great quantities of food are to be put up, but processing in a hot water bath is satisfactory for small quantity preparation. The hot water bath cooker is simply a kettle with a tight fitting lid and a wood or metal rack which holds the jars at least half an inch from the bottom of the kettle. The kettle must be big enough so that the jars will not touch each other and deep enough for the boiling water to cover the jars by at least one inch. Other important canning points are: Always sterilize jars by washing, rinsing and then boiling (together with tops and rubber bands) for 20 minutes. Be sure that the water boils all during the processing time (add more boiling water if it boils away). Count the processing time from the minute the water begins to boil after the jars have been placed in the cooker. Read carefully the directions that come with the jars you buy to learn whether jars are to be completely or only partly sealed before processing.

We have all discovered in the last few years the convenience of canned food, such as potatoes and onions so I am going to start with recipes for canning them.

**Sweet Potatoes**

Sweet potatoes should be canned as quickly after digging as possible. Select potatoes of uniform size, wash and cook in boiling water until skins can be removed easily. Slice and pack into hot sterilized jars. Seal or partly seal jars as directed and place on rack in kettle. Cover with boiling water, and cook, covered, for 4 hours.

**Onions**

Small onions of uniform size are best for canning. Peel onions and cook for 5 minutes in boiling water. Pack into hot sterilized jars and add 1½ tsp. salt to each pint jar. Bring water in which onions were cooked to a boil, adding sufficient freshly boiled water to make liquid enough to fill all jars. Seal as directed and process for 3 hours.

**Spinach**

Remove coarse stems from spinach, wash thoroughly and steam until leaves are wilted, using only the water which clings to the leaves after washing. Put into hot sterilized jars, packing tightly. Add ½ tsp. salt to each pint jar and cover with boiling water. Seal as directed and (Continued on page 87)
## SUNDAY

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<td>CBS</td>
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<td>7:10</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<td>7:45</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>Musical Masterpieces</td>
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<td>Golden Gate Quartet</td>
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<td>News from Europe</td>
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<td>McCall Family</td>
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<td>Mark Marley</td>
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<td>English Melodies</td>
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### INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

**MORE ABOUT MOORE...**

Thomas Garrison Mofitt, known to the followers of screwball comedy as Garry Moore, has an incredible passion for crew haircuts and grooms amazed strangers with, "Garry cut your hair at the Feathers." He weighs only 145 pounds, with a rock in each hand, has a wild but lovable face, mad brown eyes and light brown hair. Garry wears clothes that would put a horse to shame, his slacks are loud, his coats are zooty. To give you a few simpler statistics about the simple Mr. Moore, he was born in Baltimore, Maryland, 26 years ago and is married, is a father, and has a home in a suburb of New York. And, oh yes, he is radio's newest and most sensational comedian, now pinch-hitting for Abbott and Costello on Thursday nights at 10:00 EWT on NBC.

Garry needed a job, so he joined station WBAL in Baltimore as a community writer. One day the comedian of WBAL's only comedy show took sick and the manager rushed Garry in to fill the spot. Garry wound up with a permanent assignment. Comic Garry developed into a comedian, so he quit and went to St. Louis and became a sports and news announcer. He wasn't at the St. Louis station long, before he was asked to handle the comedy show. He tried to get out of it by stating he didn't know anything about comedy. The gag didn't work. Garry stood being a comedian for several months, but he gave it up. He handed in his two weeks' notice, stuck his hands in his pockets and started out of the studio whistling. When he got home there was a call for him from NBC in Chicago. They wanted him to take over the Club Matinee show. Garry gave up, decided he was a comedian, after all.

For two years, Garry worked 'em on the Club Matinee, writing script in addition to starring on the show. Then, in August, 1942, with Club Matinee on the Blue network, Garry moved to New York at the request of NBC and started to build a new morning show. Out of that grew Everything Goes. After several guest appearances on Comedy Caravan, Garry Moore's name was being tossed like a ball about radio and agency men and network officials were deluged with sponsors who wanted him for a comedian on a big nighttime, commercial. When Lou Costello took sick, Garry was rushed in to fill that spot. That's where he is now and the Hopes and Skeltons have moved over to give him room. Along with the irrepressible Jimmy Durante, he is providing American listeners with laughs enough to last them throughout this war time.
COCKNEY DAISY...

Listeners to Young Doctor Malone, heard over CBS at 2 P.M., EWT daily, have come to love a wonderful cockney charlatan known, simply, as "Daisy." They write countless numbers of letters to her, wanting to know how long ago she left England and whether or not the cockney accent is genuine. The woman whom wrote and asked Daisy to take her back home to England when she decided to go. So, we hate to tell you this, but dear Daisy is not an English woman. Her name in real life is Ethel Morrison and she was born in Wellington, New Zealand.

Ethel is a newcomer to radio, a delightful lady with a merry twinkle in her blue eyes and a quick, wonderful sense of humor. She is fast becoming one of the finest character actors on the air and her Daisy will be around, we are pleased to announce, for a long, long while to come. Ethel has lived in London. She studied music at the Royal Academy. During this time she became very interested in the works who sold flowers around Piccadilly Circus. If you remember the girl in George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion," you will know just the sort of young girl Ethel studied. She would go to Piccadilly Circus and chat with them for hours on end, picking up their quaint mannerisms and watching their reactions. It's quite a tribulation to Ethel and her artistry, even if it is disillusioning. One radio listener sends "Daisy" a box of flowers from her own Victory Garden every Monday morning from early Spring until the last chrysanthemums bloom in the Fall.

Ethel is a trouper and would undoubtedly go right on playing, whether she ever became famous or not. She played light comedy in Australia with Marie Tempest, then came to America, in 1924, to do the "Farmer's Wife." Then back to Australia for a few more years, playing stock all over that continent. Since she has been in America, Ethel has appeared in Broadway plays too numerous to mention, she has appeared with most of the great names in the American theater. Although radio was a new technique to her, she was so much at ease, even during her first broadcast, those on the show with her thought her to be a veteran radio performer.

Good music is first on the list of Ethel's diversions, reading is second. Whenever she can get hold of a spade, she joins her friends in Victory gardening. She loves to watch things grow, which is unusual for a woman who has moved around so much all her life. In her spare time, Ethel has knitted literally hundreds of sweaters for the British soldiers. Her yarn, her knitting needles, her quick, warm smiles are a familiar sight to her radio friends.
The little guy above with the gamin grin is Joe Laurie, Jr., one of the three stars of NBC's vaudeville program, Can You Top This? Joe refers to himself as a pint sized comedian and says he is so small that midgets look down on him. Just about every time Joe opens his mouth, out falls a gag pulled at random from the huge store of jokes, stories and puns he has amassed after years of service in all branches of the theater. Three years ago, Joe Laurie, Jr., was the youngest comedian on Broadway. Before that time, he sold newspapers on the sidewalks of New York, along with other lads who also since grown to be famous men. Joe traveled from vaudeville to musical comedy and then to radio. He not only wrote radio scripts for Eddie Cantor and Harry Jolson, but has penned over 100 vaudeville skits, has written plays, movies, articles and each week bangs out a column for Variety, the famous magazine about show business.

Joe does not like fresh air and the open spaces. The famous Lambs Club is his favorite haunt. He spends most of his time there, swapping stories and shooting pool. His first professional engagement was in 1908, in a double act with Aileen Bronson in the old Dewey Theater. They were a hit and worked together for years. Joe was also a windup man in an act and he always introduced his mother and father to the audience because, "people won't throw eggs at an aged couple."

Heading a stationery is a line from Mark Twain: "I don't give a damn for a man who can spell a word only one way." He chose this quotation, because his own spelling is remarkable and final. In private life, Joe is married to an ex-chorus girl, June Tempest. A devoted husband and proud father, he has a twenty-two-year-old son, Joe Laurie III, who is serving with the Royal Canadian Air Force. Joe loves to wisecrack about how he met his wife. "I opened my wallet," he grins, "and there she was."

Visiting the Laurie menage for the first time is an exciting experience, although slightly wearing. After you ring the doorbell and the door is opened you are jumped upon by a pack of hounds. Once inside, you wander around among Siamese cats, eighteen canaries, dozens of fish bowls, four dogs and other wild life. Through all this the Laurie gags flow unceasingly.

Frequent visitors to the Laurie house are his two radio cronies, Senator Ed Ford and Harold Long. Joe is working on a book about vaudeville and its fascinating characters. Joe can do entire acts of vaudeville teams that toured the circuits twenty and more years ago. He can dance their routines, sing their songs and do the patter, which usually began when the pretty girl dropped the hanky in front of the big guy with the checked suit and the cane.
**SATURDAY**

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**Ginny Simms really knows how to can those fruits and vegetables you see on the cover, for she owns her own farm in California.**

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**THE beautiful blue-eyed, dark-haired girl you see on our cover this month is Virginia Simms. Of course, you know her as Ginny and thousands of soldiers and sailors all over the world write her letters, listen to her Philip Morris program every Tuesday night on NBC and love the way she sings their favorite songs and talks to them in a sweet, simple, down-to-earth voice. Ginny is no stranger to the ways and means of canning those fruits and vegetables you see before her on the cover. Born in a little farming town near San Antonio, Texas, and raised in an even smaller town in the rich farming valley near Fresno, California, she knows as much about raising and caring for food as she does about music. Today, when Ginny Simms is not in a radio studio, she is out on her own forty-acre farm, where she helps raise alfalfa and citrus fruits and vegetables. She is the owner of more than a thousand chickens and nineteen cows.

As asked to an all-American girl, you couldn't make a better choice than Ginny Simms. There is nothing flashy or sensational about her, or the life she has lived. Like most young girls in the small town of Fowler, California, she was given piano lessons. She sang while she practiced and her thin, soprano voice developed over the years to the rich contralto voice you hear today.

At seventeen, Ginny entered the Fresno State College. She planned to specialize in music and some day teach it. With two other musically inclined girls, Ginny formed a trio known as the "Triad In Blue." They used all of their spare time singing at sorority and fraternity dances and for the small clubs in town that would hire them. During summer vacation, the trio went to Los Angeles and sang at a well known beach club. It was shortly after that, that Ginny Simms met Kay Kyser. Kay couldn't afford to hire a singer then, but he talked his manager into placing Ginny in a trio with Guy Lombardo's band. Ginny sang with the girl-Lombardo trio while Guy was in the west, then joined Tom Gerun's band. That was in January, 1935. For two long years, she toured all over the country singing in bands, working hard, her voice improving every day. In 1937, she was singing in the French Casino in Chicago. A successful Kay Kyser, playing at the Blackhawk Cafe near by, would run over during his intermission to listen to Virginia Simms.

**KAY could afford to hire her then, and did. Her name was still Virginia, but he began calling her Ginny and it has been Ginny ever since. She rose to fame with Kay's band, and then went on alone to become what she is today, one of America's singing sweethearts. Ginny is pretty much the same, easy going, quiet, lovable girl she was at seventeen. Radio people love her because she is so unaffected, natural and sweet. What Ginny Simms is, inside, comes out in her voice. And what she is now is a plain, talented American girl, doing everything she can to help win this war for the decent people of the earth whom she knows so well and loves so much.**
Working hard for Victory? Look at your nails. Are they bright and beautiful, or—the other way? You'll feel better if you give yourself a manicure with Dura-Gloss. Put yourself "back in shape" again, ready for anything. Bright nails mean bright spirits, and bright nails are Dura-Gloss' business! Gee, how this polish radiates life and sparkle and color! And it wears better, too, because it contains a special ingredient, Chrystallyne, for that very thing. So get DURA-GLOSS today.

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10¢ PLUS TAX

Dura-Plus, 1934. Lor Laboratories, Paterson, N.J. Founded by E. T. Reynolds
when I’d confided in Sparky about the fear that always gnawed at me when Jeff was off on a flight, he’d said: “Now look here, Betsy,” and his voice had been stern. “You’re going to be a flyer’s wife and there’s one thing you’ve got to learn now. He’s going to have to leave you often. Every time he does, you’ve got to know he’s flying home again. Why, do you think could write his name down so calm and clear on operations sheet for a flight, if I didn’t know it? The guy means a lot to me, too, you know.”

“Can’t you know it? I cried in desperation, fighting down the terror that assailed me—the terror that whirled up out of me as he did. Why couldn’t you talk to me, Sparky’s arm, yesterday? I can’t tell you what happened. But you can act like you know it. You’ve got to learn to act. Nobody is going to do his best-flying—or fighting. He’s afraid of you. He thought I was watching him when he sat down in the girl back home crying her eyes out from fear of what might happen to him. If Jeff ever found out you were afraid, heaven help him. He’d worry because you worried. Good as he is, he’d be no good any more as a pilot and no good as a husband. Some day either Jeff himself or his love for you would spin in.”

So I’d tried to learn to act. To hide my fear, to make Jeff feel that I thought what he was doing was swell while all the time he was gone my heart was in my throat. I’d succeeded, too. Until yesterday. Yesterday he’d said that he was making a “secret” flight. All flights of the Ferry Command are secret, as a military necessity. The very fact he’d used that word could mean only one thing—that this was terrible important, and terribly dangerous. And I hadn’t been able to bear that knowledge alone, buried deep inside me. By my tears, I’d let him see. And I’d sent him away with worry on his face and in his heart—worry that I was worried.

And now today, Jeff lay helpless on a hospital bed, with a cheerful grin on his face—and nothing at all behind it. Outside in the corridor, I turned and grabbed the bed. “Tell me how that happened,” I demanded. “I’ve got to know how he crashed.”

For I’d known nothing at all until I’d seen Jeff lying there as you can. And I’d gone, knowing instinctively and with icy certainty, what had happened. But not how.

“Everything went wrong, from spinner to flippers. He got ice on the wings. One engine died on him. The beam went out. It was just one of those trips—that’s all. To make it worse, he had somebody with him—somebody important. I can’t tell you who. Jeff made a crash landing in the mountains, and nobody could make a better one under the conditions. But the passenger was hurt, too. That’s what’s preying on his mind.”

“Not only that,” I was staring at the blank corridor wall, “I was to tell Jeff yesterday—I couldn’t act, Sparky.”

The big, raw boned boy had looked at me. “It wasn’t your fault, Betsy. It just—happened. Don’t cry, honey. You and I have got to concentrate on rallying around now. Because Jeff’s going to need all we can get it if it turns out he’s going to be grounded for good.”

During those pains-wracked weeks of treatment, Jeff was braver than I’d known a man could be. He was always cheerful, he bore the torture of his body stoically. But the emptiness that had been in his eyes the first day grew. It was as if something in him that none of us could reach had shriveled up and died. It was as if his soul had been wracked and torn.

I was there every minute the office could spare me. Gradually, his body improved. The bandages came off. Physically, Jeff was responding to the treatments. But he never left his bed. He couldn’t walk. He couldn’t move his legs. And the nurse told me that sometimes in the night, he muttered in his sleep. “I always said I’d fly em, not crack em up,” he’d say.

Finally the doctor had a talk with me. “It’s mental now,” he told me gravely. “He can walk again and he can fly again if we can only make him believe it. I once used those legs of his of his own free will. I’m sure we can cure him. Unless he makes the effort, there is nothing more we can do.”

“But what is it, doctor? What keeps him from it?” I cried.

“My dear, when you deal with the human mind you’re dealing with pretty uncharted territory,” the doctor told me. “He simply hasn’t the incentive. You’d think for a man as crazy about flying as he is, that would be incentive enough. It’s his whole life—except for you. Miss Rod.” Airplanes and you—that’s all he cares about. But somehow his heart’s gone out of everything. We’ve done about as well as we can. You two somehow, between you, try to find the incentive that will give him the will to walk.”

We did everything we could think of. Sparky and I. We brought him books. We devised games. Other flyers from the Command came in to see him; they showed him how much they missed him, how his famous passenger on the fateful flight had said he was the best pilot he’d ever seen. They talked to him about our future—the things we’d do when we were married, plans for the wedding, now, of course, indefinitely postponed.

And nothing worked.

He was getting more listless every day. He listened politely as we chattered, he read the book I played him, but he was removed from it all. The fire was gone from his eyes, and his face lost its keenness. And when I kissed him, I’d feel the thrill in giving me a real hug and a kiss, he received it passively, almost humbly.

“He’s lost all his force,” I cried in despair to Sparky. “That thing that made him what he was. When I kiss him, it’s almost as if I thought I were doing him a kindness. He lets me do all the planning for the wedding, for everything, as if— as if marrying him was a tremendous favor I was doing. I can’t bear it!”

He loved me as much as ever. Sparky said quickly. “More maybe. He talks about you all the time. And he worries now that getting married wouldn’t be as fair to you— with him like he is. But don’t ever think he’s not still crazy in love with you. But if— and if you forget what I was going to tell—”

An idea had come to me—an idea so drastic, so shattering, that it struck like a blow. “I think I know the answer,” I told Sparky. “You and I had to learn to act—well, I’m going to act as nobody ever did before!”

“What are you going to do?” I shook my head. “No—it’s better, if I don’t tell you!” I said.

He put his hand on my arm. “What if it doesn’t work?” he asked gravely.

“What if it didn’t work? But it had to work! It was Jeff’s spirit, not his body, that kept him helpless. If it failed—he’d hate me. And I’d hate myself. I have to go away, never see myself, Jeff again. But it couldn’t fail. It was like playing with dynamite.

If this didn’t work, the whole world would be thrown into confusion. Jeff is a friend of the whole world. But our love would be killed forever. He’d never trust me again, never want me. And who could blame him? But you are somebody else. It was time now for dangerous measures or the battle was lost.

Several times during the next ten days Jeff did not fail me. I felt I couldn’t go through it. And then I remembered what the doctor said. In just a minute, I was ready. The legs I’d bought a new dress—a close-fitting one that outlined the curves of my figure. And a perky hat with a veil that ended just

Continued on page 58
Times like these teach us a new gratitude for the simple things. A quiet evening of rest, a friendly game with neighbors, good talk, good refreshment, these make a welcome interlude of sanity in a seething world. For millions of Americans that interlude becomes calmer, more content with a glass of friendly SCHLITZ...truly the beverage of moderation...brewed with just the kiss of the hops, none of the bitterness.

Like a Melody
No bitterness

Just the KISS of the hops...

—all of the delicate hop flavor—none of the bitterness. That famous flavor found only in Schlitz is in tune with American taste. Once you drink America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter brew.

In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!

Cpr. 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, WIs.
above my lips. It was—well, it was a
daring outfit. The kind some girls get
whistled at when they wear.
This time I dressed in it as carefully as I'd ever dressed in my
life. I was icy calm now. My whole
future happiness was staked on this
one event. Both my hands and the dice
were ready to be thrown.
Usually on Saturdays, I went to the
hospital right after lunch so we could
have dinner before dinner that night
and the Saturday evening to-
tgether. Today I was deliberately late
—an hour late. And when I got to the
room I paused for a moment, just inside
the door, and I could feel the full
effect of my outfit. He did. His eyes
widened a little as his gaze swept
over me.
"Sorry, I'm late, darling. But Sparky
took dancing last night, and got
in so late I slept till noon," I lied. "It
was fun—dancing again with a tall,
good-looking soldier boy. More fun
than I've had in ages."

JEFF regarded me soberly as I sat
down in the chair facing him. "I'm
glad," he said. "It's been pretty dull
for you lately, I guess, without a beau.
"I'm going again tonight—with a new
partner! A very, very exclusive partner
I met—Sparky introduced him to me last
night." "That's good," Jeff said. But I saw
the beginning of hurt bewildernent in
his eyes for a moment I thought I
couldn't go on. I wanted to rush over
and cradle him in my arms as one
would a child. Instead I chattered
airily. On. I didn't overdo it. I
didn't make it obvious. But where
before I had talked with Jeff only of
himself, and whom and what I'd
time, I'd had, the music, what a
good dancer the new pilot was, and
how attractive. Subtly, but definitely,
I was making Jeff the outsider instead
of the very center of my life.
"Well, that's good," he said again.
And then with an attempt to return to
our old mood that almost broke my
heart, he said, "How about a nice kiss
for an old cripple, honey? You haven't
greeted me yet." "I'm going to make
him slowly and sat on the
edge of the bed. My lips brushed
his briefly. Then I sat back with
a little laugh. "Not much like the old
days, Jeff. The way you kiss me now
makes me think our wedding ring ought to
read 'Less than yesterday, more than	
tomorrow.'"

This time there was no doubt about
his hurt bewildernent. His eyes went
suddenly dark with it. "Don't say that!
You know it isn't true. You know I'm
lying here about the size of it."

"And that reminds me of another	
thing," I went on callously. "What
about our wedding? We're not going
to have it here, are we? And I
looked around the bare hospital room.

"I thought a wheelchair—" I mean,
they could lift me into it and we could
have the same kind of wedding in
the chapel. I think I could manage
that all right—"

"With no standing there, towering
over you, with a bottle of smelling
salts instead of a bouquet?" I forced
the brutal words out, feeling each one
cut me with the same stinging lash
that Jeff was feeling. "Not me! I want
it! A real ceremony and all the trimmings.
I want to be carried over the threshold
into the challem, too!"

"Betsy!" He edged his voice. "You
know I can't!"

"I want to be held in a real man's
arms again," I rushed on. "Like any
woman. I want to be a wife when
I'm married—not a nurse!"

He was white to the lips. "Are you
saying I'm not a real man just
because I'm lying here?"

I looked at him a moment. Then
I turned my back and picked up my bag.
"It doesn't look like it, does it?" I said
carelessly.

There was a brief, electric silence.
I couldn't breathe, I couldn't move.
Suddenly I was almost out of time and
forceful like it used to be. "Come
here! I'll show you a real man's—"

Peering into my small mirror I began
applying fresh lipstick. No actress on
the stage ever made a more deliberate
gesture. "I can't. I've got an early
date."

"Betsy! Come here!"

"Really, Jeff, don't be unreasonable.
I've got to go."

I started backing to-
ward the door. "Til drop in tomarrow morning, see.
and ask you when you've got time to do! You—you—"

With one violent movement he swept the covers back
and swung his legs toward the side of the bed. His face was white with anger.
He grabbed the bedtable with one hand
and pulled himself up. His feet were
almost touching the floor. He leaned	
forward and grasped the foot of the bed.

I stood paralyzed, nearly suffocating,
for those few seconds that seemed to
last a lifetime. Suddenly I took one
step toward me—His feet were on the
floor. He was standing, half bent for-
tward. I'll show you," he said again.

And that's how it went.

I leaped forward and grabbed him
in my arms. I pushed him gently back
on the bed. "Darling! I was half
barren. But you did it! You did it! You walked of your own free
will. You used your legs. Oh, darling—"

He stared up at me. There was dis-
sbelief in his eyes, then a sort of dazed
incredulity, like a man shocked sud-
denly back into reality, into having
to believe the impossible. "I—I did it," he
said slowly. "I walked! I thought I
couldn't. But I got so mad—I walked.
You made me..."

I ran to the bed and jerked it open.
I cried hysterically to the nurse who
was passing, "Get the doctor! Get
everybody! He did it—he walked! Oh, he did it!"

We were married a month later, with
Jeff standing straight and tall beside
me, fitter than he'd ever been in his
life.

H E's flying again of course. He's still the
best pilot in the Ferry Command. He
still makes those lonely, dangerous
flights and my heart is still worried
when he leaves me and tears with fear
while he's gone. But he never knows it
in a way, it's as if I sent him out on
them the same way he used to by helping make
him well I'd sent him away from me.
But I learned a lot during that half
hour when I acted a part in that hos-
torial routine, I learned a lot. "No
guys' going to do his best flying—or
fighting or whatever he's doing—if he
thinks the girl back home is crying her
eyes out for fear of what might happen
to him."

We wives and mothers and
sweethearts have to learn to act—all of
us. And not just for a moment, but all
together. Because it's part of the vic-
tory, just like the fighting and the
flying is.

We have to act. We have to learn to
smile when we kiss them goodbye.

---

A Wedding in June

Continued from page 43

spoke aloud, and I wasn't swearing
—forgotten. I knew then that Sally loved me.
She loved me, and her love had in no
way been like Carolyn's feeling for me.
I took it as a sign that I had earned aight of accepting my ring. And it was Sally,
who had loved me, since childhood, as
those mementoes proved, devotedly,
selfishly, reverently, anything for herself,
ever hoping, who had been
as dear to me as a sister—it was Sally
whom I had treated so brutally that
morning was gone: in its place was
complete humiliation in the face of
a devotion I did not deserve.

N OR was I any longer at a loss as
to what must be done. I had to find
Sally quickly, before she suffered fur-
ther from the role I'd forced her to
play. I had to beg her forgiveness, and
try to make some amends, if possible.
I didn't know how to tell her where Miss
Towne and Sally would be at the moment, they
said, but they could give me a list of the
shops they'd been in or at least the
area during the day. I wrote the names
down feverishly, impatient to be on
my way.

I must have been a comic figure—
an over-large soldier in rough Army
clothes, blundering into those over-
grown jewel boxes—the exclusive
shops, softly lighted, deep carpeted.
I didn't feel comic, however; I even back-
out of the elegant rose and blue salon
whose door, but could give me no clue
to where she would go next. Finally
one of them, a milliner, offered real
hope. Miss Towne and Miss Shane had
been selling fantastically in the area
she said, and she believed that they were on their way
to a gown shop. She named a place
a few blocks up Fifth Avenue. The
driver of the cab I'd commandeered
for the search took one look at me
Continued on page 60
IF A GIRL ISN'T DAINTY, NO OTHER CHARM COUNTS. A DAILY LUX SOAP BEAUTY BATH MAKES YOU SURE!

BETTY GRABLE

Star of 20th Century-Fox's "CONGY ISLAND"

BETTY GRABLE, like so many other Hollywood stars, uses her complexion soap as a bath soap, too. Lux Soap's ACTIVE lather is so rich, so creamy, swiftly carries away every trace of dust and dirt. Leaves skin soft, smooth, delicately perfumed with a fragrance you'll love!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—it leaves skin SWEET!
as I left the milliner’s, said, “Found her, huh?” and went through two red lights in his eagerness to deliver me to my destination.

I burst into the shop unceremoniously, nearly colliding with a startled saleswoman. Miss Shorne, demanded, “She’s supposed to be here with Miss Towne—"

The woman hesitated. “Miss Shone’s having a fitting—And it frightened, almost as she saw me, but there was something else in them—a Madonna look, a compassion that stopped my breath in my lungs and the words in my throat. I could only stare at her, while all of the urgent phrases I’d prepared to get her out of there and away from Miss Towne—"

It takes a shock sometimes, to wake a man up to what he really is; it takes a thrust like that of a surgeon’s knife to cut what is important in the matter away from the unimportant, the reality from the things he has built in his mind. I’d had my thrust of the knife that morning; it had hurt, and I had been away from nothing but the pain; I’d had a second shock when I’d realized the lengths to which pain had driven me, and through that realization another, the extent of the—of the operation.

A part of me had been cut away—a useless part—I understood suddenly, and the bigger reasons behind my hurts and my disappointments became clear when I saw Sally in her wedding dress.

It was her wedding dress. It had been rightfully hers all of the years of her devotion, hers by right of all we both were or ever would be rightfully hers all of the time I had been building in my own mind an illusion called Carolyn. Sally saw this, simply, “Jim, Oh, Jim, I—” and the fitter rocked sharply back on her heels.

“That will be enough,” she said. “We can take it off now.”

Miss Towne, who had been eyeing me curiously and with some concern, rose at once and remarked, “We’ll wait until outside, Private Whitlock.”

I followed her out of the fitting room, my mind set at ease and my heart lifted by the glance Sally gave me. It was a look of mute understanding, of reassurance.

We waited in silence. The hall off which the fitting rooms opened ran at right angles to the foyer, which we sat, and I saw the fitter emerge and disappear into another part of the shop. The hands of the small black and silver clock on a shelf above the hall reached to the half-hour. Miss Towne stood up nervously. “Surely she’s had time to dress by now.”

I waited while she went back to the fitting room, refusing to admit the fear that was plaguing me—the fear that when I found Sally, it would be too late. I was in the look of reassurance she’d sent me.

In a few minutes Miss Towne came back, running. “Private Whitlock! She’s gone! She sent one of the girls out the back way to look for her—”

“Gone!” I rushed past her, back to the fitting room. It was empty, only the white dress and the veil, hung carefully on hangers, left as evidence that she had been there at all. At the end of the hall was a French window giving out on a court, and across the court, a restaurant. The shopgirl dispatched by Miss Towne came out of the restaurant, hurried across the court toward me. “She went this way,” she said. “Myself, I thought she was going to the hall, the restaurant people saw her. She caught a cab out in front.”

Miss Towne was at my elbow. “Private Whitlock—” her voice was sharp, “can you tell me what’s wrong? I thought she seemed unusually quiet, even for a shy person—”

I don’t know how much I told her. I muttered something inane about Sally’s being excited and probably over tired by the trip, and I got her to go back to the hall and tell Sally she could go to locate Sally from there.

I did not want to go back to the hotel myself, for I knew almost positively that Sally would go near it. She had run away deliberately, and she knew that the hotel would be the first place we would look.

The search I’d made for her through the succession of shops had been a game compared to the next few hours. I tried the railroad stations first—Pennsylvania, where she’d got off the train in the morning, then the Central and the Street Station. None of them had seen a girl of Sally’s description turning in a return ticket, or buying a ticket to Richmond, Virginia. I tried them all, repeated at intervals all afternoon.

I made guesses as to what places—what hotels or restaurants—Sally might have been seen. We got on her ride from the station that morning, and on her tour with Miss Towne, and I tried them all, making quick but certain searches, and returned to the library, on the premise that it was a good place to rest and to think through a problem. I kept in touch with Miss Towne, and I had only one thing in common—we were equally reluctant to go to the Missing Persons Bureau or to any other official source unless it became absolutely necessary.

It was dusk when not the search, but my own morale, gave way. The nameless, without anything, went on, all afternoon, repeating “Too late,” and I had ignored it, refusing to admit that it might be. I had to face it finally, and I examined the worst of the possibilities it offered.

I walked on into the park, grateful for the empty paths, grateful for the deepening shadows, and content to sit in, away from the city of people. I could relax now, meet the fear that tormented me without being afraid of its showing in my face and being reflected in the faces of others.

HABIT led me toward the merry-go-round. Habit, and an animal instinct to savagely and wait until fear passed. The merry-go-round stood in a glen-like semi-circle, hemmed in on three sides by trees and the fourth by a railing. I walked on the open side—a good place to hide, even from myself. It was dark and very quiet as I passed the ticket booth and sat down on one of the benches. It was completely different from what I had been when I’d seen it before—children might never have played there; a cul-de-sac might never have tooted its tinny tune—just as I was completely different.

Sally, I had known another loss that day. I had known the loss of Carolyn. I had known remorse when I’d opened the lid of Sally’s suit case. But the loss of Carolyn, and the remorse I’d felt in the hotel room would become almost compared to what I’d have to face if—

Sally would be found; she must be found. She was a strong girl, full of life and the love of living, and she was contemptuous of any weakness of those who gave up. Yet she had been under an unusual strain—Carolyn’s illness, my interest in Carolyn’s brutality, and it was not like her to knowingly worry anyone. She must know that by the next day we would have passed the farm, and when I like look, the look of mysterious reassurance haunted me.

I jerked myself away from the thought. I was a fool—I had better pull myself together, get out of the

(Continued from page 58)
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The magic beauty secret of Max Factor Hollywood face powder is Color Harmony...and your Color Harmony shade is created to accent your beauty, your type, your loveliness, whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette, or redhead.

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...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK
park and back to the business of a systematic search. I rose, and heard a sound, in the shadows, in a soft little sound, a muffled, continuous weeping. And I made out a figure in the dark shelter of the opposite bank, the figure of a girl, crying.

I crossed quickly to her, knowing somehow, not daring to believe what I knew, not daring to believe in miracles. I spoke to her as I drew near, so as not to startle her too much.

"Sally—"

The weeping stopped, and she raised her head. After a long moment, the answer came, tentatively—"Jim?"

I sat down beside her, not touching her, so shaken with relief, with gratitude, that for a moment, I could not speak. At last I said stupidly, "Sally—what are you doing here?"

Her head snapped back; her face was all eyes and quivering mouth. "Oh, Jim, I'm not brave! I tried to go away—"

I tried to go home! I couldn't—"

I dared to touch her then. My hand closed on hers, Sally. I think I knew when I asked you. If you'll—" I stumbled miserably—"Can you forgive me for—"

She stared at me, her face, and then, suddenly electrified, she said, "Oh, Jim, I knew you hadn't meant it, I knew you were just striking out blindly, any old way."

"Then why did you run away?" My voice was hoarse, frayed. I'd had to:

Must We Say Goodbye?

Continued from page 37

Margie seemed to ponder. Oh, five-year-olds can be so incredibly wise! She knew, little Margie, that I was hoping for her to like Bernice and be happy there; she didn't want to disappoint me.

She compromised. "She's all right," she said. "She gets cross sometimes, but I like her. I like Uncle Blaine better."

Yes, Margie, I said wordlessly. Yes, so do I.

But it wasn't right that all my gratitude should go to Blaine. It was not Blaine who had to undergo the day-long nervous strain of having an energetic hangover around the house; it was not Blaine who carried the responsibility. Still, in my thoughts, it was always Blaine I thanked, not Bernice.

Bernice herself would not accept spoken thanks. "Really, Margie's no trouble at all," she said once, almost sharply. "We understand each other perfectly, or at least, I think there are things she can't do in my house—so she doesn't do them. We get along beautifully."

It was as if catering for Margie was a challenge. She would not admit, to herself or anyone else, that it was difficult in any way—although there must have been times when she would have given anything to be free of the bargain she'd made.

I didn't see a great deal of her, and not at all. Blaine and I took Margie with me on my way up the block to the bus-stop, but I was always too rushed to do more than call a good-morning, and at night Bernice always sent Margie home alone, a few minutes before six, so there was no need for me
to stop by for her. Now and then, on Saturday afternoons or Sundays, Blaine would come over on one errand or another; he and Bernice were going into town to do some shopping, did I want anything—or would I like him to turn over the little scrap of backyard I possessed, with a view to a Victory garden? I accepted the latter offer, and he put in an hour with a fork and rake, gravely discussing the merits of different crops as he worked. I remember we settled on three tomato plants, two rows of carrots, one of beets and one of radishes, as being the simplest and most suitable.

And afterwards—not very often, nor for long at a time—he came to see how things were growing, to pull a few weeds or hoe the grainy earth. No, not many meetings. And yet, with Blaine, it didn't seem to matter that I saw him so seldom. Minutes spent with him were a world in themselves, complete and filled with content; and when, for days at a time, I did not see him I still had a sense of his presence. As you might feel the presence of the sun behind thick clouds.

I LOVED him. I knew that—had known it almost from the first. I loved him for his kindness, for the innocent gaiety of the small-boy spirit that lurked deep in those gray, heavily-lashed eyes, for the incompleteness I was sure was in his marriage, for—oh, even for the loose-limbed way he walked and the length of his arms. It was all right for me to love him, and I didn't fight against it. As long as he didn't know, I was harming no one. But sometimes secrets have a way of shaping events for their own purposes, until suddenly they emerge into the light of day, secrets no longer.

Imperceptibly, spring crept toward its close, and Blaine talked of a picnic for all of us, for Margie and Bernice and himself and me—but mostly, I suspected, for Margie and himself. He had been saving up his gasoline coupons until he had enough for a whole tankful. We'd start out early on a Sunday morning and go to a place on Galena Mountain—a wonderful place, he said enthusiastically, with a stream for fishing and a flat clearing surrounded by pines, open to the sun and sheltered from the wind.

"And with plenty of mosquitoes and ants and wasps," Bernice said acidly. "Also a family party of factory workers drinking beer."

Blaine's face fell for an instant. Then he brightened. "It's too early in the season for bugs," he promised, "and almost nobody knows about this place."

I thought Bernice was going to object again, and more strongly, but she surprised me. Her eyes narrowed, then she smiled and shrugged. "Oh, well," she said, "I suppose we'll have to let him get it out of his system."

"Next Sunday!" Blaine cried. And Margie set up a whoop of glee.

Impatiently, Bernice brushed aside my offer to prepare part at least of the picnic lunch. "I'll do it—I've plenty of time," she said, managing to give the words an intonation that made them mean exactly the opposite. I smothered a wave of irritation. This picnic was such a small thing, and Blaine could have found so much pleasure in it. Why couldn't she be gracious?

However, the preparations for the picnic went ahead, although Margie must have been the only one who looked forward to it with unmixed anticipation. She, of course, was wildly excited, and on Sunday morning she

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**Best of a Bumper Crop!**

Yours, of course. The most beautiful, the most lovable, the most... but who are we to describe this new baby of yours?

Perhaps we can be helpful about this youngster's wash. We have it on the best authority, the word of thousands of mothers, that for washing baby clothes, there's nothing like Fels-Naptha Soap. Those rich suds, made from gentle naptha and mild soap, get rid of all dirt and stains with practically no rubbing. They save wear and tear on dainty garments—and on dispositions, too.

**IMPORTANT!** In spite of war-time difficulties and greater demand, we are doing our best to keep your grocer supplied with Fels-Naptha Soap. If he does not have it in stock today—please keep on asking.

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**FELS-NAPTHA SOAP** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"
was awake at six. By eight, when the Edwardses were due, we had been ready for fifteen minutes, and Margie was keeping a vigil on the front porch. Eight-fifteen, and I had explained for the tenth time that they had so much to do, getting ready...

Blaine's two-door sedan stopped at the curb. Bernice was not with him.

"Bernice has a headache," he said shortly. "She can't go."

Conscious of only two things—Margie's stricken face and my own inner voice saying, "I knew something like this would happen! I knew she'd spoil it if she could!" I exclaimed, "Oh, I'm so sorry! Then—"

"All ready, sweetheart?" he said to Margie.

"Oh, we can't—" The words were forced out of me.

He didn't look at me. "Of course we can. I'm not going to disappoint Margie. And Bernice will be perfectly all right."

He led the way to the car, and we drove away in a strained silence, the three of us all in the front seat. Blaine's hands tight on the wheel, his profile when I glanced at it out of the corner of my eye set and grim.

I knew what had happened, as well as he'd told me. All along, Bernice had been determined not to let him have his outing. She had been unable to discourage the idea at the outset, so as had developed a headache at the last minute. It hadn't worked. Blaine did not believe in the headache, and neither did I. But if he had believed, I would have pretended to.

They must have quarreled.

"We couldn't have picked a better day," Blaine said carefully, after a while. "It's just warm enough."

"It's lovely," I answered, and again we were silent. But slowly, as he drove the car through the diminished traffic of a war-time Sunday, the set lines of his face relaxed, and the atmosphere in the car became easier. It was as if, in separating ourselves from Bernice in distance, we were at the same time separating ourselves from her in thought. And, out in the country, having turned off the main highway to the one that led to Galena, I heard Blaine sigh softly. It was a sigh of contentment—of happiness for the sun, the breeze pregnant with growing things, the blue line of the mountain ahead of us. For perhaps, my companionship.

Not once, all day, did either of us mention Bernice again. It was a day of innocence and sunlight. We might, Blaine and I, have been no more than Margie's age. We found the spot Blaine had promised, and it was just as he'd said, with neither bugs nor people to bother us. We ate the lunch Bernice had prepared, and Blaine gave Margie a fishing lesson, and we strolled out of the clearing into the woods, and late in the afternoon Blaine and Margie dozed in the sun, while I sat near, happy, just being together.

It was dark when we got home—and I noticed, as we passed it, that there was no light in Blaine's house. He stopped in front of my place, and picked up Margie, who was fast asleep.

"She's had such a good time," I whispered. "Thank you for taking us."

Over Margie's head his eyes met mine. "Thank you for coming," he said. "This day—being with you—did me good."

That was all. But it was enough to crown my day, already perfect, with beauty.

I did not see him again until Thurs-
day. I saw Bernice, the next morning and every morning, but only for a minute each time. To my inquiry about her headache she answered only that it was better, thanks, in a tone indicating she didn't intend to discuss it.

UNEASILY, I wondered if I should take Margie away from her. I had no way of knowing what the atmosphere was in that house, all day long. Casually, I tried to question Margie. "Did you have a good time today?" What did Aunt Bernice give you for lunch?"

"Bread pudding. By her own account, Margie's meals always consisted exclusively of dessert. "What did you do all day?"

"Played in the yard with Lois. That would be Lois Baker; the Bakers lived next to the Edwards. And naturally, in this weather, she'd be outdoors most of the time. That was good; she'd be much less trouble to Bernice and still she'd be easy to watch.

On Thursday, though, the weather broke. In a few hours a wind came up, bringing with it heavy clouds from the north. We were in for one of those late-spring cold snaps that always seemed to make the very flowers shiver. When I came home that evening, a sniffing, subdued Margie greeted me. But when I asked her if anything was wrong, she shook her head, so I blamed her disposition on the weather and a possible beginning of a cold, and not her to bed early. I was debating calling Bernice—but what, exactly, could I say if I did call her?—when the doorbell rang once, sharply.

It was Blaine. Even as I opened the door, before he said hello, I knew that something urgent and painful had brought him here. There was that look about the tightly-stretched skin over his jaw. All his first casual words—how was I and had Margie gone to bed—could do nothing to shake that knowledge.

Into the first awkward silence I dropped my question—not to hurry him, but to help him if I could.

"What is it, Blaine?"

He looked at me. "I don't know how to say it. I thought I'd tell you Bernice was ill, the doctor said she needed a rest. But you'd know I was lying. So there's no way of saving my pride. . . . You mustn't let Margie come over to our place any more. It isn't—it can't be—good for her."

"Oh." It was hardly a word, hardly even a sound, and he went on.

"Lord knows I hate to tell you this. I've put it off already, two or three days—I can't put it off any longer. But maybe you know it already, or at least everything but the details, and I won't tell you many of them. Bernice and I—we're not happy together. Happy!" He laughed shortly, harshly, at the word. "That's a crazy way of putting it. I couldn't even use the word. . . . We could have been happy—we were in love when we were married, six years ago. But Bernice—whatever belongs to her, has to belong to her completely. No half measures. Sometimes I've felt as if her fingers were digging into my heart, trying to hold it. . . . That sounds fanciful. It's not. It's the truth."

"Yes, I know," I said. "I know it's true. I . . . felt it. . . ."

"She's been jealous before—not always of women. It's not just a sexual jealousy. I could understand that. I don't think she even wants me to have a friend. I should have known better than to introduce you to her. But she'd promised—and I thought, she dislikes so many of the women around here, perhaps you could be her friend more than mine. And Margie could have been an interest for her. It could have worked out that way." He said it almost pleadingly, as if begging for my approval, my forgiveness.

I gave him both, freely. "Oh, yes, it could have! It was worth trying, Blaine!"

"Yes—but it didn't. Sunday—the picnic—brought things to a head. Ever since, she's been—oh, well, there's no reason I should tell you what we've said to each other. But you see, don't you, it's impossible to go on with this arrangement about Margie?"

I NODDED, sorrow for him running through me like the blood through my veins. "I see that—yes. I'll get a woman to come in . . . or something."

In spite of my efforts to keep it steady, my voice trembled. His rang out more strongly. "Knowing you has—has been very wonderful."

It was goodbye. We both knew it. Goodbye, on his part, to a friendship—on my part, to a love. We might see each other on the street or the bus, might nod and smile, but that would be all. I felt tears rising in my eyes and stood up. Mechanically, I said, "I suppose it will be all right to leave things as they are for tomorrow. Then I'll find someone over the weekend."

"Oh, of course," he agreed quickly."

"And if you could think of some way to make taking Margie away seem entirely natural, I'd appreciate it."

"Yes—I'll think of some way. The tears were insistent. I turned my head away, hastily. But not hastily enough.
"Mary—dearest!" he muttered. "Don't cry—don't!"

I was in his arms. He was crushing the breath—the very life—of me. Oh, take that life, take it! Take it through your lips, your arms. He let me go—stood back, his face white.

"I never meant to do that," he said. "I didn't want you to know."

"But I'm glad to know," I whispered. "No," he said faintly, "Because it can't mean anything. If there were any hope... if I dared divorce Bernice. But I'm afraid. I'm afraid of what she might do to herself. Six years ago when we were married, I promised. It's a promise I have to keep."

So it was goodbye to love for him, too. A promise to keep. Yes! When Blaine made a promise he would keep it—no matter how much it hurt. My face was in his hands. I didn't see him leave for heard the door close softly behind him.

But then, I saw. I couldn't even stay here, in this house, this neighborhood. For myself, I could have stayed—it being so near to him, having to hide what I felt. For myself—yes, but I couldn't ask him to undergo that torture, too, in addition to the manner of his living. When that was decided, there was nothing for the rest of the night—nothing but the memory of Blaine's kiss, snatched so roughly away from my lips before they had had time really to taste it.

In the morning I left Margie at Bernice's back door, without even making a token effort to see Bernice. I would have given anything to have somewhere else for Margie to go, but if I went to move soon I had to go downtown. As it was, I would probably take most of the day off from work. Ten hours later, I came home, drenched by the rain and aching with defeat. There was nowhere, simply nowhere, to live. I had looked at houses and apartments, and the more I saw the more I was appalled at the prices that were charged for apartments.

I went into the house, to find Margie in the living room, sobbing as if her heart would break. Her face was streaked with tears, and her hair and her clothes were soaked wet. At the sound of my step she threw herself into my arms, clinging to me like a refuge, gasping out broken sentences and disconnected words, so that it was minutes before I learned what the matter was. When she did, I sank back on my heels, filled with a cold horror that soon gave way to rage.

How could she have done this to a little girl? It was sheer, wanton cruelty—this wrenching of her spirit against me on whatever was dearest to me, and no matter if that victim was small and trusting and helpless. She had struck me, but her motives had been red and swollen in evidence—had screamed at her that she was a bad girl, had then turned her out of the house.

But I tried to be fair. It was just possible she'd had some reason: "What were you doing?" I asked. "You're sure you weren't naughty?"

"No. I wasn't!" she said. I knew when Margie was lying to me; this wasn't one of those times. "All I did was play with a prettier piece of silk—it was blue, with pretty gold threads in it—and I was putting it around Shirley for a coat and she said I couldn't have it and then she slipped me. But she's let me play with it before!"

I cuddled her face against mine.

"Well, never mind," I tried to comfort her. "Mummy won't ever send you over there again.

At a dim light I stood up, still holding her hand. More than anything, I wanted to go up the block and tell Bernice Edwards what I thought of her. But of course, of course, I glanced out of the window, at the Edwards' house, instead. And stood there, not breathing.

A lot of people stood on Blaine's lawn, looking at the house. Even as I watched, a police car drew up with a rasps of brakes, and two uniformed figures shot out of it, ran up the steps.

I think I told Margie to stay where she was and be a good girl; it was in my mind, but perhaps it never got farther. I don't really remember—I don't remember anything until I was standing at Blaine's front door.

He opened the door for me. He seemed not even to see me, at first, then his face crumpled in relief. "Mary! Ah, I'm glad you came."

"What?" I cried. "Blaine, what's happened?"

He shook his head, as if he couldn't understand. "Bernice," he muttered. "I came home and—his hand flung out, to the living room door, and I got there. His hand flung out, to the living room door, and I got there. There was nothing, so I thought, as if he was unconscious. "He shook his head, as if he couldn't understand. "There's nothing we can do, Mr. Edwards," he said. "It must have happened at least an hour ago. She struck her head on that table-leg when she fell."

I covered my eyes, but I could still see Bernice, striding into the room, quick as a cat even after turning Margie out, and falling.

Blaine spoke, dazedly. "I can't understand it," he was saying. "She must have been just violent. I've had no peace from her since I met her—she and she was always so neat, so careful about picking up things."

I looked down, knowing what I should see. A scrap of silk cloth, of blue with gold threads running through it, not more than a foot square—but the size to make a cape for a doll. It was on the floor—toasted down and forgotten once it had served its purpose of providing an excuse for Bernice to have shown off upon Margie.

The picture of Bernice lying there will stay long in my mind, and longer still in Blaine's. But it will fade in time. Bernice's cruelty, for example, in her jealousy, her thousand little pettish unkindnesses, her nagging—all the memories that of poor woman who was strangled in the skin of her own neurotic imaginings. They will all be forgotten, because I know that I can give Blaine something precious to remember my love as full as kind, as understanding as it is humanly possible for me to make it. He will be able to remember without bitterness the woman who was strangled in the skin of her own jealousy, because there is happiness ahead for the three of us—a life of happiness for Blaine and Margie and me. And, of course, of course, we share, will do their healing work.
Overheard

CORKED IN OIL
To preserve precious steel needles, place a small bottle in the sewing machine drawer . . . put your needles in it . . . and add a drop of machine oil. Insert the cork, and there will be no rusty needles when you come to use them. —Household hint prize-winner Myrtle Oland on Meet Your Neighbor with Alma Kittell, the Blue Network.

CELOPHANE COCKTAIL
Carrot juice cocktail in a cel-ophane bag is one of the latest wartime products. By dehydration a cocktail powder is prepared which contains celery and salt as well as carrots. Packed in moisture-proof, airtight, laminated cel-ophane packages, the product not only saves metal can, but much weight in trans- portation. —Watson Davis, Adventures In Science, CBS.

IN DEFENSE OF PA
There are mothers who tell the child to "wait until daddy comes home" when he has mis-behaved. To thus use the father as a threat of punishment is unfair to the father . . . but even harder on the child. Punishment should be given immediately after the offending act and should be brief. —Dr. Harry Bakwin, Associate Professor of Pediatrics, New York University College of Medicine, guest speaker of The Baby Institute, the Blue Network.

IF THE ROUND ROBIN COMES HOME TO ROOST
Chain letters: Isn't it a stupid and foolish waste of time to copy a lot of drivel over and over . . . to spend good money for stamps . . . when our Post Office Department has all that it can do to handle important mail? It may be that these chain letters are kept in circulation by Axis agents who want to confuse us and make us waste our time. But whatever the source, don't, I beg of you, let yourself be intimidated or coerced into "not breaking the chain." Break it and break it quickly by throwing the chain letter away.
—Kate Smith Speaks, CBS.

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS IN BLUE
The Commander of the sub-marine base at New London, Connecticut, where we went to put on our radio show, did not allow any officers and their wives to attend either of our broadcasts. The seating capacity was not too big and the Admiral said the show belonged to the boys . . . that they came first. Need I say more? —Kate Smith Speaks, CBS.

ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR PRESENT DEODORANT?
TEST IT! PUT IT UNDER THIS ARM...

PUT FRESH, THE NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM, UNDER THIS ARM! SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION — PREVENTS ODOR BETTER!

use FRESH AND STAY FRESHER!

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Three sizes
50¢—25¢—10¢

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR
SHE OPERATES SHIP’S RADIO

By Mary Bradley

women as radio officers, she decided to take the training. Four months later, armed with her ticket, she tried first British shipping officers and then Norwegian. They were not interested. But she left her name and address, and sure enough in May 1941 a Norwegian line gave her her chance on a trip to Canada.

At first a number of the crew refused to sail with a woman on board; they reckoned that she would be a liability in an emergency. But the Captain told them they must sail or he would replace them. So they sailed.

Now Radio Officer Richards shares watches with a man radio officer, taking down news bulletins and warnings of Axis shipping, straight from the earphones to her typewriter. Messages are often received in code, but ship transmissions are made only in extreme emergency. Between-whiles Peggy does clerical work for the Captain—paylists, crew-lists, doctors’ reports and so on. She also does odd mending jobs for the eleven officers.

First thing she does when she sails up the Hudson, is to go ashore and order a thick steak.

Peggy loves New York and its lights. After the war she’d like to settle down in Philadelphia.

Most of her outfit comes from the Women’s Royal Naval Service. On the navy suit, however, she wears Merchant Service buttons, and she has a navy forage cap with the gold and velvet badge of the Merchant Service. Her shoulder flash labels her “AUSTRALIA.” At sea she wears slacks, sea-boots and oilskins, and sleeps in her clothes till she reaches port again.

Peggy knows what it is to brave air attacks, torpedoes, E-boats, minelayers and gales. But the call of the sea is stronger than ever. She will soon be back.

How to choose a good summer powder shade

If your tan is rosy

you’ll look prettiest in a fresh; rosy-beige powder like Pond’s new Dreamflower “Dusk Rose.” It’s not too dark—not yellow—makes your tan glow! Mrs. Alkin A. Ryan, blonde society beauty says, “’Dusk Rose’ is the most attractive summer shade I’ve ever found.”

If your tan is golden

your summer powder must be rich and bronzy. Pond’s new Dreamflower “Dark Rachel” is superb for you! It enriches your tan—never dulle it with a pale, powdery film. “Pond’s new Dreamflower ‘Dark Rachel’ makes my tan look so rich, smooth!” says Mrs. Charles Morgan, Jr., brown-eyed social leader.

Pond’s exquisite new Dreamflower Powder

Six flattering shades: Dusk Rose; Dark Rachel and Natural, Brunette, Rachel, Rose Cream. 49¢, 25¢, 10¢.

Pond’s “LIPS”-

MATCH YOUR LIPS AND CHECKS with Pond’s new glamour pair—Pond’s "Lips" and Pond’s "Cheeks" (compact rouge). Five wonderful shades!
river. For a while we wandered aimlessly along the path that bordered the high bank, and at last we found a spot on the bluff directly in the path the moon made across the water, and there we sat down on the grass. And there I learned what was wrong with Steven, what had dulled the life of his eyes, what had sent laughter away from his mouth, what had changed his joy of living into hate of living.

Steven was on convalescent leave, I found out. He didn’t tell me much that first night on the riverbank—not as much as he needed to, to cleanse his mind and his heart of some of the dark places there—but I knew just the same that it was far more than he had told anyone else. Just the bare, grim outline of climb up a foiled him in Tunisia which Rommel’s men had sealed thick with mines to blow up in our soldiers’ faces as they climbed: a suicide even from himself. Now it was quite suicide for Steven, but was worse, almost, if it had, leaving him with memories that he could not shake off, injuries that had piled up on him—and injuries of another kind, leaving raw, sore spots in his mind and his soul that couldn’t be healed so quickly.

So he had come home—to news that his older brother, whom he had hero-worshipped all his life, had been killed in action in the Pacific. To news that his mother—the last of his family—had died a month before. “None of my family are left,” he finished, in that dull, tired voice of his.

My hand trembled for his and held it hard. I couldn’t find anything to say, but I guess that the tears in my eyes told him that I’d be his folks for as long as he was here.

That was the way it started. And things that start, nowadays, don’t move slowly. I spent all my spare time with Steven, after that—narrowing it down so that must, at first, and afterward because I wanted to. Especially after the second night, when we walked along the river again, and I asked him, “How long before you must go back, Steve?”

He stopped then, and swung around to face me, looking seriously down at me in the half-darkness of the moonlight.

“I’m not going back.”

He was silent, and as he turned a little, and the moonlight struck his face, I saw that he looked dazed, uncertain. And I knew then that this was the first time he had put that into words—that he had known it all along, and tried to hide it from himself. He had been—spoken—out in the open, to be examined, to be talked about. “I’m not going back.”

I knew better than to talk about it then. Gently, I led the conversation away, around to other things. Now was the time to talk about the weather, about the music we heard, about anything and everything except the war.

Because I was sure that if I tried, if I gave my whole self to it, I could help Steven find his way out of his fear and desperation in which he had lost himself.

I didn’t know that he would fall in love with me—I thought that I would help him to find his way of life again, not be his way of life. But that’s what happened. And when he said to me, one night less than a week after we had met, “You’re all I’ve got to live for, Susan!” what could I say? What
could I say, except, “I’m glad, Steve.”
Being with Steven was good for me, too. Because hearing him fight his way out of his trouble was a full-time job, and it kept my mind off myself. I just didn’t have time, during that first week, to sit and dream of Dick. With my job, and my service at the Canteen, and going out with Steven somewhere afterwards, I was so tired by the time I got to bed that I was grateful to drop into profound sleep, instead of lying awake to be sorry for myself as I used to do before Steven came along.

I was a hard job, and a challenging one, to coax Steven’s mind out of the protective wall of “I will not” which he had built around it. It was slow work, and it took careful planning, that I could be sure I never said or did the wrong thing. But I managed it. I managed it so that one night, about a month after I had met him, I could feel free to ask once again, “When are you scheduled to go back on duty?” And when he told me, as he had a month before, “I am not going back,” I was so sure of myself that I wasn’t afraid to reply, “Nonsense, of course you’re going back, Steven!”

He shook his head, but I knew that I had won, all the same. There was reason in his eyes now, instead of dullness, and fear no longer lurked there.

“It wouldn’t be so bad,” he said slowly, “if I had something to come back to, if every fighting day meant one day nearer coming home to something worth coming for.”

I leaned back against the bolt of our favorite big tree—we were on the riverbank once more—and I said, lightly, “But not having something, a child back home, to ought to make it easier to leave, Steven.”

He moved closer to me, then, and caught my hand in his in the gesture that was now so familiar. “It’s you that makes it hard to leave, now, Susan,” he told me. He sat very still a moment, holding tightly to my hand, and then he began to talk, pouring words out at me as if he were thinking aloud, and as I felt out his own tangled, troubled thoughts.

“I’m not afraid, Susan, the way I was when you met me. Not the way I was, I say—which doesn’t mean but now there was afraid. A man’s a fool, I think, not to be, in the face of danger and death. Sometimes I think that a lot of the men you hear stories about—the kind they say go laughing into battle—are just not smart enough to realize what they’re up against. The real heroes are the fellows who, in what I’m meaning, are against them—and then pull up their pants and cock their hats over their eyes and do the job they’re supposed to do in spite of knowing.

“But I’m not trembling in a blue funk, and neither you nor anybody else. You’re doing, All yours. You’ve done—”

And then I was afraid. I was afraid of what he was going to say, afraid to let him go, and I disengaged my fingers and got to my feet.

“Steven, if I don’t go home I’ll never be able to get up in the morning. You’re bad for me, Steve. You’re doing disgraceful hours since I met you.”

Reluctantly, he stood up beside me.

“All right, Sue. I know you’re cutting me off—you can’t fool me. But there’s plenty of time.”

Only there wasn’t plenty of time. Maybe if there had been, things would be different now. Steven called for me the next night, some of the fear was back in his eyes. A little muscle at the side of his mouth twitched torturously, and his voice, when he spoke, was flat in an effort to keep it controlled.

But he only said, “Come along. Out to the river. I’ve got to talk to you.”

And that was all he said, until we were seated side by side on the grass once more, his hand held tightly in mine. Even then he was silent for a little while, but when he did speak it sounded as if he were pronouncing sentence of death.

“I’ve got my orders. I’ve got to leave on Wednesday.”

He had to leave on Wednesday—and this was Friday. In less than a week, he must go. And for almost the first time, I had a personal feeling about Steven. Until then, I had considered him a sort of human problem, a challenge. But now I knew, with a swift pang, that I should miss him—dreadfully. He had become a part of my life, filling my days with thoughts of him, my evenings with his company. I remembered then, what I had tried to put out of my mind—that I was a woman, with a woman’s feelings, and that Steven was a man. I didn’t want any more of love—not even the kind of sweet and simple thing up to me for poor Steve. Love, love of any kind, can hurt too much.

Wednesday.” He repeated it in that flat, detached voice of his. “I’d have become a part of my life, filling my days with thoughts of him, my evenings with his company. I remembered then, what I had tried to put out of my mind—that I was a woman, with a woman’s feelings, and that Steven was a man. I didn’t want any more of love—not even the kind of sweet and simple thing up to me for poor Steve. Love, love of any kind, can hurt too much.

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what fear and heartbreak are, saying goodbye to those men. It isn't just you. It's everyone, in these days. It's something that has to be faced, and that's all there is to it."

"I could face it," he said. "I could face it—if you would face it with me. I could hate those orders and still go, if you were the woman who said goodbye to me."

I looked at him then, in a new way. I looked past the fears and the self-reproach, the anguish and the heart-sickness. And I saw a man—the man Steven could be. Just a boy, really—a boy with a mouth shaped for laughter, fine, strong hands, and a fine strong heart, too.

With a quick movement, he got to his feet, held out a hand to me. And when he pulled me up, he caught me to him in one swift gesture, so that I was held in his arms, knowing the questing of his mouth, the touch of his hands, even as my mind cried: No—no—it's too soon. Not yet, not yet!

But his voice, soft and low and urgent, pushed back my thoughts. "Susan, oh, Susan—you'll never know, if I tell you from now till I die, how much I love you! But honey, it's more than just love. You're my life. You're what I live by now. You've made yourself that to me, just as if I'd been dying, and you've saved my life!"

I STOOD very still in his arms, not resisting, yet not answering his caresses, listening to the urgings of his voice. "Susan, if I knew that you were mine—mine to live for, and mine to come back to—I could face anything. I know you don't love me, honey, but if you'd wait for me, I know I could make you love me, little by little, when I come home. Susan—say you will! Say you'll marry me tomorrow!"

It was strange, how I felt. I was seeing Dick, then—and it was as if I were saying goodbye to him. I'd known before that love was not for Dick and me, but in a woman's heart hope dies hard. But another part of me was crying out to Steven. I wanted to hold him close to me, to tell him that his world was a safe world, that everything was all right. And almost without my own volition, I heard my voice saying, "Yes, Steve. Yes, I'll marry you. Tomorrow!"

After that, there were so many things to be done, so many plans to be made, that I didn't have time to think of anything but what I was doing from minute to minute.

I knew that I must take Steven out and introduce him to Mother and Dad. I'd hurt them badly enough when I came to live and work in the city—came with lame and feeble reasons to cover up the real one. I'd hurt them, too, by not coming out often to see them after I moved to town, because the excuses I offered for not coming were poor ones, too, and how could I explain that I didn't want to stay in the same room with Dick, couldn't sit across from him at the Sunday dinner table, couldn't have him walk with me to the bus when I left?

Steven and I almost ran away from our spot on the riverbank, and we just managed to catch the 8:30 bus which would take us to Riverdale, where I had lived most of my life. On the two-hour-long ride out there I sat very still, ordering my thoughts, telling myself that I was glad—proud—that Steven needed me. It was better to forsake a memory that, however sweet, would turn bitter under time's hand, for a reality that could be as sweet if I would let it be. Steven loved me because I

"To keep Love Light in his Eyes
try my*W.B.N.C."

VERONICA LAKE, CO-STARRING IN "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Veronica Lake confides:

"To win his heart, it takes a complexion he can't help adoring. So take my W.B.N.C. That's short for..."

*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap.

"This 3-minute nightly care with Woodbury Cold Cream means new beauty—to open your eyes and his."

Cleanse with Woodbury Cold Cream—wipe away. Pat on more—wipe again, leaving a trace overnight.

Four special ingredients make your skin softer, smoother. An exclusive ingredient helps guard against germs from dust and soiled fingers, acting constantly to purify the cream right in the jar.

Tonight start with Woodbury Cold Cream. Hear him say you're lovelier—soon. Big economy jars, $1.25, 75¢; also 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ sizes.
had brought him life. I would forget my own hunger, feeding his.

But the nearer we got to Riverdale, the harder my heart pounded, until it made me feel weak and almost ill. And when we left the bus and walked up the long, familiar, elm-shaded street I thrust my arm through Steven's with an actual physical need for support.

"You'll love Mother and Dad," I told him, in a strained voice that was not my own. "They're wonderful people. And they'll love you."

"What about Dick?" Steve asked softly, and I knew that that question had been on his tongue since the moment I had proposed coming to Riverdale.

"He probably won't be home," I said. "He'll probably be out somewhere. And we won't stay long—just long enough for you to meet Mother and Dad. Here—this is the house."

The front door wasn't locked; it seldom was before eleven or so. I opened it slowly, walked into the familiar, dimly-lighted hallway.

"Mother?" I called. "Mother, where are you?"

For a second there was silence. Then I heard footsteps upstairs, and I was answered.

"Susan! Susan, is that you?"

Dick!

He came down the stairs two at a time, smiling a welcome that lost some of its warmth when he saw Steven.

"Dick!" I said, "this is Steven Day." And then I added—quickly, quickly, before he could say anything—"Steven and I are going to be married. I brought him home to have Mother and Dad meet him."

There was a brief silence which seemed to last a year before I could break it, with, "Where are they, Dick?"

"Down at Cousin Ann's."

His voice was heavy. I found courage to look at him, and my heart careened to my throat. Oh, Dick—Dick, with your absurdly twinkling eyes, your square chin with the deep cleft in it, your abundant joy of living—Dick, big and gay, and all my life until now!

And so I turned to Steven, because I could not bear to look at Dick.

Dick turned away. "I'll call Mother," he said, and the spell of strangeness which filled the little room was broken. I had a peculiar feeling, when he turned away—as if he had closed a door between us forever. I waited for the hurt to sweep over me, the overwhelming grief, the sense of loss. But it didn't come, and I told my heart that I was incapable of more emotion.

After that, there was little time for thinking. Mother and Dad came hurrying home, bringing our cousins Ann and George with them. There was much questioning and exclamings and handshaking and plan-making, and Mother cried a little, as mothers will, and Dick, too. His nose to make sure no one would think he was crying, and patted Steve on the back.

Mother wanted us to be married, when we had obtained our special license next day, in the little church we'd always gone to. For a moment I thought: no, I can't! That would be too much! But then I realized that I really wanted to be married there, with my family and my friends around me—yes, even with Dick standing beside Steve at the end of the aisle, waiting for me.

I was a little frightened then—frightened, if you can understand this, because I wasn't afraid, because I wasn't afraid to be married to Steven with Dick standing by.
I linked my arm with Steven's as we walked down the elm-shadowed block. Somehow I didn't know how I felt, what I felt. I just wanted to cling to Steve, to feel his arm held tight against my body, to lean on him and let the rest of the world take care of itself.

Suddenly I began to cry, and turned into the shelter of Steve's arms, feeling his dear hands patting me awkwardly, man-fashion, trying to comfort me, hearing his voice close to my ear.

"Susan—don't cry! Honey, it's no good. We can't go through with it. I wouldn't make you go through with it. It's more important that you're happy than that I am dearest."

But I put a hand up to his lips to stay the words. "No," I cried, "No. It's not that. I'm crying because—because—"

And then I knew. I was crying because I was free. I had made a mistake in running away, in not seeing Dick all those months. Perhaps, if I had stayed at home, I would have found out much sooner. Or perhaps I needed someone like Steve to show me the way.

I turned my face up to Steve's. "I love you, Steven. I want to marry you. I didn't really want to until now. But now I know. I know."

But what's the use of speaking words at a time like that? Lovers' mouths were made for kissing.

At last Steve pushed me away a little. "Do you mean it, Susan? Do you mean it?" And so sure was I, that I could laugh my assurance.

So sure was I that I could turn clear, free eyes to Dick and to the world next day when Steve and I stood before the altar in the little church. So sure that my voice rang a clear, firm, "I will!" to the minister's and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?"

So sure that now, now that Steven has gone back to his fighting, now that Dick, too, has gone to war, that I can carry their pictures together in the locket I wear. Steven, my beloved, my husband. And Dick—my brother.

### AUGUST RADIO MIRROR

On Sale Friday, July 9th.

To help lighten the burden that the War effort has placed upon transportation and handling facilities, we are scheduling coming issues of RADIO MIRROR to appear upon the newstands of slightly later dates than before. RADIO MIRROR for August will go on sale Friday, July 9th. On that date your newsseller will be glad to supply you with your copy. The some circumstances apply also to subscriptions. While all subscription copies are mailed on time, they may reach you a little later than usual. Please be patient. They will be delivered as soon as conditions permit.

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**She looked a Shade over 40**

1 Actually, she wasn't so very old... quite young, in fact. But she didn't look young and glamorous... and men weren't attracted. The simple truth was... her face powder didn't give her natural youth and beauty a chance... for its shade was dead and lifeless... so her skin looked old! T'was indeed sad!

2 Then one day she tried Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder... in the glamorous new shades that are matched to the vibrant, glowing skin tones of youth. What a revelation! She looked young and lovely again... and you can, too... because there's an alluring new Cashmere Bouquet shade to enhance the natural, youthful beauty of your complexion, no matter what your age!

3 Lonely, no more! Now the men swarm around her like bees, she's such a honey... all because of that charming, youthful look Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder gives her. And she's discovered that this new Cashmere Bouquet is always color-true, never, never streaky... colors harmonized to suit your skin-type... goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly, for hours on end.

4 A new, glamorous complexion awaits you too... with one of these new, youthful shades of Cashmere Bouquet! See for yourself how alluringly youthful they can make you look. There's a shade to suit you perfectly... in 10¢ size or larger, at all cosmetic counters!
If Love Were All

Continued from page 49

roof, nights when I must clinch to my courage as I would cling to a rope swinging me out over an abyss. Fourteen more nights...

I was wrong. There was not even one more such night.

The next day was warm and balmy, one of those days that sometimes come toward the end of winter, like a reminder of the spring that is still many weeks away. I had no desire to see spring come this year, but I was glad that the weather was so nice. Tim could spend most of the morning and afternoon downtown in old cronies. It would mean so much to him, these last few days before he went overseas, to feel that he was once again part of the family. It was cracking, electric. Suddenly he spoke.

"What's the matter, Arda?" he asked quietly.

I was at the sink, my back to him, and I didn't want to turn around. But I did, because not to have done so would have appeared unnatural. "Matter?" I said. "Why—nothing. I don't know what you mean."

You've changed a lot since you and Gene were married," he said, as if I hadn't spoken. "Aren't you happy?"

"Why, of course I'm happy," I said with a little laugh that seemed to rasp my throat. "And as for changing—well, I hope I've grown up a little bit. You should, you know."

Moving his muscular shoulders impatiently, he said, "That's not what I mean, and you know it, Arda. I think you know what I do mean. Why won't you tell me?"

"But really, Tim, there's nothing to tell. I can't imagine where you got such an idea—"

You don't have to be afraid to tell me," he urged gently. "My Lord, I'm not blind. I can tell that—"

He broke off and tried again. "Being in the Army has taught me things. Before I left, I used to think that Gene was just about perfect. Now I know he's probably not so easy to get along with. My fault, I guess—I spoiled him. But—"

I couldn't let him go on like this. His deep, worried voice was breaking down all my defenses; in another minute I'd have to say things that would avail him nothing. I had to talk to Tim—oh, I had to talk to him, but not under these circumstances."

"Oh, you're wrong, Tim," I cried, trying so hard to put earnestness into my voice that I sounded shrill. "Really you are. If I've seemed—quiet—it's because—well, maybe it's because you just go through everything and I've gone through together without chang-

ing a little. And of course it makes me sad to think of you going over-

secretly—"

I was throwing excuses at him, almost at random, and he knew it. His lids drooped, and he said, "All right. If you don't want to tell me—I guess it's maybe none of my business except that I'd do anything in the world
to make sure that you and Gene were happy.

"I know you would, Tim dear." The words were muffled by the lump in my throat. "I know. But we are—really, without answering, he looked down at his hands, lying relaxed on his knees. They were big and brown, those hands, with a sprinkling of fine golden hairs on their backs, and square-cut, scrubbed-up nails. And if once, even by accident, one of them should touch me, at that moment all my determination would crumble away, and this ghastly farce I was playing would come to an end...

The slamming of the front door made us both start. My eyes flew to the electric clock over the sink, while quick, hard footsteps came down the hall. Six-thirty—even earlier than Gene usually got home. Before I saw him, I knew from the thud of his heels against the hardwood floor that something—something terrible was going to happen.

His face was chalky in the glare of the kitchen light, and his eyes shifted back and forth from me to Tim when he spoke.

"Ardy—I’ve got to leave town. Right away. You better come with me. Just throw some things into a suitcase and come on. We’ll go in the car. I’ll tell you all about it when we’ve started—no time now."

THAT’s how he talked—in short, bitten-off sentences, breathlessly, as if he’d been running. It was odd that just then I was more impressed by the way he shot out the words than by the words themselves. Because what he was saying didn’t make any sense.

"Come on!" he said when I didn’t move. "Tell you we’ve got to hurry! Bring all the money you’ve got in the house—we’ll need all we can lay our hands on—but don’t bother about too many clothes—"

Tim must have realized it was hysteria, the hysteria of blind panic, before I did. He stood up, walked across the room, and took Gene by both shoulders.

"What’s the matter?" he asked tightly. "What happened?"

Gene tried to squirm out from under Tim’s hands. "I tell you there isn’t time to explain now!" he insisted, his voice rising to a scream.

"There’s always time to explain when a guy rushes in and starts talking about leaving town at a second’s notice," Tim said with a calmness that didn’t exactly fit the out-thrust angle of his jaw.

But now, for the first time, Gene’s face became ugly. Fury was there, mingled with the fear. One clenched fist came up, aimed for Tim’s jaw. Tim saw it, and twisted his body without letting go of Gene so the blow cut through empty air. He began to shake Gene, and he said, "Don’t try that again, you crazy little mug. Now, you tell us what this is all about. What have you done?"

The question rang through the room like the beat of an immense bell. Its sound was horribly real, cutting through the confusion of Gene’s sudden appearance and his babbling insistence that he had to leave town; releasing the spell that had held me with every muscle tense and still, so that I slumped back against the cold rim of the sink.

What had Gene done? Because of course his panic was born of guilt. Tim had seen that, had had the cour-
age to recognize it and bring it out into the open.

As if he too saw that there was no hope of erasing that question, once it had been asked. Gene went limp-der Tim's hands. He was still shaken with fear, but sullenness had replaced his fury.

"All right," he said quickly. "I'll tell you about it, and then maybe you'll see why I've got to get out of here. I'm in a jam. It's nothing I meant to do, but— Herb Miller, Arda's heard me talk to him on the phone, wanted to get a look at some blueprints for a new type of direction-finder we're developing out at the plant. He said he was from Berryman's—you know, they're a competing firm."

Tim nodded impatiently, as if all this was something he'd heard before, or could have guessed.

"Well," Gene said querulously, "he had an employment badge from Berryman's, he showed it to me once. And he knew all about the direction-finder. He mentioned it first. And the damn thing's no good anyway—we've been working on it six months and haven't been able to get it right. So I thought— if he's crazy enough to—I mean, it was just one gib outfit trying to find out what the other one was making—"

"You know better than that," Tim snapped. "But let it go. How much did he pay you?"

G E N E hesitated, trying not to answer, but Tim's will was stronger.

"S—seven hundred and fifty," he said, his face turned away from Tim's demanding gaze.

Tim winced, as if someone had thrust a knife into his flesh, but all he said was, "So you gave him the blueprints. Then what happened?"

"I didn't give him the prints," Gene declared. "I only let him have them overnight, so he could look at them. He said it with great insistence, as if it made all the difference in the world, but Tim didn't move, his face didn't relax, and after a moment Gene went on. "That was last night. He gave me back the prints this morning, before I went to work, and I put them back..."

"Well?"

"I stopped in at Berger's tonight on my way home, for a beer, and Harold down there told me Miller's been arrested. They've grabbed him this afternoon, just a couple hours ago." Panic seized him again. "That's why I've got to get out, don't you see? Maybe Miller copied the prints—"

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“Maybe!” Tim interjected sardonically.

“...And if they find them on him, they’ll want to know where he got them. He’ll tell about me—or even if he doesn’t, people around town’ve seen me with him. The FBI’ll know as soon as they begin to ask questions.”

Suddenly Tim released him, let go of his shoulders with a little push that sent him thudding back against the door frame.

“You crazy dope!” he said. “You damn sneaking fool!”

Gene straightened himself and moved a few steps away from the door. Tim’s violence seemed to have given him back a little of his courage—enough at least to make him say defiantly, “Well, you wanted to know about it. Tim turned his back on him.

I had been waiting, all this time. For all the attention either of them paid to me, I might as well not have been in the room at all. If only I hadn’t! But I knew that the moment would come when I could no longer stand on the edge of their conflict, watching it. Inevitably, I would become its center.

And now—

“Are you going to get ready and come with me, Arda?” Gene asked—bluntly, like an ultimatum.

Before I could answer, Tim spun around. “Of course she’s not!” he cried. “She didn’t have anything to do with you—your treachery! Good Lord—talk about the Japs being slimy rats! They didn’t stab their own country in the back, anyway!”

Gene’s eyes narrowed. “You let Arda do her own talking,” he ordered. “And cut out the flag-waving, too.” He turned back to me. “How about it? Are you coming with me or do you want to make like you never knew me at all?”

Even in my heart-sickness, I recognized his unerring instinct for touching me upon my most vulnerable point. I could have refused him if he had begged and pleaded. But by appealing to my loyalty, my pride, he was cunningly making a refusal infinitely harder. I couldn’t answer. I covered my face with my hands, wishing I could blot out my marriage, my association with him, as easily as I blotted his image out of my sight.

“Gene,” I whispered, “How could you do this? How could you?”

“All right,” he said, impatient to bring this delay to an end and be on his way making his voice razor-edged. “I should have known it, but I did, and now I’ve got to beat it.”

“You can’t get away,” Tim said. “If they want you, they’ll get you. Where can you go? You can’t find him. I’ll take me a long way. I’ll go to—” But he stopped, and then added suspi-
ciously, “Never mind where I’ll go. That’s my business. But I’m going! And Arda’s coming with me.”

Something exploded inside me, like a rocket, soaring free into the air. For Gene had over-reached himself. He had given me the key that released me from him forever. “Arda’s coming with me.” He’d said it so positively. Even in this last extremity of danger—even now, when he was running away—he found it important to assert his power over me. As always, he needed my allegiance, to build up his own vision of himself as a daring, wonderful, clever fellow. But this time he could not have it.

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A WAVE, cresting in from some wide, dark sea, lifted me and flung me into his arms. I clung there, sobbing, whispering broken words of endearment that seemed to be spoken by my heart, not my lips at all. Time didn't exist any longer—there were only Tim and me, the two of us, lost in a whispering ecstasy.

Sanity came back, finally. I was on the edge of the living room, every muscle of my body weak, relaxed, and Tim sat beside me, holding one of my hands in his. He had touched a match to the fire, and the little flames, like cats' tongues, cracked and snapped avidly over the dry wood. For a long time, theirs was the only sound. Even when Tim spoke he did not seem to break the silence so much as to underline it.

"It was my fault," he said. "All of it. For a year, now, I've tried not to believe that, but after tonight I can't kid myself any more. Ever since Pa and Ma died, I've seen it to that there was never anything Gene wanted that he didn't get the way or another. He never had a chance to grow up. I wouldn't let him." "That isn't true, Tim." The words came without my thought—there was something—something like this would happen." "Yes—you tried," he assented. "Thanks to me, it had to be you that tried..." "You thought you were helping us, Tim. You weren't to blame..." He raised his head, and in the firelight I saw the anguish in his eyes.

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the kidney, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with burning and burning sometimes when there's something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging headaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 16 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.
"You never knew the whole story," he said. "You thought Gene wanted to marry you, but couldn't because he didn't have a job, security. I knew that—that wasn't so. Gene didn't want to marry anyone. He—wanted you. That was all. And I was afraid... he's always been so clever at getting around people, and I knew you loved him... I was afraid he might get what he wanted. But I knew he wanted money, too. So I made a bargain with him. He could have my share of our inheritance if he'd marry you. Oh, it wasn't as blunt as all that. It wasn't a deal, in so many words, but we understood each other. And by coming to you first, telling you my plan before I told him, I put him into a position he couldn't get out of very easily, even if he'd wanted to."

My fingers were gripping his hand so tightly that the long nails cut into his flesh, hurting him. Hours later I saw the red, curved scars. But now neither of us was conscious of anything but Tim's slow, painful words.

"And I thought I was doing something wonderful for you, too," he went on bitterly. "I was that much of a fool. I didn't see what a low trick I was really playing on you, or how impossible it was that Gene would settle down and be a model husband. All I could see was the fine, big sacrifice I was making," His mouth twisted into a soundless laugh. "I was being noble. Fixing it so the girl I loved, but who didn't even know I existed, got married to my brother."

"Oh, Tim! Tim, my darling! I never knew."

"No, you never knew. But Gene must have, or he wouldn't have said that, tonight, about me having a clear field with you this time. He's known, and it's eaten into him so that—He might have been different if he hadn't known."

"No." I shook my head decisively. "That's something you mustn't reproach yourself for, Tim. I think it pleased Gene to know that he—something you wanted. It gave him the queer kind of happiness that was the only kind he understood."

Tim sighed and got to his feet. "I had to tell you this—tonight, before they come here looking for Gene and things get all messed up. Even if you hate me for it."

"How could I hate you?" I asked, with something between a sob and a laugh. "How can I hate somebody I love?"

"I used to imagine how it would be to hear you tell me you loved me," he said. "The way you imagine something that's impossible. I still can't believe—" He knelt beside me, kissed me on my lips, my eyes, my throat, my lips again. But he whispered brokenly, "And now that you have told me, I'm in the Army, going away soon, and Gene's—we don't know where he is, we may never know, and you'll still be married to him."

The hopelessness of his words couldn't, just then, get past the rim of my mind. It was enough for me that we were together, for this little hour out of time, enough to feel him near me while the fire crackled and burst into spurts of flame and then died again.

The ringing of the bell was like a whip against our ear-drum. At first, as Tim sprang to his feet, we didn't know whether it was the door or the telephone. Then, when it came again,
we knew it was the latter, and Tim went out into the hall.

"Hello?...Yes...This is Mrs. Gorman’s brother-in-law. Is there anything...?"

He didn't say anything more. I waited, while the pulse of a dreadful apprehension beat faster and faster in me. Suddenly, without a sound, he was back, standing just within the door. The fire was so nearly out I could not see his face, only the bulk of his body, ghostly in its khaki.

"Ardas," he said. "That was the police at Westerton. The grave-crossing near there—Gene was speeding, trying to cross it against the signal. The train stopped, and after a moment I finished for him.

"Gene's dead," I said. "Is that what you’re trying to tell me, Tim?"

"Yes."

AFTER all the dreadful activity of the morning, the house was a refuge. I came into it alone, and went about pulling up shades so that the healing sunlight could enter.

I hadn't had to talk to the FBI men. I had Tim to thank for that. He had told them all they wanted to know and I would never inquire into the details of that interview. It was enough for me that it had been agreed to let Gene take the secret of his treachery with him. No one knew that he had been running away when the train struck him—no one except Tim and me and the government men.

When we were alone for a minute, the night before, Tim had said, "They’ve given me back the money Gen had in his possession...the seven hundred and fifty dollars and a little more. I—I thought maybe I’d give it to the Red Cross, unless..." He ended on a questioning note.

"I’d like that," I said, "very much." And he smiled, as if to say he’d known that would be my answer.

Now, in a few minutes, Tim would come in, and—but I couldn't see past that moment of his return. I couldn't predict what I would find the courage to say to him.

I was sitting beside the window when he came up the walk from the street, and I didn't move to greet him. I watched, as if I couldn't watch enough, the controlled grace of his stride, the way his muscles flexed under his uniform, the quick glance up at the porch as he reached the steps. Just so, if things had been different, I might have sat at this window late every day, watching him come home to me.

In the hall, he hesitated to look in, then came to my side. "Hello, Arda," he said quietly.

"Hello, Tim."

"It’s over."

With a sigh, he tossed his cap on the sofa and sat down near me.

"What are you going to do now, Arda?" he said.

"I don’t know—haven’t thought much about it."

"You ought to go away somewhere—have a rest."

"Yes. Perhaps."

Suddenly he burst out furiously, "It’s the devil—knowing that I’ve got to leave so soon and be gone for—for so long. There's things I want to say to you, and this isn’t the time or place for them, but I’ll tell you anyway. I love you—I’ll always love you—and if you’ll wait until I come back..."

I slipped to my knees beside him.

"Tim," I said, "wait. Maybe this is going to shock you. As you said, this isn’t the time nor place for talking about how much we need each other. But we’ve made so many mistakes—I don’t want us to make another, just because we’re afraid of conventions and proprieties. There’s a little chance for happiness left to us. Let's take it—let's go tomorrow. Let’s go away together, tonight, and never look back."

He held me with his eyes for a long time before he said, "Are you sure, Arda? You know what it would mean to you?"

"I know," I answered. "Nobody here will understand. I won’t be able to come back and live in this town. It will hurt Mother and Father, for a while. All right. I’d rather have it that way than let people know what Gene really was. I’d rather they’d blame me than Gene. We owe him that much—and it really doesn’t matter. We’ll know we’re doing the right thing, and that’s all that counts."

He smiled, and I too, for a time, before he said humbly, "I wanted to ask you—but I was afraid."

Tears came into my eyes, and I tried to blink them away. "I was afraid too, of what you’d think. I didn’t know, until I was actually doing it, if I’d have courage enough to tell you what I wanted to do."

Without a word, he knelt beside me, holding me in his arms. It seemed right, somehow, that we should be there, in the attitude of prayer, because there was a prayer for the future in both our hearts.

THE END

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Come Back, Beloved!
Continued from page 25

shut a door between us, barring me out. So I had to wait, until rare moments like these, when he felt like talking.

“You're the best printer in the state,” I said. “You’re not beneath anybody.”

He thought about that for a moment.

“The best printer,” he said, “but only a printer, eh? Julie’s folks, they came over here on the Mayflower, or something. And she’s a college graduate.”

I took a deep breath. I tried not to let him see how it hurt me to hear him talk about Julie, and yet how eagerly I waited for every word.

“Well,” I told him, “my father says a good printer is a real artist, and that the people in the trade have a lot of respect for you. He heard of you before I came to work for Interstate Press.”

It made him feel better, I was sure. Later at dinner, he told me more about Julie, about how they had met, and fallen in love, and why she had walked out of their apartment two years ago and hadn’t come back.

WHEN she’d first met Michael, Julie had already been making a place for herself in the advertising business. She was clever, very clever, in many ways. She could write radio commercials that snapped and crackled. She could assist in the planning of a whole campaign, from helping to put the radio show together, to getting out the brochures; the printed material that sold the advertising to the trade—that was how she happened to meet Michael Shannon.

She’d come into the print shop one evening with the stride of a tigress, waving a proof in her hand. She was furious. Something had gone wrong, hadn’t come out the way she had planned it, and Julie was the kind of girl who couldn’t stand not having things come out the way she planned.

She’d bumped into Michael, the foreman. He didn’t have to tell me what had happened then. I was sure that under the spell of his blarney, the tigress had turned to a starry-eyed kitten.

She’d been in the printing plant several times after that, for no urgent reason, or rather none that was apparent from the looks of the proof. And once, while they were bending together over a printed page, their heads and their hands had touched, and he’d drawn a heart, instead of the corrections she’d suggested. He’d put his initials in one side of the heart, and Julie had hugged and written her telephone number in the other.

They were married, although her family, her friends, every one but Julie herself, had felt it wouldn’t turn out right. Even Michael had known that danger must surely lie ahead. But then, Michael never was one to avoid a thing simply because it was dangerous.

That was as much as Michael told me that evening at dinner, except that they had fought bitterly, and that when they weren’t fighting they were making love. She’d walked out of their apartment one day leaving half her things. She was afraid, he said, that if she’d stayed to pack them, she would have stayed forever.

When he had finished talking, he sat there across the table from me, staring at nothing. It hurt me to see that blank, hopeless look on his face.

“Let’s dance,” I said.

He got up to dance, and then he heard what the orchestra was playing, an old song, “If I Forget You.”

“We won’t dance to that,” he said, sitting down.

I DIDN’T have to ask why. I knew it must have been their favorite, his and Julie’s. I reached across the table and put my hand on top of his.

We went out together a lot after that. I felt he was lonely for the company of a girl he could talk to, a girl he could respect. There were other women in his life. I knew that. Once when I found a bobby pin in his car, a dark hairpin that surely wasn’t mine, I tried to hide my jealousy by teasing him about it.

“Who is she?” I asked.

He shut me up quickly. “She’s nobody you’d want to meet.”

I didn’t ask any more questions after that, though I couldn’t help feeling a little jealous, a little hurt, and so I consoled myself with the thought that she didn’t mean a thing to him, that she was some one he couldn’t respect.

He did respect me. I had that to cling to. But sometimes I felt . . . well, that the only reason he was with me so much was that he knew his heart was

---

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safe, that he wasn’t going to fall in
love with me.

I didn’t know what to do. I had
fallen so terribly in love. I used to look for-
toward those good times we had, danc-
ing, bowling, and those lovely long
rides in his car. And once in a while
we’d spend a whole Sunday at a nearby
lake resort, just the two of us, together.
And yet I felt that I had become a habit
to him, that it would go on and on like
this until one day he would tire of it,
and that would be the end.

Then came that horrible Fourth of
July.

I’d been looking forward to it for
weeks. The plant would be closed, of
course, and I’d told myself that we’d
have a long, glorious day together,
Michael and I. Perhaps we’d spend our
time at the lake, or maybe we’d go on
a picnic somewhere, just the two of us,
or to one of the resorts where there’d
be the amusement park in the daytime
and dancing and fireworks at night.
It didn’t really matter to me where we
went—as long as we were together.

But the Fourth kept getting nearer
and nearer, and I didn’t say a word about it. Finally I simply couldn’t stand
it any longer, and I asked him,
very casually—as I knew you had to do
with Michael, at that time, to get any-
thing out of him—what he was going
to do on the Fourth. I thought surely
that would bring our plans out into the
open, but it didn’t, and there weren’t
any of our plans.

“I don’t know,” he said. “Not much
I guess—hang around with some of the
boys.” And when I tried to press the
point, he repeated with emphasis, “I
don’t know!” and closed his mouth into
a firm, hard line that told me I’d
better not ask anymore questions if I
knew what was good for me.

I SWALLOWED the lump that rose
in my throat and told myself that
there was still time. But the next day
went by, and the next, and then it was
the Fourth of July, and I was home,
without Michael, and I was miserable.

Most of the day I sat home, hoping
he’d call, but he didn’t. So of course
I was just in the right mood when one
of the girls from the office telephoned
to suggest I go out with her and some
friends of hers. “Just because we’re
a bunch of old maids without dates
on the holiday isn’t any reason why
we shouldn’t have some fun,” she
persuaded. “We’re going to the Pan-o-"I’d heard about the Pan-o. It was a
big, noisy night club on the east side
of town. It had a floor show people
talked about in whispers and a reputa-
tion that was nothing to be proud of.
But after all, I told myself, it should be
fun to find out what a place like that
was like. Michael often went to places
like that. Besides, there’d be six of us
surely that would be safe enough.

“All right,” I said, making up my
mind swiftly, “I’ll go.”

We took a table near the wall, in one
of the booths. It wasn’t long before we
began to hear a woman’s shrill laughter
in the booth next to us. It was a sharp,
grating laugh that cut right through the
pounding, shrill music of the orchestra.
Suddenly the orchestra stopped. And
then, from the booth where that woman
was, I heard the voice of a man—and
the next thing I knew, I was dancing
on the dance floor telling me I had turned as white as a
sheet.

Yes, it was Michael’s voice, and yet
it wasn’t, for it was the voice of a man
who wasn’t himself. I had never seen
Michael drunk before. I had never
earned heard him talk like that.
The orchestra started playing again and Michael got out and stood in the aisle. They didn't dance. He hadn't seen me yet. I turned my face away from him. And suddenly one of the girls said, "Look, there's Michael Shannon," and I had to look.

Our eyes met, Michael's and mine. He seemed to sober up in an instant.

"Ann," he said.

And the next moment the woman had staggered out of the booth and had thrown her arms around his neck.

"Kiss me," she said.

I couldn't stay there. I got up and left, as rapidly as I could without running, threading my way between tables and around the hustle of diners and out through the heavy glass doors. I stood outside for an instant, looking tearfully up and down the street, not knowing what to do. Then I felt one of the girls put her arm around my shoulder.

"I'll go home with you, Ann," she said. Blindly I turned and followed her down the street to the bus stop, not able to think, not wanting to think.

I could hardly look at Michael the next day. I was hurrying through my work and left as quickly as I could so he wouldn't ask to drive me home.

I WENT home on the bus. When I got off, I saw there was a car in front of our house—Michael's car. In the night shadows I saw him sitting on the porch steps, waiting for me.

He got to his feet when he saw me coming.

"I want to talk to you, Ann," he said.

I drew a hand across my forehead.

"What is there to say?" I said.

"Ann," he said, "you know I've never lied to you. You never said there weren't other women."

"No," I said flatly, "you've never said there weren't other women.""I'm sorry, Michael," I said, "I suppose you're terribly in love with her."

He didn't say yes or no. "I wanted to go out and get drunk," he said.

"I understand," I told him.

"But I didn't," he insisted. "That woman—she didn't... she couldn't mean anything to me. That kind never does. But you—you're different. You're like a friend to me— you're my pal!"

The hot tears stung my eyes, and I couldn't force them back. A pal. What girl could ever anything less from the man she loves than to be called a pal? But he didn't have to tell me— I knew how he felt. "You're my pal..." as if he had to remind me that he didn't care about me any other way.

"Good night, Michael," I managed, and I hurried past him, fumbling for my keys, my change.

His hand reached out, caught my arm. We stood very still for a moment, and I felt every movement in that hard, muscular hand—even the white lead-burn at the base of his thumb, the place I had wanted to kiss some-
time, and then been ashamed of my foolishness. All this in the space of a second that seemed like all the years of my life. And then I was in his arms. I knew how strong he was, how hungry his mouth bruising mine. I had known how this would feel, how the blood would pound in my throat and in my temples, how my whole body was water so that my weight hung limply in his arms.

"Let's get married tonight!" For a moment I couldn't believe that he had actually said it. And then I thought all the wild things that other women must have thought in circumstances like these. But I had no time of it. He doesn't mean it... but if I do, I'll make it up to him... he'll be sorry tomorrow... but I'll make him love me.

"Oh, yes, Michael," I whispered against his ear. "Oh, yes!"

And that was how it was—one moment I felt that my last hope was gone, and the next moment I had more than I had dared to hope for in my wildest dreams.

Once he had made up his mind, it seemed as if Michael couldn't get started fast enough. He hardly gave me time to throw a few things into a bag, to write a note behind my closed door. Then we were off in the car, driving to Elarton, just over the Maryland border—driving like mad all the way, as Michael went to escape all that he had left behind him.

We got to Elarton hours too early. The town was still in bed.

"There's a little room I found here somewhere," Michael said uncertainly as he parked the car in front of the place where you get your marriage license, "I can't remember..."

I shook my head. "Michael, darling—it's such a lovely, warm night. Let's stay here in the car."

He didn't say anything. For a moment we sat very still, and I felt cold, even though the night was still. Then Michael opened his arms to me, and I crept into the shelter of them, and I spent the next two hours—I think they were the happiest hours I will ever know—life half-awake, half-sleep, safe in Michael's arms, his lips hard against my forehead.

We were married in the morning. And if it had been up to Michael, he would have chucked his job then and there and taken me away for a honeymoon. It was I who suggested we go back to Los Angeles, I knew he was badly needed at the plant.

"We can arrange for a honeymoon later," I said.

So we went back to the little two-room apartment where he lived.

"It's a messy little place I'm taking you to," he said.

I laughed. "That's my job from now on," I told him. I was terribly happy. He carried me across the doorway. Leave it to Michael to think of that. And when we got inside, I saw he was right. The living room looked as if it had been visited by a cyclone. The curtains looked as though they hadn't been washed for years, the furniture was dirty, the walls were bare, the light was switched off, the bed was not only unmade but untidy. Michael darling," I said, "where do you keep the clean linen—the sheets and pillowcases, for instance?"

He gave me a strange look. For a man who had just been married, he didn't seem so happy.
"In the bedroom closet," he said, "Julie used to...

He stopped when he saw my face. I must have looked as though he had stabbed me.

"In the closet," he said again, flatly. I turned quickly away. "I'll get them," I said, trying to control my voice. Julie, Julie, I thought. Why doesn't she have to talk like this with us now?

I went to the opened closet, and began shoving aside his suits. And suddenly I couldn't repress a little cry.

For a moment or two, the waist wore a woman's clothes. Dusty dresses, in his... in our bedroom closet.

And so Ann starts her married life with Michael—and with the memory of Julie standing between them. Can they be as happy for Ann, in spite of her love for Michael, or for Michael himself, who persists in cherishing his dream? Read the exciting second instalment of "Here, Beloved!" in The August Radio Mirror.

That We May Serve

Continued from page 38

and these stamps on the comparatively small pieces of meat you buy," he explained, "but you will find it on the wholesale pieces from which your meat is cut—always! Consequently your butcher will have no trouble proving he's doing an honest business—if he is!

Then he reminded Ruth and his wife, Helen, that it was simple enough, after all, to select the wholesale piece of meat from which their order was cut any time the price was excessive.

Ruth told me she didn't sleep well the Sunday Ann arrived. She was unhappy because she had bought Black Market meat, of course. She says she felt a traitor and a fool, too. Also, she kept remembering what she was going to say to the butcher in the morning. She had the thought of a scene. I guess the Black Market thieves know how we all hate scenes and count on this, among other things, for their protection.

Monday morning, soon as Ruth Smith had her breakfast dishes done and her beds made, she marched straight to the butcher shop and told the butcher he had charged her too much for her roast. She asked to see the wholesale piece from which it had been cut or—if that particular piece was gone—another wholesale cut. He wasn't at all surprised. He was busy, he said. He made joking remarks about folks who had bought a fine roast like hers not knowing when they were well off.

It seemed to her this proved he was deliberately dealing with the Black Market. So she went over to her local rating bureau on the radio time at all, it seems, she got to an official who felt as strongly about the source of her roast as she did.

"Too many women..." he started, then, not her matters like this," he told her. "They feel anything they can do alone won't count. That's wrong! In these times it's every woman's duty to do whatever she can do. Her effort multiplied by the number of housewives in the United States has power—power enough to wipe out Black Markets overnight!

Right then and there, while she waited in the office, that official referred her transaction with her butcher to the regional OPA. And...happy to

DO YOU KNOW

POISON IVY

...WHEN YOU SEE IT?

Here's how to spot this "snake in the grass"! Poison Ivy has 3 leaves. The leaves are only a...have a waxy appearance. And, as seen above, they are pointed like spearheads.

Beware! Poison Ivy grows everywhere—from backyard to backwoods. KNOW IT when you see it! And know what to do if you get it!

Don't scratch those Pois... Poison Ivy blisters. That spreads it. Instead use ANTIPOLOGISTINE! Apply ANTIPOLOGISTINE, at room temperature, 1/4 inch thick on gauze or cotton cloth.

Change the dressing every 8 to 12 hours. ANTIPOLOGISTINE eases the itching. It helps to promote healing.

Here's an efficient first aid dressing! Keep it in your home for many emergencies!

ANTIPOL

GISTINE'S ALL-AROUND USEFULNESS; for bruises, sprains, itching, muscular lumbago, best cold... ANTIPOL

OLOGISTINE is always a friend in need!

Antipologistine

Always keep a package handy for emergencies.

A product of

The Denver Chemical Mfg. Co., New York, N.Y.

Save this picture to help you identify Poison Ivy.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

* Because of the action that takes place in septic tanks—owners are extremely careful what products are used for sanitary cleaning purposes. Here is good news for all owners of septic tanks.

It is no longer necessary to scrub and scour toilet bowls to insure complete toilet sanitation. A detailed report by eminent scientific authorities shows how quickly and thoroughly Sani-Flush cleans toilet bowls without messy work. It proves—without a shadow of a doubt—that Sani-Flush is one toilet cleaner which is perfectly safe in all types of septic tanks, used according to the simple directions on the can. SEE NOTES: This authoritative report is available for use by septic tank owners. It's free. For complete information just address a post-card to The Hygienic Products Company, Dept. KK, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
say that butcher, as well as the group of Black Market racketeers from whom he bought meat, have been dealt with—
as they deserved.

That's the story, just as she told it to me. . . . It set me to thinking. . . . It set me to thinking how full the hands of
women are in this war. . . . Many of us are closer to the firing line than
women ever were before. The WAACS, WAVES, SPARS, and Women Marines,
in their pretty, practical uniforms, are being sent to many important places.
We're part of vital assembly lines, too. Some of us, of course, spend much of our
time at home. We have to! We contribute to Victory, too. We have little ones growing
straight and strong. We have big ones who are working hard in defense
plants, on farms, in offices and shops where they're short-handed because so
many already have left.

And it just stands to reason all these people have to be well fed.

Ordinarilv—I know—it's easy enough to get up savory dishes that please the
appetite and supply bodies with the necessary mineral salts, proteins, car-
bohydrates, vitamins and fats. But right now I know how much figuring and
alloting and reallooting of ration stamps it takes to make a family's points pro-
vide healthy, tempting meals throughout
a week. That's why I'm always
urging folks to try my recipes, espe-
cially those which are fine meat
substitutes and such.

This is an all-out war. We hear this
on the radio. We read it in our maga-
azines and newspapers. But often we
don't feel what it means. We think
all-out means more men, more
planes, more ships, more war bonds,
more bombs, higher taxes. It does. But it means more, means, among
other things, women serving in the
armed forces, working on assembly
lines. It also means women working as
nurses' aids and in AVVS enter-
prises. Women hoeing Victory gardens
and preserving summer crops. Women
turning in fats for explosives and old
stocking for parachutes. And every
woman in the land appointing herself
a vigilant committee of one to see that
no Black Market meat or vegetables or
eggs or anything else enters her home
ground, since without our support the
Black Markets cannot survive!

Which means, above all, that the
longer it takes every last woman of us
to do our all-out share, every day in
every way, the longer this war will last,
the more it will cost us!
Food for Next Winter
Continued from page 50
Process for 3½ hours

Cauliflower
Break into sections, wash and soak in salted water for 15 minutes. Cover with boiling water and cook for 5 minutes. Pack into hot sterilized jars, add ¼ tsp. salt to each pint jar and cover with boiling water (include the water in which the cauliflower was cooked). Seal as directed and process in hot water bath for 2½ hours. Broccoli and Brussels sprouts may be canned by this same method.

Corn
Corn should be canned immediately after picking. Slice off tips of kernels and scrape out pulp. Measure, and for each pint of corn pulp add 1 cup boiling water and ¼ tsp. salt. Boil 5 minutes. Pour into hot sterilized jars, but do not pack it down since corn swells during processing. Seal as directed and process in hot water bath for 4 hours.

FRUITS may safely be canned by the open kettle process and many times this method is more convenient for putting up small quantities.

Cherries
Wash cherries, remove stems and stones and measure. For each pint of stemmed cherries add ½ cup sugar. Let come to boil slowly, then boil hard for 15 minutes. Pour into hot sterilized jars and seal immediately. Gooseberries may be prepared by this same method. Other berries, with the exception of strawberries, may also be put up by this same recipe, although they will require only 5 minutes cooking.

Peaches
Use firm, ripe peaches. Wash, cover with boiling water and let stand for 5 minutes. Immerse in cold water, drain and remove skins. Cut in halves or quarters, or into slices as preferred, removing stones. In cooking kettle, place 2 parts sugar and 1 part water and bring to a boil. Add peaches (there should be enough of the syrup barely to cover the peaches) and cook until tender. Pour into hot sterilized jars (halves should be placed cut side down, overlapping each other until the jar is filled, then the jar filled with the syrup) and seal immediately. A few kernels from the peach stones, cooked with the fruit, add a nice flavor.

He Married the Blonde
It was love at first sight. When George eased into Hogan’s Lunch Wagon, the two sisters were standing side by side—Dolly, the baby-doll blonde, and Brunette Vicky, intelligent featured, and tall. It was Dolly with the dimpled cheeks and pouting red lips that George fell for. So he married her, pampered her and let her walk all over him until something happened that brought him back to a sense of life’s true values. This story from life is the stirring, yes, intimate book-length novel, “The Sweetest Promise,” in the new July True Story Magazine. Don’t miss a single word of this powerful story that every member of your family will understand and enjoy.

“MARRY ME TOMORROW”
When you’re seventeen the one thing you’re real sure of is that every blessed morning something wonderful’s right around the corner. “Marry Me Tomorrow” is the exquisite story of seventeen-year-old Pauline and the two men in her life—young Dave and an older, sophisticated man. A story you’ll enjoy to the closing word.

ONLY TWO—These are but two of the soul-stirring stories you’ll find in the big July issue, containing the book-length novel mentioned above, two dramatic novellas, three exciting serials and twenty other exclusive stories and features to supply you with reading pleasure for days and days. All are beautifully illustrated with real life photographs, many in gorgeous full color. Don’t risk disappointment.

GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

JULY True Story
MY TRUE STORY—A Blue Network Presentation. A complete story for a full half hour every week day afternoon at 3:15 EWT.

WARNING
Reserve Your Copy of Next Month’s RADIO MIRROR TODAY!

Paper restrictions now in force make it impossible for us to print enough copies of RADIO MIRROR to supply the demand. This means that many of you will not be able to secure your RADIO MIRROR when you ask for it at the newsstand. Don’t risk disappointment! Tell your newsdealer to reserve your copy of next month’s and succeeding issues for you. It will take only a moment of your time and will assure you of receiving your copy of RADIO MIRROR each month. In your own best interests attend to it today!
from round about fished for trout. They lived in a little shack without plumbing. They sold the books she had talked about and were impatient to introduce to each other—by smoking lampight. They visited the Indian village nearby and became so absorbed in archaeological that they drove miles to a nearby city for an armful of books on Indians, their history and their lore. Then they turned back to Chicago, and rented a sumpitous apartment overlooking the Yacht Basin, ordered up meals under silver covers and glass bells, and went downstairs to the big blue pool to swim or to loll in chairs under sun lamps.

AFTER a particularly luxurious evening, Bill suddenly announced, "Know what, Merc? We've got to clear out of here. We're spending money as fast as we make it."

"I know," she said, "I know, Bill." That very afternoon walking along Michigan Boulevard she had had the same idea.

"We'll never get to do anything we want to do at this rate," he went on. "You'll never do the things you want to do in the radio or the theater if you keep writing my book about a bullfighter. We've got to move into a cheaper place and begin saving."

He could see the disappointment in her answer. It came muffled and breathless from the closet. She emerged pulling their enormous bags after her. It was always like that.

For three months after that, living in a little flat, they saved assiduously. It was as exciting in its way as their extramarital affair had been. Every hundred dollars that went into the bank meant another week or two or three in Michigan, depending upon their mood at that moment and the quality of their living and the spending it entailed. The day their bank account totalled three thousand dollars they resigned their jobs. It didn't matter they were extraordinary jobs which paid extraordinary salaries. As they both said, "What's five hundred dollars a week compared to doing what you really want to do?"

They took weeks and weeks to reach Mexico. They broke the speed laws driving through the dull stretches and languered days wherever their fancy held them. When they finally arrived in Mexico City Bill went into the country to try to live with Calesero, the matador, behind his family's little chemist shop. For weeks he did everything Calesero did. He learned from Calesero to fight the calves on the ranch. He went with him to the bull ring, the offices of the managers, and to dinners and fetes. His letters to Mercede, living at a hotel in Mexico City where he had installed her in Latin luxury, were filled with all he learned. He had finished his plans for his novel "I Wed Thee Till Sunday.

She could not wait for the writing to begin. The same day Bill came back she pulled their bags out again. "Let's head west for Acapulco," she suggested. "live at that hotel you told me about high on a rocky cliff above the sea and you start on your book again."

This time they did not even have to prod Fate. Two months later Arch Oboler, producing radio dramas in California, wired Mercede he wanted Bill as a writer and would they, please, shake the dust of Mexico from their feet and come for more material or more color and I can stay on . . ."

It was good to be back in work in the studio and famous. Mercedes and Bill, at this

usual, overflowed with ideas and the manner in which they would execute them. They found a small house in the hills, overlooking the Hollywood. At night when the lights came out in the town and the stars shine in the sky they seemed, appropriately enough, to be suspended between two heavens.

When they weren't arguing about radio dialogue—having rows sometimes which were as violent as they were industrious—they were discussing "I Wed Thee Till Sunday."

"You'd better go back to Mexico," Mercedes told Bill at last, when a new chapter of "I Wed Thee Till Sunday," "and soap up more of that atmosphere. You've lost it, I'm afraid."

While he was gone she closed the house down. She saw two girls she knew. Her work kept her occupied. She had his letters. Sometimes she wouldn't hear for a week, then three from the same hand at the same time. She wrote in the same spontaneous way. Neither of them wanted dutiful notes written every morning at eight. They had lived a life that was itself an impulsive outpouring they received born of the emotion of the moment in which they had to be written.

So by, Mercedes' birthday, passed with no word from Bill. She discounted it as a birthday. Then a week later he called her on the phone. "I'm back," he said, "but I'd rather not see you for the first time under the eyes of those two dolls you're living with. So I've taken a suite at the Ambassador. Hurry up. And bring some money along. Merc. I've only thirty-six cents."

THE instant she entered the suite and saw his eyes, warm and thoughtful, she knew he had a new conviction.

"What is it?" she whispered as he held her close. "What is it, Bill?"

It didn't surprise him she was so aware. "I want us to have a baby," he told her. "Down in Mexico this time—lonely because I didn't have you—I watched men and women and thought about what made them close."

Later they went downstairs for dinner. Color flushed Mercedes' lovely face when the lights of the Coconuts Grove went out, when the orchestra played "Happy Birthday," and the waiter brought a cake with lighted candles before her, "Bill," she said, "What a darling thing to do. It makes up for many a birthday being eight days late.

On Christmas Saturday, December 28th, two weeks after Pearl Harbor, Bill drove Mercede to the hospital. And the next thing she knew it was morning, Christmas morning. Mrs. Field was in her arms and Bill was standing at the foot of the bed with the baby. She was a lovely thing, blue-tinted and blue-eyed. Mrs. Field was an artist whom Bill had admired all the week before in a florist's window. And Bill's eyes were wet with awe—he was so happy and so grateful.
DAYDREAMS COME TRUE WITH Beautiful Eyes

Do you long for the captivating loveliness that goes with feminine frills... with dates and dancing... with flowers and phone-calls and fun? Wishful thinking won't help— but Maybelline Eye Make-up will! Whether your eyes are dark or pale, large or small, they can highlight your face with new thrilling beauty, easily. Maybelline Mascara, in either solid or cream form, gives the magic illusion of long, dark, luxuriant lashes. Safe... non-smearing... goes on divinely and doesn't smudge off. Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil tapers the brows gracefully, making them far more expressive. Maybelline Eye Shadow adds a subtle touch of alluring mystery. All Maybelline shades harmonize with natural coloring, giving a soft realistic effect. So don't fail to get genuine MAYBELLINE... the glorifying eye make-up... the Eye Make-up in Good Taste!

At Drug and Department Stores, or attractive purse sizes at all 10 cent counters.

Maybelline

WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS
They Keep on Scoring—Right on to Victory
Each stenciled flag means another enemy plane destroyed. So hats off to the daring and skill of our Navy fliers and to the superb performance of their fighter planes.

They keep on Scoring for Milder Better Taste

The proof is that where a cigarette counts most, Chesterfields are winning more smokers every day.

The world's best cigarette tobaccos, plus an important manufacturing secret give to Chesterfield that special Mildness and Better Taste. This secret is Chesterfield's Right Combination of these tobaccos...just the right amount of each kind blended with all the others makes Chesterfield the cigarette that really satisfies.

Chesterfield THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES SMOKERS WHAT THEY WANT They Satisfy

Copyright 1943, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
I BELONG TO YOU — The Love Story of a Woman's Brave Answer

written Color Pictures of LONELY WOMEN • DEAR JOHN • THE THIN MAN
PAINELESS CHILDBIRTH
The new safe method of making childbirth painless—continuous caudal anesthesia—has been used in 236 cases in general surgery with only three failures. It is adaptable for use in the treatment of casualties in both civilian and military practice where it is desirable to have a safe, prolonged absence of sensibility to pain.

The new anesthetic method consists of continuous injection near the base of the spine of a pain-killing chemical, metycaine, which temporarily blocks the nerve pathways for pain below the level of the umbilicus, but does not cause unconsciousness.—Watson Davis, Adventures In Science, CBS.

BRING HOME THE BACON RIND
Conservation tip for bacon is the bacon rind, believe it or not. You just clean the rind well and use it in cooking to flavor soups and vegetables. It serves as a substitute for ration-hit butter to season peas, beans, spinach, etc. Ham hocks make a marvelous soup stock for lentils, navy bean or split-pea soups.—Adelaide Hawley's Woman Page Of The Air, CBS.

GIVE ME A GARDEN
Thomas Jefferson loved planting of any sort: flowers, vegetables, trees. In 1814 he wrote to his friend Charles Wilson Peale, the artist, saying, "I have often thought that if heaven had given me a choice of my position and calling, it should have been on a rich spot of earth, well watered, and near a good market for the production of a garden. No occupation is so delightful to me as the culture of the earth, and no culture comparable to that of the garden. I am still devoted to the garden. But though an old man, I am but a young gardener."—Dr. Edwin M. Betts, University of Virginia, Adventures In Science, CBS.

WHEN GRAPEFRUIT DOESN'T GET IN YOUR EYE
To remove brownish water stain from the inside of your refrigerator bottle or water bottle, empty it and put in a grapefruit, cut up peel and all into small pieces. Finish filling the bottle with water and let it stand overnight. Remove grapefruit pieces and you remove all stain—leaving the inside of your bottle perfectly clear.—Household hint prize winner, Mrs. Nora Helms on Meet Your Neighbor with Alma Kitchell, the Blue Network.

DO YOUR TOMATOES WILT?
What causes tomatoes to wilt and what makes the blooms and small tomatoes fall off?

That problem is one the agricultural experiment stations have been working on. But we know this much: tomatoes need sunshine and water in dry weather. Water the soil, not the foliage. That's one thing that's conducive to wilt.

If you will get wilt-resistant strains—the Pan-American, the Breakaday, the Louisiana Dixie, the Louisiana Gulf State— that will help a lot in solving your problem.

Damp seasons—when air is heavy and moist—you'll find that almost any tomato will wilt a little. But most of them will come back—Garden Gate Program from Nashville and Washington, CBS.

How to pick a Summer powder that's right for YOU!

If you're a rosy-tan blonde—
Stay away from ordinary yellowish sun-tan powder shades. Choose the new-type summer shade that has a rich, velvety rose tone. Pond's new Dreamflower "Dusk Rose," Blonde Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle says, "Dusk Rose" is heavenly with my summer tan!"

If you're a bronzed brunette—
A richly golden powder shade does most for you. Pond's glowing Dreamflower "Dark Rachel," Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt says, "The minute I smooth on 'Dark Rachel' my tan looks fresher and softer—but the powder itself doesn't show a bit!"


Pond's new Dreamflower Powder comes in 6 exquisite shades . . . Dusk Rose and Dark Rachel, Natural, Rose Cream, Rachel and Brunette. 49c, 25c, 10c.
"Will I use Mum after this bath?
Of course I will!"

Lovely girl, clever girl,
She knows this Charm Secret—
Baths take care of the past, but Mum prevents
risk of future underarm odor!

Every girl knows ways to heighten her appeal to a man! Her pretty clothes, her flattering make-up and hair-do—are chosen to catch his eye—perhaps help win his heart!

What a tragic mistake then, if she forgets this most important rule of charm: Never give underarm odor a chance! Why expect after-bath freshness to last without help—underarms need the added protection of Mum!

Baths just take care of the past—Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin or harming clothes. Mum keeps you nice to know—fun to date! Start today with Mum!

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentleness, safety, dependability—make Mum ideal for this important purpose. Thousands of women use Mum this way, too!

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration!

Product of Bristol-Myers

"Lovely you!"—will his thoughts say this after an evening of dancing? Dependable Mum guards charm so faithfully, you're sure of never offending. That's important if a girl wants to stay popular!
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ON THE COVER—Georgia Carroll, singer on Kay Kyser’s program on NBC, color portrait by Tom Kelley
Did you know?

It is estimated that there are several hundred thousand bicycles in the country which might be used to carry workers to their jobs or for bicycling vacations, if they were reconditioned. Take a look around the attic, cellar or garage to see if that old wheel hasn't a lot of mileage still left in it with a little repair work.

"Get a big wood pile for next winter," Uncle Sam says. In some parts of the country permits are being granted for cutting wood for fuel in the national forests. Farmers are urged to cut wood on their own land for their winter needs, and a number of high school and 4-H clubs have organized "cut a cord for Victory" campaigns.

If your retailer charges you more than the "dollar and cents" legal price for staple commodities, here is the procedure you should follow: Point out that his price is over the legal one. If he refuses to lower it, ask for a receipt bearing your name—you are legally entitled to this. Send the receipt, with your address, to your local War Price and Rationing Board. If you are refused a receipt by the retailer, report that to the Board. Retailers must, under the regulations, supply the actual selling prices of all items on the dollars and cents list—display them separately on each product, shelf, tray or bin, in their stores. Not to do so is a legal offense.
Connie Haines, pert songstress on the CBS Comedy Caravan, is a girl of many moods. When she isn't singing at Ciro's, swank Hollywood night spot, she is singing at the Hollywood First Presbyterian Church.

Dale Cornell, Sammy Kaye's trumpeter, recently became the proud papa of a baby boy.

Maxine Andrews' of the Andrews Sisters, finally owned up and announced she has been married to her manager, Lou Levy, since 1941.

Bandleader Sammy Kaye who reads poetry on his Sunday Serenade show on the Blue, has found a poet and an opera star in his midst. The poet is George Gingell, Sammy's road manager. Gingell's works—often read by Kaye—will soon be published in book form. The opera star is Don Bradfield, a member of Kaye's Glee Club. He formerly sang with leading civic opera companies.

Records For Our Fighting Men, Inc., a not-for-profit organization of the nation's leading musical artists, has announced that its second nationwide house-to-house drive to collect old or unwanted phonograph records will take place July 3 to July 31.

The old records collected (it is estimated that there are still more than 200,000,000 old broken or unwanted discs accumulating dust in America's attics and cellars) will be sold to phonograph record manufacturers as scrap at ceiling prices. With the funds thus obtained, Records For Our Fighting Men, Inc., will continue to purchase hundreds of thousands of newly released recordings at lowest factory prices for distribution to our fighting forces, here and overseas, in cooperation with Army and Navy authorities.

As in the first drive, held last summer, the chief collecting agents will be more than 1,500,000 men and women who comprise the membership of the American Legion and the American Legion Auxiliary.

Enough scrap records were collected during last year's drive by Records For Our Fighting Men, Inc., to enable the purchase of more than 300,000 new popular and classical discs, to date, for shipment to Army Camps, Naval and Coast Guard stations, and Marine bases on several continents.

Records For Our Fighting Men, Inc., was chartered in the State of New York on June 1, 1942. Its first officers were Kay Kyser, president, and Kate Smith, Gene Autrey, Sigmund Spaeth and Fritz Reiner, vice-presidents.

The Board of Directors of Records For Our Fighting Men, Inc., includes Marjorie Lawrence, John Charles Thomas, Mischa Elman, Charlie Spivak, Lawrence Tibbett and Sammy Kaye.

It's nearing eight months now since brown-eyed, petite Betty Rann was launched on her radio career. In that brief span, Betty has become a Broadway night club and theater attraction, but she is still bug-eyed and bewildered by all her success. She's a whiz at the keyboard and when she plays boogie woogie, her feet just can't behave. Betty's currently heard at 10:45 P.M., EWT, Saturday nights on the Dixieland Capers show.

Skinny Ennis has reported for duty as a U.S. Army Warrant Officer at the ordnance base at Santa Anita, California. Ennis' function will be to direct the base's 38-piece band.

By Ken Alden

Connie Haines, pert songstress on the CBS Comedy Caravan, is a girl of many moods. When she isn't singing at Ciro's, swank Hollywood night spot, she is singing at the Hollywood First Presbyterian Church.

Dale Cornell, Sammy Kaye's trumpeter, recently became the proud papa of a baby boy.

Maxine Andrews' of the Andrews Sisters, finally owned up and announced she has been married to her manager, Lou Levy, since 1941.

Bandleader Sammy Kaye who reads poetry on his Sunday Serenade show on the Blue, has found a poet and an opera star in his midst. The poet is George Gingell, Sammy's road manager. Gingell's works—often read by Kaye—will soon be published in book form. The opera star is Don Bradfield, a member of Kaye's Glee Club. He formerly sang with leading civic opera companies.

Records For Our Fighting Men, Inc., a not-for-profit organization of the nation's leading musical artists, has announced that its second nationwide house-to-house drive to collect old or unwanted phonograph records will take place July 3 to July 31.

The old records collected (it is estimated that there are still more than 200,000,000 old broken or unwanted discs accumulating dust in America's attics and cellars) will be sold to phonograph record manufacturers as scrap at ceiling prices. With the funds thus obtained, Records For Our Fighting Men, Inc., will continue to purchase hundreds of thousands of newly released recordings at lowest factory prices for distribution to our fighting forces, here and overseas, in cooperation with Army and Navy authorities.

As in the first drive, held last summer, the chief collecting agents will be more than 1,500,000 men and women who comprise the membership of the American Legion and the American Legion Auxiliary.

Enough scrap records were collected during last year's drive by Records For Our Fighting Men, Inc., to enable the purchase of more than 300,000 new popular and classical discs, to date, for shipment to Army Camps, Naval and Coast Guard stations, and Marine bases on several continents.

Records For Our Fighting Men, Inc., was chartered in the State of New York on June 1, 1942. Its first officers were Kay Kyser, president, and Kate Smith, Gene Autrey, Sigmund Spaeth and Fritz Reiner, vice-presidents.

The Board of Directors of Records For Our Fighting Men, Inc., includes Marjorie Lawrence, John Charles Thomas, Mischa Elman, Charlie Spivak, Lawrence Tibbett and Sammy Kaye.

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Skinny Ennis has reported for duty as a U.S. Army Warrant Officer at the ordnance base at Santa Anita, California. Ennis' function will be to direct the base's 38-piece band.
ON the production line, or in the home, wherever you serve, today you have an added obligation to "Do your Best... Be at your Best."

America needs you strong and well. So don't neglect those daily precautions so important for health and well-being. Dress properly. Eat protective foods. Get plenty of sleep. Watch out for colds. Now, of all times, it's your duty to care for yourself... for your country!

Yes, America needs you healthy... but she also needs you cheerful, friendly, cooperative. So put on a smile. Cultivate old friends and make new ones. Look your neatest! Be your sweetest! Friendly ties will help keep us all pulling together!

On the job, and in your relationships with others, Do your Best... Be at your Best.

Today, more than ever, it is important to have always on hand a safe, trustworthy antiseptic and germicide for prompt use in the thousand minor emergencies that continually arise. As you undoubtedly know, Listerine Antiseptic has stood pre-eminent in the field of oral hygiene for more than half a century.

It is hardly necessary to add, that with so many fastidious persons who know the meaning of halitosis (bad breath), Listerine Antiseptic is the delightful precaution against offending this way when the condition is not systemic. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, so often a cause of the trouble.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for Oral Hygiene
Dinah Shore made a recording recently but only one copy is available and right now it's in Persia. Several weeks ago Dinah received a letter from a soldier stationed in Persia, requesting her to sing on her broadcast the words to a song he had written. Dinah's show is off the air for the summer but that didn't stop Dinah. A melody was composed to fit the soldier's lyrics. Dinah sang and recorded the number and mailed the single record to the lad.

Duke Ellington has been held over at the Hurricane Restaurant in New York until mid-September, broadcasting over Mutual. Off the bandstand the Duke is writing the score for a contemplated all-Negro musical.

Bob Allen has formed a vocal quintette for his band. Members include Bob, Paula Kelly, Paul Clement, Mill Norman and Bill Scaife.

Barry Wood, who just won a new NBC commercial, purchased an old distillery in East Haddam, Connecticut, remodeled it, named it Twin Brook Farms, and stocked it with 5,000 chickens.

Yes, we need a good, popular patriotic song and you may be the one to write it. NBC, in cooperation with the National Federation of Music Clubs, now has a contest going which we heartily support. You have until October 31st to get your song in and remember to keep it simple, but make it stirring. Too many of our popular patriotic songs are weak and, we hate to say it, but almost silly. The best so far, we think, is "Praise The Lord and Pass The Ammunition."

The Blue network has commissioned American composer Roy Harris to compose his sixth symphony. Another long hair note is the fact that CBS has a sponsor for its pride and joy, the New York Philharmonic—U. S. Rubber.

Duke Daley, who disbanded his orchestra more than a year ago to enlist in the Royal Canadian Air Force, is reported missing. His wife is Paula Stone, daughter of the famous Fred.

D’Artega’s new all-girl orchestra consists of 20 outstanding female musicians. Over 600 girls were auditioned in 22 different cities. The girls were chosen on the basis of musicianship and beauty. Currently the orchestra is making a limited tour of army camps for the USO. In mid-summer the band leaves for Hollywood to make a film. The band’s theme song, “In the Blue of the Evening” was featured recently as the song of the month by Rano Mirror.

**SONNY’S DISPOSITION**

WHEN good-natured, trombonist-trumpeter Sonny Dunham quit the relative security of the prosperous Casa Loma cooperative band in 1937 he was determined to organize an orchestra that would play a spectacular band of music, unabashed by commercialism.

It was a noble but costly experiment, that lasted five months and absorbed the $15,000 his original had accumulated as a Casa Loma stockholder, But Sonny blames no one but himself for the failure.

"It was my fault," admitted Sonny. "I should have known that you can’t play music strictly for musicians and hire inferior men just because you feel sorry for them."

Broke and broken hearted Sonny rejoined Casa Loma, but this time as a paid employee. He bided his time until he could try again, capitalizing on his earlier mistakes.

Today, Sonny Dunham has another orchestra that is rapidly gaining favor. The band is now on a theater and ballroom tour, following a successful engagement in the Hotel New Yorker, Manhattan, from which it was heard over CBS. Next month Sonny turns up on the Universal lot to make another picture.

Sonny attributes four factors responsible for the present organization’s ac-
ceptance by a shrewd dancing public.

"Our highly styled four-trombone choir, the personality of singer Dorothy Claire, an abundance of romantic ballads, and capable management."

The new band was organized in 1940, but for a while it looked as if Sonny would have to throw in the baton for a second time. Easy-going Sonny was still letting his men cut noisy capers strictly for their own amusement and as a result, theater and hotel managers turned deaf ears to their unorthodox cavortings. The band made twenty records, all flops. Desperate, Sonny turned for advice to veteran dance band operators. They went to work immediately. Personnel changes were made, books were put into order, more conventional arrangements were made. Then the band started to go places—in the right direction.

"By September we'll be in the black," Sonny told me happily, "and for the first time since I left Casa Loma I feel confident."

That Sonny still possesses a sunny disposition that has won him many friends, is amazing because ever since he was a youngster, the road has been hard and long.

The six-foot brown-haired and blue-eyed leader was born thirty-one years ago in Brockton, Mass. He and his two older sisters, Louise and Mildred, hardly ever saw their father. Their parents had an unhappy marriage, separated early in life. Mrs. Dunham and a kindly uncle helped keep the little family together by working in a shoe factory.

Sonny first played the trombone when he was seven.

"Somebody owed my uncle Al money. Instead of cash he was given an old valve horn and my uncle gave it to me."

Sonny went to high school for only two years.

"The family needed all the money it could get. I worked at night playing with a local band. But then I was so tired I couldn't get up in the morning to go to school."

When Sonny was seventeen his sister Mildred, working as a reporter on a New York theatrical paper, got her kid brother a job with a Ben Bernie unit. A job with Paul Tremayne's band came next. It was while with Tremayne that Sonny learned to play the trumpet. In 1932 Sonny, by now an accomplished musician, hooked up with the fast-riding Casa Loma band.

Meanwhile his sister Louise became quite a musician in her own right, holding down a saxophone spot in Ina Ray Hutton's band. In 1940 Louise became very ill.

"The night she died I quit Casa Loma for the second time," Sonny recalled. "You see Louise was awfully close to Mom. Because my married sister was busy with her own family, it was up to me to take care of Mom. It was partly because of this that I decided I could do it better by trying to be a bandleader again." Sonny is very attached to his handsome mother. She lives in a comfortable New York apartment and when Sonny is playing in town she usually occupies a table near the bandstand.

The tall, good-looking trombonist is a bachelor. Although now classified 1-A the tall little Beachwood Lad Sam calling him. Sonny can't buy life insurance. An enlarged, over-active heart, the result of more than twenty years of playing wind instruments, caused that condition.

BEAUTY NEWS FOR BUSY HANDS!

TOUSHAY

"Beforehand" Lotion Guards Hands in Hot, Soapy Water

Soft hands are doing extra little soap-and-water chores! Let Toushay guard their smoothness. Before you put your hands into hot, soapy water, always smooth on this rich "beforehand" lotion. See how it defends against dryness and roughness, helps smooth hands stay smooth! Inexpensive. At your druggist's.
BEFORE Bob Hope became a celebrity, he was one of New York's most absent-minded young men. He was always losing laundry tickets, forgetting where he left his shoes, forgetting to pay his rent, even when he had it to pay. Becoming famous hasn't helped the Hope memory. Recently, when he left Hollywood to tour the army camps, he got aboard the train only to discover that he had forgotten his wallet, his watch, his checkbook and his fountain pen. He had exactly eleven cents in his pocket and, for some reason, a three-cent stamp. He had to borrow money from the members of his cast, who ribbed the life out of him. By the time his tour was almost over, he had left two suits in a Texas hotel room, a pair of shoes in Florida and his wallet, which had been sent on to him, had been left on a train. All of these possessions haven't caught up with him yet. Bob is now planning a tour of the world's battlefronts to entertain the soldiers and has asked the War Department to permit his wife to go with him.

Frank Morgan is a pretty swell guy, as one sailor will tell you. The comedian struck up a conversation with the sailor, who was sitting on the steps of NBC's Hollywood Radio City. Morgan discovered that the sailor was lonesome, so he asked the sailor why he didn't call home and talk to his folks. The sailor was broke, so Morgan paid for a phone call to Ohio—insisted the sailor talk for a full fifteen minutes.

Phil Spinadny won't have the only all girl orchestra before long. We were talking to Nat Brusiloff, conductor of the Mutual Double or Nothing show, and he tells us that he is thinking of putting girls in his band. Not tells us that many gals play almost as well as men and, with a few years of experience, will probably equal men in musicianship. There are plenty of girl violinists and pianists, but what's needed are some really good gal trumpet players.

Fred Allen may not be with us on the air next year as rumor has it he is going to take a full year's vacation. That's been a rumor about Allen every year, but this time it seems to be true. Fred's health is none too good and he is probably the hardest worker in radio, writing all of his own material, in fact, practically the whole show. "Maybe," he wise cracks, "while I'm resting I'll knock out a few gags for Benny. That didn't ought to tax anybody's brain too much."

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—There are those who hitch their wagon to a star ... and reach their promised land. But WBT's Baby Ray (George Dixon Stewart) hitched a remarkable set of vocal cords to the wailing cry of a baby ... and now rides right up in the driver's seat before a WBT mike!

A dozen years ago, a 15-year-old South Carolina farm boy, sort of bashful, extra tall, and not a little ungainly, started hanging around the only community entertainment group in Greenville, South Carolina—the Gibson Ramblers, a group of half a dozen hillbillies. Seemed as if the Ramblers just couldn't shake the lad—he liked music, people and rhythm—and figured he could play "guitar" too, if he could just get his hands on one. And so, in sheer desperation, somebody showed him a chord or two, put a guitar in his hands, and said "sing us a tune, son." Just like that the Gibson Ramblers of Greenville South Carolina added another musician to their group—young George Dixon Stewart.

Then came radio. After a couple of years as star performer of the Ramblers, Stewart became a regular member of the studio audience at the Fisher Henley programs over station WFBC in Greenville. One day the script for Henley and his hillbillies called for a crying baby. The Henley-men could cry, but it didn't sound like a baby crying. George Stewart took a chance. He auditioned for the wall, and thereby became "Baby Ray" of the Fisher Henley Hillbillies.

Four years later, Baby Ray left Henley—on page 10.
What to do with a Victory Garden

by BOB HOPE

1. Of course, you know what a Victory Garden is. That's a little garden where you go out and putter around for a while, and if you can straighten your back again it's a victory. It's fun, though. I have a beautiful patch...on my right hand where the blister broke!

2. Mother Nature is really wonderful. For instance, suppose you want carrots. Well, you just drop a seed in the ground and in no time at all up comes a rabbit. Of course, if you want a bright smile, some Pepsodent planted on your brush does wonders every time.

3. After your garden has started to grow, it's very important to use Pepsodent—the film-removing tooth paste. It puts a bright gleam on your teeth...so if the sun doesn't come out one day, you can walk around with a big smile and shine on your vegetables.

4. Watch out for pests. I'm not bothered with birds any more...since I tossed a tube of Pepsodent into their nest. Now they haven't time to do any damage—they're too busy brushing each other's teeth and singing, "Oh, it floats away with the greatest of ease!"

5. Well, that's all. Just don't forget the tomatoes. I find the best way to remember them is to keep their phone numbers in a little book. You know, the same book you write in when you want to remember to buy Pepsodent—the only tooth paste containing Irium.

How IRIUM in Pepsodent uncovers brighter teeth

Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dingy—hides the true brightness of your smile.

This film-coated mirror illustrates how smiles look when commonplace methods don't clean film away.

But look what Irium does to that film! It loosens and floats it away, leaves the surface clean and bright.

That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural cheery brightness of your smile...safely, gently.
ley's organization, and formed his own band of entertainers, Baby Ray and His Country Cousins.

In January, 1943, Baby Ray and His Country Cousins came to WBT Charlotte, took an audition, and were forthwith added to WBT's Briarhopper group. At present, Baby Ray has lost his "country cousins." He wasn't content with "cousinship" for the one girl in the group (she's now Mrs. George Dixon Stewart), and Uncle Sam claimed the others.

Baby Ray himself, now singing star of WBT's Briarhoppers, CBS Dixie Farm Club, Sunday Farm Club, and CBS Dixie Jamboree, is 27 years old, six feet, one inch tall, and on the handsome side, and—still a little shy.

Went over to the Capitol Theater in New York recently to see Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson, appearing there. Both of them seem to get younger as the years, or rather, as time goes by. The numbers they sing together are still fresh and cute and Harriet now rides Ozzie in a casual, ad-lib way that is delightful to hear and see. She's one singer who knows how to act, which is a happy thing to report.

Quizmaster Fred Uttal keeps a sharp eye out for "repeaters" on his CBS Good Listening show. They're the ones who make a business of attending quiz shows in the hope of winning prizes. Fred spotted one the other night, said, "You've been on this show before, we can't use you."

"Why not?" the man said indignantly, "I gave a good performance, didn't I?"

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—Eddy Arnold . . .

Marco Polo with a Guitar.

The motto used to be "Join the Navy and See the World." A smiling lad from Henderson, Tennessee, has his own version of how to go places. For a homegrown product of that friendly little Tennessee community he's done his share of globe trotting, and in the space of the last two years. This wandering minstrel's name is Eddy Arnold, and the way he puts it is this: "Play a Guitar and see the world."

He knows what he's talking about for when the Camel Caravan Grand Ole Opry Unit made its recent tour of Uncle Sam's military camps one of its most popular entertainers was Eddy Arnold. Eddy played in over 250 Army and Navy camps. Traveling with the Caravan Eddy played in thirty-six states in this country. The unit also played at military posts in the Panama Canal Zone and in Guatemala. Eddy says that in all his experience playing before audiences of every description, in small towns and large, none were so nice to play to as those boys in uniform.

Not content with playing the tunes he learned while a youngster on the farm, Eddy Arnold has lately begun writing his own songs. How well he has succeeded is attested to by the flood of mail that deluges the WSM mail rooms after Eddy's morning broadcasts over that station.

Although Eddy is a comparative newcomer to the nationally famed Grand Ole Opry, he is an experienced entertainer. Already, at 26, he has been in radio for seven years. For many of those years he played in well-known folk music and cowboy groups. Lately he has branched out on his own with a solo act that is increasing in popularity with every appearance. He stands five feet eleven, has blond hair and gray eyes.

Fellow entertainers on the Grand Ole Opry will tell you that the really up and coming star is Eddy Arnold.

Over in England there is a Flying Fortress named "Miss Dinah." It was named after Dinah Shore and inside it is covered with pictures of her. "Miss Dinah" has already made four trips over Axisland. Dinah corresponds with the crew members of the bomber, has congratulated them after every trip.

Kathleen Wilson plays Claudia Barbour in NBC's One Man's Family show. Kathleen has taken the AWMS mechanical course and completed her Red Cross first aid course. She wondered what else she could do to help the war effort until script writer Carlton E. Morse helped her out. He had his

That deep, rich voice of Ben Hadfield's, heard over WNAC and the Yankee Network, comes from 17 years of announcing.

Left, he auditioned for the wail of a baby and thereby become Baby Ray. He's singing star of WBT's Briarhopper group.
I Know a “30 second” secret... and it keeps me Fragrantly Dainty all evening!

Fellow entertainers on the Grand Ole Opry, heard over WSM, will tell you that the really up and coming young star is Eddy Arnold.

heroine enroll in a course of engineering drawing at the University of California. Kathleen promptly went out to the campus of U.C.L.A. and signed up for the same course she plays on the air. "As Claudia Barbour," she says, "I hope that I may interest our women listeners in this important war work, and, as Kathleen Wilson, I'm trying to do my part in it, too." 

Boston, Mass.—There's a nostalgic thrill in the rich, deep voice of Ben Hadfield for an earlier generation of playgoers who still regard him as an actor despite his 17 years as an announcer with WNAC and the Yankee Network. He began his career with WNAC on March 12, 1926, just after finishing a season with the Somerville Theatre Players, which at that time was a flourishing stock company.

One of Ben Hadfield's great thrills of his radio career came back in the early days of broadcasting. It came in the form of a fan letter. For some inexplicable reason, a woman who had been stone deaf all her life was able to hear his voice on an earphone set. She listened to him and wrote him regularly for many years. His was the only human voice she ever heard.

Last year, Ben was awarded the degree of Doctor of Oratory from Staley College in recognition of his meritorious record. His talented wife, Rose Huber Hadfield, actress and elocutionist, was also made a Doctor of Oratory at the same commencement.

During Ben Hadfield's early days in the theater, he and Mrs. Hadfield were in the Far West when the show closed for lack of funds—and no funds for the players. Ben telegraphed back East for openings as they hopefully waited in this isolated small town for an engagement. One sweltering evening Mrs. Hadfield expressed a great desire for some ice cream, but said they just didn't dare spend the last of their money for such a luxury. Ben insisted that they buy some, arguing that they couldn't get back East on the price of a dish of ice cream. So the Hadfields went off to the ice cream parlor in the town and settled down to a heaping plate of ice cream. While they were enjoying the remnants of their money a boy came in paging Ben Had-

"DO YOU EVER stop to think that loneliness can come to you simply because you don't suspect yourself of body steniness? I know... for that's how heartbreak came to me! But I've discovered a lucky secret... and now in just 30 seconds I can always make sure I'll stay fragrantly dainty the whole evening through! Listen...

"FIRST, after my bath, I dry myself gently... barely patting those easily irritated "danger zones" that might chafe!

"THEN, I delight my whole body with the silky caress of Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! How quickly its soothing coolness absorbs all the tiny traces of moisture I missed. How deliciously smooth my skin feels. And there I stand, delicately perfumed all over... understanding why they call it—the fragrance men love!

"OH, HOW luxurious my clothes feel now! No chafing or binding... now or later! And I'm confident, completely at ease, for I know that Cashmere Bouquet's smooth protection will last the whole evening through—and so will the fragrance men love!

Let Cashmere Bouquet Talcum bring you this "30 second" secret of daintiness! Discover its long-clinging softness, its alluring fragrance—all its superb qualities that have made Cashmere Bouquet the largest selling talcum in America! You'll find it in 10¢ and larger sizes at all leading toilet goods counters.

Cashmere Bouquet
THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE
Radio and the Armed Forces

Hanley Stafford, who plays Daddy on the Baby Snooks show, has a son who was an aerial gunner in the RAF. His son's name is Rudy; he recently left the RAF to become a gunner in the U.S. Army Air Force. Graham was once shot down over the North Sea, spent several days on a life raft. His father, the famous "Daddy," fought in World War I and was wounded at Ypres. And his father gave his life in the Battle of the Somme. The first musician known to give his life in this war is the late Lieut. Eddie Tompkins, once with Jimmy Lunceford's band.

Kate Smith has given an English Bull pup named "Books" to the Marines at San Diego... Artie Shaw and his Navy band will tour overseas for the next six months... Alvino Rey and his thirteen men may soon be drafted from those war jobs they took in the California defense plant... Red Skelton may be in uniform very soon, maybe before you read this...

Shirley Mitchell, the giddy radio sweetheart of Rudy Vallee, is fast becoming one of the most sought after actresses in Hollywood. She now appears on the Great Gildersleeve show and also works with Red Skelton when that show is in Hollywood. Groucho Marx also uses her as a regular on his program and two other shows are written in parts for her. She's very happy about this, but hopes her voice holds out.

Hats off to Fred Waring and his entire organization. During an interval in a rehearsal, Fred suggested that they conduct a war bond drive among themselves. He stated that he would match any sum his entire organization donated for war bonds. In the space of two days, the boys in the band raised $66,000, averaging over one thousand dollars a man.

Elizabeth Bemis is CBS's first woman newscaster. That would make most women happy, but Elizabeth still wants to be a doctor and has wanted to be one since she was a little girl. Her parents sent her to an exclusive girls' school, which did nothing but give her an inferiority complex. The school reported to her mother: "She is a very nice girl, but below average intelligence."

By way of showing them, Elizabeth went back to a plan, ordinary high school and subsequently won scholarships to the University of Colorado, the University of Wyoming, and the University of Paris. She has studied medicine in Paris and has traveled all through Europe. She was on her way to Prague at the beginning of the war and the train she was on was machine gunned—she slept through it!

News Notes: Lou Costello is expected to be well enough to return to his program this fall... Cecil Brown has just been awarded a Doctor of Letters degree for his magnificent reporting... The Cal Timneys are expecting a visit from the stork... A rose to Bill Downs for the fine job he is doing telling us about the Russians at war... Dennis Day is romancing Barbara Hale, the screen actress... Lyn Murray, the musical director, is the proud poppa of a baby girl... Jimmy Durante has had six movie offers in the past month... Sponsor has reprinted in booklet form the verses written by Fred Allen for his Falstaff Openshaw characters. And Alan Reed who plays "Falstaff" has just been signed by MGM to play "Nero," the meanie, in "Quo Vadis"... Glen Gray and his band have been signed by Columbia pictures... Rudy Vallee's Doberman-Pinscher has been taken over by the Army... Cass Daley is donating all her 1943 radio earnings to the War Bond drive... Goodbye, see you next month, folks.
Now! You Can Tell The Weather in Advance With the Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster

Now that you no longer can get weather forecasts or temperature reports on the radio or through your local paper, your home should have the accurate, reliable Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster. Probabilities are, you have felt that you would have to pay a lot of money for a truly dependable and beautiful forecaster. If so, your worries are over! Here, without doubt, is positively the most beautiful—the most original—the most accurate forecaster that has ever been offered at anywhere near this low price. Don't let yourself or your loved ones be without the Windmill Weather Forecaster. It tells you the temperature—tells you if it's going to rain or snow or shine—predicts any weather change that's on the way—up to 24 hours in advance! It makes all the difference in your plans when you know what the weather will be. Plan your work or play according to the weather—know how to dress for it—help to prevent accidents or sickness in the family—BE PREPARED FOR WEATHER CHANGES WITH YOUR “Home Weather Bureau.” BE YOUR OWN WEATHER MAN!

The Windmill Forecaster Has Features Found In Forecasters Costing Up To $10.00

The thermometer is guaranteed to be very accurate from 120° to 4° below zero. The amazing storm glass uses the same principle found in most expensive forecasters. When the weather is going to be fair, the crystals settle in the bottom of the tube—when rain or snow is predicted, the crystals expand and move toward the top of the tube. It's so simple, yet virtually unerring. This lovely “Swiss Windmill” Weather Forecaster is fashioned of handsome carved style Burrwood—a masterpiece of craftsmanship—representing the colorful, rustic windmills of the Swiss landscape, with their weather-antiqued brown shingles, brightly gleaming red roof and latticed windmill blades... even the Swiss Alpine snow and the fir trees of the Alps are reproduced... with the quaint peasant clothes of the boy and girl shown in pleasing contrast to the flowers of the mountainside growing around the windmill itself. The “Swiss Windmill” adds a glowing, colorful, decorative note to any room in the house. As a weather prophet, you'll use it constantly!

Use It—Test It On Our Guarantee Of Satisfaction

Each and every Swiss Weather House is guaranteed to please you and give years of satisfactory service, or your money will be cheerfully refunded. It really must be seen to be fully appreciated. We want you to examine it—test it for seven full days so that you can see for yourself that it actually works—all on our iron-clad Money Back Guarantee of satisfaction. SEND NO MONEY! Just mail the coupon today. Pay the Postman only 98c plus postage and a small COD fee upon arrival. If it isn't all we claim, return it at the end of seven days and we'll refund your money in full.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

Illinois Merchandise Mart, Dept. 933-A, 54 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentleman, Please mail the Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster on approval guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money back. I will pay the Postman only 98c plus postage and a small COD fee.

Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________
City __________________________ State __________

Enclosed find 98c. Please ship the Weather Forecaster, all postage charges prepaid.

IMPORTANT: If you want two or more Swiss Weather Forecasters, see the special wholesale dealer’s price list at the back of this coupon.

Special Offer To AGENTS, DISTRIBUTORS!

Purchase Swiss Windmill Weather Forecasters At Our Special Quantity Wholesale Discount! Here is the fastest selling article of its kind that is being offered. Today, everyone is a prospect for this popular Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster. Special quantity wholesale discounts:

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We prepay shipping charges on above quantity shipments. Check or money order must accompany your order. Address:

Illinois Merchandise Mart, Dept. 933-A, 54 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.
Help yourself to summer beauty by sunbaths, but remember not to overdry your skin and hair. Toni Gilman, radio actress of We Love and Learn, heard over NBC, knows the rules.

LONG before summer settles, green and lush, over the land, we consider our wardrobe...sheer dresses for coolness, sport clothes for life out-of-doors, large hats for shade... Foolishly we do not always give equal consideration to the changes summer dictates in our cosmetic palette and the care of our skin and hair...

Sunbaths, for instance—special summer treats—may be conducive to beauty and health too if the drying effect which the sun has upon our hair and skin is counteracted with oils.

This summer many of us will be staying home, as the government requests us to do. This doesn't mean, however, that we can let down in the care of our hair or skin. The sun burns as brightly over backyards, city rooftops, the posts from which airplanes are spotted, or the farms upon which hay is pitched or vegetables are grown for Victory as it does over the beach or the mountains. This makes a good suntan oil a basic investment in summer beauty. Use a heavy film of oil if you want only a light tan. Use a thin film of oil if you find a deep tan more flattering. In either event, less and less oil will be needed as the summer progresses and the tan itself acts as protection.

As your skin becomes darker you will, of course, change the color of your powder, rouge and lipstick. There will be many this year who will use liquid "stockings." If you're among these be sure to apply the liquid so it gives your legs a smooth look and also makes them appear slimmer.

The first thing to do, as if you didn't know, is shave your legs or use a good depilatory. Legs should be completely free from any fuzz or hair before one dab of liquid touches them.

To apply your "stockings" quickly and effectively spill a little liquid into the palm of your left hand. Starting at your instep smooth the liquid on with long, overlapping strokes. Move the color up, up, up, using both hands to blend it with long sweeping strokes. Keep the color lightest where your shoe and instep meet and extend it at least six inches above your knees. When your "stockings" have dried brush your legs lightly with a soft cloth to remove any powdery substance.

Hot oil shampoos will serve your scalp well and keep your hair from acquiring that dreadful parched look. These shampoos can be managed at home, simply enough. Heat a little olive oil in a shallow pan. Use a cotton pledget to apply it thoroughly to both hair and scalp. Do this at bedtime, if possible, and bind your head in a clean cloth for the night. Then, while you sleep, the oil will have ample opportunity to penetrate your scalp and hair and do the greatest good. Have a regular shampoo in the morning.

If your hair becomes especially dry under the summer sun a hot oil shampoo every two or three weeks is advisable. Ordinarily, however, every month or six weeks will be sufficient.

Another thing—sun glasses! If your eyes are strained by the glare of the summer sun they may need protection. But do make sure the sun glasses you buy aren't as much or more of a strain than the sun itself. The lens of sun glasses should be free of any specks, bubbles or waves. Imperfections in lens can accidentally create a condition which may be very harmful to the eyes. Usually the clear stock and the grinding required for proper lens set the cost of these glasses at three dollars or over.

It's time to consider another important side of summer beauty—of bathing beaches, or how your legs will look stretched out on the warm sand. Which brings us to an effective superfluous hair bleach...

Mix one tablespoon of household ammonia with twelve tablespoons of peroxide. Whip them together until the solution clouds. Make pledgets of cotton, pat this solution on the hairs you wish to bleach, and allow it to dry. These proportions are proper only for bleaching hair on the legs, hands, and arms.

A word about the hair-brush. While we'll go to any lengths for greater beauty we too often neglect the simple every day things which pay the biggest dividends. Nothing helps hair more than a good brushing, night and morning. Be sure, however, to brush your hair properly. Brushing the top of your head brush downward. Brushing the length of your hair set your brush beneath the hair and pull upward. Snap into it! Help yourself to summer beauty!
No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!*
THE CHILDREN'S UNCLE MORTY

By Stanley J. Dreyfuss

If you see a smallish, pleasant-faced man of about forty-seven stroll into an NBC studio with hat in hand, place his hat back on his head, then remove it again and seat himself at a piano and pat his thighs soundly three times with his hands, you'll know him to be Morty Howard, pianist-arranger on one of radio's best known juvenile programs, the thirteen-year-old Horn & Hardart Children's Hour, heard Sunday mornings, as well as two other weekly air shows. There is no more logical explanation for Morty's antics in the studio than there is for the scores of other radio and theater superstitions. "Habit," he calls it.

Morty is a product of "Dodger-land"—Williamsburgh, Brooklyn, where he left public school at thirteen to play odd jobs at local night spots. After five years of hiding from the landlord each rent day vaudeville beckoned and he played for several trios and blues singers until he ran into Eddie Jackson, who was about to form the famous trio of Clayton, Jackson and Durante. He became accompanist for the trio and traveled from coast-to-coast three times on the Keith and Loew circuits.

Recovering from a siege of pneumonia at Lakewood, New Jersey, he met an attractive stenographer, Rose Meyer, who it developed lived only two blocks from his home in Brooklyn. They've been married twenty-one years now and have two daughters, Eleanor, 20 and Martha, 18. Both girls play piano and sing harmony together but are content to leave the professional field to dad, who thinks one working musician in the family is enough anyway.

Mrs. Howard persuaded Morty to leave the stage shortly after their marriage because it kept him away from home too much and he connected as a "song plugger," or contact-man, with a New York publishing house, switching to the Robbins Music Corporation six years later in 1929, where he is still associated.

Radio came into his life in 1935 when the Alice Clements Agency handled the Horn & Hardart Children's Hours, auditioned pianists to fill in for Russell Robinson, the pianist on the show who made it a practice to desert the program every second and third Sunday to direct his Dixieland Jazz Band. Morty won the job and after one show was signed as permanent accompanist. When the program removed from CBS to NBC in 1938 he went along, and in 1940 was signed for piano spots on the shows of the singing eight and ten year old Moylan sisters, and Olivio Santoro, a boy yodeler, products of the Children's Hour, when they were given programs of their own.

Besides his regular radio chores, Morty manages and arranges for the radio and screen negro quartet, The Four Ink Spots. He is largely responsible for their success: for he arranged the tune that made them famous, "If I Didn't Care." In the early days of vaudeville, Morty says, performers would sing a song, then recite a ballad and sing again. He arranged the Ink Spots' theme in this fashion and their success was almost instantaneous.

Morty records for Decca with the Ink Spots and his one and only hobby is shortwave broadcasts. He tunes in the shortwave band on his set most every night and listens into the wee hours.

A Brooklynite by birth, and a resident of that much discussed borough still, he naturally is a Dodger fan, and claims to have dropped ten pounds during the 1941 pennant race.

Morty likes blue and gray in his clothing. He has given up driving as a patriotic gesture and can be seen strolling along the dimmed-out Coney Island boardwalk almost any evening for one or two hours with his nine-year-old policeman, "Fuzzy." Fishes in Long Island Sound and Bayside every chance he gets and loves baseball and boxing.
THE COVER-GIRL

SIMPLY because she is so beautiful, the girl on our cover this month has been on the covers of more magazines than any girl in America. Her name, any soldier in the Army will tell you, is Georgia Carroll.

Georgia is twenty-four years old, five feet, eight inches tall, weighs 118 pounds and has large, very blue eyes. She was born in Dallas, Texas.

At school, she was a studious girl who excelled in Art. In order to pick up a little extra money for clothes, sodas and other high school luxuries, she took a job modeling at a local department store. Toni Frissell, the Vogue magazine editor saw her there and suggested she go to New York. Georgia wasn't interested, she wanted to become an interior decorator.

After graduating from high school, she went to work in a local nightclub in Dallas. The cover illustrator, McClelland Barclay saw her there and selected her as the ideal cover girl. Georgia still was not interested in becoming a New York model, but friends insisted that she at least try it.

It might make a better story if Georgia had to struggle to become a success as a model, but she didn't. She had barely stepped off the train before she was signed by the Powers Agency. For the next three years her face was everywhere, on magazines, in ads, on billboards. Hollywood was the next and most natural step.

When Kay Kyser began touring the Army camps, he wanted a couple of pretty girls to tour with him. Georgia and Kay Aldrich, then under contract, offered to go with him. For months, Georgia did very little but stand on platforms at Army camps looking gorgeous, but it bored her.

Then Kay Kyser's singer, Trudy Erwin, left him. One night, while their bus was traveling between camps, Kay heard a sweet, rich contralto voice coming from the back of the bus. Kay shouted, "keep on, you're wonderful!"

Georgia was as surprised as Kay, but she kept on and has been singing with the band ever since, in camps, theaters, and now on the air every Wednesday night.
When you wear your Exciting
Alix-Styled Shade of the
New Jergens Face Powder

YOUR ALIVE ALLURE!
A half-alive looking face is all wrong today. Fluff on new Jergens Face Powder and see your skin come to life! For Alix, famous designer and colorist, styled Jergens shades to give that gloriously young and alive tone to your skin.

YOUR VELVET-SKIN LOOK!
More manpower for you—and here's the reason: An exclusive process gives luscious Jergens Powder a different, velvetyzed texture. Makes your skin look gorgeously smoother, more flawless (helps hide tiny skin faults).

WHICH SHADE FOR YOU?
Naturelle—to give flower delicacy.
Peach Bloom—for that dewy, colorful look.
Rachel—a pearly, glamorous shade.
Brunette—vivid, alluring.
Dark Rachel—for that striking tawny look.

Recommended Listening

COMPLETE with pipe-clamped between his teeth, Dr. Watson by his side, Sherlock Holmes has returned to the air in response to requests from listeners everywhere. The most famous of all detectives is played again by Basil Rathbone, with Nigel Bruce as Watson. Each episode is complete in itself—a new mystery each time. Mutual, 8:30 P.M. EWT, Fridays.

As if Barry Wood, a thirty-four piece band, guest band leaders and a top-ranking quartet, the Double Daters, weren't enough, they give away five diamond rings on every program! That's the Million Dollar Band show, choice addition to Saturday night's listening entertainment. The unique feature of this program is that listeners choose the tunes to be played and are rewarded with a diamond ring if their letter requesting a song and telling what memories make this their favorite is read on the air. Five such letters are chosen for each program. Barry Wood doubles as singer and master of ceremonies. NBC, 10:00 P.M., Saturdays.

John Gunther, noted writer and commentator, heard every Sunday with John Vandercook on Where Do We Stand has launched a new series of news and views programs twice weekly. Blue, 10 P.M., EWT, Fridays and Saturdays.

A pleasant interlude these warm summer afternoons is the peaceful and soothing organ music provided by Johnny Gart. This sort of show is rare enough at any time, rarer still during the day. CBS, 3:30 P.M., Mondays through Fridays.

Featuring everything from menu hints to the voice of an opera star, Your Home Front Reporter brings an interesting, orderly and highly successful hodge-podge to afternoon listeners five days a week. Fletcher Wiley, the man who knows more about the home than any ten women, is the Reporter, heading a cast which includes Metropolitan Opera soprano Eleanor Steber, Frank Parker, noted tenor, and a twenty-two-piece orchestra. The program intersperses a running musical theme with advice on scientific nutrition, menus to meet rationing restrictions and latest information of all sorts on home economics. CBS, 4 P.M., EWT, Mondays through Fridays.
I dared
not marry

She knew she would be giving her
heart forever. That’s why Mary could
not say yes to Tom, fearing he would never return

There are times when words just
don’t mean anything. You sit beside someone in anguish and try
to utter some attempt at comfort or solace, and all you can say is, “I’m sorry . . . I’m sorry.” Empty, futile phrases that soon silence themselves.

I knew their futility that afternoon with Betty Howland. Betty was my best friend. We’d been together in high school. We’d worked in the same office. When she and Sam were married on his last furlough home, Tom and I had stood up with them. When Betty found she was to have a baby I was the first person she told.

And now, again, I was the one she turned to.

She sat there, turning the War Department telegram over and over in her hands. “. . . regret to inform you . . . Private Sam Howland reported missing in action.”

“He’s dead,” she kept saying. “I know it. Sam’s dead, Mary.”

It was then I knew the futility of words. “Don’t, honey. Missing in action,” it says. That doesn’t mean he’s dead. He may be a prisoner. He might be perfectly all right and just be lost or something.”

She wasn’t listening. Her eyes had the look of a sleepwalker. “Sam’s gone. I’ll never see him again. I’ll never see him and the baby won’t see her. We got her to bed, with a sedative. For a little while she would know blessed oblivion. But when she awoke—what then? What was there to awake to, except that . . . Private Sam Howland was reported missing in action? They’d been married on a bright, soft day last April. Two weeks later Sam had been sent overseas. Two weeks they’d had, two weeks out of a lifetime. And now Betty was more alone than she had ever been—alone to bear the child of that brief period of happiness and to grieve forever in her heart for the laughter she would never hear and the arms that would never hold her.

When I left her house late that after—
noon, her words went with me. "Why, Mary? Why?"
I went directly to the station. For I, too, had had a telegram that day. Only mine had been a happy one. DARLING, ARRIVING FIVE-FIFTEEN TODAY FOR TWO WEEKS’ LEAVE. ALL MY LOVE. TOM.

TOM. Tom Byrnes. I said his name over and over as I waited for the train. There was nobody like Tom. Maybe a girl always feels that way about the man she loves. I don’t know. Maybe she always thinks he’s the one who hung out the moon and set out the stars. All I know is that ever since I first saw Tom Byrnes, there had been a fullness and a sweetness in my life where there’d been emptiness before, and the awful loneliness of so many years had suddenly gone—like a bright candle lighting the dark.

The train puffed in and then I saw him, walking toward me. My heart turned over as it always did. Maybe you’d say there was nothing especially exciting about him. He looked like a lot of other boys—neither tall nor short, not handsome and not ugly. Nothing out of the ordinary, you’d say. But not to me. He had dark blond hair that wouldn’t stay neat because he ran his fingers through it, and eyes that were sometimes blue and sometimes gray and rarely—when he was angry, green. He had strong, stocky shoulders that swayed when he walked, and a heart-warming smile. And he had two stripes on his sleeve that he was prouder of than anything that had ever happened to him. He was no different from the thousands of other boys wearing the uniform of their country. Except to me.

We clung to each other and I felt as I always did, “This is home. This is where I belong—here in Tom’s arms.” And then we were laughing and trying to say how good it was to see each other, and he was telling what kind of a trip he’d had. We walked down the street to Mrs. Hewlett’s boarding house where he would stay, and I clung to his arm and tried not to think of the sad and awful thing I had to tell him. Sam Howland had been his best friend.

Neither Tom nor I had any real family and, for once—selfishly—I was glad. It meant there was no one I had to share him with, even for a minute, the short time he’d be here. “Let’s not have supper yet,” I said when we left Mrs. Hewlett’s, “Let’s go sit in the park—and just talk.”

The Park was what everybody in town called the long stretch of trees and grass bordering the river that ran through the middle of the business district. Kids played there in the daytime and lovers strolled there at night, and on summer evenings there used to be band concerts in the rickety old pavilion that stood near the water. Now it was deserted. It was six-thirty in the evening, and everybody was home having dinner.

We sat on a bench out of the wind and Tom said, “You’re awfully quiet, honey. Anything wrong?”
I told him then. I told him about Sam—how I didn’t look at him but I felt his body stiffen beside me, at the shock, sensed the way he rejected it and then forced himself to believe. “It was terrible,” I said. “She didn’t cry or anything. She just sat there staring and she kept saying, ‘He’s dead.’” And then I was crying in his arms, the first tears I’d shed. “Why does it have to be? Why did Sam have to go off and fight—and you and all the others?”
His strong arms held me. “I don’t know why, Mary,” he said soberly. “I don’t know. Tom.” And then I was crying in his arms, the first tears I’d shed. “Why does it have to be? Why did Sam have to go off and fight—and you and all the others?”

What could be bigger than two people loving each other and getting married and having a baby—why isn’t that the biggest thing there is?” I cried. “Why do people have to go and kill and be killed?”

“I know it doesn’t seem to make any sense. But there’s a reason for it,” he insisted. “A reason that’s got to do with what you just said. About people loving each other and getting married and having babies. I guess that’s what we’re fighting for. I know I felt that way when I enlisted—as if I were doing it for you and me and what we felt for each other. . . . Mary, let’s get married! Now.”

I grew very still in his arms. “Now? You mean—tonight?”

“Tonight or tomorrow. You see—we all got two weeks’ leave. They usually give you that long when they’re figuring on—well, shipping you out pretty soon. We’re all rarin’ to get out and get it over with—but I’d like us to get married—before I go.”

The old panic, the old long-sleeping fear washed over me. I pulled back from him. “No!” I cried sharply. “They can’t send you away! Because—oh, Tom, don’t you see? Because I can’t marry you now—like this.”

The tightness of his arms slackened a little. “But why? We love each other. We’re entitled to a little happiness before I go—”

“That’s just it,” I burst out. “A little happiness now could mean such anguish later. . . .” And suddenly I was a child again, living in a house that held no laughter, living with a sense of horror and fear I was too young to understand. “My parents got married during the last war. Like this—just before my father went to France. He never came back. I know what my mother went through. I know what I went through. I couldn’t bear to repeat my mother’s life—or ask any child we might have to repeat mine. I couldn’t, Tom!”

He sensed that I was overwrought,
almost hysterical. "We won't talk about it now," he said quietly. "You're upset because of Sam and Betty. Just remember how much I love you, darling—how much I want you."

That's what I was remembering. That, and the fear that lay deep within me—as deep as instinct.

For they'd loved each other, too, years ago—Jane, my mother, and Harry Malone, my father. They'd loved each other all their lives, beginning back with schooldays and on up through the hayrides and the dances and the small-town socials. They'd filled each other's world. And then the war had come—what we now call World War I—and Harry Malone had joined up right away along with all the other boys his age. Home on leave, he'd married a girl. But when his leave was up—married at the Judge's house, the one brick house in town, by the old Judge who'd known them both since they were born. They'd had their twenty-four-hour honeymoon in the "bridal suite" of the one, small hotel, and mother had waved goodbye to father there at the little wooden station while the band played "Over There" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and the Judge made speeches and everybody cheered. Harry had laughed and said, "I'll be back before you know it." Oh, I know about what happened as if I'd been there. Mother told me the story countless times.

Harry had gone "over there" and Jane went home to her parents' house and then discovered she was going to have me. She was so happy. "Happy," she'd said with a voice full of bitterness when she told me the story. Because she'd believed Harry when he said he'd be back. The war wouldn't last long once the Yanks were in it. Anybody knew one American boy could lick any ten Huns. So she'd waited—for Harry and for me.

She wrote him when I was born. "... a darling baby girl. I'm going to name her Mary because I think you'd like it. ..." She never knew if he got that letter. A few weeks later she got a telegram. Harry Malone was "missing, presumed dead."

Missing, presumed dead. That was all we ever knew. Nobody ever sent back any of those pathetic personal possessions that would have been so precious. Nobody ever came and said, "I was with Harry and it happened like this." There was not even a white cross among the many, that bore his name, that was his. My father had just disappeared into the maw of the Argonne as if he had never existed.

It was that, I think, that made my mother so bitter—the never knowing, the feeling she had loved a ghost. She was always a frail, delicate girl, and when her parents died in the flu epidemic that winter, it seemed as if the burden was too much for her strength. She was left alone, penniless, with an infant daughter to raise.

She did it by becoming a seamstress. People in that little town tried to be kind; they proffered work and sympathy; they tried to "get Jane Malone out of herself." But they failed. As time went on, mother closed herself up more and more with her grief. She rejected her friends; she sought no pleasure. She only worked, and thought of the past and what might have been and wasn't. That's the way I remember her—sewing, always sewing, a silent woman, old before her time.

She never treated me like a child. I was her only confidante, and to me she poured out her grief. "Wars are nothing but useless murder," she told me. "People like us have no protection from those who make them for their own greedy purposes. They killed your father without even a trace. They killed other children's fathers. And all for nothing."

It was talk that filled my mind with fear and horror. I know now that my mother's frail spirit wasn't equal to her tragedy, and my heart weeps for her. But then all I knew was that I was lonely.

Mother died when I was ten. Died, I believe, because she could no longer bear to live.

I was sent to the home of a distant cousin in the southern part of the state, a shy, frightened child. And gradually, under the influence of a normal home and the companionship of other children, I outgrew my fears. I was happy. I grew up forgetting... (Continued on page 56)
It had been a beautiful evening. We had danced in the open-air Lake-wood pavilion under a round summer moon; we had gone afterward to the roadside stand where all of my cousin Rosalie's crowd went for a snack on their way home; we'd eaten waffles and crisp little sausages while half the young people of Hampton stopped at our table to talk to Rosalie and to our escorts, Bob Travis and Roy Price. We drove back slowly, around a silver lake and down roads paved with moonlight. When we reached home—Rosalie's home, which was also mine for as long as I visited her—I saw the light kiss Roy gave Rosalie as he left her at the door, the quick little hug, and the grin full of pride and affection.

"I had a swell time, sweet," he said. "Do I see you next week, or do I have to fight for a place?"

Bob Travis shook my hand formally. "It was very nice meeting you, Miss Matthews," he said. "I hope I can see you again sometime—"

I tried to smile, to thank him and to say that I'd enjoyed myself. See you again sometime. I'd heard those words before, often. And always sometime meant—never.

The boys left, and as we let ourselves into the house, Rosalie smiled brightly at me, too brightly. "Did you have a good time, Janie?"

"Lovely," I lied, and ran up the stairs to my room before the crowding tears spilled over into my voice. I should have had a lovely time. The evening, my escort, were more than any girl could reasonably ask.

And yet I had been miserable. I couldn't join in the conversation as we'd sat under the little awninged tables at the pavilion. Rosalie and Roy and Bob had lived in Hampton all of their lives, and they talked about people and events in which I had no part. When they tried to draw me out, when Bob asked me about myself and my home town of Wilmont, I could think of nothing worth telling; lighter phrases stuck in my throat; I answered briefly, diffidently, and was relieved when they went back to discussing their own affairs. When we danced, I was so afraid of not being able to follow that I couldn't relax; I held myself stiffly and concentrated so hard on the movements of my feet that I couldn't hear the music and was more often out of step than in time.

I had had a wretched evening. Still, it was no worse than other evenings I'd spent with Rosalie and her friends in the week I'd been in Hampton, no more wretched than evenings I'd spent back in Wilmont, or in other cities, for that matter.

It was the kind of time I'd had all of my nineteen years, whether I was with a crowd or with only one or two others, even when I was with my own family. It was the penalty I paid for one of the most intense kinds of selfishness—shyness—a selfishness I recognized and yet, somehow, could not overcome. I knew what was wrong with me, knew—and was made more unhappy by knowing—that it distressed the people around me, and I had come to accept it as an unfortunate but unalterable fact about myself, as evident and as much a part of me as that my hair was brown and my eyes blue.

My mother had tried to help me ever since I could remember. There was a sunny Saturday morning in spring, years ago, when I lingered in the house, looking enviously out at a group of
She knew what to say, what to do, but always her shyness held her back—until love came along. Then life had a surprise in store, not only for Janie but for Jeff groups I met at schools or at churches or at the dancing class mother sent me to. When I was graduated from high school at Wilmont and went to work in an office, I did exactly that—I worked. I did not belong to the group of girls who ate lunch together and exchanged gifts on birthdays and met at each other’s homes for bridge one night out of the week.

My mother, who had been disturbed enough about my lack of popularity when I was little, became openly desperate as I grew older. I saw the desperation in her eyes each time a man passed me by for a plainer but more vivacious girl, each time she heard of a dance to which I had not received an invitation, each time she arranged a party for me and then had to carry the burden of keeping the guests amused and entertained herself. She even cried over me, and never, although we weren’t unusually fortunate and had our share of troubles with money and illness and the depression years, did I see her cry over anything else.

“Janie, darling, if you’d only try to get along with people. If you’d only realize how difficult you make things for others—”

I did try, and the results frightened me, drove me deeper into myself. I couldn’t catch the spirit of a group, couldn’t slide my own words into the flow of conversation. When I tried to be funny, my humor fell flat; when I meant to be serious, other people were joking.

I understood mother’s anxiety over me. She’d had a lot of friends and a great many beaux when she’d been young, and her one ambition was for me to enjoy a little of the popularity she’d known. I knew what she was most afraid of—that I would go all of my life friendless and not knowing how to be friendly, unloved and not daring to love. I think that from the very beginning I had sensed her fear, and that it had made me more uncertain of myself. It was always present, behind every word she ever spoke to

little girls playing jacks on the walk of the house next door. We had just moved into a new town, and our house had been picked especially for my enjoyment—it had a big back yard, with swings and a teeter-totter. I remember mother coming into the room and standing behind me. “Aren’t those your schoolmates, Janie? Why don’t you ask them over to play on your swings?”

“They don’t want to swing,” I mumbled. “They’re playing jacks.”

“Then why don’t you go out and play with them?” I stared dumbly at her. Mother’s suggestion was so matter-of-fact that I couldn’t explain to her that I hadn’t been invited to play with them, that I didn’t know how to go about inviting myself, and that I dared not risk the humiliation of being ignored if I went out and stood on the front lawn, waiting to be asked. I did exactly what I did years later at Rosalie’s—I ran up to my own room and cried out my loneliness, while mother’s distressed voice followed me. “Janie, I don’t know what’s wrong with you. Your home is just as nice as those girls’ homes; your clothes are just as good as theirs, and you get just as good marks at school... I don’t understand why you don’t belong...” I never did belong, not all through my school years, not to any of the
I had been a beautiful evening. We had danced in the open-air Lake wood pavilion under a round sun- 

tone moon, we had gone afterward to the roadside stand where all of my 
cousin Rosalie's crowd went for a snack on their way home; we'd eaten waffles 
and crisp little sausages while half the young people of Hampton stopped 
at our table to talk to Rosalie and to our escorts, Bob Travis and Roy 
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home—Rosalie's home, which was also 
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"I had a swell time, sweet," he said. 

"Do I see you next week, or do I have 
to fight for a date?" 

Bob Travis shook my hand formally. 

"It was very nice meeting you, Miss 
Matthews," he said. "I hope I can see 
you again sometime—" 

I tried to smile, to thank him and 
to say that I'd enjoyed myself. See you 
again sometime! I'd heard those words 
before, often. And always sometime 
meant—never. 

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selves into the house, Rosalie smiled 
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in the week I'd been in Hampton, no 
more wretched than evenings I'd spent 
back in Wilmont, or in other cities, for 

that matter. 

It was the kind of time I'd had all of 

my nineteen years, whether I was with 
a crowd or with only one or two others, 
even when I was with my own family. It 

was the penalty I paid for one of the 
most intense kinds of selfishness—shy-

ness—a selfishness I resented and yet 
somehow, could not overcome. I knew 
what was wrong with me, knew—and 

was made more unhappy by knowing— 

that it distressed the people around me, 

and I had come to accept it as an 
unfortunate but unalterable fact about 
myself, as evident and as much a part 
of me as that my hair was brown and 

my eyes blue. 

My mother had tried to help me ever 
since I could remember. There was a 

sunny Saturday morning in spring 
years ago, when I lingered in the house, 

looking curiously out at a group of 

little girls playing jack's on the walk of 
the house next door. We had just 
moved into a new town, and our house 

had been picked especially for my en-

joyment—it had a big back yard, with 
swings and a teeter-totter. I remember 

mother coming into the room and 
standing behind me. "Aren't those 
your schoolmates, Janie? Why don't 
you ask them over to play on your 
swings?" 

"They don't want to swing," I mum-
bled. "They're playing jack's."

"Then why don't you go out and play 

with them?" 

I stared dumbly at her. Mother's 
suggestion was so matter-of-fact that I 

couldn't explain to her that I hadn't 

invited to play with them, that I 

didn't know how to go about inviting 
myself, and that I dared not risk the 
humiliation of being ignored if I went 

out and stood on the front lawn, wait-

ing to be asked. I did exactly what I 
did years later at Rosalie's—I ran up 
to 

my own room and cried out my loneliness, 
while mother's distress went 

unnoticed, when mother's distress 
followed me. "Janie, I don't know 
what's wrong with you. Your 
home is just as nice as those girls' for you, 
and you get just as good marks at school, 
I don't understand why you don't 

be long—" 

I never did belong, not all through 
my school years, not to any of the 

groups I met at school or at church 
or at the dancing class mother sent me 
to. When I was graduated from high 

school in Wilmont and went to work in 

an office, I did exactly that—I worked. 

I did not belong to the group of girls 
who ate lunch together and exchanged 
gifts on birthdays and met at each 

other's homes for bridge one night out 
of the week. 

My mother, who had been disturbed 

enough about my lack of popularity 
when I was little, became openly des-
pairing as I grew older. I was a 

shy-faced child, with my shyness 
showing itself to the world at once. 

and I grew 

myself unapproachable. 

She knew how to say, what 
to do, but always her shy-

ness held her back until 
love came along. Then life 
had a surprise in store, not 
only for Janie but for Jeff.
Oh, mother tried so hard. "Janie, you'll have to get your clothes together so I can lengthen them. The way you outgrow your dresses, I should think you'd outgrow your shyness, too—"

I might have outgrown it, might have, gradually, found friends who were more like me than my mother was, whom I might have talked to and who might have helped me to break through the wall which shut me off from the rest of the world. But we moved too often. Father's business took him all around the country, to a dozen different cities in as many years, and mother and I went with him. Our longest stay was in Wilmont, and we were there just long enough for me to finish high school and to work for a little over a year. It was about leaving Wilmont that sent me to visit my cousin, Rosalie Webb, in Hampton.

MOVING, having to go to a new school, to meet new people, had always terrified me, but this time there was a new problem involved. I had a job, and, although I was by no means on intimate terms with my fellow workers, I at least knew them well enough to exchange a few words with them without fear of being snubbed. If I went with my parents, I would have to find another job and learn to know a whole new set of co-workers.

If I remained in Wilmont, I would have to live with strangers in a girls' club or a boarding house.

Rosalie's invitation to visit her for a few weeks saved me from making a decision. I didn't even have to give up my job in order to accept—our firm was being reorganized for the production of war materials, and I was given a month's leave of absence. And my mother was pleased at the thought of my staying with Rosalie. She knew that Rosalie had a great many friends, that she entertained and was entertained a great deal, and she hoped against hope that I would absorb some of Rosalie's popularity. I hoped so too, secretly, unreasonably thinking that perhaps someone else might be able to do for me what I couldn't do for myself.

But from the day I arrived in Hamp-

"Sky Girl" was suggested by a true case history, presented on A. L. Alexander's Mediation Board, the great human interest program on Mutual, Mondays at 9:30 P.M.

ton until the night a week later, when I went out with Rosalie and Roy and Bob. The very first time of the day, at the cousin's house and my own home was that mother wasn't there to be unhappy over me. I cried that night, knowing I had failed and that I would go on failing. I cried a long time; it was dawn when I went to sleep, and I awoke at noon, the eyes in the wall, duff, pounding headache. I was ashamed to go down to lunch, but I'd have been more embarrassed by remaining upstairs—Aunt Ethel and Rosalie would have thought I was ill, and would have insisted upon waiting on me and fussing over me. Aunt Ethel looked sympathetically at my flushed face, my reddened eyes. "Sick headache, Janie?" she asked. "You don't seem as bright as usual—"

I seized the excuse she offered. "My head does ache a little," I admitted.

"But it can't!" Rosalie cried. "We're going to Alice's for bridge between my supposed to be there at two—"

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed involuntarily, and Aunt Ethel broke in, "Now, Rosalie, don't insist. If Janie doesn't feel well, she doesn't have to go. It's more important for her to get well than for you to have her there."

Rosalie did insist, and as I refused firmly and finally, I saw a look in her eyes, quickly concealed but unmistakable, of relief. She was relieved to be free for at least one afternoon of the trouble of being gay and interesting for both of them. I was in the pretense of being, silently, for me to her friends. I wasn't surprised. I had been expecting her to get tired of trying to fit me into her crowd, but as long as I could pretend to be having a good time, that I was fitting in, the pretense gave me an excuse to stay on. Now I could no longer pretend.

I would have to go home. I would have to admit to my mother that I had failed at Rosalie's just as I'd always failed. Or I would have to go back to Wilmont to live with strangers and to work I couldn't enjoy because I was no more a child than the automaton to the people I worked with.

After lunch I went up to my room, drew the shades, and stretched face down on the bed, feeling the pillow cool on my cheek, wanting to stay there in the darkness, wanting never again to have the blackness of the peepers who made me as uncomfortable as I made them. I would have given up then, if there had been a way. But when your troubles are with yourself, there is no way of surrendering. You can add them, you can even admit that you no longer have the will to struggle against them, but if you are going to live at all, you will go on trying, in spite of yourself, to fight them.

It was some spark of that will that made the quiet of the house unbearable that afternoon, that made me get up and bathe my eyes and comb my hair and powder my face. Rosalie had gone to her bridge club, and Aunt Ethel was shopping. No one questioned me as I left the house. I felt better as I walked along the sunny streets to the park in the center of Hampton. The fresh air took some of the swelling from my eyelids, and the bright colors around me—green grass, blue sky and the matching blue of my own freshly laundered dress, the bits of rainbow colors which darted across the grass as children played—cheered me a little. I lingered to watch the children, not really seeing them at first, but gradually their movements chased a ball back and forth, following the pattern of their movements.

A little girl in a yellow dress missed the ball, and it came bounding out to the sidewalk toward me. Involuntarily I bent to pick it up, and collided with a stooping figure in khaki. He reached for the ball, but the khaki brightened, and the soldier rose as quickly.

"I'm sorry—" we both began, and stopped. My flush of embarrassment at my awkwardness, at the lock of hair which had slipped a pin and hung down beside my eye, faded when I saw that the soldier was the true blue of the afternoon.

He was bright red; his hair had become mussed as he'd snatched off his cap, and it stood peaked, a bright blond if slightly ruffled, crest. He put up a large, brown, strong-looking hand, smoothed down the crest, replaced his cap ceremoniously. "I—did I hurt you Miss?

"Oh, no. It was my fault anyway—" That was all there was to say, really, but I wasn't capable of smiling lightly, forgivingly, as Rosalie would have, and of going my way. Instead, I held out the hand of my palm.

Of course I knew it wasn't his ball and he knew very well I knew it. I'd made the same sort of stupid speech which had so often brought my mother to tears over me.

Then it was his turn to regain composure. He looked at the little sphere of red rubber; it would have been lost in his palm—and at me. Slowly, he began to grin, an infectious grin that showed his teeth white in his tanned face, turned his eyes into bright blue half-moons. "Oh, no, Miss. I believe it belongs to the children."

I DID go on then, but not gracefully. I nodded jerkily, stepped past him, giving the ball back to the children. As I went down the walk, trying not to hurry, I had the feeling that he was still standing looking after me, and—perhaps waving his hand?

That night I didn't tell Rosalie, as I had planned, that I would have to go home very shortly. I kept thinking about the soldier in the park, remembering my own stupidity, and telling myself that whatever I'd said didn't matter. If this country would never see him again. I went to the movies with Rosalie and Aunt Ethel—a tacit admission on Rosalie's part that she'd given up trying to get me dates—and saw little of the picture for the recollection of a tall, awkward young man with the eyes of a puppy looked like crescents when he smiled. And I couldn't forget the way he looked at me, as if—well as if I were funny, but in an endearing way, as a kitten or a puppy is funny.

I suppose, if I had actually believed
that he'd be in the park the next afternoon, I wouldn't have dared to go there. My mind told me that what had happened had been the most trivial of incidents, and that there was no reason to expect him to be at the same place a second time. I told myself that I wasn't going deliberately to look for him, but that the memory of him was pleasant, and that being where he'd been would make the memory more vivid. My heart and my imagination, however, pictured a meeting and carried on a whole conversation with him, a conversation in which I was gay and fascinating, and he charming and polished—and devoted.

And then, as I entered the park, I remembered something else. Something that, in my new, strange light-heartedness I hadn't even considered. This man was a soldier. Soldiers aren't like ordinary people. He was here yesterday, but today he might be on his way to the other side of the country. I tried to tell myself that it didn't matter, that I didn't really think I was going to see him anyway, but it did matter. Maybe he was on leave. Maybe he was stationed at a camp nearby. Maybe...

I was so deep in my daydreaming that I didn't recognize him when I first saw him, sitting a little apart from the other people, cracking peanuts out of a bag in his lap and tossing them to the squirrels. And then, when I did recognize him, a little shock went through me, sent the blood beating in my throat and my skin tingling, and I wanted to turn and run. But my legs carried me forward, and as I drew opposite him, my imaginary conversation came to my rescue. I nodded and half-smiled, as Rosalie might have done, and my murmured, indistinct greeting was Rosalie's at her polite and most distant best.

I passed him, feeling proud of myself, feeling that I'd made up for my gawkiness of the day before—until the walk turned, and I had a last glimpse of him staring after me, looking the way I knew I'd looked so many times—hurt and misunderstood, and terribly lonely. Of course he must be lonely— I realized it suddenly—no young man spent his free time by choice alone in a public park, feeding squirrels and watching children play. The certainty of his loneliness gave me confidence; I promised myself that when I saw him the next day I would speak to him cordially and naturally.

I was beginning to feel that a circumstance bigger than I had sent the rubber ball bounding into my path the day before, had given me the revealing glimpse of him from the turn of the walk. I was so sure that I would see him now that, that evening, when Rosalie proposed a shopping trip for the next day, I refused, saying that I was going to the library to do some research reading my firm had requested of me while I (Continued on page 70)
I've read in stories how silent a house seems when someone in it has just died. Probably, in an ordinary kind of house, that's true. But the big place on Sacramento Street was no more silent after Mother died than it had been before.

She'd been ill for so long, poor Mother, it was really a release for her when she died. That's the way I thought of it at first, not realizing that it was a release for me too. Or perhaps I didn't want to realize it. I was afraid to. When you have been in prison all your life, or at any rate all of it since you were a very small child, the world outside is a strange and terrifying place, full of traps and unexpected dangers. Only your prison seems safe.

"Survived by one daughter, Miss Florence Rollburn, of this city." That was the way the San Francisco Chronicle, in the story it published the day after Mother died, referred to me. The reporter couldn't have known how very apt his description was. For I was Therese Rollburn's daughter, and that was all. Being her daughter was my profession, my only distinguishing characteristic, my life.

Once that gloomy old house on Sacramento Street had been gay enough, blazing with light and opening its doors to all the rich and famous people of the city. We had been rich, too—Father and Mother and I. Then, when I was ten, all this ended. I didn't know why. I only knew that Father was dead, and the shades were pulled over the tall windows, and for a few days solemn-looking men came and went, and after that no one ever came at all. We kept one servant, old Martha, and she did everything, cooking and cleaning and serving the meals and taking me to school in the mornings and bringing me home in the afternoons.

It was not until I was sixteen, and Mother was in her bed with the illness from which she never recovered, that I learned the full story. It was common enough. Father's wealth had come from worthless mining stocks, and when his dishonesty was discovered he had not died; he had shot himself.

Eleven years, from the time I was sixteen until I was twenty-seven, I hardly left the house, hardly saw anyone except Martha, and after she died, Dr. Chadwick. Mother would receive no company, and she wanted me always at her side. She was selfish, but to me, because I loved and pitied her, that selfishness was something normal and expected. Once she had been a great beauty; now she was ill and old, and she could not bear to have anyone but me and the doctor and her lawyer see how that beauty had vanished.

In any event, we could not have afforded a nurse. I knew we were poor, but I did not know how poor until the day of the funeral, when Dr. Chadwick and Mr. Elverson, Mother's lawyer, came back to the house with me.

I felt—empty, is the only word to describe it. I'd cried, a little but not much because I had expected it for so long, when Mother died with her hand in mine. Now all the tears were gone. I kept hearing the minister's words: "I am the resurrection and the life ..."

Mother had gone on, gladly, to something else, some newer and more wonderful life. And I must go on, too. But where? Where, when there was no road to follow and no horizon beckoning?

I listened to what Mr. Elverson was saying, but it didn't have much meaning. So many debts, so many assets ... It was all dry and sort of crackly, like Mr. Elverson's voice and his wrinkled skin. I had always been a little afraid of Mr. Elverson. I couldn't remember when he hadn't seemed old and with—

For eleven long years life had passed her by. But now, in the
sort weeks, Florence learned the meaning of a new life and love.

ered-up. On the other hand, Dr. Chad, as I called him, had always seemed young. He had, in fact, been very young indeed when he began attending Mother, and now was only in his mid-thirties. He was sturdy and brisk, with a no-nonsense way about him that could change in a second to good-natured, easy laughter.

This afternoon he finally cut into Mr. Elverson's bumbling. "So it boils down to this, doesn't it?" he asked. "The debts just about cancel the value of the house?"

Mr. Elverson looked relieved to have it put so plainly. "At the present market, yes," he agreed.

It was as if, I thought, having used up all the resources she could draw upon, Mother had been too weary and discouraged to go on living.

"So, my child," Mr. Elverson said to me, "I think we must put our heads together and make some plans for your future. Have you thought of anything you'd like to do?"

I shook my head. How could I have thought of anything—I, who had no training, not even any knowledge of the world outside these four walls?

Mr. Elverson looked baffled and un-

happy, but Chad said, "Florence is still upset, naturally. Why don't we wait a couple of days? Then we'll all be able to think more clearly."

"Perhaps that's best," Mr. Elverson said in obvious relief, and got up to go. Chad said he'd stay a while, if I didn't mind.

He came back into the living room after seeing Mr. Elverson out.

"Now then," he said cheerfully, "I've got an idea. Let me take you out somewhere to dinner—I know a very quiet place, where the food's perfect—and then after that I think you ought to go to a hotel. You shouldn't stay all alone in this house, you know."

I shrank back into my chair. I'd known it would come soon, the time when I must meet strangers, speak to them—but not this soon! "Oh, no," I said. "I—I can't go to a hotel. I'd be frightened. Really, Chad, I'll be all right here, and much happier."

He said doubtfully, "Well—all right. But at least you'll come out with me now for a bite to eat?"

"Yes, I'll do that—if you're sure you know a place where there won't be a lot of people," I agreed.

"There won't be," he promised, and kept his promise. We ate in a little house on Pacific Street, in a room redolent of garlic and olive-oil and herbs, where a fat and smiling woman was the only attendant and we were the only diners. I could tell him truthfully, when dinner was over, that I did feel better.

"Of course you do," Chad said. "I know how you feel, Florence, and it's perfectly natural. You've been living in a little world of your own. It's hard to step into the real world, overnight." But he said it in a way that sounded as if he didn't really think it should be very hard. "For your own sake, though," he added, "you must try."

"I know, Chad. And I will try."

He leaned toward me across the table. Very seriously, he said, "I think I know a way that will make it easier for you. If you were Mrs. Byron Chadwick. . . ."

These weren't words I was hearing with my actual ears—they were only words I was reading in a book, and they had nothing to do with me. I'd never thought of Chad as anything but a good friend—and it was like a friend, not a lover, that he'd said this. So gravely, so matter-of-factly. . . . as if he'd been suggesting that I take a tonic for my nerves.

Seeing my bewilderment, he went on, "Oh, I know I ought to wait to ask you, or perhaps I should have asked.
For eleven long years life had passed her by. But now, in the four weeks, Florence learned the meaning of a new life and love.
you sooner. I never did, because as your mother's physician I knew she could never stand the shock of losing you, and she would have considered your marriage just that. And I'd wait now, only there isn't time. I've applied for a commission in the Medical Corps, and it ought to come through before long. I hope I'll be stationed here in San Francisco for a while, but of course you never know. The point is, you'd be provided for, whatever happened, and while we were together I'd do all I could to make you very, very happy."

Beneath the table, the fingers of my two hands were twisted together, so tightly that they hurt. I struggled against a feeling of inadequacy, of being beyond my depth. I knew I should be happy and grateful, but instead I wanted to hide from Chad and this decision he was so suddenly asking me to make. I stammered, "I didn't—I never knew you—loved me."

"Of course I love you," he said with the faintest trace of a tolerant smile. "I don't pretend to be a very romantic sort of person, but if loving means wanting to protect and help and cherish—why, yes, my dear, I love you very much."

Was that what loving meant? I didn't know. I'd never had a chance to find out. Perhaps that was the trouble! I said, the words rushing to tumble over each other:

"But Chad—I don't know what to say. I'm twenty-seven, but I might as well be seventeen. I don't know what love is—I don't even know what I am. I've never lived. I haven't any idea how I'll react to other people, other situations. You were perfectly right a little while ago when you said I must try to face the world and adjust myself to it. Until I've done that, it wouldn't be fair to you to say I'd marry you—"

"If I'm willing to take the chance—"

"No—it isn't just that." If only he'd understand that it was hard for me to understand myself! If only he weren't so calm and sensible, and so sure that he knew what was best for me! "Please, Chad," I begged, "let me wait a while—let me wait until things stop spinning around me!"

And, blessedly, he did hear the raw nerves in my voice. "All right," he said gently. "Just as you say. We'll wait. But try not to make it too long, dear."

Was a man proposing marriage always so self-possessed, so... so almost condescending?... But then I shamed myself for being disloyal. Chad was kind and good, and he loved me enough to want me with him, enough to want to help me!

A few minutes later, he said, "Now I'd better take you home, so you can get some rest. I'll call you up tomorrow afternoon, and we'll see about finding you some kind of a job. I think I can help."

But I knew that this, too, was part of the task ahead of me. Finding a job was the first step in learning to be complete and unafraid, and even that first step had to be taken alone.

I went down Market Street the next morning. It was years since I had been on this backbone of San Francisco's streets, and like a stranger I gaped at its hurry and bustle—at the tall buildings on each side, the four street-car tracks down the center carrying trolleys whose bells kept up an incessant clanging, at the automobiles shooting across each intersection, and the people, people, people everywhere. The street seemed to scream at me in a harsh, brassy voice: "Go away! Can't you see we're busy? We haven't any time for you!"

And whenever I turned my eyes away they were likely to fall on a newsstand, where headlines shouted war and suffering.

I'd looked in the paper before I left home, and down near the Ferry Building I found the address I'd selected. It was on the second floor of a granite-faced building: "Bay Cities Employment Service" lettered in gold on the windows fronting the street.

A creaky elevator took me up to a hall painted in dismal gray, and I went timidly down it to the Bay Cities office—a medium-sized room divided in two by a waist-high counter, with several straight-backed chairs on my side of the counter and a few desks on the other.

A sharp-featured woman at the nearest desk glanced up as I came in, but left me waiting several minutes before she came over. "Yes?" she said shortly.

"I—I'm looking for a job." Was that right? Perhaps I should have said I wanted to register, or—

She reached for a pad and slapped it down on the counter. "Yes?" she said
again, more impatiently. "What kind of work?"

"Why, I—" My lips wouldn't form words, they were so stiff, and I moistened them. "Domestic work, I think; I—I haven't had any particular training—"

I had never known that impatience and irritation could be so near hatred. "Have you any references? We don't place people without them."

"No—I'm sorry—thought—"

Someone else had come in behind me, and her eyes flicked away. "Just a minute, please," she said crisply, and to the new arrival, "Yes?"

It was a man—a tall man, dressed in clothes that looked as out-of-date as my own, and with a stained and creased hat that he held in nervous fingers. He was as uncertain and ill-at-ease as I was myself, and I forgot some of my own misery in feeling sorry for him. "I'm lookin' for a man to help me out at my mine," he said in a deep-voiced drawl.

"Laborer or skilled?" the woman asked, and he hesitated before answering.

WELL, neither—that is, not exactly. What I really need is just somebody to keep a fire goin'." He grinned a little in embarrassment. He was a homely man, I thought—homely in a nice way, which is what the word really means, I guess. His face was long and thin, with a big nose and a wide, humorous mouth, and eyes as gray as the Bay on a cloudy day. "Had an old fellow helpin' me out, but he died o' pneumonia last month."

The agency woman sniffed. "How much does the job pay?"

"We-ell, it's not worth much more than forty a month and keep. I got a cabin for him to live in and—"

The woman interrupted him. "I'm sorry," she said haughtily, "but I couldn't ask any of our people to accept a job like that. There's a war on, you know, and labor is very hard to get. And we handle only the highest class of people." She turned her back on him and started toward me. "Wasting my time!" she muttered quite audibly.

For almost the first time in my life, and in me, the anger brought with it an intensifying of the fear that was already in me, too. The fear of facing the city, alone, of facing a dozen women like this one in a dozen employment agencies with a dozen heartless denials that there was not even a window in the world that I could do. The fear of myself, really—acknowledgment of my own weakness, my lack of equipment for facing life in a world that had gone on its way, passing me by. And coupled with that fear was, as I say, a good, healthy, righteous anger against that world I feared—anger for treating me badly, greater anger, at the moment, because this simple, kindly-looking man was being treated so shabbily. He was so hurt and bewildered, standing there with his hat in his hands, so completely at the mercy of this stupid woman who had already given him a taste of her bad temper!

Then I found out something else about myself. Florence Rollburn, who had never had the opportunity to do an impulsive act in her life was, nevertheless, an impulsive creature. And acting on that impulse, prompted by that anger and that fear, I said, in a voice that hardly seemed like my own:

"It doesn't sound like a very hard job. Do you think I could do it?"

He looked at me and his eyes widened, seeming to see me for the first time. "Why—yes, ma'am, I guess you could. It's only keepin' a wood fire goin' under a big iron pipe. But—gosh, you wouldn't want to work for me—away off in the Santa Cruz mountains, miles from nowhere."

"I want to work for anyone that has a job I can do," I said, defying the woman back of the counter, who was watching me cynically. I wasn't thinking about what the job might be, or where, or of anything except that I wanted to prove to her that I could find work and that he could find someone to work for him.

He smiled, and it was like seeing the sun break through clouds. "Well, ma'am, I'd be mighty glad to get you," he said. "I was just about on the point o' thinkin' I'd have to close the mine down. You see, it's really a one-man proposition, except for firing the pipe."

"What kind of a mine is it?" I asked.

"Mercury, miss. Only a little affair, but I like bein' in the mountains, off by myself."

I began to understand now. "You mean—there'd be no one at the mine except you and me?"

"That's all," he said, "except Saturdays and Sundays. My little boy, Petey, comes up then. Rest of the time he lives at Farr's, in Pacific Ridge, so as to go to school."

"Oh," I said, a little taken aback.

"It—it won't make any difference about your (Continued on page 78)
Meet lovable Mother Schultz, her two daughters and your other friends of this favorite daytime serial you listen to daily at 2:15 P.M., over NBC.

BERTHA SCHULTZ, right, is now in Mexico, with her foster sister, Marilyn, where she expects to give birth to her baby, the child of Keith Armour, the Nazi pilot, whom she secretly married shortly before his arrest. When she found out his real identity, Bertha had the marriage annulled. This was done, however, before she knew of the coming of her baby. Her parents do not know of her trouble, neither does John Murray, Marilyn's husband. They believe the trip to Mexico was occasioned by lung trouble. Bertie is slightly bitter towards Marilyn who has everything and she wonders if Marilyn would do all that she is doing if it were not because Marilyn has always loved Keith.

(played by Patricia Dunlap)

MRS. SCHULTZ is the German-born mother of Bertha and the foster-mother of Marilyn Larimore. She was involved in the espionage case centering around Keith Armour whom she unwittingly sheltered in her home. A simple, gentle, unworldly woman, Ma Schultz is a mother in the real sense of the word. Of her five children, Marilyn is perhaps the dearest to her because she has always tried to make up to the girl for not being her own—even when Marilyn did not know anything about her true history.

(played by Virginia Payne)

Lonely Women is written by Irna Phillips and Janet Huckins.
MRS. CARTER COLBY is the wife of Judge Colby, the well-known barrister. The socially prominent Mrs. Colby is not only a real gentlewoman but a fine person. She is a great and good friend to John Murray and does not approve of Marilyn as his wife. In spite of this, she likes Marilyn personally and has taken an unusual interest in the younger woman. Katherine Colby has all the charming manners, intelligence and finesse which Marilyn wishes were her own. (Played by Muriel Bremner)

MR. & MRS. CARTER COLBY are very good friends of John Murray. Judge Colby is well educated, suave and well loved by everyone. He is deeply interested in John's success and fears his marriage to Marilyn may upset his career as well as his social standing. The Colbys are even more concerned about John since the mysterious visit of a man named Michael Gregory, who revealed that he carries in his wallet a picture and newspaper story concerning Marilyn. This stranger, it's been discovered, knows Bertha's secret, in spite of Marilyn's well-laid plans to protect her sister. (Judge Colby played by Herb Butterfield)
MARILYN MURRAY’S story is that of a foundling. As a baby, she was abandoned on shipboard at the time when the Schultzes were emigrating to America. The man who was traveling with her asked Mrs. Schultz to hold the child for a few minutes, but never returned. Years went by and the family decided to keep the baby and bring her up as their own. Her real name is Maggie Lari- more but changed it when she left home in order to further her career as a professional model. (Played by Betty Lou Gerson)

MR. & MRS. JOHN MURRAY were married only a short time when Marilyn went to Mexico with Bertha. John is a prominent attorney. He is a man who is as unusual in his relationships with people as he is distinguished in his profession—a man who cares little about the opinion of the world, but values human beings for themselves. He is indifferent to the criticism which has been leveled at him for marrying out of his class. He is devoted to his mother-in-law and the entire Schultz family, although he is somewhat at a loss to understand his wife’s attitude as regards her sister, Bertha. (John Murray played by William Waterman)
WHEN once you’ve been hurt—really hurt, deeply, so that you feel withered inside—you change. You change forever. You’ll never again be the person you were before that searing wound to your heart.

Sometimes you are harder, sometimes gentler, sometimes more tolerant and understanding, sometimes more reckless. It all depends upon the kind of person you are basically.

I was one of those who grow hard and unyielding. I made up my mind I would never be hurt again. Nothing—no one—would be able to pierce the defenses I built around my heart. Wonderful, granite-hard defenses they were, made of materials like indifference and distrust and cynicism. They were proof against any assault.

So, when Mark Jennings took my hand and smiled down at me and said, “Alma told the truth when she said you were beautiful,” I was sure it was a pat speech, something he’d tried out on other girls and found useful.

He was a friend of Alma and Tom Prentice, and they’d invited us both to dinner so we could meet. I’d told Alma I didn’t care whether I met any men or not, but she’d insisted. Grudgingly, I admitted to myself that he was handsome enough, with an engaging grin, deep-set blue eyes, and brown hair that obviously didn’t like a comb much. But Alma knew—practically everyone in town did!—that I’d learned how easily a grin could mask a lie, and how blue eyes could grow defensively surly when it suited their owner’s purpose.

Oh, I still remembered Bill! How could I help it, in a town the size of Murfreesville, when any day I might see him come sauntering into the bank where I worked, or driving the streets in his green roadster, or going to the movies with Tess at his side? And each time I saw him, how could I help thinking that it was Tess who had brought him the money he was taking out of the bank, and the green roadster, and even the expensive suit he wore to the movies?

If he’d married me as we had planned, he wouldn’t have had these things. He’d have been a young lawyer on his own, not a partner in Tess’ father’s firm, and we’d have lived in a five-room bungalow out on Silver Creek Road, and we might have been able to afford the movies once a week. Ah, wise Bill, to make the sensible choice, even if it meant breaking our engagement! Wise Bill—unscrupulous, selfish Bill!

That had all been six years ago. I didn’t hate him any longer, because in order to hate you must be suffering—and I was the girl who had made up her mind she would never suffer again. I cared as little about Bill, one way or the other, as I cared about any man—including this Mark Jennings that Alma and Tom thought was so wonderful.

And yet—I did enjoy myself that evening. Alma’s dinner seemed especially delicious—perhaps because we were all laughing most of the way through it, at something Tom or Mark had said. Afterwards, we played one of those silly word games, and acted like children. In spite of myself, I warmed toward Mark Jennings. There seemed to be a natural, big-hearted friendliness about him, not at all usual, I thought wryly, in anyone so handsome.

That’s why, when he walked home with me through the warm summer night, it was like waking up to reality from a pleasant dream to find that, after all, he’d been nice for a purpose. “Alma tells me you work for Mr. Harrington, at the bank,” he said casually, and I answered, “Yes, I’m his secretary.”

“That’s what Alma said.” He laughed. “You must be ‘E. T. W.’”

“Why—yes,” I said, surprised. “E. T. W.” are my initials—Elinor Townley Wheeler—and I put them in the left-hand corner of every letter I type for Mr. Harrington, who is president of the bank. “But how did you know?”

“Remember typing a letter to M. J. Jennings?” he asked. “That’s me.”

“M. J.—Oh!” I said. “You must be the inventor.” I remembered now. There had been two letters, both of them asking Mr. Harrington for an appointment. Mr. Harrington had answered the first in the usual way: “I regret that this bank is unable at the present time to interest itself in your
invention." The second one, as far as I knew, he'd ignored. "Yes," Mark said a little grimly, "I'm the inventor. Mr. Harrington could help me, but he won't even talk to me. I was wondering—would you mind asking him if he could spare just half an hour?"

Well, I thought, this is it. No wonder he went out of his way to be charming. He wanted something... And I felt weary and a little sick.

"You want him to advance you some money, I suppose?" I said crisply. "That's the idea," he admitted. He must have heard the change in my voice.

"I don't think you quite understand," I said. "Bank loans are very carefully supervised these days. A bank can't just loan out money to anyone it thinks is honest. It has to have security. That's the law."

"I know that," he said in a way that somehow made me feel vexedly as if I'd been giving a lecture. "I wouldn't think of asking him to loan me any of the bank's money. But Mr. Harrington is a rich man, and he's supposed to be a patriotic one, too... This thing's important. Not to me so much as to the whole country. It's a—well, I won't get technical, but it's a new method of testing parachutes. I think it's foolproof. The only thing is, I need equipment to develop it, and equipment costs money. All I've got now is a small-scale model and a notebook full of figures proving it would work—on paper."

"Couldn't you take it to Washington?" I asked.

"Not very well—not until I've tested it more, and on a larger scale. Besides, you know how long it takes to get attention there, and I haven't much time. My draft board gave me a six-month deferment on account of the invention, but they wouldn't defer me again. I don't want them to."

It was all very plausible, but I told myself I wouldn't be taken in. People with inventions that would win the war could be found on any street-corner—they were always writing to the bank...
When once you've been hurt—really hurt, deeply, so that you feel, with the change, you change. You change forever. You'll never again be the person you were before that change. Will you be the same to your heart?

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"Yes," Mark said a little grumpily. "I'm the inventor, Mr. Harrington could help me, but he won't even talk to me, asking him if he could spare just half an hour?"

Well, I thought this is it. No wonder he went out of his way to be charming. He looked something . . . And I felt very and a little sick. "You want him to advance you some money, I suppose?" I said cringingly. "That's the idea," he admitted. He must have heard the change in my voice. "I don't think you quite understand."

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It was all very plausible, but I told myself I wouldn't be taken in. People with inventions that would win the war could be found on any street corner; they were always writing to the bank.
for money. And they were usually much more interested in lining their own pockets than they were in winning the war. I didn’t think Mark Harrington was any different. Besides. I resented the way he’d taken advantage of a chance acquaintance. Or was it chance?—probably he and the Prentices had planned it all.

“I could speak to Mr. Harrington,” I said indifferently. “I don’t think it would do a bit of good, though.”

“I’d be very grateful,” he said quietly. “All I want is to see him.”

“I’ll ask him tomorrow.”

“It’s very good of you.” I was meanly pleased to see that my stiffness had embarrassed him. We’d come to the front door of my house, where I lived with my parents and younger brother. There was an awkward pause, and then he said abruptly, “Couldn’t we—go out together tomorrow night?—see a movie or something? I mean, if you aren’t busy?”

“I’m afraid I will be,” I said.

“Then the next night?” he persisted.

I COULDN’T refuse a second time without being obviously rude. And anyway, I thought, what difference did it make? He meant so little to me that it was foolish to be angry at him. “All right,” I said. “I’d like that.”

“Swell! And—” I was sure he had started to say something about the appointment with Mr. Harrington, but he broke off and substituted: “Good night.”

I went up to my room feeling depressed and unhappy. The evening, after having been so pleasant nearly all the way through, had left a bad taste in my mouth. I’d hurry and get to bed; I was tired, that was the trouble. But after undressing quickly, I sat for long minutes at my dressing-table, staring at my reflection. I saw the smooth oval of my face, the long, thick eyelashes, the slightly tilted nose—all the features I’d thought I knew so well. Tonight, for some reason, I saw more: a coldness about the eyes, a discontented droop to the lips.

“Elinor, you fool!” I whispered into the silence. “What more do you expect? Naturally he’d take any opportunity that came along to help him carry out his plans. Anyway, what’s so terrible about it, if he does?”

Quickly impatiently, I stood up and snapped off the light and got into bed.

Continued from an original radio dramatization by Robert Wettet and Robert Arthur, heard on Just Five Lines on Mutual, Finally, after what seemed forever, I went to sleep.

As I’d promised, I asked Mr. Harrington the next day if he’d consent to see me again for a few minutes. I explained that I’d met him at a friend’s house and that he seemed intelligent. “Maybe his invention really is something,” I added.

Mr. Harrington, a thin, precise man, pressed his lips together a little impatiently, but he had to keep a conversation going. I went back to my desk thinking that it was the first time I’d ever asked him for a favor, and hoping it would be the last. Mr. Harrington didn’t encourage familiarity from his secretary; he was always polite and pleasant enough, but never friendly.

All the rest of that day, and all the next, I caught myself wondering how Mr. Harrington would receive the news that I’d made his appointment. As if it mattered! I told myself scornfully. He’d probably make a great show of gratitude, and then that I’d never hear from him again.

He called for me at the house at seven-thirty, and we walked downtown. The restraint that had been between us when we parted was still there, and we had to keep a conversation going. I could feel him wondering if I’d spoken to Mr. Harrington, being diffident about asking, so we’d gone only a block when I said:

“Oh—Mr. Harrington says he’ll see you any time. Would tomorrow afternoon do?”

“Would it?” he said eagerly. “If he’d said three o’clock in the morning that would have been convenient for me!”

“At two, then,” I said. “I’ll make a note on his calendar.”

“Honestly, it’s swell of you to do this for me,” he said. “I mean, in spite of myself, I noticed that he had the knack of expressing sincerely and quietly grateful. “After all,” he went on, “I’m practically a stranger to you—”

“Don’t mention it,” I said, and because I was embarrassed and somehow angry at both him and myself, I sounded even more curt than I meant to be.

“Wait a minute,” he said suddenly, stopping short. We’d just come to the little park where the street I lived on entered the business section, and he noticed one of the iron benches.

“Let’s sit down here for a few minutes. There’s something you and I have to get straight.”

I looked at him in amazement and—yes, in apprehension too. His voice had been edged with anger, and his brows were drawn in a level, almost continuous line above his eyes. Wordlessly, I let him lead the way to one of the benches.

“Is there something wrong about my asking you to fix it with your boss so he’ll give me half an hour of his time?” he asked without impatiently, “or is it just that—just that he is, tell me about it. I’d like to know.”

There was a terrifying directness about him, but I wouldn’t let myself be upset. Not meeting his eyes, I asked, “What makes you think there is?”

“You. As soon as I asked, you froze up, and you haven’t thawed out since. What’s the idea? Is it a crime?”

“All right, since you want to know,” I flung back at him. “I didn’t like it. I didn’t like it at all.”

“I didn’t like knowing that Alma had introduced us so you could take advantage of knowing me—and I didn’t like the way you did take advantage.”

We were looking at each other now, and for an instant I saw fury blazing in his eyes. Then I took a deep breath. A lot more than breaking your rules about what a gentleman does or doesn’t do!”

I listened, and I watched his lips biting off each word, and all at once I felt ashamed—mean and petty and very ashamed.

“I’m sorry,” I whispered. “I—I didn’t think of all that—”

Impulsively, he reached out and laid one of his big, square-fingered hands over mine. “I’m sorry, too. Particularly because I wanted to have a good opinion of you. I’ll tell you the truth. I didn’t much like asking you to fix me up with Harrington, either, once I got to know you. Before, when Alma suggested it, it sounded like a good idea. Afterwards—well, I felt like saying what you said I wouldn’t have said anything, if it didn’t mean so much to me to get help on the invention.”

I didn’t answer. I only turned my hand palm upright, and twisted its fingers around his, in silent apology.

“Well?” He straightened up and made a sharp-intended gesture of dismissal with his other hand, the left one.

“Let’s forget all about it and just have a good time tonight!”

We did forget, and we did have a good time. Some way or other, we didn’t go to the movie after all. Instead, we stayed on the street, for a while, and after that we went to a drug-store and sat for a long time over one ice-cream soda each, and I think we talked a lot but I can’t remember what about.

I GAVE my heart into his keeping so completely, that night, that it didn’t even occur to me that I had done so—that the barrier about it had not so much fallen as melted away.

“I’ll see you in the bank tomorrow,” he said when we parted. “Wish me luck.”

“Oh, I do!” I breathed. “I do!”

He came into the bank the next afternoon on the dot of two, a big leather briefcase tucked under his arm and a tense, determined look mingled with the smile on his lips. A brief, conspiratorial glance between us—and then he was gone, into Mr. Harrington’s private office.

He was in there only for fifteen minutes. When he came out he was dejected, and his fingers made deep dents in the leather (Continued on page 86)
By Adele Whitely Fletcher

It was after four o'clock when he saw her on the beach, sitting in the shade of the board-walk, reading. "It's a wonder," he called, half way over to her, "that you wouldn't let a guy know you were here."

Her gentle dark eyes sought the noisy girls and boys Frank had left behind him. "You were with your crowd..." she said.

He threw himself beside her on the warm sand. "Gee, I'm starved!" he announced.

Quietly she reached in her beach bag for a neatly wrapped package of fruit and sandwiches. "I thought you might be hungry," she said.

"You're not only beautiful," he declared, "You're wonderful!" He examined the sandwich fillings approvingly and cracked an apple between his white teeth.

One of the girls he had left picked up his uke from the sand where he had dropped it to accompany a South Sea dance she was improvising. "Hey, Frank!" she called. "Look! Frank! Look!"

He waved to her to be quiet. "They're Indians," he told Nancy. "You're sweet and quiet and soft. You're feminine!"

She smiled, well pleased.

It was his sister, Julie, flagrant in her liking for Frank who invited him to dinner. He brought his uke. He sang songs. His talk was flavored with his seventeen irresponsible years and that season's picturesque slang.

Nancy's family urged him to come again as he started home just before midnight. Nancy said nothing. But her eyes were patient. It was as if she knew when Frank reached the last step he would turn and say specially "S'long Nancy..."

That Sat-- (Continued on page 68)
No woman is too young or too old to play her part, says radio's famous star, who asks: Are you just wishing you had a job to perform, or are you doing it?

Toward Victory
by Irene Rich

The other day a friend said something so startling I haven't been able to forget it. Since then, it has occurred to me that perhaps thousands of intelligent women all over this land of ours may be experiencing this woman's identical reaction.

It seems she had been sitting by her radio one evening listening to the news broadcast when the appeal went out for all women between certain ages to join the WAACS and WAVES and SPARS and similar organizations. "It came to me as a distinct shock," this woman said, "suddenly to find myself outside the age limit of service. In fact, I felt so useless and unwanted, although I'm perfectly strong and willing, it took the edge off my desire to do something. It's an awful feeling, you know, to be bluntly told one is too old to serve."

Too old to serve! Just when are any of us too old—or too young—to serve our country in this its greatest crisis? To me there is no limit either way from the smallest child to the oldest citizen. This war belongs to us, it's a part of each one of us and none of us can or should want to escape our place in its successful completion. In fact, every member of society is vitally needed in his right place if we are to win.

For the young, and not so young, we have those marvelous organizations the WAACS, the WAVES, the SPARS and Women Marines. My own daughter, Frances, is a lieutenant j. g. in the WAVES. When the need for women workers arose, Frances gave up her career as sculptor to take a job in the engineering department of the Lockheed defense plant. On the way home the car radio told of the need and aims of the newly organized WAVES and when the broadcast went on to say the group was being organized at Smith College, Frances' alma mater, she knew she had found her right place.

Just as important, I feel, is my daughter Jane's work as mother and homemaker. It is so necessary for all mothers, young or old, to realize how very important their work is in keeping the home and unshakable the very foundation of our democracy—the home itself? There are so many small war time tasks which can be done in the home, and which, when added together, make a contribution to the war effort which is far from small—like saving kitchen fats, doing home canning, cleaning out storerooms for salvage.

I feel so strongly about this I advocate a sort of uniform or badge of honor for the wives and mothers of America whose work in homekeeping is every bit as important as that of other branches of war work.

When the war struck us so suddenly I was faced, like thousands of other women, with the problem of what I must do. For believe me there is no place in our country for women who go on wishing from day to day there was something they could do and yet do nothing. There can be no place for slackers, or whiners or dreamers, young or old. Every woman must decide where best she fits in and then pitch in to her job. Or, if she is undecided about her place, consult the heads of the various branches of our services and let them advise the practical thing.

I was a farmer, living on my fifty acres in Canoga Park when war was declared. My radio program, Dear John, on the Columbia Network, which keeps me in Hollywood every Sunday, as well as my responsibilities to my land and livestock, would not permit my leaping off to Washington or becoming a part of a woman's military organization that might take me away from home as I should have liked to. So I turned to things at hand. How best could I serve my country as a farmer? And then it came to me. My home, secluded and far enough away from the city to prove a haven in time of raids or evacuation should become a thorough and complete refuge if the need arose. With this in mind, I set out with a definite purpose. I joined the Woman's Ambulance Defense Corps and thoroughly prepared myself in this work. Next came the First Aid course, keeping always in mind the fact that one day I may be faced with the care of dozens of people made homeless or at least seeking refuge. I learned how to deliver a (Continued on page 67)
Here are your favorite people of the Dear John program, Faith Chandler and Niles Novak in the library of their charming home in England. As the wife of Niles, who is a British secret agent, Faith is helping him in his work with the Spanish underground movement. Her exciting adventures make up the episodes of the Dear John series you hear every Sunday at 6:15 P.M., EWT, over the CBS network.

(Faith Chandler played by Irene Rich—Niles Novak played by Tom Collins)
Now she had what she wanted—Ann was Michael’s wife.

But try as she would, she could not erase the shadow that marred their happiness.

There’s a kind of fear, too, different from any other, on that beginning day of a marriage. The whole of your life, long and a little terrifying because it’s so new a life, spreads out before you, and you wonder if you have the patience it takes, the courage it takes, the sympathy it takes, to make your marriage real. You wonder what the things are that will cause anger to flare between the two of you, and how you’ll react when it comes. You wonder what words of his will someday hurt you, and how you’ll face the hurt. Maybe you even wonder if love can change to hate—but then you laugh at that, because that will never happen—not to you.

That’s the way I was that first morning, wandering around the room in a wonderful, heavenly, delicious daze, falling in wonder at the furniture with my dust cloth, thinking thoughts that made me feel warm from the top of my head to the tips of my toes. And after a while a little of the wonder wore away, things seemed a bit more real—the dirt, the general messiness of this place. So I pitched in and went to work, and there’s no better tonic for daydreaming than a good, stiff job of work.

And then I saw what I hadn’t seen before—evidences of Julie all through the apartment. A pair of glasses with delicately tinted frames and pear-shaped lenses in the top drawer of the desk. Several sheets of thick, cream-colored note paper with an arrogantly-lettered JS monogram at the top. A book of poetry, with “Love to Julie on her birthday” written on the fly leaf. And, at last, a picture on the table—a picture of a girl with a cool, finely-modeled face, a rich, sweet mouth, eyes whose warmth made up what her straight little nose, her proud little chin told of coldness. This was Julie—lovely, lovely Julie, whom I had replaced. No, whom I was trying to replace.

I remembered the clothes in that closet then, and felt a desperate hot urgency to get rid of them. I didn’t want Julie’s clothes brushing shoulders with my dresses, with Michael’s suits. I marched to the closet where Michael had left those clothes to gather layers of dust, left them rather than send them to wherever she was, or give them away.

It wasn’t going to be a pleasant duty but I was determined to get it over with. Those clothes of Julie’s would have to go. If they didn’t, they would cast their shadow over us as long as they remained.

Then I heard Michael whistling and banging on the door outside. I just couldn’t go to him with Julie’s clothes in my arms. Hastily I dumped the clothes on the bed and went to answer the door. Maybe, I thought, I’d better speak to him first. It would be easier that way.

He had gone out with a list of groceries I needed, and my heart danced to him as I saw him standing in the doorway. His long, strong arms were filled with what he had bought. A broom. A mop. A box of scouring powder and soap. A bag of groceries. And on his face, the impudent, carefree grin I loved.

“Where’ll I put this?” he asked.

I laughed. It wasn’t really funny I suppose, but he looked so confused. As he stood there helplessly, his arms full, I kissed him on the ear. Then I took the packages from him and put them in our tiny kitchen.

When I came back to the living room he had stopped whistling, and his face wore a strange still look. I followed the direction of his eyes through the door and into the bedroom, and I saw what it was. That pile of things I had dropped on the bed, Julie’s clothes.

“What are you going to do with that stuff?” he asked. His voice was rough and angry. There seemed to be a threat in it.

My courage failed me. I wanted to tell him then and there that he would have to send those things to Julie’s parents, or get rid of them somehow. But I didn’t. I couldn’t mar our first day. I’ll tell him tomorrow, I thought. I can’t spoil our happiness now. Not today.

“T’m just putting things aside so I
can clean out the closet," I said with all the cheerfulness I could muster.

I didn't tell him the next day, nor the day after that. I kept putting it off, but I used to wince every time I went to that clothes closet. A week went by. Then one day I saw moths flying out of the closet and I saw where they were coming from. They were in Julie's woolen coat.

This has gone far enough, I thought. I pulled those clothes of Julie's out of the closet and shook them and brushed them furiously, then I wrapped them all up in brown paper and tied the bundles with twine.

I waited until we were finishing our usual early dinner and were ready to leave for the printing plant. I had given my notice, and this would be my last night on the job.

"Michael," I said, "that closet in the bed room is full of moths."

He looked up from his coffee. "Who invited them?" he asked.

I tried to answer in the same playful spirit, but I was afraid of what was coming and I couldn't quite make my voice sound right. "That woolen coat must have invited them," I said. "That coat of... Julie's."

He stiffened just a little at the mention of her name. His eyes met mine and I tried to face him without flinching. He had that sullen, stubborn look I had already come to know, and to fear.

It was Michael who turned his eyes away first. He looked down at the table, pushing a spoon aimlessly, nervously, back and forth.

"Isn't it about time we got rid of
Julie's things?" I asked trying to make it sound like a simple, normal question instead of the question on which my whole world might hinge.

"I told her I'd keep them until she came back." It was a flat statement, breaking the denial.

Until she came back! That was what he was waiting for.

"Michael," I said, trying to breathe evenly, "Michael, darling, aren't you being just a bit silly?"

"I told her I'd keep them and I will," he said.

"But how long? I insisted. "It's been two years. Everything has to end some time." The words were out before I realized what I was saying. He glanced up at me sharply, then he looked down again at the table.

"There are some things..." he began. "He stopped. "You wouldn't understand."

He can't possibly know how deeply he is hurting me, I told myself—he can't, or he wouldn't say it?

"Perhaps I wouldn't," I said, trying to keep back my tears. "Perhaps only Julie is capable of loving..."

"Stop it!"

He jumped to his feet, as near to crying as I was. Oh, I wanted to go to him, to hold him in my arms, to tell him how I loved him, but there was no reaching out now. Either I would have to go through with it or we were lost, both of us. We couldn't go on living together with Julie between us.

"Do let's be sensible," I said. "Can't we make a bundle of Julie's things and send them to her parents?"

"I don't want to have anything to do with them," he said.

Julie's parents, he had told me once, hated him for marrying her.

"Haven't you any idea where she is?" I asked.

"No, A short, bitten-off word.

"Then we must give her things away," I told him.

He swung around and glared at me. I thought he was going to shout whatever answer it was that trembled on his tongue. If it had been Julie, he would have shouted, I was sure. But I was sitting there quietly, with tears in my eyes. My head wasn't lifted in defiance, as Julie's probably would have been. He didn't say anything for a moment. Then when he spoke, he gave me back the quiet tone I had used to him.

"Ann," he said, "I'm sure she'll be back for them some day. And I can't bring myself to get rid of them, or let you do it. Don't ask me why. I just can't."

I didn't have to ask him why. I knew. And yet I wanted to hear him say it. I said, "Michael, tell me honestly, do you?...?" Then I stopped. I couldn't ask him whether he still loved Julie. He would have to answer yes, and I told myself that he might be wrong, that it might be just the romantic Irish in me, fooling himself, dramatizing his lost love, making memory a reality.

"Never mind," I said.

Then I told him I had wrapped up Julie's clothes to keep out the dust, and that I would store them away in his old trunk in the basement. "There isn't enough clothes space for three of us," I said, "and her things will be waiting for her. If she ever comes back."

"Have you finished your coffee?" he said. "We'll be late for work."

We went outside and got in the car. And as we drove to the planting, we didn't have a word to say, either of us. We sat staring straight ahead. I knew what was in my mind—and I wished with all my heart that I knew what was in Michael's.

We passed Mr. Harry Bogart on the way into the office. Michael had only a curt nod for him.

I remember thinking then that it wasn't very wise, but it was so like Michael to be rude to the boss's son. And I could see as soon as we got into the plant that Michael was carrying his grouch inside with him. He was short with the men whom he looked on as his personal friends. One of them came over later to tell Michael his toast having been burned that morning.

I laughed it off, but it wasn't easy. I was glad it was my last day at my job, and that I wouldn't have to hear the men's jokes about Michael's married life any more. Sometimes those rough, boyish-liked jokes were too near truth for comfort.

It was later in the evening that Harry Bogart came into the shop. Michael had been wielding a wrench and swearing at a Mehlie press that was giving trouble. He saw Harry Bogart standing at the plan, but he paid no attention. Finally the boss's son called to him. He already had a chip on his shoulder where Michael was concerned, and instead of going to Michael, he wanted Michael to come to him, just to make sure Michael understood.

He called a second time, and waited. And finally he came over to Michael, his face red. I watched the two of them, my heart sinking. There had been trouble brewing between them for a month and now it was coming to a head.

"Didn't you hear me calling you?" Harry Bogart said. His voice sounded like tearing paper.

Michael was still bending over the press. Slowly he stood up straight. Terrified though I was, I couldn't help feeling proud of his dignity. Both he and Harry Bogart are powerful men, but the boss's son seemed to shrink under his level eyes.

"Was that what that yelping was?" Michael said. "I thought a puppy had got in here by mistake."

Harry Bogart's face turned from red to white. He thought me printers started to laugh, then put his hand over his mouth.

And then young Mr. Bogart said something foolish. "When a man talks to me like that," he announced, "it means he wants a punch in the nose."

It was all the invitation Michael needed. Without another word, he swung at Harry Bogart's jaw. A typesetter was just coming by with a galleys of monotype, and as Harry staggered and fell over backwards, the galley went out of the man's hands, and the type and Harry Bogart were scattered in a heap on the floor.

They picked Harry Bogart up and brushing him from Michael went slowly to the locker rooms, without even looking over his shoulder. When he came out, I thought he was going to ask me to leave with him, but he didn't.

I got up then and came across the room to him. People were staring at us, but I couldn't help that. "Michael," I cried, "where are you going? What are you going to do?"

He didn't answer my question. "I'm sorry you had to see it, Ann," was all he said. And he walked out.

I knew he didn't want me to go with him, wherever he was going, and I felt somehow that if I stayed I might help to keep him from losing his job, that there might be some one I could talk to. But I couldn't talk to anyone. I was too frightened. I had a hard enough time trying to concentrate on my work until I walked out.

Michael wasn't home when I got there. I sat up waiting for him; I couldn't sleep. When it got to be light outside, I was still on the couch in the living room, thinking, thinking, hoping to find a way out of the mess Michael and I had been in.

I knew what was at the bottom of it. Julie. Julie's shadow was with us, just as surely as her clothes and her possessions were still in our house.

I lay on the couch and tried to doze. And after another hour I heard Michael open the door softly, and come quickly into the room. He stood looking down at me as I lay there, fully dressed, my head on my arm.

When he sat down on the couch beside me, I sat up and rubbed my eyes.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"It's morning," he said. He had been drinking, but he could talk clearly. That was one thing about Michael. He sat with his head bowed. "Go on," he said finally. "I know what you want to say to me."

But he was (Continued on page 82)
"OUR TOWN"

It's just the right tune for a handsome man with a voice and a band—Radio Mirror gives you Bob Allen

Slowly with expression

Lyrics by BOB REED

Music by HARRY MILLE

Verse

Every thing here looks the same, dear,

I know that you won't think it strange,
At the end of each day when I come home I say:

Chorus

Gee, how the old place has changed.

OUR TOWN is a lonesome old blue town,
It's a lonesome for you town.
There's no need to explain.
Main Street is a cheerless and plain street, it's a haunting refrain street,

just a memory lane; But OUR TOWN is as proud as can be

of you, dear, and the boys who are fighting for liberty till

OUR TOWN is a grand wedding tune town, Just our own honey-moon town

in a world that is free, free.
"OUR TOWN"

It's just the right tune for a handsome man with a voice and a band—Radio Mirror gives you Bob Allen

Slowly with expression

Verse

Ev'ry thing has looks the same, dear, but

Just a memory lane; But OUR TOWN is as good as can be

I know you won't think it strange, At the end of each day when I come home I sing:

Of you, dear, and the boys who were fighting for liberty till

Chorus

Oooh, how the old place has changed.

OUR TOWN is a lonely old blue town, It's a lonely town for you, dear. There's no need to explain,

OUR TOWN is a grand wedding tune town, Just our own honey-moon town.

in a world that is free.
The Adventures of the Thin Man

Here are your favorite radio sleuths, happy-go-lucky Nick and Nora Charles, who take baffling mysteries in their stride Friday nights on CBS.

NOT only are Nick and Nora Charles radio's most happily married couple, but beyond the shadow of a doubt, they lead the most exciting lives of any married couple in radio. It is a rare Adventures of The Thin Man script in which at least two murders don't occur, and every now and then things end up with everybody dead. Everybody but Nick and Nora, that is.

During the two years they have been on the air, Nick and Nora have been in plenty of tight places, but up to the present writing, never one that has been too tight. Nick gets an occasional mild attack of petticoat fever which Nora has to cure. And Nick has good reason to question some of the more startling of Nora's steady flow of zany ideas. But the sun has never set on an Adventure of The Thin Man broadcast leaving Nick and Nora at odds with each other.

On the contrary, every script ends with the weekly meeting of the Charles Mutual Admiration Society. The Charleses regular Friday night game of cops and robbers leads them into gambling places, courtrooms, morgues, opium dens, swami lodges, gangster hideouts, jails and similar spots usually not visited by the average American couple. But listeners know to begin with that Nick and Nora can pull out of any difficulty and that the murderer or murderers are bound to be caught. It's fun finding out how—which makes good listening. The Adventures of The Thin Man is written by Dashiell Hammett, creator of the famous couple known as Nick and Nora Charles.
Nick and Nora Charles have been called, and rightly, the most happily married couple in radio. Whereas most radio marriages are rocked by a thousand tricky cross currents, the Charles' marital ship sails across glass-smooth waters with never a harsh word passing between two people very much in love. Above, the lovable Nick and Nora in the living room of their penthouse apartment. (Played by Claudia Morgan and Les Damon)
After the years of heartbreak she waited to hear Laurence say "I love you."
But he only said, "I am afraid I don't want to know the girl you are now."

WHEN I dressed for the party at Dr. Laurence Martin's grand white-pillared house on Chestnut Hill, each step was part of a ceremony, as important as my graduation from Normal the day before. No, more important, for my graduation had meant the end of a life I hated, and the party was a symbol of a bright new beginning.

When I looked into the mirror I hardly knew myself, my reflection was so different from the Franny Lane I'd always known.

"But that's what you want," I told myself stoutly. "Tonight no one will look at you and think how poor and noble you've been, getting yourself and your crippled brother through school on your dad's insurance and what you could earn by singing. Tonight no one will feel sorry for you, not even Laurence Martin. Especially Laurence Martin."

But when I thought of Laurence I wanted to run from my reflection, rub off the lipstick and get into my shabby little gray flannel suit and be the meek small person Laurence had taken on so many walks up to our special lookout on the bluff over the Mississippi. How often I was to wish I had.

But I didn't. I clenched my fingers on the lipstick and made my mouth a darker red. All right, so he had walked with me in my little gray suit. But that was only because he was a sweet man who happened to have a cousin named Sandra who made a point of snubbing me. Tonight was to be different. Whatever he felt about me tonight, it wouldn't be pity. Not in this dress.

It was very red, the dress, its taffeta very shiny, and the pleated ruffles outlined a heart-shaped bodice that was low, without a sign of a shoulder strap. Above it my skin was gardenia-white, and my pale golden hair, drawn smooth from my forehead, shone with rainbows like you see in oil on water, falling soft and smooth until the end sprang into light, loose curls. Oh, yes, the new Franny Lane was pretty!

Still, I covered my shoulders with a Spanish shawl that had belonged to my mother and went out to the fragrant dimness of the porch to wait for Laurence. I wasn't ready to have him see me yet. Wait till I came down the great curved stairway and stood beneath the crystal chandelier in the hall of his home. That would be the background for the new Franny Lane, a background to which the invitation from his mother had given me the right. To me that little folded card meant more than an invitation from the wife of one of the two great surgeons who had put Stillmeadow on the medical map of the world. It was like a door opening to vistas I had hardly dared to picture in my dreams. What had Laurence told his family about me when he asked them to welcome me in his home? Enough, at least, to make a sudden change in Sandra's attitude. For she had made her first friendly gesture to me since she had come to Stillmeadow. Without her tip I might not have had the courage to buy my evening dress.

But when I saw Laurence coming up our walk, his blond hair shining in the moonlight even brighter than his white linen jacket, I forgot my dress. I almost forgot the party, everything but the sweetness of being with him, of walking along the road with my arm touching his.

I had worshipped Laurence all my life, it seemed to me. Ever since he had brought his father to examine my brother Ronny, I had thought he was the most beautiful person I had ever known, though I guess most people would not have thought him even handsome. He was always too thin for his height, his features were irregular, and sometimes his face looked all chin and cheekbones. But the light in his blue eyes when he talked of his work at the Medical Center would dazzle me until I'd feel almost sick with love for him. Tonight he spoke quickly, as if he couldn't wait to tell me, of the Children's Wing that would open tomorrow. "The carpenters are gone, and the boss painter swears everything will be dry enough by morning to start moving in the kids." His voice broke in the eager way it had. "Franny, I can't believe it's really going to open."

I had shared his dream, which now in only the second year of his internship at the Center was coming true. I said, "I knew it would, Laurence. I knew it the day your dad said it was too late to help Ronny. You clenched your fists and you frowned so I was almost scared of you. But I knew you'd fix things for a lot of other kids some day."
He said, "You've helped, too, Franny." His voice was husky, as he went on. "I guess it's sort of sentimental to talk about inspiration, but having you there singing for the kids every Saturday, rain or shine, has kind of kept me fighting."

Words didn't come easy for Laurence; like his father and his uncle, he put his feelings into curing people of their ills. And now to hear him speak of what was in his heart was part of my dream of what tonight should be. I held my breath for what might come next. But it was not what I had hoped.

"About your singing," he said, "I almost forgot to tell you. The radio station's told us half an hour of the dedication's going to be hooked up on a national network."

All the tenderness I had felt for all unhappy children I put into the song I sang for him.

Even that didn't seem strange or surprising. It was just part of the magic of tonight. Yesterday's graduation, my brother's new war job, the party, Sandra's friendliness, the dedication tomorrow—they were all omens of the new life opening up for me.

But actually stepping into it was something else again. When I entered the vast hallway of the Martin home, my knees nearly gave way beneath me. The butler indicated the stairway, but the carpets seemed so thick that it was like wading through deep grass that clutched at my feet to get there. The humming in my ears drowned out his murmur, and I had no idea where I was to go upstairs, or what to do.

But an elderly maid in gray silk was waiting in the open door of a bedroom that seemed full of apple blossoms, with pink walls and a white rug and pink and white chintz hangings on the great four-poster bed. I handed her my shawl and sat down at the dressing table trying to find things to do to my face and fingers until the other girls should arrive. I could not go down and greet Mrs. Martin all alone.

At last I heard them coming up the stairs, the voice of Sandra gray and shrill among the others. I stood up and faced the door, my features set in a smile very bright, very confident. This time things would be all right, I told myself. The school years Sandra had made miserable for me were over, she had turned part of the slights into my friend. And tonight I was wearing an evening dress as good as she or her friends would wear.

That was true enough. Because they weren't wearing evening dresses at all.

Does it seem a small thing to stand there, the voice of Sandra gray and shrill among the others, facing those girls in fluffy pastel sweaters and light short skirts above their bare legs and ankle socks and saddle shoes?

Well, to someone else it might have been a small thing, a minor incident easily carried off. But I had been hurt too often. My clothes had been a cause for shame too long. My pride was raw and tender.

Sandra said, "Why, Franny darling. What a luscious frock!" Her tone made me see my dress suddenly as garish, cheap. She added, thoughtfully, "But I do hope none of the boys start getting playful and tipping over canoes."

"Canoes?" I echoed miserably.

"Didn't Larry tell you?" she asked in wide-eyed surprise. "We're going on a moonlight paddle up to Gerry's landing."

I could only shake my head numbly.

Afterward, I thought of all the smooth ways I could have handled it. In the long sick hours of the night I imagined myself saying brightly, "Well, Sandra, you'll have to pay for your misinformation with the loan a sweater and skirt." Or I could have worn my dress, my head held high, sending my laughter and my songs proudly across the water, so that the boys would have found my costume an asset after all. But in that moment all I could manage was to hold my lips firm against their trembling and to wink back tears. I had to listen to (Continued on page 60)
After the years of heartbreak she waited to hear Laurence say "I love you." But he only said, "I am afraid I don't want to know the girl you are now!"

WHEN I dressed for the party as Dr. Laurence Martin's grand white-pillared house on Chinc- mat Hill, each step was part of a ceremony, as important as my graduation from Normal the day before. No more important, for my graduation had meant the end of a life I hated, and the party was a symbol of a bright beginning. When I looked into the mirror I hardly knew myself. My reflection was so different from the Franny Lane I'd always known.

"But that's what you want," I told myself stoutly. "Tonight no one will know you and think how poor and noble you've been, getting yourself and your crippled brother through school on your dad's insurance and what you could earn by singing. Tonight no one will feel sorry for you, not even Laurence Martin. Especially Laurence Martin.

But when I thought of Laurence I wanted to run from my reflection, rub off the lipstick and get into my shabby little gray flannel suit and be the meek small person. Laurence had taken on so many walk-ups to our special lookout on the bluff over the Mississippi. How often I wanted to wish I had.

But I didn't. Ielsoned my fingers on the lipstick and made my mouth a darker red. All right, so he had walked with me in my little gray suit. But that was only because he was a sweet man who happened to have a cousin named Sandra who made a point of smirking me. Tonight was to be different. Whatever he felt about me tonight, it wouldn't be pity. Not in this dress.

It was very red, the dress, its tafetta very thin and the broad ruffles outlined a heart-shaped bodice that was low, without a sign of a seam. Above it my skin was gardenia-white, and my pale golden hair, drawn smooth from my forehead, those with rainbowes like you see in oil on water, falling smooth and smooth until it turned into blue curls. Oh, yes, the new Franny Lane was pretty!

She said, "You've helped, too, Franny," as we stood by the fire, her wide eyes shining in the moonlight even brighter than his white linen jacket. I forgot my dress. I almost forgot the party, everything but the sweetness of being with him, of walking along the road with my arm around his shoulder.

I had worshipped Laurence all my life, it seemed to me. Ever since I can remember his tall, powerful figure, the dimmness of the porch to wait for Laurence. I wasn't ready to have him see me. I was tall then, and I was tall then headed for the great curved stairway and stood beside the crystal chandelier in the hall of his home. That would be the background for the new Franny Lane, a background to which the invitation from his mother had given me the right. To me that little folded card meant more than an invitation from one of the two great surgeon brothers who had put Stillmead on the medical map of the world. It was like a door opening to vistas I had hardly dared to picture in my dreams. What had Laurence told his family about me when he asked them to welcome me in his home? Without her tip I might not have had the courage to buy my evening dress.

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I had worshipped Laurence all my life, it seemed to me. Ever since he came home to examine my most beautiful person I had known, though I guess most people would not have thought him handsome. He was always too thin for his height, his features were irregular, and sometimes his face looked old and weakest. But the light in his blue eyes when he talked of his work at the Medical center would dazzle me until I'd feel almost sick with love for him. Tonight he spoke quickly, as if he wouldn't wait to tell me of the Children's Wing that would open tomorrow. The carpenters are gone, and the best point sweats everything will be dry enough by morning to start moving in the children. His voice broke in the laughter way it had. "Franny, I can't believe it's really going to open."

I had shared his dream, which now in only the second year of his internship that ship at the Center was coming true. I said, "I knew it would, Laurence."

He said, "It's just your way to say it" "You've helped, too, Franny," as we stood by the fire, her wide eyes shining in the moonlight even brighter than his white linen jacket. I forgot my dress. I almost forgot the party, everything but the sweetness of being with him, of walking along the road with my arm around his shoulder.

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I had shared his dream, which now in only the second year of his internship was coming true. I said, "I knew it would, Laurence."

He said, "It's just your way to say it."
NOT ONLY FOR BREAKFAST—

With meat and many cheeses rationed and with poultry and fish supplies subject to regional and seasonal variations, eggs are rapidly coming to be our most dependable source of the protein we need daily. They have moved from breakfast to the other meals of the day and there are so many nourishing and appetizing ways of serving them that they undoubtedly stay popular for main course dishes long after our meat and cheese supplies have returned to normal abundance.

Hard-cooked eggs form the basis of so many recipes that it is impossible to include more than a few in one article. Even devilled eggs, so dear to picnickers, now come to the table seasoned with curry and hot from the grill, along with tomatoes and eggplant, as illustrated.

Curried Eggs Grill

3 hard-cooked eggs
1/2 tsp. curry powder
2 tsps. vinegar
2 tsps. lemon juice
2 tbls. cream or top milk
Eggplant slices (unpeeled)
Tomato halves
Cracker crumbs
1 tbl. butter or margarine
Salt and pepper to taste

Cut eggs in lengthwise halves, remove yolks and rub smooth with a fork. Add vinegar (flavored vinegar from sweet pickles is good), and lemon juice and mix well. Blend in cream which has had the curry powder stirred into it. Stuff eggs with curry mixture, sprinkle with crumbs and place on grill with eggplant slices and tomato halves.

Dot with butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper (a little bit of dried basil on the tomatoes will help) and cook under broiler flame until tomatoes and eggplant are tender and eggs golden brown (15 to 20 minutes), turning eggplant once during the broiling. Mushrooms may also be used, either in place of one of the other vegetables or in addition to them.

Peanut Butter Creamed Eggs

4 hard-cooked eggs
1 1/4 cups hot medium white sauce
2 tbls. peanut butter
Salt and pepper to taste

Add peanut butter to hot white sauce and heat until smooth. Add salt and pepper to taste, then the hard-cooked eggs, sliced crosswise, or cut the eggs into halves and pour the sauce over them. Serve with noodles or rice. Diced pimiento or minced pimiento may also be added just before serving. This is especially good served with watercress or dandelion green salad.

Another appetizing sauce to serve with eggs is puree of peas.

Puree of Peas and Eggs

1 cup quick cooking dried peas
1 tsp. minced onion
1 tsp. minced carrot
1 tsp. minced parsley or celery leaves
Salt and pepper to taste
6 hard-cooked eggs
Few drops lemon juice

Cover peas with liquid (water or stock in which meat or vegetables have been cooked), add onion, carrot and parsley and simmer until mixture is the consistency of medium white sauce. Add salt and pepper to taste and sliced eggs and continue simmering until eggs are hot. Remove from heat and stir in lemon juice just before serving.

There is no limit except our own ingenuity to the ways in which scrambled eggs can be varied, but one of my favorites is made with rice.

Rice Scrambled Eggs

4 eggs
1 tsp. minced onion
2 tbls. butter, margarine or drippings
1 cup cooked rice
1/4 cup shredded lettuce
Salt and pepper to taste

Sautee onion lightly in butter. Add rice and cook slowly, stirring frequently, until rice is piping hot, adding more butter if it tends to stick. Add shredded lettuce. Beat eggs lightly, add salt and pepper, and pour over rice. Cook over low heat until egg mixture is set.

BY

KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Kate Smith's vacationing from her Friday night variety program, but broadcasts her daily talks at noon on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.
**INSIDE RADIO — Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear**

**PERPETUAL YOUTH.**

Most young boys live for the day they can "grow up" and be a fireman, a cop, a ball player or any one of the professions which seem glamorous to the young mind. The boy you see above is the exception. His name is Walter Tetley and he hopes he'll never grow up. He has had such fun playing kid parts on the radio that he hopes it will never end.

Walter is now tickling the funny bone of the nation in the role of Leroy Forrester in the Great Gildersleeve program, heard Sundays on the Blue, 6:30 P.M., EWT. He has been Mort Gildersleeve's famous nephew, the wonderful brat who brings that yarn "Lee-Roy!" from deep inside his frustrated and blustering uncle.

Young Tetley has been a professional entertainer ever since he was five years old. His mother, who came from Scotland, had a particular fondness for Sir Harry Lauder and the famous Scot's records were played continually in the Tetley household.

Walter began to imitate Lauder. It so delighted an uncle of his that he gave him a miniature set of bagpipes. By the time he was four, Walter was giving out with Scotch dialect and playing his pipes at lodge meetings and gatherings. The demand for him became so great that managers of professionals heard about him and persuaded his mother to put him on the stage. Walter made his first theater appearance at the Loew's in Jersey City. He was only fifteen.

A short while after this vaudeville debut, Madge Tucker had Walter appear on her Children's Hour program. Young Tetley was so self-assured and confident at the microphone that Miss Tucker hired him to go on another show she had written called "The Lady Next Door." That almost ruined Walter's career. The show necessitated a script and Walter was at an age when reading was a tough assignment. "The only thing I could read," Walter laughs, "was the first grade primer, the comics and Variety."

What he did was to toss the primer and comics aside and learn how to read from scripts. It got so he spent more time at NBC than he did at home.

Fred Allen heard about Walter and hired him to play "brat" roles. For the next five years, Tetley was the boy stooe of the Allen show. There is hardly a big name in radio with whom Tetley has not played. He has been a "brat" on the air with Walter O'Keefe, Ted Healy, Joe Penner, Jack Benny, Fibber McGee, Ken Murray, Eddie Cantor and now Hal Peary, "The Great Gildersleeve."

Next to acting, Walter likes to jitterbug and knows all the latest steps which makes him an average American kid, with exceptional talent.
DOLL FROM DALLAS...

Margaret "Honey" Johnson is not the girl on our cover, but she has much in common with our cover girl, Georgia Carroll. Both girls were raised in Dallas, Texas, both have blonde hair and blue eyes and both have been models—and believe it or not, both are five feet, eight inches tall. We might add that both are beautiful, but you can see that for yourself.

"Honey"—her real name is Margaret, but nobody ever calls her anything but Honey—is now Wally Butterworth's partner on the Mutual Take A Card quiz. Not only is she a comedienne, but also a writer, a singer, an actress, a musician, an arranger and sometimes still a model.

Honey's domestic and professional life run hand in hand, since she works on some of her shows with her husband, Travis Johnson. The Johnsons form half of the Song Spinners Quartet on Mutual. They have two children, a boy aged three and half and a girl a little less than a year old. Born in La Grange, Missouri, "Honey" spent most of her early life in Dallas, where her father, Mr. R. B. Bassett, is pastor of the biggest Baptist church in the South. He wanted Honey to be a concert pianist and her years of music lessons show in the way she now plays piano and arranges.

With her two sisters, one of whom is now the famous model Elaine Bassett, "Honey" formed a trio on WFAA in Dallas. That was a radio trio and the radio show was a favorite of Dallas listeners, until "Honey" decided to come to New York to study piano with Josef Lhevinne.

Since then, "Honey" has played leads in such radio shows as Meet Mr. Meek, the Dick Todd show, Vaudeville Theater, the Frank Fay show, two years on the Kate Smith show and her current Song Spinners and the new Take A Card show on Mutual, Wednesdays at 8:30 P.M., EWT.

"Honey"'s chief hobby is collecting old, out-of-print books of rare songs. Among her collection, one of the largest privately owned ones in the East, is one volume printed by hand in 1558.

"Honey," amazingly enough, hasn't a Southern drawl. She has a Southern accent all right, but she keeps trying to cure herself of talking too fast. She likes tennis, golf, swimming, anything that will keep her off the move. She makes friends easily, always has a crowd around her in the studio and, as the photograph of her reveals, she has one of the niest smiles ever to come deep in the heart of Texas.
EXQUISITE CAROLEE ARNOLD, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Laurence F. Arnold of Newton, Illinois, engaged to Corporal Patrick Coldrick of New York City. They make a striking couple—Carolee, slim and blonde—Pat, dark-haired, tall. He is now at Fort Eustis, Va.

CAROLEE CAN Boss A TRACTOR! Out on her father’s big Illinois farms, Carolee has learned how to run the farm machinery with masculine ease—and feminine charm! She says, “This year I expect to be a land army girl and right on hand to help with the crops. I’ll be counting on my Pond’s Cold Cream more than ever to help me keep a soft-smooth face while I’m working in all that sun and wind!”

Today—more women use Pond’s than any other face cream at any price

CAROLEE’S RING is set exactly like her mother’s engagement ring. “I wanted it to be just the same,” she said, “because Mother and Dad are the happiest people I know.”

ENCANTING is the word for Carolee Arnold! Whether she’s gracing a social function in Washington, where her father served in Congress, or getting right down-to-earth on one of the family’s mid-west farms—her artless, chiseled beauty is captivating. Her pale gold hair is like corn-silk. Her complexion so wild-rose sweet.

Carolee says she depends entirely on Pond’s Cold Cream to help keep her skin dewy-fresh and soft.

This is her Pond’s Beauty Care...

Every night and every morning she slides Pond’s Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats with quick, gentle finger-tips to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues it all off. “Rines” with more Pond’s to make her skin extra soft and clean. Tissues off again. “My face feels just gorgeous!” she says.

Yes—it’s no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond’s Cold Cream. Use Pond’s yourself—every night and for daytime clean-ups! You’ll soon see why war-busy society women like Mrs. Rodman de Heeren and Mrs. Charles Morgan Jr. are so devoted to it! At your favorite beauty counter. All sizes are popular in price. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money.

She’s Lovely!
She uses Ponds!
THE GREAT GROCHOO...

If you know anyone who doesn't like Groucho Marx, send him to a psychoanalyst—something must be wrong with him. For Groucho, with that bounding walk, the revolving eyes, the large, trick mustache is one of the most beloved comedians in America. There was a great shout of joy when it was announced that he planned to star on a radio show, because everyone thought they had heard and seen the last of the great humorist. A few years ago, the Marx Brothers decided to break up; Chico took to leading a band, Harpo and Groucho took to the hill—for a rest. But an old trooper like Groucho couldn't stay under cover very long. As head man of Blue Ribbon Town, heard on CBS, 10 P.M., EWT., Saturday, he's now back sending us into hysteries again.

Much has been written about Groucho, but here are some fairly new things about him that most people don't know. His real name is Julius. He earned the nickname of "Groucho" as a boy, as he was forever imitating cranky old men. Most people think that the Marx brothers look the same, but actually, he's the youngest. And, in typical Marx Brothers tradition, being the youngest he ran the act and was the official executor of the Marx estate.

An Episcopal church choir started Groucho out in business. They dismissed him from the choir for puncturing the organ bellows with his alto's hat pin. Groucho promptly teamed up with two other incorrigible boys and set out on a vaudeville tour at five dollars a week and expenses. They were with the LeRoy Trio, and a week after the act started, Groucho's voice changed and the act was stranded in Denver. After that, Groucho was stranded all over America until he teamed up with his three other brothers and became an overnight sensation on Broadway.

In his early comedy days, Groucho used a crooked horn, but one night his cigar set fire to it and Groucho has been using a smear of grease paint ever since. "I know when I've been burned," he says. "I catch on quick."

Groucho's wedding almost gave the onlookers nervous prostration. At a given signal, Harpo dived under a rug, Zeppo went into a song and dance and Chico kidnapped the bride. Mrs. Marx has been living in that atmosphere ever since and seems to enjoy it. She says she knows what to expect of Groucho, which is the worst.

The Marxes have two children, Miriam and Arthur, the latter a well known tennis player. For relaxation, Groucho plays ping pong with his wife "for the championship of the world." She always beats him, which makes him sulky for days. Groucho also plays tennis, likes to read while playing on an ancient guitar. He and his brothers are the best of friends and the only reason the Marx brothers broke up is because they were all tired.
Cutex The World's Most Famous Name in Manicuring

dedicates this new shade
to America's Smartest Women

Off Duty

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dark
daring

* In the glamour spotlight after a hard day on duty... in OFF DUTY the most exciting new Cutex nail shade ever! Exotic, sophisticated, potent! Nothing giddy about the price, however... it's only 10¢. Yet thousands of America's really smart women know there is no finer polish at any price. See OFF DUTY today! And ON DUTY, its companion piece, too. Buy Cutex—and Save for Victory...

More Women Choose Cutex
than any other Nail Polish in the World

Northam Warren, New York
I Dared Not Marry

Continued from page 21

more and more of those early years.

And then after high school and business school, after baubles and dates and dances, I met Tom Byrnes and knew that I love the long.

He was an orphan, too. With each other, we each belonged to somebody.

Then war came. I stood by and watched as the hitches gave up and I realized that I was chancing his job, and enlisted, and I thought that I had conquered. I entered the old fears completely. I stood on the station platform the day he left, and I saw that he should have his way through the barrier, watched his back mingle and disappear into the mass of other older people moving toward the train. Oh, I cried then, but the tears were only the tears that any girl sheds when the man she loves goes away—they were not signs of unreasonable fear. I remembered Mother's words and I realized against them, and won.

I WAS happy when Tom came home on his first leave, bringing with him the modest little ring which was more important and more beautiful to me than any prince's jewels of state. I thought that I might be in line for kingdom in the whole world like mine when he slipped the ring on my finger and whispered. "That means I've marked you for my own, sweetheart. No one may take you away from me!" You see, there was no difference then; just as it had been for so long, Tom loved me and I loved Tom, and that is the only kind of a strengthening of that love and not a change in our relationship.

But now! Tom was back home—he was asking marriage again now, when he was about to be sent away, perhaps for years, perhaps—forever. The old, familiar fear came rushing back and smothered me so that I could not fight it off.

"... Useless murder... Killed your father without a trace..."

I could hear mother's words. It was for years only, I thought, only a memory, clear again now and say- ing those words. Here was the old pattern once more. Here was Betty, mourning a father. Now it was carrying a child who might never know his father. And here was Tom, whom I loved above life itself, pleading with me to make the memories, long past but indelible, rush back, filling my heart with the old fear.

"Mary—change your mind," he was saying. "There's so little time!"

"When you marry, Tom," I told him, "you become a part of someone else. When my father died in France, part of my mother died with him, and that was why she never wanted another."

"It's not that I'm afraid for myself alone, Tom," I cried, feeling a dreadful need to make him understand, make him understand the reality of my fears. "It isn't fair to you, going to some unknown place, into unknown dangers and knowing you've left behind you at home all the love I have for you when you say that you'll be back!"

"You're asking too much, Mary," he said, desperately. "You want life tied up with the world, with all the happenings and everybody living happily ever after. Life isn't like that, honey. Why, if there wasn't any war, if we just got married, I might leave for work someday and not come back. We all take chances just being alive."

"But that's different," I pleaded. "Oh, darling, please, please understand!"

"Maybe you're right," he said slowly, "I don't know. I'll see you tomorrow."

He saw me tomorrow, of course, and all the tomorrows of those two weeks, unbelievable when at eleven in the longest and the shortest weeks in all of time. Oh, we were happy, of course, just being together, but it was a quiet, steady happiness, as if Sam were here again," she told Tom and me one afternoon. "Because the baby is Sam, don't you see?

I marvelled at her sweet, quiet courage while I went through my own private torment, for Tom's time with me was growing shorter and shorter. Each alarm of dreams came closer to the moment to which we could hardly hope to be close enough when you awaken from them—that I'd see mother's tragic face once more, hear her voice. I knew I'd dream of Tom, lying dead, his blood on the soil of some strange and lonely place. I'd dream of a telegram of my own like the one Betty had received, and the dreadful scream in the middle of the night. I began to realize that in all of the world there was no Tom anymore, anywhere.

Now, at nights before Tom was to leave—was November 11. That always had been a lump-in-the-throat sort of day for me, and this time it was almost unbearable when, at eleven in the morning, we stopped work in the office for the customary two minutes of silence to honor the dead of this war and those of the war before. For me it was two minutes of prayer—and two minutes of peace in the whole of the terror that the days of the Tom's leave had been. Just the while I remembered Tom's arms around me, and my heart cried out, "What right have I to deny him?"

It was raining by the time Tom picked me up at the office after work. We walked silently, side by side. I didn't know what he was thinking, but there was pain in his eyes. As for me, I was sick at the whole idea of this day of commemoration. What a mockery it was! Services in the churches, speeches on the fields of battle. I was standing by the tomb of the Unknown Soldier—all to commemorate the Armistice of the war to end all wars.

Tom and I walked along, Tom and I, saying nothing. There didn't seem to be much to say anymore. Even the house, when we got there, was silent. Tom reached out for me in the dimness and his voice beat in my ears with a new, imperative urgency that had something of determination and certainty.

"Mary—Mary, darling—we've been over it and over it, but time's so short—only two days. Won't you marry me now?"

I stood in the circle of his arms, feeling the desperate urgency of this last plea—and knowing, too, my own an-
Just to share our thoughts with somebody else—or our picnic lunch with a friend—helps us to keep our balance in a topsy-turvy world. For millions of Americans the simple joys of companionship are made deeper, richer, more satisfying with a glass of friendly SCHLITZ...truly the beverage of moderation...brewed with just the kiss of the hops, none of the bitterness.

Reflection of No bitterness

Just the kiss of the hops...

— all of the delicate hop flavor — none of the bitterness. Once you taste America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter brew. You'll always want that famous flavor found only in Schlitz.

In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!

Continued from page 56

their scores off, I just huddled in the chair.

How long I sat there I don't know. But after a while I was aware of a man's voice. Not an announcer, not a news reporter. Just a man. Somehow it was a soothing voice, and unconsciously I began to listen.

He was telling a story, this man—his own story, the tale of a boy who lived in a small town before the last war, who fell in love... Half dreaming, half listening, I saw the little town as he described it. It was like the town where I was born, the town where my mother and father had grown up and loved each other and married. It all came back to me, the memories of that town, clearer than ever.

The voice on the radio went on, telling how he had married the girl he loved. We always knew we'd get married, his easy, quiet voice said. So when the war came and I enlisted—well, we just up and got married suddenly, before I was due to go to camp.

I SAT up, startled into awareness. I knew the story. It was the story in back of my own, the story of my father and mother. Oh, of course this was a play on the radio, but it was like mother's and father's story. There must have been millions of young men going away then, and millions of girls learning what heartbreak was, just as my father and mother had—just as Tom and I were feeling our way through our own taste of the hell of war.

I felt for the first time in my life close to my father, for that might easily have been his voice coming to me from the radio, telling his story. Telling of the goodbye at the station—bands playing, speeches, the brave promises of "I'll come back" and "I'll wait for you."

And then he told of France, and of how lonesome he had been for the girl who had been his wife so short a time, and how he felt when he got her letter saying that they were going to have a baby. And he told how he wondered, all that time, what war was all about, and how he came to be there, and what he was fighting for. And then, one night, standing guard, suddenly I knew what it all was about. It was like the people who used to live in that wrecked village came up and spoke to me. There was the French grocer and his wife, just like the Barnes back home. There was the pastor of the church, and you could tell just looking at him that he preached as good a sermon as old Dr. Craig. They were like my own people. And I knew then I was fighting for all of them, for all the little people and their right to live their lives and love each other and have their children.

Oh, I could have been my father talking. I'd never known him. But he'd have felt that way. I knew it.

The man was telling then about how he got a letter just before they went over the top of a hill. Telling me that he was a father. It was so real to me that I rejoiced with him at the news, and felt his mingled fear and exultation as he drove on. He and two others had fallen into a shell-hole, he said, and after a little something landed, and he didn't see anything. Nobody ever found the two who had been with him. They got themselves nice plain crosses because nobody could identify them. But I—I can't back.

Suddenly I put my head down on my arms and wept. Difficult, hurting tears. And tried to stifle the tears, too, because I didn't want to cry a word.

The war was over, he was saying. I never did go back to my home town and Mary and little Mary. Not that I didn't want to. My work to be done—everywhere. Hard work, with hardly anybody to listen to me.

For I became a crusader, a kind of evangelist. My interest was increased. "The war's over and what good did it do?" they'd say. "Men killed, and all for nothing." And when there was that other man who'd say, "So here it is again, with more boys killed and it's useless murder." Well, we didn't do a good enough job, that's all. My work was just starting out again, and this time they'd finish it. They'd do it for the little people all over the world.

The room was completely dark. I felt as if I were all alone in the world, for that moment, but I was not afraid. There were no fears left in me, because this man had talk to me in the heart of a soldier and in the heart of a world fighting for freedom. And my heart seemed to stop perfectly still, the steady rhythm of a new, steadier rhythm, as the voice on the radio spoke the final words.

My name—well, it's Joe, like I said. But the drums— They carved out some nice words on a block of stone. The words say, "Here lies—in honored glory—an American Soldier—known but to God."

There was silence.

The tears that came now were healing, cleansing, unashamed. They asked forgiveness and they found peace. There was no fear, no worry, no doubt or any fear. For there was a reason— as Tom said, as the voice on the radio said. Bigger than any of us, and yet in the heart of each one of us. Father hadn't understood. But Betty understood, and others did, and now at last I did. And somehow I couldn't help but feel that mothers did, too.

I got up. The voice was gone now. But there was a singing inside me. I snatched up my coat and ran, bare-headed out into the rain. The streets were dark and almost deserted. Way down at the end of the block, there was a light in Mrs. Hewlett's boarding house. They were doing a special license, he'd said. Happy and unafraid, I ran on toward the light.

Vera Vague and Ransom Sherman, two of radio's daffiest laugh-provokers, team up for more fun in the new Republic picture "Swing Your Partner," which boasts a full cast of radio stars.
Look to Dura-Gloss, to help keep things on the bright side. Its glorious colors are a sight for tired eyes. There's a lift in regarding your own pretty fingers so gaily bedecked. So sit down and do your nails with Dura-Gloss. Do it slowly. It goes on so smoothly, each firm stroke is a satisfaction. It will stay on, too — wears exceptionally well because there's a special ingredient in it (Chrystallyne) to accomplish this. A big help these days because it makes DURA-GLOSS go farther,
Please Take Me Back

Continued from page 49

The girls' little murmurs of false sympathy, crowned by one from Sandra that was more than I could tolerate.

"It's perfectly all right," she said sweetly. "The entertainers always wear evening clothes. And Auntie asked you to do it for the guests." My fists clenched at my sides. "No, she didn't." I marched over and picked up my shawl, flung it about my shoulders. "And anyway, I shan't be here!"

I walked out of that room. I tried to walk down the long carpeted stairway, but before I reached the bottom it was raining, and the front door open and raced across the lawn.

I didn't know Laurence had followed me until I felt his hands on my shoulders jerking me to a standstill. "Franny, stop! What are you doing, plunging along like a crazy person, tearing your dress?"

"I want to tear it," I cried out at him. "I hate it! And I hate Sandra for tricking me into wearing it!"

"Nothing Sandra could do could justify your speaking that way."

"Oh, wouldn't it!" The tears were streaming down my face, but I didn't care. "Tell me one thing. Did she ask you to tell me this was a canary party?"

"No, but..."

"There! She's always made my clothes look funny, but this was the best laugh yet!"

Laurence drew his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped my face. "Let's look at this straight," he said slowly. "I know Sandra's thoughtless sometimes, but maybe she didn't intend these words. If you'll just tell me you'll tell you. These days with the new Wing opening, I've probably forgotten a million things people told me to do. Give her a break, Franny."

"Why should I?" I stared at him dully, still hardly able to believe that he was defending Sandra. "Why are you always so kind to her? When she's never given me one in all the four years she's been in town?"

"That's a long story, Franny," he said gently. "And some of it I haven't the right to tell." He had taken my hand and placed it in the crook of his arm. Now, unwillingly at first, I was being led along the moonlight road. "The point is, Franny, that when a person is inconsiderate of others, it's a safe bet they've been pretty badly hurt themselves. Sandra can't even remember her father, and there were a couple of other divorces before her mother married my uncle. It must have been a shock to her. That's why I figure it, Sandra needs everything we can give her to make up for the kindness and affection she missed."

I wasn't really listening. All I knew was that he was taking Sandra's part! This was a fine outcome of the evening which was to mean so much to me. The other kids.

He said, "Do you, Franny?" He took my two hands and stood looking gravely down into my face.

I was touched by this much of his hands on mine. I'd surely weep again. I drew my hands away and told him brightly, "Of course. And now you must go back. Please give your mother my apologies. Goodnight."

It was his father's chauffeur who came in the morning to take my brother and me to the hospital for the opening. I could hardly expect Laurence to come. I saw myself at a time like this, but my best was tied and dry as I got into the car. I didn't see how I could sing this morning.

But once I was standing on the improvised platform, looking into the children's faces, I felt better. I had sung to the children every Saturday morning for years. Here I felt sure of my place. Laurence had some proper clothes on.

If I kept my eyes on the children, I could forget the row, the crowd of frock-coated dignitaries—and Sandra in a place of honor among them.

I looked into the face of little Bart Thurston and I sang him the story of the Big Brown Bear. I watched his blue eyes widen and grow brilliant with delight, and I put everything I had into the final glorious "Woof!"

And then I turned away from the microphone and held my hands in Laurence Martin's. "You were wonderful, Frances," he whispered. "Listen to those kids!"

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One-Minute Prayer

Merciful God, we pray The blessing on our loved ones who have joined the armed forces of our country. Grant them the strength and courage to endure and the grace to fight against the forces of evil without hatred. When righteousness and justice shall have won the victory, may our loved ones return to their homes, to their Church, and to all of us, sound in body, mind and spirit. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

The text of this prayer has been sub-ministered by Rev. Dr. Melville Hugh Wey, Minister of the United Church of St. Lake and Rev. John of Baltimore, Maryland.

Broadcast Over Mutual

They would not stop until I had slipped out of the door so that Dr. William could introduce the Governor.

Laurence followed. "Shouldn't you go back?" I asked him.

"No, it's been very important," he said, speaking rapidly, as I had never heard him. "I've been thinking about it for a long while, and it's time to get it settled. Franny, you're free from responsibility, now your brother is working. Your life's ahead of you. Have you thought what you'd do?"

In the night my hopes came rushing up again. I said, "Yes, Laurence, I have, but I don't know..."

"Well, I'll stay here, Franny! Come on and get in the old fight!"

"You mean, go into nursing?"

"Yes, and more than that. His blue eyes were shining, holding mine. "Nursing is basic, of course, but with what you've got besides, Franny, there's no limit..."

And I was suddenly certain that my hopes had not been wrong. "Franny, look, I don't want to rush you into it. I know you're young, you haven't had a chance to choose, really. I shouldn't try to influence you by telling you how much I—I want you here, but I broke off."

It was then that Sandra spoke beside us. "I hope I'm not interrupting anything important?"

I wanted to shout at her, "You are! You stopped him saying the most important thing a girl ever hears from any man! Sandra had slipped her arm into his and smiled possessively up into his face. "The idea seems to be that the Governor might find it strange if you didn't turn up to see him to his car after missing his speech—"

And he let her lead him away, his face asazed as I felt.

My daze lasted twenty-four hours. I sang at my housework, I forgot to put baking powder in the cake I made, and when Ronny came home dripping with rain I didn't even notice. I thought the weather perfect. For there was only one thought in me: any minute the phone would ring and Laurence would come to my aid."

But it didn't ring. Sunday passed without a word from Laurence. The doubts came back by one, stealthily. I remembered that he had left me willingly to go with Sandra. The words he had said in her defense the night of the party kept running through my ears with a new ominous ring: "Sandra needs everything we can give her to make up for the kindness and affection she missed."

Everything. What did he mean by everything? And then at the end he'd said, "I hoped you'd understand, once you knew how things were..."

"What did he want me to understand?"

I couldn't stand the doubts any longer. I couldn't bear another night of sleepless hope thundering me into despair. I would go and see him, learn once and for all where I stood.

Gwinnie Jones, the operator at the reception desk, whispered in my ear. "I'm not registering," I told her. "At least not now. But—how did you know?"

She winked. "A very big little birdie told me. He said be sure not to let you slip through our fingers when you came in. It's the last thing he told me before he left—"

"Left? My heart had come alive.

Yes, for the North Lake. Some stranger's kid way up at the upper end of nowhere seems to have diphtheria, and of course..."

She chattered on, giving me the hospital gossip I had always loved. "You didn't think you'd have your answer, did you?"

I didn't even see anyone until I heard Sandra speak and realized that her slender, tall figure blocked my path.

As she read my mind, she asked, "On your way to register?"

I nodded, but I did not want to talk.

Continued on page 62
Can you date these songs?

K-K-K-Katy

Three O'Clock in the Morning

Sweet Georgia Brown

War songs, war shortages. Even skirts were shortened—to the ankle! Shapeless fashions. High buttoned shoes, spats. First permanent waves. It was 1918, and army hospitals in France—short of surgical cotton—welcomed a new American invention... Cellucotton* Absorbent. Soon nurses began using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.

Flappers flaunted first champagne-colored stockings. Everything smart was "the bee's knees." People mad over radio, Mah Jong. And women everywhere enthused about the new discovery in sanitary protection... disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. In 1922, millions of women gladly paid 60¢ a dozen for this convenient new product.

"Flaming Youth." Women plucked eyebrows; discarded corsets. "Collegiate" slickers, knickers (baggy plus-fours for golfers). The Charleston. Famous "Monkey Trial" in Tennessee. As the silhouette became slimmer in 1925, Kotex laboratories planned an improved, narrower pad with new rounded ends replacing the square corners... softened gauze, for greater comfort.

I Found a Million Dollar Baby

Beer Barrel Polka

Rosie the Riveter

Empress Eugenie was everywoman's hat. Transparent mesh made stocking history. "I'll Tell The World" was current slang. Challenged by the clinging fashions of 1931, again Kotex pioneered—perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands of pads, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they're not stubby... don't cause telltale outlines.


It's a Woman's World today. Women are working for Victory. Far more active, yet far more comfortable in this war, for today's Kotex provides every worthwhile feature. Choice of more women than all other brands put together, Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. Not that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents!
about it to her.

But she placed a hand on my arm.

"What's the rush? Once you're signed up, you're in for a long time."

"What do you mean?" I stared suspiciously into her eyes.

"Why, it's hard work, isn't it?"

Those eyes were innocently wide as she smiled at me. "They say nursing calls for the muscles of a horse and the nerves of a cow. I don't qualify, apparently. For Larry can't see me going into training."

"Did you want to?" I asked, amazed.

She shrugged. "I had the romantic notion that I should share his whole life with you."

I didn't. I wouldn't! I asked flatly, "Why should you?"

"I shouldn't, I gather. The idea seems to be that a doctor should come home and find a quite different world waiting for him. And in that case, I think I'll make Larry rather a good wife, don't you?"

I don't know what I answered. Up to that final word of hers I had held to my new certainty; I had not let myself be frightened by the subtle triumph of her smile. But when she said that word, I knew at once that my hopes had been absurd, based on nothing. I knew Laurence had wanted me to understand. He might ask me to share his workaday world of the hospital, but he did not think me worthy to be his wife.

"This is Barney Whiteman," he began.

"Name mean anything to you?"

I had to admit it didn't. And after he had translated his odd jargon into ordinary speech I gathered that he had heard my songs at the opening of the Children's Wing. "Understand, it's not your voice that got me on the phone. It's a nice sweet little voice but it'll take a lot of coaching before you give Lily Pons any worry. No, it was the noise those kids made that got me wondering if I couldn't sell you for a thirteen-weeks tryout on a new kids' radio program coming up. How's about it?" he asked. "Want to come to Chicago and see if I can build you into something?"

I began to laugh. I guess he thought I was going to be difficult and temperamental, having hysterics over the phone the first time he ever talked to me. But it seemed so funny that this call should have come just when I was wondering where to go. I knew now. "I'll be there tonight," I told him, "television's my face."

That was how I left Stillmeadow.

I went to dress designers who brought out the lines of my figure with clothes as startling but far more subtly effective than that first pathetic red evening dress, and I wore them with the assurance I had lacked that awful night. For now I had been walking many miles up and down platforms and stairways learning the art of moving, breathing, of getting up from chairs and sitting down in them. All this besides my voice lessons and my studies of dramatic technique.

And always someplace in the background or beside me at the table there was Barney. He took me to restaurants and night clubs where columnists would see us, he told me to millions who responded better to a haughty stare. He arranged publicity incidents that happened so naturally that even I was fooled.

He had not been so hopeful in the first weeks. My voice had come out very small and scared and thin, I could not swallow the lump of misery in my throat. Everything was so strange — the inexorable studio clock, the dead cold microphones, the sound engineers behind their plate glass windows frowning over their dials. Oh, it was a lonely nightmare, until Barney thought of the most obvious solution. From the day he brought in a studio audience he had been a success. Within a month an evaporated milk company had become our sponsor. After that, my salary went into a dizzying spiral upward.

I suppose it would sound better to say that the money meant nothing to me. But it would not be true, and I want this to be an honest record. No, I had been poor too long, and poverty does bad things to the human soul. I could not forget Sandra's taunting, scornful smile.

Oh, I made sure Stillmeadow didn't forget me. Barney took care of that. Station WSTM had been carrying my program for over a year now, and once in a while Barney would bring me a sheaf of evaporated milk labels on which were printed in cramped young letters the names and addresses of children's Ward. Barney would read them to me, and I'd feel as if I was doing something fine for them.

I'd look at those names and I'd tell myself, "Every one of those means a life where there's a book with my picture on it and a song, "Danny Lane's Songs for Singing Time.

And I'd try to go to. But when I saw the label that gave the address as Workers' Children's Wing, Martin Medical Center, I guess I lost the art of gloating. I just cried. I sat there with the label in my hand and wondered. Barney thought I ought to hear the radio for the children to hear.

Barney came into my apartment and found me sitting at my window in the dark, looking far down at the dimmed-out streets, at the faint tiny glow of the traffic lights on the pavement wet with autumn rain. He came and drew the curtains, switched on lights, and leaned over my shoulder to read the label in my hand.

"- the label back there?" he asked suddenly.

I jumped. But before I could speak, he went on, "I been thinking of starting a damn novel about someone broad-cast from hospital wards, and the Martin Medical Center would make a swell start."

I took my head. "I'll never go back there. Never."

"Not even as an extra special favor to old Barney?"

I looked up at him. He was standing there, his thick figure set so solidly on my rug that he looked as if he were rooted in the white lamb's wool. That was Barney—reliable, a man to lean on, to help you through anything.

But I had never seen him with this expression on his face before, his brown eyes liquid and soft.

I asked, wonderingly, "Why a favor to you, Barney?"

He said, "Well, that was where you supply the voice— I heard you first. And I've never been the same since." He laughed, but his round face didn't look much.

I deducted. "I dragged you out of that whistle stop and then you went all the way with me. Most of you's still back in Stillmeadow?"

"When I tried to interrupt indignant, he raised his big, thick-fingered hand. "It's the truth, baby. You've shot ahead in radio, but not because you liked the game. You've just been trying to prove something to the folks back home."

"Maybe you're right," I told Barney, slowly. "But go home."

"Not even for my sake?"

I tipped my head, looking at him questioningly.

He said, "I'll never have a chance with you till you go back there and get someone out of your system."

"A chance with you, Barney?"

"That's the root of the discom- fort would have been funny if it hadn't been so touching. "Didn't you know I want to sign you for a life contract?"

"Barney?" I was genuinely startled.

"I don't get this surprise act," he said gruffly. "Haven't I taken time over you? I've never said a word of my other talent, built you up till you're the biggest value on any daytime program."

"I appreciate all you've done," I said gently. "But as to marrying— I hesitated, and something inside me be-

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SEPTEMBER RADIO MIRROR

On Sale Wednesday, August 11th

To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort work is finished now on the online coming issues of RADIO MIRROR to appear upon the newstands at slightly later dates than heretofore. RADIO MIRROR for September will go on sale Wednesday, August 11. On that date your newspaper supplier will have your copies. In some circumstances apply also to subscriptions. While all subscription copies are mailed on time, please be patient. They will be delivered just as soon as prevailing conditions permit.
How to Win Out in your Big Moment

by Loretta Young

Star of Paramount's "CHINA"

1 When a girl knows she's met the man, how sad it is for her if carelessness has spoiled the soft, smooth beauty of her skin!

2 It's foolish to take chances. Screen stars take Lux Soap beauty facials every day. ACTIVE lather removes dust and stale cosmetics thoroughly—gives precious skin protection it needs.

3 This beauty facial's so simple. All you do is smooth lots of the creamy lather well into your skin, splash with cool water, pat to dry. Now skin feels smoother, looks fresh.

4 Its soft, smooth skin does the trick! In your big moment—your tender moment—smooth, adorable skin will make his heart turn over, make him whisper, "You're beautiful!"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it.

It's smooth, adorable skin that wins romance and holds it! You'll find daily ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS WITH LUX SOAP a wonderful beauty aid!
HANDS OFF—POISON IVY!

When you see a three-leaved, oily plant with a green, waxy appearance—stay away from it. It may be Poison Ivy.

But if you do get Poison Ivy, apply antiphlogistine immediately—just as directed. It does three important things:

1. Relieves itching
2. Helps prevent spreading
3. Promotes healing

Antiphlogistine is ready-to-use. For best results, apply it early.

**Antiphlogistine**

**THE WHITE PACKAGE WITH THE ORANGE BAND**

Product of The Hunter Chemical Manufacturing Co., New York, N. Y.

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Continued from page 62

The girl knew just how it happened that I went back to Stillmeadow. Barney arranged everything, and the publicity was even better than he had hoped. Stillmeadow was more than a bit to go halfway. I had had a letter from the Medical Center Auxiliary saying a reception committee, headed by a Mrs. Sprague, would meet me.

I was prepared. I had memorized the speech I would make in answer to the greeting of the chairman of the committee, and I had been repeating it for the last twenty miles. "Mrs. Sprague, you and your townspeople..."

I had said that much when I really saw Mrs. Sprague, and then I stopped in mid-sentence. Mrs. Sprague was Sandra! I had been terrified of meeting Mrs. Laurence Martin, Junior. But now I wouldn't. I was sure of that. If she had not married Laurence, was it because of me? Was it because he would not marry anyone else?

I realized that Mrs. Sprague was looking a little apprehensive, a little pinched, I thought, about the nose and mouth. I smiled brilliantly at her. "This is a real reunion, isn't it?" I asked sweetly. And her relief was funny.

I had never felt so sure of myself as in that moment. I blessed Barney for making me come back. Why, Sandra was just a stiff, unsure nobody, overdressed and self-conscious as any small-town matron.

Triumph was sweet. It was wonderful to stop out and go up the walk to Dr. Sprague's house which was ugly and ornate and not as big as I remembered it. I sat before my dressing table in the best guest room while I remembered and I looked out the window across the sweep of broad lawn to the twin mansion of Dr. Laurence Martin, Senior, and I remembered the night had run across that lawn through the June evening two years ago. "Poor little Franny Lane," I whispered to the memory, well, I might.

The reception would be the biggest social affair that had ever taken place in Stillmeadow. Trust Sandra to make the most of a celebrity. And to have her the one to give this party for me made the picture perfect.

When I started down the stairs and saw all the faces turned to watch me make my entrance, I knew this was my moment. For one of them was the face of Laurence Martin.

My eyes met his and I read the message in them that I had dreamed so long of reading, and I knew why I had come. Laurence loved me.

But I didn't stop. My feet went down the stairs in unbroken rhythm, and I didn't let my heart miss a beat. I kept on drawing steady deep lungfuls of air and pushing it out from my diaphragm in firm clear words of greeting. I held to the knowledge that I was no longer the little Franny Lane who had to hope against hope for a kind word or an approving glance. I told myself that it was only right that Laurence should love me. Why shouldn't he? Wasn't I even richer and more famous now than he?

I wanted to walk up to him and put my hands in his, but I didn't. I waited for him to come to me, and when he asked to see me after the reception I told him coyly that I thought I could arrange it. And when Sandra led me off to meet her husband, a middle-aged banker who had come to town, I left, went with her. Though the evening seemed to last forever, I took care not to glance too often in search of Laurence.

I answered every question I was asked. I had never given as generous interviews to any magazines as to each awed matron of that town. And not only didn't anybody enter in Stillmeadow to miss a single detail of my success. And most of all wanted Laurence to be sure that was a women any one could be lucky to I married him that was quite clear before I walked out into the moonlight with him. This walk would be different from the other ones we'd taken.

I wanted to begin with, Laurence did not talk.

"I said, "Well, has the new Wing been a big success?" "If success means money to you, then it hasn't. It has a thumping deficit this year."

"Well, perhaps I can help you lift it tomorrow at the Benefit," I told him lightly.

"I'm sure you will," he said. His voice was stiffly formal. I hope you know how grateful the Board is, and the town."

"I've been duly notified of that by your uncle," I told him, trying to laugh. "And by the Mayor. But how about yourself, Laurence? Weren't you a little pleased that I wanted to come back and sing again?"

Continued on page 66
These Exquisite Pearls Reflect
The Rich Color And Exquisite
Beauty of Precious Orientals

Ladies! If you have always longed to own a lustrous set of
creamy white single-strand pearls, don't pass up this sen-
sational limited offer. So closely do these exquisite pearls
simulate genuine precious orientals, that your friends and
admirers will positively believe that you might possibly
have paid a fabulous price for them. Each strand is ex-
pertly matched in size and color and is superior in luster
and tone. The strands are strung by hand and finished
with a tiny tip to protect them for longer wear. The bril-
liant Sterling Silver clasp gives these sets an unsurpassed
appearance of true elegance. Each set is packed in a
handsome gift box. If you rush the coupon below, you
may wear them for ten full days on our generous
money-back inspection offer. If you are not positively
thrilled and delighted with these pearls, you may return
them and you won't lose a single penny.

Hurry! Simulated Pearls Are Becom-
Virtually Impossible to Obtain!

When our limited supply of these exquisite pearls are gone,
we have no more to offer you, as the manufacture of these
pearls has definitely been discontinued until after the war.
There is no sense denying yourself the luxury and real
satisfaction of owning a set of these single-strand pearls
when our close-out price of only $2.98 is so ridiculously
low. These pearls are right for every age and are stylishly
correct for both evening and daytime wear. Don't miss
out on this "close-out" offer. Just a few thousand lucky
ladies may now own these pearls at this low price. Mail
the coupon below today while our limited supply lasts.

You Must Be Positively
Thrilled or Your Money Back!

So certain are we that these single-strand pearls
and matching Sterling Silver clasp will positively
thrill you, that we want you to wear them—show
them to your friends and examine them carefully
for ten full days on our iron-clad money-back
guarantee. Consider them sent on approval and if
you don't agree that this is the greatest jewelry
value you have ever seen, you may feel free to
return the Pearls and Free Birthstone Ring to
us, and we'll refund your money in full.

Send No Money to Get These Glamorous
PEARLS and FREE BIRTHSTONE RING!

BIRTHSTONE RING

If you send your order at once, we will in-
clude absolutely free a regular $1.00 value
simulated genuine sterling silver birthstone
ring in this smart new design. These beau-
tifully colored simulated birthstones are
highly faceted to bring out their beauty and
brilliance. Be sure and state the month
you were born on the coupon at the right.

January Garnet July Ruby
February Amethyst August Peridot
March Aquamarine September Sapphire
April White October Rutilated
May Green Spinel November Golden
June Alexandrite December Zircon

FREE!

This Beautiful Simulated

$1.00 STERLING RING

Sterling Silver Birthstone Ring

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART,
Dept. 1903, 54 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.
Please rush to me at once the set of single-strand pearls with matching Sterling Silver clasp. Include one Simulated Birthstone Ring absolutely free. I will pay the postage if the return is postpaid. I enclose $2.98 with coupon to return the Ring.

Send pearls and free Birthstone Ring c.o.d., for only $2.98, plus 10% Federal excise tax and postage.

Send pearls and free Birthstone Ring, plus 10% Federal excise tax, with postage.

I want in the month of...

NAME...

ADDRESS...

CITY... STATE...
I'm no fisherman!

Why fish for tissues so hard to get
out of ordinary boxes? With
KLEENEX, it's pull a tissue and
up pops another, ready for use!
(from a letter by M. T. T., Long Island, N. Y.)

WHAT! NO KLEENEX?

If your dealer is out
of KLEENEX, please be
PATIENT—he'll have some shortly.
Quantity is somewhat curtailed,
but we are determined,
regardless of what others do,
to maintain KLEENEX quality
in every particular!

VITTLES FOR VICTORY

No more stained dish cloths
at canning time

Since I wipe the top of each filled
jar with clean, absorbent KLEENEX!
(from a letter by C. P. C., Pinerille, Ore.)

WHO CAN FORGET DELSEY?

—SOFT LIKE KLEENEX

Hope there'll be no shortages
after the war

(3T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)
Toward Victory
Continued from page 38

baby, to care for the sick and wounded.

Then I turned to my farm with a vengeance, realizing the feeding of these people in sudden emergency must also rest with me. I bought pigs and more pigs, cows and chickens. I planted truck gardens and learned not only how to milk cows but to churn butter.

Of course, I realize all women can't be farmers or defense workers, but think of those wonderful organizations that are crying out not only for young women but women in their middle years, the Red Cross, the Nurse's Aid, the Canteens and the U.S.O. rooms. The woman with time and leisure, who goes on with her bridge playing and parties solving her conscience with gifts of money, is the real slacker in this war. "Put me to work," should be her motto, sincerely meant and put into immediate action.

THAT such organizations as the WAACS, the SPARS, the WAVES are open to young women of America should inspire a prayer of thanks. For years women have struggled to attain a place, not just of equality with man's place, but of equal usefulness in good citizenship. With humbleness and gratitude we should now accept our Government's offer. In fact, it's as much the duty of a woman, who is free, as a man, to enlist in one of these branches of the service. To take a man's place, one who is so badly needed in combat action is an honor, a privilege and a duty. I, who have no son to give, feel just as proud of my daughter's contribution to the war effort as mothers of sons must feel, for through her efforts, boys are freed for important duties elsewhere.

There should be no question of sacrifice. At the time Frances closed her Santa Barbara studio to enter a defense plant, she was obtaining prominent recognition in her work as a sculptor after years of work and study here and abroad. Her monument, the memorial to the Army and Navy Nurses in the Arlington National Cemetery at Washington, D. C., was outstanding among successful sculptors. Other young women I know have made equal and even greater adjustments in their lives and not one of them deems it a sacrifice to serve their country in these branches of service.

I consider my work on the radio important as a morale builder. Since the war began I have never gone on the air without first offering this silent prayer—"Dear God, please let what we're going to do take someone's mind off troubles and heartaches. Let them be released through our efforts."

Sometimes my mind goes back to the days when Will Rogers and I were making pictures together and I often wonder what Will's reactions would have been to this awful struggle. I think I know, in part, what Will would have done. I really believe he been spared he certainly would have helped to lighten the grim side of war; surely he would have done more than just his bit. At any rate, I know how proud he would have been of women in America today.

We have, each one, found our place. We are seeing our duty and we are performing it. American womanhood has finally come into its own through this adversity and sorrow. I, for one, am proud to be a part of it.

You've had your share of worries lately... what with shortages and soaring prices, saving 'points' and stretching pennies... it's a full-time job just to keep your family clothed and fed.

Then there's the weekly wash. More than likely you're doing it yourself. And now—the last straw—you can't always get your favorite laundry soap!

It's hard to be patient about these things. But—please believe that the makers of Fels-Naptha are doing everything they can to keep you supplied. Working day and night at it. If your grocer doesn't have Fels-Naptha Soap in stock today—he will have it soon. So please keep on asking.

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray":

![Fels-Naptha Soap ad](https://example.com/fels-naptha-ad.jpg)
She Loved Him

Continued from page 37

day he took her to a dance at one of the hotels. She never had gone out alone with a boy before. She wasn't quite at home in her first evening dress. Frank's tuxedo awed her somewhat. She didn't have a chance with all the girls who swarmed around Frank and turned arrogant young backs upon her. And Frank, caught up in the current of these girls created, soon forgot her for long stretches of time. During one of these stretches she went home.

When Julie, who was Frank's cousin, told Frank Nancy had gone home was he furious. "She's a pain!" he protested. He danced faster. He laughed louder.

Before Frank fell asleep that night he planned the challenging, annihilating things with which he would answer Nancy's criticism. However, when he faced her soft eyes the next day his memory did a back flip. Not that it mattered, for he was given no reason to defend himself. Not by word or look did she refer to the previous evening. But he couldn't get her to say she would come to the beach later on and he couldn't beguile her into inviting him up on the porch to sit down.

The next day, however, he walked a mile down the beach and found Nancy. There he sat beside her, possessive and triumphant.

Nancy knew what she wanted. And even that first summer, when she was only sixteen, she knew, unconsciously perhaps, that it was Frank Sinatra she wanted. She knew this just as surely as Frank, also unconsciously, knew it was her he wanted, always, above all.

At the summer's end they returned to towns several miles apart. Actually, then, they saw very little of each other. There were weeks when they didn't even talk on the telephone. They were occupied with their respective high school work. For Nancy there was also extra study and housework. For Frank there was also his broken-down jalopy and the parties at which he and his ilk were the younger set's piece de resistance.

At intervals Frank got tired of all this. It was then he called Nancy. She never seemed surprised to hear his voice, even that time he hadn't called for three months. It was as if she always knew he would call again eventually.

Night school, following graduation from high-school, threw them together once more. There was only one night school in their part of New Jersey. "I have a chance to write stories for my paper," Frank explained, driving Nancy home.

No explanation as to why Nancy was going to night school was needed. She was studying shorthand and typing, English and composition. It was, all of it, completely in keeping with his deep, driving wish for more knowledge and her deep driving urge to be the kind of person she would like to be.

One Sunday afternoon Frank and Nancy went to a matinee of Bing Crosby—in person—was the star attraction. The Crosby nonchalance and the easy warmth with which Bing sang hypnotized Frank. He left the theater like a man in a dream.

Nancy nudged him. "Is anything wrong?" she asked.
"I've just found out what I'm going to be," he answered, still dazed, "I'm going to be a singer like Crosby!"

She didn't tell him he was mad. She just said, "If that's what you want to be that's what you should be, of course . . . ."

He began by singing with a small local band. He figured this was the best way to get experience behind him. Then he sang "Night and Day" on the air on Major Bowes' Amateur Hour. And because of the way he sang it to Nancy, who was listening, he was chosen to go on tour with the Bowes troupe.

Before going away with the troupe Frank held Nancy against his heart. "You're going to have so much money one day you won't know what to do with it," he promised. "Just wait!"

They stood then staring at each other, seeing nothing beyond each other's eyes.

"Wait for me, Nancy," he implored her. "No matter how far I go or how long I'm away I'll come back . . . ."

"I know," she said.

Every day he wrote to her. All the emotion and energy and drive he previously had spent being wild and having fun now was directed towards her. One day, when he had been away almost a year, he was so utterly homesick for her that he quit the troupe.

In the railroad station the sight of a telephone booth reminded him of what he, incredibly enough, hadn't realized before—that he could call Nancy, hear her voice . . . . He only hoped he would be able to hear her, over the pounding of his heart . . . .

"Nancy," he called into the 'phone, "I'm so lonely for you . . . ."

Her voice came a quiet caress. "Keep your chin up and you'll be home, before you realize it . . . ."

"Before you realize it, you mean," he shouted. "I'm on my way!"

She started to cry. She knew at last how completely he loved her.

In 1937 things were black. Frank haunted CBS and NBC. "But you've got to hear me sing," he told a casting director. Eager to be rid of the boy whose persistence had made his life miserable for weeks the director said, "I've warned you—many times—to stay out of here. The next time you barge in unannounced, I'll have you put out!"

Frank laughed in his face. "I'll tell you something . . . ." he said. "Before you know it you'll be out of here and I'll be in . . . ."

There were occasional dates to sing with small bands and clubs. But often it was Nancy, who had a good steady job, who kept Frank in pocket money.

Frank wrote the small radio stations offering to sing on their sustaining programs free. In this way he hoped to make an impression. In this way the public would hear his voice and his name over and over. Soon enough so many stations wanted him that he had difficulty getting from one program to another.

Nancy was pleased. "Don't worry about the money," she said, "That will come, in time. We're young. We can afford to wait . . . ."

Frank's eyes adored her. "I have a hunch I'll be landing a job soon. Then we can be married," he said. "It will be so wonderful, Nancy, never to have to tell you goodnight and leave you . . . . never to be lonely the way I am unless you're around . . . ."

That same month the Rustic Cabin, a local night club, engaged Frank to sing at twenty-five dollars a week . . . .

Italians love a fete. Immediately Frank and Nancy set their wedding date, and the families on Nancy's block began preparing for the celebration.

The men made wine. The women baked cakes. The children cut streamers and flower decorations. For several years now the neighbors had watched Nancy and Frank walk by holding hands, to remember days past when they had walked with love too.

The first months Nancy and Frank were married they saw very little of each other. He worked most of the night and she worked most of the day. But the few hours they had together were sweet . . . .

"Good luck," the sentimentals say, "comes with a new baby . . . ."

Harry James, hearing Frank sing, offered him the soloist spot with his band. Nancy gave up her job to go on the road with him. This was the beginning of the good fortune that crowded the next three years. Before that year was out Nancy Sandra was born, dark and lovely . . . . Frank was signed by Tommy Dorsey . . . . He sang at the big Paramount Theater in New York for a young fortune and broke records . . . . On the air he was starring on the Hit Parade . . . . He was booked at the swanky Riuamba . . . . Now Frank sings on the Saturday Night Hit Parade at 9:00 P.M., EWT, over CBS, and he also has his own program on Friday nights at 11:15 over CBS. And he's in pictures, too.

Maybe Frank is right—Maybe miraculous good fortune is only what should be expected . . . especially when, like Frank, you meet and marry a girl who loves you enough.

Johnny presents GINNY SIMMS
and EDGAR FAIRCHILD
over NBC, Tuesdays.

Two of radio's top tune-smiths tune in on America's top spot for "Pepsi-Cola. It's the big drink with the better flavor . . . . once you taste it you'll sing out, "Pepsi-Cola Hits the Spot".
was on my leave of absence. I was good at excuses, but my excuses had always been to design to keep me from seeing people, not to help me meet them.

The next day was hot and humid, with a threat of rain. I set out an hour earlier than I’d intended, as if—illogically—by going to the park before it rained, I could keep the rain away. There was no familiar soldier in khaki in sight, and I sat down on a bench—the one on which he’d sat feeding the squirrels—to wait. The sun grew hotter; what little breeze there was died completely, and I began to wonder if the soldier had been kept away by the thought of rain. It was getting late, and I realized that the man I waited for wouldn’t come.

I KNEW that I ought to go back to my fan so there was no reason for my staying in the park, but I didn’t have energy enough to leave. The blue-eyed soldier had put more interest than I knew into the past two days, and when there was no longer any use in thinking of him, I had no great interest in anything. I turned sideways on the bench, crooked my arm over the back of it, rested my chin on my arm, and stared blankly at a line of trees.

So sitting, I heard footsteps on the walk. I paid no attention until a voice said hesitantly, “You oughtn’t be sitting in the direct sun.”

It was a voice I’d heard before, the voice I’d awaited, and yet I felt trapped. After a second I turned and, slowly, looked up at him. There were frills of perspiration on his forehead, and his shirt clung damply to his chest. It occurred to me he’d been running or walking very fast. My imagination said he’d been hurrying to meet me. I said, “I don’t mind it.” And then, “You at that was ‘I am.’ He took out a handkerchief, wiped his face, and sat down gingerly. There was a thick silence while I, mortified and dopestruck, struggled to find something to say.

A maternal voice called, “Maryeee—” and the little girl in the yellow dress flashed into my vision. “I see the children have been at it again,” the soldier said.

“Yes,” I waited for his grin, the engaging smile, at the memory of the other day. But he stared straight ahead, and there was another dreadful silence.

I shifted, and he said suddenly, “My name is Jeff Kendall.”

“I’m Jane Matthews.”

“Do you live around here?” I’m visiting my cousin. My home is”—Wilme searched helplessly for all of the friendly, and fascinating, things I’d planned to say to him. We were saved by a familiar sound, the ring of a distant bell.

“Would you like some ice cream?”

“I’d love it.” I’d have said I’d love a white elephant, had he offered it to me.

“Let’s find out whether we approached the vendor. He beamed at us. “Ice cream cones, sandwiches, Jolly Pops... Jolly Pop, lady?”

“Jelly Pop,” I assented weakly, and regretted it a moment later. Jolly Pops, thin bars of ice cream coated with waxy chocolate, weren’t designed to last outside a refrigerator. A trickle of melted cream ran down his chin, and while I tried to catch it with my free hand, another overflowed the paper and traced a zig-zag course to my elbow.

Jeff flushed and dabbed with his handkerchief. “Darned stuff doesn’t last long in this heat,” he apologized. “There’s limited time for importance. I, who had been too self-conscious to dance with as good a partner as Bob Travis, was suddenly able to laugh at the picture I made running small rivers of ice cream. “It’s the sun,” I laughed. “It’s as hot as Texas.”

“Texas! What do you know about Texas?”

“I lived there for a year, in San Antonio.”

“San Antonio—that’s my home town!”

And then I saw his smile, the grin that made his eyes into half-moons and changed him from an awkward and uncomfortable-looking boy into a young man thoroughly delighted with life and—at least at the moment—with me.

I was late getting back to the house that afternoon. Aunt Ethel looked up from the dinner table, her anxiety fading as she saw me. “Jane! What on earth?”

“I met a man from Texas,” I explained. “From San Antonio, where we used to live.”

My aunt and my cousin exchanged glances which said, “Well! Janie finally found a man she could talk to!”

I didn’t care. I was too happy. I had found more than a man to talk to; I had found the one person in all this world who was like me. We had not talked long about San Antonio that afternoon. We had talked about ourselves, trying to cover my nineteen years and Jeff’s twenty-four in an afternoon.

Shy Girl
Continued from page 25

ELAINE VITO, 18-year-old harpist with Royce Paige’s Young Americans’ Orchestra on the program known as Salute to Youth, heard over NBC Tuesdays at 7:30 P.M., EWT, Elaine is the daughter of Edward Vito, harpist with the NBC Symphony. She was taught by her father and also studied under Tibor Serly. Elaine is occasionally loaned out by Paige to the NBC Symphony Orchestra. It was on such an occasion that Toscanini pinch her cheek and affectionately called her “my little jewel.” Actually Elaine has two careers, although music is her first love. She is a face and figure model for Walter Thornton in between professional music activities. She hopes to get married by the time she is twenty-one. At the age of 14, she was chosen by Walter Dornosch as soloist with his symphony orchestra.
I had been right about him—he had been lonely, not only because he was a stranger in a strange city, but with the terrible loneliness that I knew, the self-imposed loneliness which shuts you away from the people you see every day, from those who would be your friends. His father had died when Jeff was small, and Jeff had worked most of his life to support himself and his mother, and later when his mother died he put himself through engineering school. He'd had no time for play, no time to learn the little amenities which make a man feel at ease with women and with other men.

I had found a place in the world, finally. I meant something to someone. To Jeff I was everything I'd never been before—I was attractive; I was the girl he looked forward to seeing; I was someone to dream about as I dreamed about him.

His eyes gave him away, and the little half-restrained movements he'd made toward me—the way he'd taken my arm to link it in his and then had let go, quickly, self-consciously, as if he'd just remembered we'd just met. His eagerness gave him away—the way his words tumbled over each other in his haste to tell me all about himself, and to make plans for seeing me again. "Janie, look—we're not busy at camp right now. Most of us are here awaiting orders. I've nearly every other afternoon and every other evening free, and it doesn't take twenty minutes to get into Hampton from camp. Do you think you can stand seeing me that often? I'd like to take you to a show tomorrow night—""

He called for me at the house the next evening, and I saw the approval in Aunt Ethel's eyes, the approval in Rosalie's, as I introduced him to them. "Rosalie liked you," I told him as we left the house. "She'll be asking us out with her friends. Her crowd has a lot of fun—"

As I spoke, I realized that it would be fun—the picnics, the swimming parties, the dances Rosalie was forever arranging—with Jeff. With Jeff alone, I'd have a place in the group; I wouldn't be the odd girl, the wallflower everyone had to exert himself to be nice to.

Jeff caught my hand, tucked it firmly in the crook of his arm. "I'm happy to be alone with you, Janie."

We walked in happiness that summer evening, along the quiet neighborhood streets, down toward the town. When we reached the loop, the lights were glaringly bright, the crowds outside the theaters jostled noisily against us. We decided against a movie and stopped instead at a small cafe where, except for a yawning waiter, we were alone. We ordered food and forgot to eat it. We talked interminably. And we sat silent, our hands touching across the table.

And there was no need for words later when Jeff brought me home, when we stood for a long moment at the gate, looking at each other and beyond to all of the things life had come to mean.

"Janie—" Our lips met in a kiss that was more than a kiss, that was a pledge of the deep bond between us, an affirmation of our love. "Janie," he whispered as he released me. "Is it too soon? Should I have waited, and sent you candy and flowers? Should I have gone through all of the motions people make before they admit what's happened to them? You know that I love you, Janie."

They were the words every woman waits for, the words that are her birth-

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71
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"I am so sincerely enthusiastic about my Cover Girl answer to the underarm daintiness problem—I would like every girl to try it. You'll find it at any cosmetic counter."

"You'll feel luxurious using Odorono Cream. No waiting to dry, either...just smear it on and be smooth!"

Continued from page 72

would be because he didn’t want to, because he cared so little about me that he could stand me up, that he could break his word to me.

"Why worry about this Jeff?" urged Bob Travis, "Let's dance."

"It's my dance," interrupted Roy Price, coming up and taking my other arm. "Janie, you know you promised—"

"There he is now," said Rosalie suddenly, and I looked away from Roy to see Jeff standing at the other end of the porch near the steps.

He gave me a long, curious look, a look that took in Bob and Roy, then he nodded stiffly, and went on into the house. I broke away from the boys and hurried after him. He wasn't in the living room, nor—one panicky glance told me—in the dining room. But one of the French windows in the dining room was open. Following my instinct, I stepped through.

Jeff was standing in the shadows of the side yard, leaning against a tree, lighting a cigarette. The face he turned to me was strained and distasteful. "Poor little Janie," he said, "I'd be all alone in a crowd if I weren't around!"

I felt my own face whiten at his tone. "Jeff, what do you mean? And you were late—"

"I'll say I was! I shouldn't have come at all. I've never felt like such a fool in all my life!"

"Jeff, what's the matter? What have I done?"

He swung around, his eyes blazing. "Done! You've made a fool out of me for the past two weeks, that's all! I was silly enough to believe everything you told me. You were shy. You were lonely. You couldn't get along with people. Until I showed up, you'd never found anyone in the whole world to talk to!"

"Listen to me, Jeff—" My fingers dug into his arm, and my voice, to keep from shaking, was a flat monotone. "I haven't lied to you, not about myself, now or then. I knew I could, because you walked into a lot of strangers and found no one to greet you!"

He interrupted furiously, "Don't try to tell me about yourself!"

"I will tell you about yourself, because I am enough like you to know. I should have watched for you tonight, but I was busy."

He threw away his cigarette. "That isn't the point. It's your being different—"

"I hope I am different, I hope I am." I caught the flash of surprise in his eyes, and I knew that he wouldn't break away, that he'd hear me through. "I was having a good time tonight, Jeff—a good time in a crowd for the first time in my whole life. And I've been having a good time ever since I met you—because I've had someone besides myself to think about. I was sure you'd come tonight, sure you'd enjoy yourself after you got here, so I was relaxed; I didn't get all tied up in knots worrying that I might do or say the wrong thing. I found that the people were gay and interesting, and interested in us—in you and me. And if you'd stopped to meet them, if you'd been thinking less of yourself you'd have found out the same thing."

"Janie, what's the use in talking about it—"

But his objection was weak, and I hurried to keep my advantage. My thoughts unfolded as I spoke, and phrases I'd heard often before became truths as I uttered them. "That's all
there is to getting along with people. Jeff—forgetting yourself, being natural, assuming that what you have to say just as important as what anyone else can say. We have to live with people, always, and when we keep silent, and shut them away from us, and leave them to guess what we mean and what will please us, we ask too much of them. It's childish of us. It was childish of you to walk out tonight, and selfish. You knew how much I wanted you here—"

I talked fast, fluently. I knew the words by heart. I'd heard them all of my life, from my mother. He was silent after I'd finished. "I'm sorry, honey," he said finally. "Maybe you're right. I'll have to think it over. Anyway, I'm sorry I made things uncomfortable for you. What can I do to make it up to you?"

"Come back to the party."

"If it will please you."

"Believe what I say."

He gave me an odd glance. "No one believes you're being told to believe. Everyone has to find out for himself."

He was right, of course. I'd had to find out for myself. "There's another thing, Jeff—" I was afraid of what I was going to say, and yet I had to say it. "That bond between us. Jeff—"

I thought it was partly the things we've enjoyed together, everything we've planned and mean to do. If it means only that we're going to cling to each other because we're afraid of everyone else, then it's just admitting a weakness. If that's all it is, I don't want it."

His voice was strange. "Janie, do you know what you're saying?"

"Yes, I do. And I mean it."

His face was unreadable. I waited, hearing the music and the sounds of dancing grown suddenly loud, emphasizing our own silence. I waited until I could stand it no longer, and then I turned and walked away, already regretting my words, afraid I had lost.

I loved Jeff, and I wanted him, even if being with him meant that we could never see anyone else. And yet I wanted him the right way, too, wanted to be able to live with him as other people lived.

I heard his footsteps behind me on the grass. He caught up with me, took my arm, and I looked up to see his old smile.

"It's a big order, Janie. I'll try to change. If I begin right now, will you trust me to do it my own way?"

I nodded mutely, shaken with relief, but a little apprehensive. He led me across the lawn, up on the porch, over to the musicians. He tapped the violinist on the shoulder. "I'm sorry to interrupt you, mister—"

The music and the dancers stopped abruptly, and Jeff took advantage of the surprised silence. "Mrs. Webb—Rosalie—everybody—I'd like to tell you all something you might want to hear."

His arm was around me, holding me close against him, so close that I could hear the rapid beat of his heart. But his voice was steady. "This looks like a good party, like a celebration. I'd like you all to know that I'm one person who has a real reason for celebrating. Janie and I are going to be married before the month is out."

In the midst of all the rest—the congratulations and the good wishes and an inspired fanfare from the orchestra—I held tightly to Jeff's hand, although I didn't need the reassurance of his touch. We had found ourselves, and each other.
I Belong to You

continued from page 29

coming, will it?" he asked anxiously, and there was such disappointment in his face that I couldn't say anything but, "No—I don't see why it should. You said there was a cabin where I could live.

"Yes ma'am—across the ravine from my place. It's real nice, up there in the mountains," he said with a kind of pathetic eagerness. "Clean, and quiet, and lots of fresh air and—" He stopped, and for a minute we looked at each other in silence. Then—"My name's Jud Williams," he said.

"Miss Florence Rollburn," Quickly, I said, "When would you want me to start?"

"We could go today," he said eagerly, "Just right after noon and we'd be there by supper-time—that is, if you don't mind such short notice."

"I don't mind," I said. "I'll be ready to leave as soon as I've packed a few things."

"That's swell! This is sure my lucky day, Miss Rollburn."

"And mine too," I said—and was surprised to realize that I meant it.

We went out of the office together, leaving the woman staring after us, and parted on the sidewalk. He wanted me to tell him where I lived, so he could pick me up there in his car, but I said I'd meet him downtown. I didn't want him to see, and we parted at that huge place on Sacramento Street.

On the way home I reflected that if, as I'd said the night before, I didn't really know what kind of a person I was, I was learning fast. An impulsive person, for one thing. But I was glad I asked him for the job. He was the only bit of friendship I had seen all morning, and he was, really, as lost in this world of cement and steel and noise as I was myself. I had talked to him only a few minutes, but I understood him.

It didn't seem at all strange to me, somehow, that I should be willing to go, instead of being afraid. And I'm in preference to facing another employment agency woman.

I telephoned Mr. Elverson to tell him I'd found a job and take me out of town, and to ask him if he would take care of everything connected with clearing up Mother's debts.

"I'll do it to you," I promised, "and give you my address so if there are any papers to sign you can send them." I didn't call Chad. I didn't dare, because I knew well I was mad to take a job with a man I'd never seen before. I wrote, instead: "Dear Chad—I have a job. I'm leaving town this afternoon to begin it. I know you won't approve, but please try to understand. If I am ever going to grow up, I must do things like finding jobs and working and looking for myself."

Iquested before sealing it into the envelope. Sending it was like putting aside my last hope of retreat. Quickly I sealed the envelope, filled two suitcases with clothes and toilet articles—and Mother's picture—and called a taxi to take me to the downtown corner where I had promised to meet Jud Williams.

He was there, waiting anxiously, and didn't even try to hide his relief.
when he saw me. His car, old and caked with dust, was parked on a side-street, and soon we were driving up Market Street, up the Twin Peaks road and south along the coast. We didn't talk much—the noise of the motor would have made talking difficult anyway—but he did tell me that Petey was seven years old and that the little boy's mother had died when he was born; that he'd had the mine for three years and it was just beginning to pay now.

It was late afternoon when we got to the mine. It didn't seem possible that only ninety miles from San Francisco there could be a place so lonely.

We'd turned off into a narrow road, washed out in spots to the bare rocks, twisting its way around and up the mountain, past chapparral and manzanita. Suddenly it turned sharply and dipped into a cleft where water gurgled and trees grew. For a while it followed the line of the cleft, climbing all the way, and then, rounding another curve, it came to an end in a little clearing perched midway up the flank of the miniature canyon.

"This is it," Jud said with bashful pride. "This is the mine."

At first I saw nothing but trees and low-growing scrub, and a swaying suspension bridge across the narrow canyon. The plank cabin at the far end of the clearing was so much a part of the scene, so natural there, that I discovered it finally, with a feeling of surprise.

"The diggings're in back of the shack," Jud explained. "And your house is over there—" he pointed—"across the bridge."

I took a deep breath of the cool, scented air, filling my lungs with it as my ears were filled with the soft whispering of the pines and the distant chatter of the water at the bottom of the ravine. "It's lovely," I said.

"It's not so very fancy," Jud said, getting out of the car. "But I like it." Shyly he added, "And I hope you will."

"I—will—I know I will."

"Guess you'd like to see your own house," he said, picking up my suitcases. "Come on, across the bridge and I'll show you."

He went ahead of me, stepping lightly and surely. But just as I put my foot on the weathered boards a gust of wind came down the ravine, setting the flimsy affair of thin steel cable and creaking wood to rocking. I had a glimpse of water foaming white over rocks below, and I drew back.

"Scared?" Jud said with a chuckle. "Don't worry. Old bridge looks as if any minute it might blow away, but it's safe as a church." He put down one of the suitcases and gave me his hand, and we went across. It was like walking on air.

Jud went back for the other suitcase, and then led the way a few dozen steps farther to my new home. It was a cabin—one room, its walls lined with tar-paper and a few pictures cut from newspapers; an iron stove and a few shelves; a table and two straight-backed chairs; a low cot. That was all. Jud soon had me settled on the rough flooring and straightened up. "Got to run down to Farr's now," he said, "to pick up Petey. I'll buy somethin' to eat, too, and be back in half, three-quarters of an hour. You won't mind bein' left alone?"

"Oh, no," I said. "I'll unpack and... if you've got some spare bedding...?"

"Gee, sure," he agreed. "There's plenty up at my place. About to

I want to join the W-I-V-E-S

1 You see she was a very lonely girl indeed. There was no romance in her young life... 'cause she looked old and faded... and love stayed away. And it was all her face powder's fault... its shade was dead and lifeless... which added years to her age!

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and heated on the stove. Petey, insisting that he wasn't tired, promptly went to sleep at the table.

When everything had been washed and put away, Jud tucked a load of blankets under his arm and produced a flashlight. "I'll go across with you," he offered.

I protested, but not very strongly, that it wasn't necessary—and when we opened the door and stepped outside I was more glad of his company than I wanted to let him know. For at night you saw just how lonely this little pocket in the hills really was. It was pitch black.

The thought crossed my mind. "I could scream at the top of my lungs—and there would be no one to hear."

It was an unhealthy thought, and a foolish one. I put it aside. Following the little bobbing guide of his flashlight, I went down the trail, across the bridge—here, at least, the darkness was a help—and along the farther trail to my cabin. Jud went in with me and lit the lamp. "Now, when you want to put it out, just turn it down as low as you can and blow down the chimney," he instructed me.

He stopped at the door, looking worried. "Sure you'll be all right—not scared or anything?"

"Quite sure, Jud."

"Because I could send Petey over. He could sleep on the floor."

"No, thanks," I said. "I'll be all right—really."

"Well—Good night."

"Good night, Jud," I said.

Then he had closed the door and was gone, and I heard the lonely sound of his retreating footsteps.

Yet the strange thing was that I really didn't feel afraid. I undressed and made up my bed, and got into the first extinguishing the lamp according to Jud's instructions—and almost before I had time to think of the crowded day, I was asleep.

Through the mine fell into a pattern—a bright-colored pattern of sunlight and shade. Up at six—breakfast with Jud in his cabin—then to work at the mine-head, with intervals around mid-morning to prepare lunch—back to work from one until six, again taking time off to fix dinner—bed at nine or soon after.

Each day, you see, was like the one before it or the one after, except on week-ends, when we drove to Pacific Ridge to get Petey and do the week's shopping. All the days were alike, but all were different, too.

There was the day the red squirrel took a peanut from my hand... and the day Jud filled the flask of mercury since my arrival... and the day it rained... and the day it was so unusually hot.

One week—two—three. There were four flasks of mercury now, twice as many, Jud said, as he'd ever got out in the same space of time before. One more, and he'd have a shipment. He wanted to take them to San Francisco himself, instead of sending them by express, and he urged me to go along.

"We'll have plenty of money," he said, "and we can really have ourselves a time. We'll eat dinner in a swell place, and take in some shows, and buy some clothes, and—You'd like that, wouldn't you?

His gray eyes had been shining, but now doubt clouded them. I said, "Yes, but I don't think you ought to spend all that money. You've got to save, you know, for Petey when he gets old enough to go to college. The truth, which I didn't want to tell him, was..."

---

**WARTIME BABIES BENEFIT FROM NEW POWDER DISCOVERIES**

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**Baby's normal motions** (shown by speed camera), even when held by father, create constant friction and danger of painful chafing. New protection against chafing is provided by super-smooth Mennen baby powder, poured to amazing fineness by special "hammerizing" process.

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It is new Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder. Being antiseptic, this powder helps keep baby's skin free of many rashes in which germ-action is involved... diaper rash, prickly heat, scalded buttocks, impetigo.... In addition, because it is smoother than other powders (see photos below), Mennen baby powder is a better aid in preventing painful chafing of skin. Delicate new scent keeps babies lovelier, too.

**Photos taken thru microscope (above), compare 3 leading baby powders. The one at extreme right is smoother, finer, more uniform in texture. It is Mennen baby powder, now made in "hammerizing" machines in which millions of hammer blows pound powder to amazing fineness never possible before. Result: skin is protected better against chafing.**

**U.S. Gov't Testing Method** shows antiseptic superiority of new Mennen powder. Center of each round plate above contains a different baby powder. In gray areas, germs are thriving. But in Mennen plate (bottom, right), dark band around center shows where Mennen Powder has prevented germ growth. Use the powder in baby's diapers and all over body. Best for baby, also best for you. **Pharmaceutical Div, The Mennen Co., Newark, N.J.**

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**Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder**

25¢ 50¢
that I never wanted to see the city again. At the mention of it, the old fear returned in all its stifling force. It had evanesced—although I had finally done it—to write Mr. Elverson and tell him where I was.

"You don't like the city much, do you?" Jud asked keenly.

"Not—so very much."

"You like it here?"

I raised my head. It was dusky, and we were sitting together on the stoop of Jud's cabin. The ravine was filled with a soft, violet haze, the sky above it a flawless V of pure washed gold. There seemed to be no wind, but the tops of the pines moved gently and there was a light, cool breath on my cheek. The bridge was like a double strand of black silk thread flung across the creek.

"I love it, Jud," I said simply.

"It's done you good, too," he said with satisfaction. "When you come you were pretty peaked, but now you're brown and happy-lookin'." He glanced up at me from where he lay sprawled on one elbow, his long legs stretched out to the dust and pine needles of the path. Only for a second, and then he looked away again.

"I was thinkin'—" he said, "there's one other thing I'd sort of like to buy for you in the city. Didn't mention it before—and maybe I oughtn't to mention it now. But—well—don't you think we could find some kind of use for a wedding license?"

I didn't answer right away. His words seemed to flow through me, into my mind, my heart, my flesh. And with them they brought a sense of deep, sweet peace. I bent down to his questioning lips.

"Yes, Jud," I said. "I think probably we could.

For a second he didn't seem to understand or believe. Then he yelped in pure relief. "Gosh! I was scared to ask you—I figured you'd just laugh at me, or get mad and walk out and I'd never see you again. But I couldn't keep it bottled up inside me any longer or I'd bust."

I said, laughing. "Aren't you going to kiss me, Jud?"

"Well—gee—"
Jud stepped forward. "Just what d'you mean by that?" he asked dangerously.

Chad ignored him. "I'm sorry, Florence. I shouldn't have said that."

"Damn right you shouldn't," Jud growled. "Florence, who is this man?"

Their voices, with fury held just in check, seemed to be battering me from both sides. I had to stop them, make everything clear.

"You shouldn't have come up, Chad," I said. "I was going to see you in the city tomorrow—to tell you I'm going to marry Jud."

Chad looked utterly amazed. "Marry him! Have you gone crazy?"

I put both hands behind me, flat against the wood of the cabin, as if by doing so I could keep a firmer grip upon reality. "It—is it so crazy," I asked faintly, "to marry the man you love?"

"Love!" Chad said scornfully. "You told me yourself, only three weeks ago, you didn't know what love was. Do you think you've learned so fast?"

"Yes—I've learned a great deal in three weeks."

Chad stepped closer to where Jud and I stood together as if united against him. "But Florence, think!" he said in a different tone, most pleadingly. "Don't let yourself be carried away by this—this infatuation! How can you be happy up here in the wilderness—never seeing anyone, working, slaving? You needn't hide your hands—I saw how rough they are."

I snatched them out from behind me. "I didn't mean to hide them," I said. "I'm proud that they're rough."

"Yes, perhaps you are—now! But don't you see how impossible it is for you to think of staying here? You gave up your life to your mother while she was alive, and now you want to give it up again! Well, I won't let you."

Jud said, "I don't just see how you're goin' to stop her, mister."

"By saying again what I said once before," Chad told him evenly, "I asked you to marry me, Florence. I'm asking you again, right now. I can give you a home, a real life. What can he give you—except work and a bachel to live in?"

"They're all I want, Chad."

"You don't know what you're say- ing, Florence, he insisted. "Every woman wants more from life than this—this poverty. By marrying this man you'd simply be turning yourself into a slave. Don't do it! Come back with me—let me take care of you!"

I saw Jud's hands clench—and slowly relax. And in his eyes there was defeat, the utter defeat of a proud man.

He smiled wearily—a crooked, sad little smile that lifted one corner of his mouth for an instant and then was gone. He could've answered just about any other argument, I guess," he said, "but not this one. It's true I can't give you much of anything—not fancy house, nothin' but a chance to do a lot of work. I—I can't make up your mind for you, Florence. If you say you don't want to marry me, I'll understand, I guess."

I didn't speak, just then. I looked out, past Chad, to the narrow little ravine that had bounded my world for three weeks. And this time I saw it stripped of all its romance. It was only a place now, a tiny part of the world. I'd been wrong in thinking that in it I was escaping. Chad had shown me that there could be struggle here, too. Mercury was valuable now, because of the war, but what of afterward, when there might be no such ready market? Then Jud and I would toil from morning until night, and have little to show for our labors except weariness and discouragement.

All that could happen, so easily. And yet—

It didn't matter at all.

"Chad," I said, "you want to take care of me. You've said that so often. I think that with you, love is wanting to protect the person you love. And that's important, but it isn't everything. For eleven years I took care of Mother because I loved her—but I wasn't living. Now you want to take care of me—and that wouldn't be living. It wouldn't be living, either, not for me and not for you. There has to be a little of both, in any real love; some giving and some taking. That's why I'm going to marry Jud."

There was a long silence. Then Chad took a deep breath. "All right, Florence," he said, and for the first time I heard humility in his voice. "I hope you'll be very happy. I rather think you will."

Without another word he went to his car and drove away. We listened until the sound of its motor dwindled away into silence. Quietly, Jud took me into his arms.

The night breeze swept down the ravine, setting the pines to nodding and the old bridge to creaking. It was so frail—seeming, that bridge—like the bond between the hearts of two people in love. And yet it endured. It endured.

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Come Back, Beloved!
Continued from page 42

wrong. You see, I'd had plenty of time to think it over. Julie would have been furious with me. But Julie had failed with Michael. If her way had been wrong, then perhaps the opposite way would win him in the end.

So I didn't ask where he had been. I only said, quietly, to Michael, what are you going to do now?"

"About what?" he asked.

"About...what happened at the plant," I answered.

He looked steadily at me, and then dropped his eyes. "There's nothing to be done. I gave Bogart what he asked for. He had it coming to him for a long time." His voice was low, sullen, like the voice of a little boy who knows he's done something wrong but won't admit it, even to himself.

"Michael," I said, "isn't it time you started to face things? You can't go through life getting into trouble and then just..."

He shook his head, and looked down at the floor. "It's the way I am," he said. "It's the way it'll have to be. When I get out of this, I'll have to be something foolish..." He looked up. "What's one more foolish thing in my life?"

Doubt went through me like a sharp pain. Afraid of the hurt that might lie in his answer, I still had to ask.

I REPEATED, "One more... foolish thing? Do you mean, Michael, that getting married to me was... foolish?"

He didn't answer. I waited with my heart thumping. He didn't answer... for thirty minutes. So finally I walked away. I could stand it no longer. I got up and walked to the window, to hide my eyes, and the pain in them from him.

"I won't stand in your way," I said. "You can get a divorce, if you're still that much in love with Julie."

There was a second's silence, and then he got swiftly to his feet. He strode across the room to me and took hold of my shoulders. "Ann honey," he said, "I didn't mean it. Don't ever leave me. I need you. Some day I'll get over this... this feeling I have, and I'll be a good husband to you then."

He swung me around, pulled me back across the room to the couch, and flung himself down beside me. We were quiet for a long time then, each of us busy with our own deep thoughts. But at last he began to talk—talk about his life with Julie, and I felt, now, that I could listen.

I began to see what life had been like for them. With his cultured background, and her circle of "arty" friends, had tried to "raise him to her level." And Michael, who had run away from home and school to become a printer's apprentice...well, he wanted to be Michael.

Julie had fallen in love at first. Michael hadn't liked it, but he couldn't ask her to give it up, for he knew what it meant to her. And for a while, when she had wanted to make him a part of her family and circle of friends, there had been embarrassment and heartaches. For Michael was a printer, and proud of it, and he couldn't have changed his language and his manners if he'd tried.

And there had been jealousy, too, because Julie had lots of friends, young women who thought him very smart to flirt with, even with another woman's husband—and Michael's looks and charm were a combination hard to resist.

As an advertising girl, Julie had...
known of Michael's skill as a printer. And one day, unknown to Michael, she had talked to her parents about getting the money to set Michael up in business for himself. Their first bitter quarrel had come when Michael had flatly refused the offer.

They had quarreled almost constantly after that. But when they weren't quarreling, they were passionately making love. There was no doubt about the physical attraction. They would have been a perfect couple, if there hadn't been the complications of money and ambition and social background.

Finally he had walked out of their smart, expensive apartment, and taken a little place of his own. Julie had stayed away for three whole days. Then she had given up her job and come to live with him.

But with Julie, it was only a temporary compromise. She hadn't given up her ambitions. And they hadn't stopped quarreling. Twice, Michael had simply walked out on his job, as I had just seen him do, and the second time they had begun to feel the pinch of poverty.

So it was Julie who had walked out on him then, and Julie hadn't come back.

I sat beside him on the couch, letting him talk. This was what he had needed, I thought, some one to talk to about Julie. And although his words hurt, I felt somehow that things were going to be better, now that the bitterness was coming out.

How could I say anything more to him then about going back to the plant? Why, I didn't even think it was necessary. He needed sleep, he needed to get a bit farther away from that quarrel of last night with the bosses' son. He'd be reasonable—I was sure of that.

I lay back on the pillows, settling him more comfortably in my arms, resting his head against my breast. "My darling," I said, softly.

And that was the way we fell asleep. It was very sweet, sleeping there, cradling Michael in my arms, and very sweet to awaken like that. Nice, too, to remember, when I awakened, my last thoughts before going to sleep... Michael would be reasonable. Everything would be all right.

But everything wasn't—everything was just as wrong as before. I didn't say anything about the plant until it was nearly time for Michael to leave for work, and then I tried the subject tactfully, as I could.

"Darling," I said, "it will seem strange, not going to work with you."

He looked at me, and he looked at the clock. I didn't say anything, but I held my breath, waiting. Finally he got up, and put on his hat and went to the door. He yanked it open and went out without another word. I watched him go to the hall stairs and then I ran to the bannister.

"Phone me and let me know how things are," I called after him.

He didn't answer. I thought he didn't trust himself to speak, that what he intended to do took all the struggle he could manage.

It was an hour or two later that the telephone rang. But it wasn't Michael. It was one of the pressmen at the plant. They had a big color job to do and without Michael it couldn't get started. Obviously they hadn't gotten a new foreman, yet, and just as obviously, Michael wasn't going to show up.

I was wide awake when I heard his
DIDN'T I hoped you'd come. I said, "But I knew S was big with meal came was would seemed pretended.

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I DIDN'T have the courage or strength to lead tactfully up to the subject. I just plunged in.

"Oh, Mr. Bogart," I said, "I know Michael is impulsive. But if you'll only..."

He stopped me. "Don't apologize for your husband. I want him to apologize for himself."

He swung around in his swivel chair and looked at me holding Michael's job open for just one reason, young lady. It is because I'm a business man and I know Michael is the best printing foreman in the state."

Then his stern face relaxed. "I can't help liking that Irishman of yours," he said. "And from what I've been able to learn, my son had it coming to him."

I started to thank him gratefully, but he stopped me, holding up his hand. That doesn't excuse Michael. Not for a minute! I learned better sense. He'll have to come back and apologize, if he wants his job."

When I got back to the apartment, I looked in the kitchen to see what I could find for dinner. There was a can of spaghetti and some stale bread and jam. That was about all.

In silence—the dull silence of indifference—we sat down at the table. Michael looked at the spaghetti. He touched the stale bread.

"The grocer wouldn't give us any more credit," I said.

He started to eat the spaghetti, but it seemed as though he couldn't swallow it. Suddenly he pushed back his chair and got up.

"It isn't much of a meal for a big healthy man," I said, "but it's all we have." He could feel the light cruelty in my voice, I knew.

He came back and sat down quietly. "Ann," he said, "why don't you get

key in the lock, but I pretended to be asleep. He got undressed and came to bed and I knew he had been drinking. He fell asleep in a moment and because he was beside me at last, I slept, too.

The days passed drearily. Michael wasn't going back to the plant and he wasn't looking for another job. And our money was going fast. Michael had never been the saving kind.

I knew it would do no good to argue with him. Something would have to happen soon. So I just watched him and waited. I seemed to fall into the same kind of stupor Michael was in; it was as though neither of us cared what happened.

Then one morning I came to with a start. The landlord had just been in to see me about the unpaid rent, and when I went around to the grocer, he wouldn't give us any more credit.

I came back to the apartment and opened the door. And for a moment a wave of dizziness came over me, and I thought I was going to faint. I went unsteadily to the kitchen and got a glass of water. Well, I had to face it now. I knew what it was. I had suspected it for several days, though I'd said nothing to Michael. Now I was sure. I was going to have a baby.

I pulled myself together. There was something I'd been planning to do, and now I was going to do it. I put on my best dress and fixed my hair. For once I was glad Michael wasn't there. I didn't want to tell him I was going over to the Interstate Press to have a talk with the president, old Mr. Bogart.

Mr. Bogart seemed glad to see me, when I walked into his office.

"I was expecting you," he said. "You, or Michael. I hoped it would be Michael!"
I told him what I had done. He said, finally, in that funny, questioning, little-boy way of his. And then, of course, I couldn't be cold to him any longer. I reached across the table and took his hand. "Oh, Michael," I said, "it will. It will!"

He got up and came around to me, and once more I was in his arms, where I had so wanted to be, trying to keep back my tears.

When I told him what I had done, about the talk with Mr. Bogart, and what he had said, Michael seemed terribly grateful. For the first time in much too long I felt the warm, sweet relationship between us coming to life once more.

He reached out a big hand and ruffled my hair, and his voice was gruff the way it always was when he tried to thank you for anything.

"I don't know what I ever did to deserve such a wife," he said.

And so I was happy again. It takes so little to make a woman happy when she's in love—a word, a gesture will do it. And at once I was bursting with my news. I'd meant to keep it for a while, but now I couldn't hold back any longer. I'd wanted to wait until Michael got his job back, until he was on his feet again for his own sake, and not just because he was driven to it by the burden of responsibilities—not just because I was going to have a baby.

I put out my hand to him. "Michael," I began, "there's something I've been waiting to tell—"

And then the doorbell rang.

I glanced down at our meager dinner, and Michael's eyes followed mine. I knew that he was thinking the same thing I was thinking—that we were both ashamed to let anyone see that dinner table and what was on it. Michael stood hesitating, reluctant.

"I'll go," I said.

I went to the door and opened it. And when I saw that beautiful woman with the proudly tilted chin, saw the way she was dressed, so sleek and smart in the perfect suit, the perfect hat, I didn't have to be told who it was.

I knew I was looking at Julie.

Just as Ann has managed to begin the salvaging of her happiness, Julie has returned to snatch it from her once more. The memory of Julie, like a shadow over their marriage, has been bad enough—but what can happen to Ann and to Michael now that Julie herself is back again? Don't miss the exciting installment of "Come Back, Beloved!" in September Radio Mirror.

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HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PRODUCTS
You Held Me Close
Continued from page 36

I—ABOUT that. Maybe not quite. I don't really remember.

"What was he wearing?"

"Just an ordinary suit—dark brown, I think it was.

"Hm," the policeman grunted, and made a note. "He spoke to you, you say?"

"Yes," I pounced upon this one detail that I remembered. "He had a very deep voice. I recognized it suddenly, "disguised.""

"What did he say, disguised?" the policeman demanded. "Could he have been someone you know?"

"Oh, I don't think so—at least, I can't believe it was anyone I'd know."

"And that's all you remember? Nothing else, even a little thing?"

"No, I said, and he let me go.

But there was something in a way, that is. Buried far back in my mind, I had a feeling there was something else I'd noticed about the man, that might be important. Whatever it was, it had been an impression so fleeting that now it was gone. If I could only put my finger on it!"

When I went home I was very nearly in a state of collapse. My mother and father and brother knew about the alarm. One of the other men had made the tellers leave their cages and was handing them a group with the few customers present. The remaining man had entered one of the cages and was systematically putting money into it.

Instinct told me that the one guarding me was nervous. It wasn’t that his hand, holding the gun, trembled—it was the tenseness of his attitude, the forward thrust of his head.

Without realizing that I did so, I moved my hand slightly, and he started moving. I gave him an abnormally deep voice, "I told you to sit still, sister, and you wouldn’t get hurt.

The man with the satchel was coming swiftly toward us now, and the other one was backing warily away from the group of people. The one near me shifted a step—

The door to Mr. Harrington’s office clicked.

The man near me whirled to face this new threat to his safety, and he did so with head, shoulders and yet muffled, like the breaking of a tightly stretched string. The other two broke into a run. I turned and saw them dash out of the doorway of his office, a surprised look on his face and one hand pressed to his chest. While I watched, he fell silent.

I remember nothing very clearly about the rest of that day. I knew the men had escaped; they’d had a car, and another man in it, waiting outside the bank. And I know Mr. Harrington was dead. Beyond that, everything was a jumble. I hadn’t been paying at the time, and so I wasn’t paying for it. The reaction set in, and I couldn’t stop trembling, couldn’t think clearly. The police asked me questions, but I had a hard time answering them.

I was crying so hard.

"But you saw the man who did the shooting—can’t you describe him?"

"Why—" he was just a man with his face covered. He wasn’t tall.

Six feet?"
robbery and murder, of course, and wanted to talk about it, but I couldn't bear to answer their questions. I ran to my room and locked myself in.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, my hands clenched until the nails scarred my palms, I knew there was one person I wanted to see—must see. Mark. I needed him. I flung open my door and ran to the telephone.

A few minutes later I hung up, slowly. I hadn't talked to Mark. I'd talked to his landlady, who said he'd left town two days before, without telling her when he'd be back.

Suddenly, my home and all my accustomed surroundings were intolerable. I wanted to get away, to somewhere entirely new. Not for a long time; a few days would be enough. There was a little inn where the Prehiscases had gone for their vacation, up in the mountains. The vacation season was over now, and not many people were there. It would be quiet, peaceful.

Hastily, I telephoned Mr. Richards, the cashier of the bank. He must have heard something from me before, I hoped, near to breaking I was, because he immediately gave me permission to take a few days off.

Before I went to bed that night I packed a suitcase, telephoned the inn to make sure it was open, bathed—did everything, in fact, to postpone the moment when I must try to sleep.

At last I took a sedative and lay down, and after a while I dozed. But I woke with a scream on my lips. It seemed to me that I was facing Mr. Harrington's murderer again, and that this time there was blood on his hands.

“Are you?” I asked, and he answered, lifting his hand to remove his mask. “Don’t you know?” I knew I must not see the face under the mask, and that was why I asked. After that I didn’t sleep any more.

Weariness and shock were like an anaesthetic, the next day, drugging my mind so that I could dress and catch the train, sit in the car with a map on my lap, get off at the right station and take a bus to the inn—all without thinking too much. The inn was beautiful, and the white stone house nestled among autumn-blazing hills—and I told myself that being here would do me good.

It was after dinner that I walked into the main hall and saw Mark standing there, smiling at me.

I couldn’t believe it was he. This was an illusion. Part of the reality that had been wrapped around me like a smothering cloak. Then he took a step toward me, and an electric shock ran through me. In an instant, the world came real again.

“Mark,” I said. “I—I called you, and the woman there said you’d left town—and she didn’t know you’d ever come back.”

“I know,” he said, contrarily, holding both my hands. “I deserve to be kicked for not calling you. But when I came home from the bank I found a message that—well, everything else just went out of my head. I’ve got some swell news, Elnor. I just got back to town this afternoon. I called your house and your mother told me where you were—well, I just had to get up here as fast as I could to share it with you.”

He couldn’t even wait to tell me until we'd sat down in one of the deep sofas near the fireplace, but I blurted it out the way. “I’ve got the money to develop the ‘chute tester!” It was just luck—one of those breaks that seem
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too good to be true. Long ago—oh, two or three months—I wrote to the Aeronautical Research Foundation in Chicago, asking for their help. I didn't hear from them, and I gave up. But another hope that didn't pan out. Then, when I walked into the house after seeing Harrington—just when I was lowest—I found this:

"It was from a man in Chicago, asking me to come up and see him. He's not a member of the Foundation, but he knows one. He says that official just happened to mention my invention to him one day. He was in-

terested—he wanted to invest in some-

thing. To prove, he said, it'd be sort of eccentric; he wouldn't have anything to do with guns or poison gases or things of that sort. He liked the idea of the motor, said because it would save our men's lives, not kill the enemy.

"I'm glad, Mark," I told him. "So very, very glad. And I added some-

thing that he wouldn't have thought of by saying to any man. "I've missed you terribly. Of all yesterday."

"I know he said, grave now. "I found one with a bank, and when I tried to call you at the bank, the minute I got in this morning. It must have been pretty awful for you. But for the next couple of days I almost forgot to for-

get all about it—d'you hear?"

I smiled at him. "That'll be easy—

now," I said.

"Tomorrow we'll have the hotel put up a picnic lunch for us, and we'll go up into the hills and . . . ."

His voice trailed away. He was looking at me with an intensity that made my skin tingle, and I thought that he might have been watching until the sunlit hours when we would be alone.

I struggled to free myself from the spell of enchantment. I remembered, just then, that I must not give away the power to hurt me—which meant, quite simply, that I must not allow my-

self to love anyone. I forced myself to speak. "Tell me about your trip to Chicago," I said. "Who's the man that's helping you?"

"My backer—" Mark seemed to come back to you with a rush, too, and he laughed a little. "That's one thing I'm not allowed to tell anyone. He doesn't want his name connected with it in any way—"

Mark was pretty outspoken about keeping out of the war before Pearl Harbor and hates to admit publicly that he was wrong. But I told you he was eccentric. And people get funny ideas. Like—" his eyes crinkled at the corners—"like I don't feel as if I even want to talk about the invention right now. All I want to do is sit here and look at you."

The log in the fireplace changed from a bright beacon of flame to a crum-

bled bed of coals while we sat there—
sometimes talking, sometimes silent, and yet seeming to say more important things in our silence than we could have said in words. When the grandfat-

her's clock on the landing chimed eleven and we heard dusting gasses fusing around in his cubicle at the end of the hall, Mark stood up and held out his hand to pull me up. "Time for bed," he said. You look dead tired."

Upstairs, in the deserted corridor, we stopped in front of my door and he blew a kiss without looking. "I'll be here."

"Good night, dear," he whispered

when at last we drew apart. "Sleep well."

I went in and closed the door behind me, knowing a tranquil happiness that was a new thing to me that day—everything—myself, the room, my toilet articles on the bureau—seemed changed and unfamiliar. I was almost to sleep, but quite suddenly I'd wake up in the morning and find it had all been something I dreamed.

Just before I drifted into sleep, by one of those queer turns of fate, its waking relicts have been slackened, I had a half-conscious realization of something unfinished . . . something not quite done. I was longing forgotten. In another minute I'd remember.

But sleep denied me that extra minute.

MARK and I had breakfast together,

and then we set out through the golden woods, Mark carrying the picnic hamper slung over his arm. Perhaps we didn't really walk very far. I hardly noticed where we were going. But suddenly, when the sun was high overhead and we'd come to a grassy place, we both discovered we were hungry.

We were very gay as we ate, but

afterwards, there in the bright, thin light of the day, Mark's eyes were on me, steady and demand-

ing. I did not look up, but I felt the pull of his desire. In a moment he was on the day of the robbery, and table cloth between us and as if it were the most natural thing in the world I bent toward him, too, and our lips met in a long, deep kiss as all was forgotten. I didn't stir. I lay there, held by his eyes still on his hand, and everything clicked horribly into place in my mind.

Now I knew what it was I'd forgotten. That gesture—it was precisely the one made by the murderer when I moved involuntarily and he ordered me to be quiet.

But what of it? What of it? my heart cried. Couldn't two people have the same unconscious mannerism? Yes, they could, almost as a coin-

cidence. But there were other things, too: Mark's fanatical determination to get back for his work, his convic-

tion that it was more important than the right of people to the money they owned, his rage when Mr. Harrington had refused him, his absence from town on the day of the robbery, and worst of all, his sudden return with the news that some mysterious and nameless benefactor had agreed to help him.

I was confused, I shivered, and Mark said, "Cold?"

"No, I— I" I stammered. "Well, yes, a little." I sat up, fumbled in the grass for my pocketbook—something to keep busy, to act natural, to keep him from seeing the terrible suspicion.
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Gentlemen: I enclose $1.98 Please send me a Genuine Calfskin Billfold with my name and Lodge Emblem engraved in 23K gold. Include absolutely free, an Emergency Identification Plate carrying my full Name and Social Security Number at Draft Number. Also include FREE an Identification Key Tag and Gilt Chain to match, all hand engraved with my Name, Address, City and State.

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Also FREE—If you order at once we send You this beautiful identification Key Tag and Gilt Chain to match, hand engraved with your name, address, city and state. Will last a lifetime.
Brenda—Will You Step Out With Me Tonight?

I know I've been an awful growth not taking you anywhere lately. But after standing all day at my new job, my feet darn near killed me with callouses and blisters. Now I've reformed—or rather my feet have—thanks to the ice-mint you advised. Never tried anything so cooling to draw the pain and fire right out so fast—and the way it helps soften callouses is anybody's business. Been able to get some extra overtime money—so what do you say let's go dancing tonight. You can step on my ice-mint feet all you want.

I pressed the back of my hand against my forehead. "Mark—don't know! If it was just the gesture—but you were so angry at Mr. Harrington, and you said I'd forget it, so, and—and you won't tell me the name of the man who gave you the money for your invention. What else can I think?"

"It's in the arm that was propping him up, got to his feet. "Maybe we'd better start back to the inn," he said, and when he finished speaking, his lips settled into a thin hard line.

"But Mark—aren't you going to tell me it wasn't you?" I cried.

"Do you mean seriously?" he asked.

"Would it make a difference?"

"I—" More than anything, I wanted to say yes. But I couldn't. I had to say no. I had to tell him how it was. That there wouldn't be any more day of the robbery and murder. If that had been a lie, a denial now would be a lie too.

He read my thoughts, and went back to packing the hammer.

I love this man, I thought. How can I believe he would do such a thing? He's angelic, Mark. Had both hands tied behind his back. I wouldn't have believed him capable of callously throwing me aside when the chance came to marry another girl who was a dim-witted fool in the world. Yet that was what he had done.

The trip back to the hotel was an endless torture. The sunlight mocked me, and the row of loveliness I took was a reminder of how happy I had been only a few hours before. Mark spoke only once, just before we got to the inn.

"Are you going to tell the police?"

"I don't know," I said listlessly.

Without stopping, he went on into the inn, ran up to my own room, flung myself across the bed.

While I lay there, the bright square of sunlight crept across the floor, narrowed, and vanished. Purple dusk sifted in at the window, and still I did not get up. My eyes were open, but I didn't see the room. Instead, I was seeing a procession of pictures—pictures of Mark—until by looking up his image so vividly I could learn to know it and the thoughts behind it. And I saw pictures of murder too. Again and again I looked at him as he had stood there in the bank, and always he looked like Mark in my mind.

As I was staring wordlessly, bitterly, a thought crossed my mind. Suddenly my whole life was blocked out before me, like a picture puzzle with the pieces being automatically moved into their proper places. I knew, now, why I remembered Bill. I remembered him because for the first time I was not narrow-minded, the thought had intruded itself that I might have been responsible for losing Bill.

I couldn't bear it, the burn hot against the pillow. Was it really the loss of Bill that had made me petty and suspicious? hadn't I been that way before? hadn't I always cared for Bill closely, more like a lawyer than a sweetheart? hadn't I always wanted to know exactly where he had been and what he had been doing the other end of a telephone conversation was why he had thrown his money away on some foolish trifle, if it wouldn't be more sensible to pay the minimum charge at the night club where he'd wanted to go dancing? hadn't I always nagged a little, harbored doubts, entertained doubts? And couldn't that be the reason—oh, a good part of the reason, at least—why Bill had left me and married Mark? Couldn't it have been more than that? I knew that Tess was gay and carefree and never questioning and suspicious, as much as the fact that Tess had money? And now I knew it all now. I knew that there was no faith in me. I must pick to the very bones every statement, every gesture, trying to discover something wrong in something wrong even if it were not there. I had lost Bill this way. Hadn't I lost Mark this way, too?

At last the pictures waved and blurred—and I sat up.

From somewhere deep within me there had come knowledge, certainty. It did not spell clear thought process. It was pure instinct, fighting its way past memory and doubt. I knew the murderer had not been Mark.

With one bound I flung off the bed, running to the door and down the corridor to Mark's room. Fear that he might have left gone back to town, or on both the right process. It was pure instinct, fighting its way past memory and doubt. I knew the murderer had not been Mark.

He was holding me close, whispering soft words, kissing my eyes, my hair, my lips. And then, after a while, he said, "It seems like a miracle that you came, of your own accord. I was just going to show you—this."

Taking one arm around me, he held me tightly, being held in his hand all the time.

It was a newspaper. Black headlines stood out—"BANK ROBBERS CAPTURED CONVICTED.

While I still stared at it, unable to speak, he said, "This would have convinced you—but it wouldn't have helped us."

"Oh, Mark," I cried, "there's been a devil in me—a kind of suspicious devil I couldn't get rid of—all the same—too. I've felt it. It was always there, or nearly always, trying to keep you from loving me."

"It's gone now! It won't ever come back."

Mark put one hand under my chin, tilting it upward. "That's good," he said. "Very good. Because now there's nothing to stop us from getting married, is there?"
ON THE WAR FRONT—ON THE HOME FRONT

Thousands of feet above the earth a flyer bails out into space. Then...a few tense moments and his dependable parachute lands him...SAFELY.

Making dependable parachutes has been the important war work of Fashion Frocks, Inc. We are proud of the part we are playing in the war effort, and are fully aware of our responsibility in producing a product so vital that perfection is a must.

How many parachutes have come off of our production lines and where they have gone are military secrets. But it is no secret that our ability to make them comes from a war-born application of a specialized talent for precision needlework, acquired in making dresses for over 35 years. Although parachutes and dresses may seem to be poles apart, they have one thing in common, both require painstaking care and utmost skill in making.

PARACHUTES for our "SOLDIERS OF THE SKY"
Actual skin tests prove it!
Don't you want the charm of a fresher, more satin-smooth complexion? Then—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

Proof of Camay's beauty benefits! Actual tests—supervised by skin specialists—show that the Camay Mild-Soap Diet helps soften and clear the skin—of most women! Yes—MILD Camay cleanses without irritation...

leaves skin fresher, smoother...day-by-day!
Tonight, change to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet...to proper, mild cleansing! So soon—enchanting new loveliness comes to you!

"Try my skin care—Mild Camay."
says Mrs. Thomas Allen Smith, of Larchmont, N. Y.
"I made my own test of the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. And my!—how much clearer and more velvety my skin seems."

—THE MILDEST EVER!

Take just 2 minutes a day—
go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet
Skin feels so velvety-smooth. Looks fresher, clearer day-by-day! One quick minute with Camay—night and morning—does it!

Smooth Camay's fragrant lather over face—nose, chin. Rinse warm. Add a cold splash for oily skins. Apply cream if you like.

SAVE for WAR!
Camay "Soap-Savers"
for More MILD-SOAP
cleansings from every cake!

Keep your Camay dry!
After lathering—put Camay back in DRY soap-dish! Wet soap-dishes waste soap.

Use Every Sliver!
Make a bathmit from an old washcloth. Put Camay slivers inside. Grand for lather!
SOLDIER'S WIFE — The Tender Love Story of a Woman Who Waits

HERYL WALKER
Zoa
See how the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET leaves your skin softer, fresher!

- Loveliness men cherish—the charm of a fresh, smooth complexion! And you can win a softer, more radiant skin. Simply go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Remember—skin specialists advise a Mild-Soap Diet. Yes, they know that the kind of mild cleansing Camay gives you actually helps your skin look lovelier. And no wonder! For Camay is truly mild! Camay’s MILD lather cleanses the skin... without irritation... leaving your complexion clearer, fresher, smoother.

Tonight... start the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. See how soon this change to proper MILD cleansing brings a lovelier look to your skin. Day-by-day with Camay... your complexion’s softer, smoother, clearer! Sooner than you think—the new beauty you’ve longed for—will be yours!

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet just one minute, night and morning

YOUR SKIN’S SOFTER, clearer, day-by-day—with Camay’s MILD care. It’s easy! Simply smooth Camay lather over face! Pay special attention to nose and chin. Feel—how mild that lather is! Rinse warm. If your skin is oily, splash cold for 30 seconds.

Save Soap—it’s Patriotic!

Make each cake of Camay give more MILD-SOAP cleansings!

1. KEEP CAMAY DRY.
   After lathering, put your precious Camay in the soap dish. Wipe the dish dry. Wet dishes waste soap.

2. USE EVERY SLIVER.
   Make a bathmit of an old washcloth—put your Camay slivers inside. Grand for lathering—bath or complexion.

The Mildest Ever!
America’s Loveliest Brides follow the Mild-Soap Diet!
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile.
capture hearts
with a radiant smile!

Make your smile your lucky charm. Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

Open your eyes, plain girl. Take a look at the girls who get the most phone calls and dates. Most often they are not the prettiest in the crowd. But they all know how to smile!

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a timid, half-hearted smile—but a smile that is bright and appealing—that lights your face like the sunshine!

But remember, for a smile like that you need sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

“Pink tooth brush”—a warning!
If there’s ever a tinge of “pink” on your tooth brush, see your dentist. He may say your gums have become tender and spongy—robbed of natural exercise by modern soft foods. And, like thousands of dentists, he may suggest the “helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

For Ipana not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, is designed to help your gums. Just massage a little Ipana onto your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to new firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage—to help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more sparkling.

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

Plenty of U-mm—that’s the verdict you win with a lovely smile! So keep yours at its loveliest with Ipana and massage!
**Did you know?**

**THE first winter of fuel oil rationing proved positively that the homes best prepared to conserve heat were the ones that got along best under the rationing program. Right now is the time to check your heat conservation measures, arrange for insulation, storm sash, weatherstripping, well in advance of the first frost.**

Fuel, both oil and coal, should be purchased as soon as possible, too, in an effort to equalize demands on transportation facilities. Heating plants should be checked, repaired and cleaned while they're not in use. Your fuel oil coupons for next heating season will be valid for use by the time you read this—storage tanks should be filled before the heating season begins. All the oil you get into your tanks during warm weather means that much more storage space in dealers' tanks for holding reserves for next winter.

A stock pot in the refrigerator is an economy no housewife will overlook on these waste-nothing days. Into it goes meat juices and broths, water drained from cooked vegetables. Out of it comes the base for delicious soups, sauces and gravies. Even bones shouldn't be discarded these days—at least, not until you've boiled them down in a little water and added the resulting broth to your stock pot.

Now's the time to show how much you love him!

**SOMEHOW, on Bill's last leave, you sensed it was going to be goodbye. And suddenly—in that fearful moment—you knew how much you really loved him!**

Loved him? Why, your sun rises and sets on that big overgrown boy who's gone across the seas. Nobody ever loved anyone else more than you love your Bill. Nobody could.

And here's how you can prove your love—and how deep it goes!

Watch your spending. Give up things you don't need. Save a quarter here. Deny yourself a dollar's worth there.

And put the money you save—every bit of it—into War Bonds!

War Bonds will speed our tanks from the assembly lines to the battle lines...planes from blueprints to blue skies.

War Bonds will help to plan the peace that will make victory stick.

War Bonds are a part payment for the privilege of being a free American—and a down payment on your future joy and happiness with Bill.

You don't have to consult a banker to know what a safe investment they are. They're secured by fertile fields and bustling mills—by all the wealth and enterprise that spell out U. S. A.!

There's nothing better, for anybody's money. Buy more War Bonds today!

**Here's what War Bonds do for You:**

1. They provide the safest place in all the world for your savings.
2. They are a written promise from the United States of America to pay you back every penny you put in.
3. They pay you back $4 for every $3 you put in, at the end of ten years...accumulate interest at the rate of 2.9 per cent.
4. The longer you hold them, the more they're worth. But, remember, if you need the money you may turn them in and get your cash back at any time after 60 days.
5. They are never worth less than the money you invested in them. They can't go down in value. That's a promise from the financially strongest institution in the world; the United States of America.

**SAVE YOUR MONEY THE SAFEST WAY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS REGULARLY**

Published in cooperation with the Drug, Cosmetic and Allied Industries by:

**MUM**

*A Product of Bristol-Myers Co.*
GRACIE FIELDS has completed her Blue network series and returned to her native England. When she returns to this country this Fall her program will switch to Mutual.

The Jan Savitts have a brand new baby girl. Jan will never forget the night the youngster was born. He and his band were all set to play an engagement in upstate New York. They had a difficult time getting there due to transportation difficulties. They reached their destination, warm and tired, only to find the ballroom had burned down. Then Jan got word that his wife had been rushed to a New York city hospital. OPA agents flagged him but after relating his double-barreled troubles, the inspectors let him continue with their very best wishes.

Lee Wiley, one of radio’s better known singers and pianist Jess Stacy of the Benny Goodman band were married in Beverly Hills.

Dick Haymes has replaced Buddy Clark on that Blue network cosmetic show.

Xavier Cugat has returned to the West Coast to make two more films, “Tale of Two Sisters” and “Tropicana.”

While Gladys Swarthout is vacationing from her CBS Family Hour program heard Sunday afternoons at 5:00 P.M., EWT, the young American baritone, Mack Harrell is taking her place.

Skinny Ennis is now a Warrant Officer in the Army—nice going, Skin ...

Jimmy Blair, that romantic voice on the Blue network, will be doing all his singing in khaki about the time you read this . . . Did you know that drummer Ray McKinnley, who once had a band of his own, is now drumming in Glenn Miller’s Army ork? ... Sammy Kaye also loans a first sax player to the Army, name of George Brandon ... Mel Powell, the pianist, has just been promoted to a corporal.

The big hotels in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles are experiencing difficulties in booking name dance bands for next season. The orchestra leaders, able to make more money in movie and stage work, are turning down these so-called prestige offers. Dance bands play these hotels, often at financial losses, just to afford themselves radio network wires.

Enrie Madriguera has junked his band. He and his pretty wife and vocalist, Patricia Gilmore, are playing theaters where Enrie guest-conducts the house bands.

The latest vogue in New York night clubs is starring romantic singers formerly associated with big name orchestras. In recent weeks Perry Como (formerly with Ten Weems), Dick Haymes (formerly with Harry James), Frank Sinatra (formerly with Tommy Dorsey), Phil Brito (formerly with Jan Savitt) and Bob Hannon (formerly with Al Goodman) have all made night club appearances and won the customers’ plaudits. Times have certainly changed. I remember the dear old days when a night club couldn’t exist without a high kicking girlie show.

Tommy Dorsey checked into MGM with forty-eight soiled shirts recently. He had just been playing a road tour through the Pacific Northwest and the shirts were laundry bound. Tommy explained that he had left Hollywood with sixteen shirts, but the band kept moving from town to town so fast that Tommy didn’t stay put long enough to get a shirt laundered. When the original sixteen shirts were soiled, he began buying new ones. Incidentally, the laundry bill came to quite a figure.

There’s a good chance you will be hearing Glenn Miller and his band again over the airlines. Plans are underway for Miller’s top-flight Army Air Force band to broadcast regularly from their station at Yale University. Playing with Miller are pianist Mel Powell and drummer Ray McKinley.

Marilyn Duke, Vaughn Monroe’s lanky but lovely singer is joining the WAACS.

Fats Waller wrote the entire musical score of the new Broadway musical, “Early to Bed.”

CBS is giving a buildup to California’s young Jeri Sullivan, who only a month ago was singing quietly on a local Nashville station. A dead ringer for Margaret Sullivan, Jeri used to sing with Claude Thornhill and Art Jarrett.

Anita O’Day is Woody Herman’s new canary, replacing Carolyn Grey who has gone into war work.

Newest gentleman farmer is “Hit Continued on page 6
Do your best... and

BE AT YOUR BEST

These are simple obligations, to our country, to our men at the front, and to ourselves.

No matter what your job or your share in the war effort, give it all you’ve got... do your best all of the time.

That means keeping strong, keeping healthy. This job’s going to take every bit of stamina we can muster. And health is your greatest asset.

But as you work, don’t forget to play. Play is the great equalizer. Make it part of your life. Step forth. Go places. Meet people. Cultivate old friends and make new ones—lots of them. And try to be at your best in appearance and personality. Don’t let down. Keep cheerful. Keep going. Put your best foot forward. That’s the way the boys at the front would like it.

As a safe, efficient household antiseptic for use in a thousand little emergencies, Listerine Antiseptic has stood pre-eminent for more than half a century. In the later years it has established a truly impressive test record against America’s No. 1 health problem, the ordinary cold, and its frequent attribute, sore throat.

It is hardly necessary to add that, because of its germicidal action which halts bacterial fermentation in the mouth, Listerine Antiseptic is the social standby of millions who do not wish to offend needlessly in the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath) when not of systemic origin.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for Oral Hygiene

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC... Because of wartime restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Rest assured, however, that we will make every effort to see that this trustworthy antiseptic is always available in some size at your drug counter.
Things move fast in war time. Changes that might take years now happen in weeks... Jammed buses, overtime hours, crowded rest-rooms—and great numbers of these slack-wearing girls find Tampax practically a necessity... For Tampax is sanitary protection that you wear internally. No bulging or bunching under the slacks, and you can change it "quick as a wink!" No belts, pins or pads. And wonder of wonders, no odor!

Tampax was perfected by a doctor for smart, modern women, for dainty sensitive women, for war workers, nurses, housewives, office girls, college girls— for active mothers and daughters... Easy disposal; no sanitary deodorant needed. Made of pure surgical cotton, it comes in neat patented applicator, so your hands need never touch the Tampax.

Remember the 3 sizes, especially the Super, which has about 50% extra absorbency. At drug stores or notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Bargain economy package lasts 4 months' average. Don't wait till next month! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

"If you want a thing done, do it yourself"—that's the motto of bandleader Ray Heatherton, and that's what brought him success.

Parade" conductor Mark Warnow. He has purchased a 105-acre farm in Ridgefield, Conn.

Ted Lewis will play himself in the movie version of his own life. Columbia will produce it and title it "When My Baby Smiles At Me."

The drive for records for our fighting men is again in full swing and FACING THE MUSIC urges its readers to pitch in, gather their dusty or unused records, turn them over to the American Legion, so from this scrap, new ones can be sent to our service men here and overseas.

General Henry Arnold, chief of Army Air Forces, said after a 35,000 mile tour of the fronts that the only request he heard our boys make was for some new phonograph records.

Two former bandleaders, Sonny James and George Auld, have been given honorable discharges from the Army.

To circumvent the musicians' recording ban, Columbia and Decca recently had singers Frank Sinatra and Dick Haymes make new disks with choral backgrounds substituting for musical instruments.

Jimmy Lunceford is playing a saxophone again. The famous bandleader has decided to join his reed section, making up for the departure of Don Grissom.

HALF PINT OF SCOTCH

At first, things were almost too easy for Ray Heatherton, the slightly-built, smooth-voiced singer whose attractive dance band has become as much of an institution of New York's Hotel Biltmore as the hostelry's famed lobby clock.

When he was seventeen, flushed with the plaudits for his vocal work in Long Island home town church socials and amateur theatricals, Ray needed little encouragement to get up and sing one night in the Pavilion Royale road house. The great Paul Whiteman heard the Scotch-Irish high school lad and hired him on the spot.

Ray's blue eyes glistened when he recalled that happy event.

"Boy, the world was my oyster. Overnight I had crashed the big time without experiencing the hard knocks." The king of jazz used the ex-choir boy on his network radio program, planned big things for him just as he did for other proteges like Bing Crosby, Jack Fulton, and Mildred Bailey.

"Gosh, in those days I did the solo work while Bing was just one of the Rhythm Boys trio," Ray said proudly.

But when Whiteman wanted to take the boy to the west coast, Ray's bubble burst. His father, a well to do builder, refused permission.

"You'll finish high school and then go to Princeton," Heatherton senior commanded. Since the stipend White man paid Ray was not needed by the family, the boy had no strong argument.

"But Fate can play funny tricks," Ray continued. "A year later my father died and when I really needed a job, I couldn't find one as a singer. No one seemed to remember me or care that I once worked for Whiteman."

Instead, Ray got a job with the telephone company as a complaint agent.

"I was a big man there," Ray smiled. "I was sought after by everybody who was mad at the company."

During lunch hours Heatherton dropped his career at the telephone company and pursued a singing career. He haunted the broadcasting studios. One day he happened to be in an NBC elevator with tenor James Melton.

"It was lucky for me that the elevator was a local. In an express I never would have been able to talk to Jimmy. He agreed to help get me an audition."
Ray was but one small voice in a mass audition. But Ray remembered what Father Flinn, his parochial school teacher, told him to do. He remembered the advice his mother, an accomplished pianist, gave him. He recalled the tricks the great Whitman had recounted. NBC hired him, put him on sustaining programs. In a few months he was doing fourteen broadcasts a week. A year later he had won commercial engagements with Eddy Duchin, the Ipana Troubadours, and Andre Kostelanetz.

In 1936 Ray got the leading role in the musical hit, "Babes in Arms," singing the role made famous in the film by Mickey Rooney. During the long Broadway run Ray was infected by two comparatively harmless afflictions.

"The band bug and the love bug hit me at precisely the same time. It was easier conquering the first," Ray had always wanted to lead his own band. Enlarging his bankroll by two years' work as a singer in theaters, he had by 1939, enough capital to launch his project. Without the help of an agent or band booking office, Ray auditioned for the Rainbow Room in New York.

The Rainbow Room engagement was successful. However, when the contract ended, Ray ran into trouble. The bookers and agents resented Heatherton's initiative in arranging his own booking. They went out of their way to prevent him from getting other jobs.

"So I had to get out and hustle," Ray explained.

Hustle is hardly the word for it. The day of his closing performance at the Rainbow Room, Ray contacted the Biltmore management, coaxed them to a rehearsal hall, and walked out three hours later with a brand new contract. His band has been playing at the Biltmore on and off for four years. Right now they're on the roof again for the summer season, broadcasting over the Blue network.

Ray has been married for a year and a half to a red-haired, attractive Scotch lassie, Davenie Watson. She was a dancer in "Babes In Arms."

To win the girl of his heart, Ray was as persistent as he was in conducting his business affairs.

"And I won Davenie without benefit of an agent," he says confidently, "although it took me four and a half years to have my proposal accepted."

The Heathertons now occupy a spacious penthouse in anticipation of a blessed event due in September.

Ray's fourteen-piece band leans toward sentimental music.

"We're now playing mostly for kids in uniform. They don't know when they'll get a chance to hold a girl in their arms again. I figure they'd rather hold a girl to the strains of 'All Time Goes By' than to 'The Steam Is On The Beam.'"

Heatherton's string section features two girl violinists, Jeanie Lindberg and Virginia Drake. Both are concert-trained. The vocalist is new to the band. She's Ann Warren of Washington, D. C.

Ray is in his early thirties, is five feet eight inches tall, has the build and manners of the perennial juvenile. He still practices all the styles of a musical comedy hero, and the crowd loves him.

"Maybe I'm old fashioned but I can't stand on a dime and sing. Maybe this new style is just a passing fancy," he concluded hopefully.

BEAUTY HELP FOR "HOME FRONT" HANDS!

TOUSHAY

Beforehand lotion guards hands even in hot, soapy water

Lots of extra little soap-and-water chores nowadays! So guard soft, lovely hands with Toushay! Smooth on this creamy "beforehand" lotion before you put your hands into hot, soapy water. Toushay's made to a special formula—helps prevent dryness and roughness—helps keep busy hands soft. Inexpensive. At your druggist's.

Trade-marked Product of Bristol-Myers
WHEN Jack Benny signed off the air for the summer, his last words stirred the nation. Many people have written to him for copies of his little speech. Here it is, at last, and we repeat it for what it is worth to you.

"Today Valley Forge and Bull Run and Gettysburg and Chateau Thierry come marching out of the past and we see them clearly again . . . because marching at their side are the men of Bataan and Pearl Harbor and Corregidor and Wake . . . and the men who fell there are still a living part of it, and their spirit has given new life to all men who have died since 1776. "Someday time will erase the pain of the memory of Bataan and Pearl Harbor as it once erased the pain of Verdun. But tonight the gold stars are too bright and new, the wounds in our hearts too fresh and the pain too sharp to forget. And, thus, Memorial Day becomes more than a roll call of our honored dead and a roll call more of the living. And the living must step forth to answer and they must say . . . 'all these men from 1776 to 1942—they died for me. So let me work and let me buy the bonds, and let me—with the helping hand of God—make the sacrifice that tells the soul of each one of these men—you did not die in vain.'"

We want to tell you a little about Jerry Lester, one of radio's newest comedians, a lad who is likely to force such radio favorites as Bob Hope and Milton Berle to move over and make room for him. Jerry is a middle-westerner, born and raised in Chicago. He majored in philosophy at Northwestern University and was a member of the all-middlewestern basketball team. Jerry's father was a music critic and had Jerry study voice with Alexander Nakhutin, the famous teacher. Young Lester also took ballet and tap dancing lessons. "Something," he laments, "I would like to forget." He would like to forget it, because he once formed a vaudeville act with another fellow and toured all over the country, ending up broke in San Francisco. He decided to quit dancing and became a comedian and joined a musical comedy called "Temptations." From then on, Jerry's star began to rise until, in 1940, he stepped in as a substitute for Bob Hope on the radio. Following that, he was one of the comedy features of the Bing Crosby show for almost a year. That look of surprise you see on Jerry Lester's face (see picture) is one of the tricks he uses to get laughs. It developed during the time he tried to make a living as a prize fighter. He never won a fight, but his crazy expressions made him popular with fight fans. Jerry tells us he is a collector of children and coins. He has two daughters, age three and six, and a son just a year old. His coin collection is valued at $20,000. He likes bow ties, ball games and heckling other comedians. And by way of a special accomplishment, Jerry Lester wrote the lyrics to Radio Mirror's song hit of the month, "Who's the Best Dressed Man in America?" We'd suggest that you turn to page 44 and sing it right away . . .

All you radio listeners who have been wanting to see Marion Shockey, the cute red head who plays Nikki Porter in the Ellery Queen shows, will get that chance soon. Marion is one of the featured players in the movie "Stage Door Canteen," which will be out your way soon, if it is not already there.

NASHVILLE, TENN.—As this issue of Radio Mirror goes to press George Dewey Hay, the "Solemn Old Judge" of WSM's Grand Ole Opry is returning to Nashville, Tenn., and the popular folk music program from Hollywood, where he has just completed a motion picture.

On Saturday night, November 28, 1943, the veteran master of ceremonies of the Opry presented Uncle Jimmie Thompson, 82-year-old fiddler, and his niece, Eva Thompson Jones, accompanist, in what was shortly to become the WSM Grand Ole Opry.

Nearly thirty years ago, when Judge Hay was a young reporter on the Memphis Commercial Appeal, he was sent up into the hills of Arkansas on a story.

Continued on page 10
Short Cuts to Social Success
by BOB HOPE

1. There are a dozen ways to be a social success... looks, clothes, money, brains, money, personality, family, money, youth, beauty, and your own checking account. Me, I became a social success by putting on a big front... well, I didn't exactly put it on... I took my girdle off.

2. First, dress carefully to make the best impression. I never wear anything beyond ten days—I tire of things quickly, also that's when the free trial offer is up. Of course, if you really want to have something after ten days' trial, try Pepsodent. You'll have a bright smile that nobody can take away from you.

3. Next, always be friendly. Unless you're leaving town anyway, never greet a stranger by saying, "Well, what d'ya hear from your Draft Board?" Instead, give him something pleasant to think about, like... "Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium. It's the special film-removing tooth paste."

4. Learn to dance. I know what it is to be a wallflower. In fact, I once sat in a corner so long I had clinging ivy growing up both legs. Clinging ivy is bad enough. But film clinging to teeth is worse. It dulls your teeth and dims your smile. But Pepsodent with Irium sure gets rid of film in a hurry.

5. Above all, watch your manners. For example... when you drink tea, extend your finger. This is not only polite, but in case anybody tries to steal your sugar, you can poke 'em in the eye. Otherwise, never point... unless it's to show how Pepsodent, the film-removing tooth paste, keeps teeth bright.

How PEPFODENT with IRIUM uncovers brighter teeth

Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dingy—hides the true brightness of your smile.

This film-created mirror illustrates how smiles look when commonplace methods don't clean film away.

But look what Irium does! It loosens film—floats it away, leaves the surface clean and bright.

That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural brightness of your smile... safely, gently.
When he arrived, more tired than his mule, he found that the moonshine trial he was to cover had been postponed. Rather than take the trip again that night the young reporter accepted the hospitality of the hill folk and spent the night.

His host was the head of a family of seven, living in a three-room log cabin. "Along about dusk," said the Judge, "I noticed the family began to get restless."

Finally, the grandfather spoke up: "See here," he started cautiously, "I don't reckon you'd care to go over to the barn dance? It's Saturday night, you know, and everybody'll be there."

At the moment, the Judge wanted nothing more than to go to bed and forget the thirty-mile mule ride which lay ahead of him. But he didn't want to disappoint his hosts. So, being the perfect guest, he agreed to go.

Thus, in the hills of Arkansas, was born one of the great radio programs of America—the Grand Ole Opry—although Judge Hay didn't realize it at the time.

Judge Hay was born in Attica, Indiana, on November 9, 1885. He was educated in public schools there and studied law for a time.

He joined the editorial staff of the Memphis Commercial Appeal in 1909 and became radio editor of the paper in 1923.

In April, 1924, a week after WLS, Chicago, went on the air, he went there as chief announcer and was one of the organizers and first master of ceremonies of the WLS barn dance, which is still on the air.

Here are some astounding facts about Information Please, which recently celebrated its fifth year on the air. To listeners submitting questions have gone 1,142 encyclopedias and about $50,000. After the first broadcast, 2,500 letters poured into NBC's mail room but, during the first 26-week run the mail count has gone as high as 28,000 letters in one week. To Information Please have come some 12,000,000 questions. The budget for the show when it started was $400 a week—it is now $10,000. The show has collected 21 prizes for being the best quiz show on the air. Two books have been published about Information Please and 89 motion picture shorts released.

Clifton Fadiman and Franklin P. Adams have been on the show since it started. Levant and Kieran joined shortly afterwards.

The war has even affected prize fighters. Bill Corum and Don Dumpy, who run the Mutual Cavalcade of Sports show, used to have to climb through the ropes and ask the pugs to say a few words into the mike. All they would get is something as dull as, "Hello, Mom, I'm glad I won." Now, since Pearl Harbor, the prize fighters have too much to say. They want to say hello to all their friends and relatives in camp and on the fighting fronts as well as their sisters and sweethearts in the WAVES, WAACS, and SPARS.

"What have you got to say tonight?" Don asked fighter Fritzie Zivic after a tough battle with Beau Jack. "Plenty," Zivic replied, pulling out of his glove a list of more than 50 friends serving in the Army, Navy and Marines.

Sometimes, the fighters even put in a plug for bonds.

That drive for records for the boys at the front which began a few months ago is still on. Our fighting men want more phonograph records. Captain Colcaire, now in North Africa, was a former record reviewer for the Arizona Daily Star and he reports, "There's a dearth of popular records in the camps. I remember one night I passed a hangar in which bunks had been placed. One of the men had some records of Duke Ellington and the others—all vintage of at least twelve months old. There were these boys, most of them on their way up, listening with the rapt expression of all American youths when a favorite band was playing their favorite tune. War was a long way off that night, with most of them back in their home towns with their girls in their arms. I believe that if people knew what these records do for the spirit of our fighting men, they would send over just as many records as they could.
B. Among WDNC was Jerry Pettis. "We've been here a long time," he said. Pettis outmaneuved most of the rest of the West Coast, he said, "and we've been around the block a few times." Pettis was known for his ability to handle the radio."
J. B. is a North Carolinian by birth, although his long radio and dramatic experience has removed any vestige of a typical Tar Heel accent. At Duke University, he not only became President of the campus dramatic society but was elected Editor of the college literary magazine—as a result of his consistently high classroom marks and his flair for writing. He has always enjoyed knocking out bits of prose and poetry and some of his efforts have been accepted for publication. While at Duke, too, his academic and extra-curricular activities were of such caliber as to win membership for him in Omicron Delta Kappa, Duke's most coveted honor among campus leaders.

He is married and has two red-headed children, and next to his wife and kids he admits the source of his greatest happiness is being on the air and trying to make someone else happy as a result of his work. Judging by the progress he has made in the state during the years of his announcing, he has spread plenty of that happiness, too.

Just before he left Mexico, Bing Crosby sold nine of his race horses to a Mexican sportsman. The horses had taken part in seven races in Mexico City for the benefit of the Mexican Red Cross and Army. Crosby's hay burners did very well in the races, but none of his friends up north would believe it. They were still kidding him about jeopardizing the good neighborhood.

**RADIO AND THE ARMED FORCES:** Bill Morrow, Jack Benny's script writer, will not be on hand when Jack comes back in the Fall, because Uncle Sam has called him . . . NBC announcer Frank Bingham has left the Ginny Simms show to join the Signal Corps . . . Arthur Lake has now been promoted to Captain in the U. S. Coast Guard reserves, he's the Dagwood of the Blondie program . . . Harry James' manager, Pee Wee Monte is now in uniform . . . Herb Shriner, the comic, gets his uniform soon. He's been playing Army camps, so he knows what to expect . . .

Boston, Mass.—A breath of old New England, that intangible something so closely identified with the Northeastern section of our country, is found in the Yankee House Party, a tuneful, scintillating program of music, songs and humor, originating at WNAC, Boston. A wealth of talent makes up the personnel of the party cast. It is the most pretentious program on the air during the day time with six soloists and an orchestra of fourteen.

Ruth Owens, a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, is the prima donna. She is a soprano of real ability and was discovered and developed by the Yankee Network.

George Wheeler, former musical comedy star and concert singer, is baritone with a flair for fine handling of the great selections from light opera. Then there is Ted Cole, a romantic tenor who brings to the program the popular songs of the day.

George and Dixie with their guitars have that down to earth touch in their songs and with a typical Yankee

An inspiring organ solo on the mammoth Yankee Network organ, with Frank Cronin at the console, is a feature of every Yankee House Party broadcast.

Leo Egan acts as master of ceremonies and his cheery "Come on in, girls," the daily introduction to the House Party, is known from east to coast.

Bobby Norris directs the orchestra which has been selected from the best in Boston's music field. Norris is no new name to national audiences as he has been associated with the best in broadcasting for many years.

The Yankee House Party is on the air Mondays through Fridays, every week, from 11:30 to 12 noon.

Every Saturday the House Party time is 12 noon to 12:30 and is then called the Army-Navy House Party with guest stars from the U. S. Army, Navy, Marine Corps, the WAACS, WAVES, SPARS and other branches of the armed services.

We'd like to toss a rose at Johnny Mercer for the swell musical job he's doing filling in for Bob Hope this summer. Johnny is a grand entertainer, as well as a top song writer. You've sung many of Johnny's songs, such as "Lay Your Head," "Hear's Beloved," "Black Magic" and "Five by Five," to name just a few. Also that summer show "Perpetual Motion" with Binnie Barnes and Ozzie Nelson has given us many happy listening hours. And what a sensation Duke Ellington has been this year! His new show ought to stay on for the duration of the war. We think
“You'd think there was a Love Shortage!”

1. Look at him, will you? That's my husband, Pete, but you wouldn't know it. He just sits there night after night—ignoring me. I'm so mad I could chew nails!

2. "I'm glad, I don't have to stand Pete's indifference tonight!" I say to Doris, as we go on plane-spotter duty. She's all sympathy—and soon, I've told her the whole story, "But, Joan, darling," she says, "it might be your fault! There's one neglect most husbands can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene."

3. Well, that takes me down a notch or two—but I listen. "Why don't you do as so many modern wives do," says Doris, "simply use Lysol. My doctor recommends Lysol solution for feminine hygiene—it cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes—doesn't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. Follow the easy directions—that's all."

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is Non-corrosive—
gentle and efficient in
proper dilution. Contains
no free acid. It is not
carbonic acid.

Effective—a powerful
germicide, active in presence of organic
matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.).

Spreading—Lysol solutions spread
and thus virtually search out germs in
depth crevices. Economical—small bottle makes
almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine
hygiene. Closely odorless and disappears
after use. Lasting—Lysol keeps full strength,
no matter how often it is used.

4. Yes, ma'am, she was right! I've used Lysol disinfectant ever since—it's easy to use and inexpensive, as well. AND... I can't complain about any love shortage now!

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet R.M.-948
Address: Lahn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Notes: The movie version of Duffy's Tavern is now under way and promises to be very funny... Bill Stern, the sports announcer, goes before the cameras soon... Lum 'n' Abner have just started a picture in Hollywood... Jim Ameche Jr., age five, made his radio debut recently in Big Sister. His father announces the program and his uncle, Don, is pretty famous out West... Newest campaign of Joan Blaine's is for junk jewelry which she sends overseas Yanks, who can use it to barter with South Pacific natives... Dick Powell is getting a radio show ready... Vocalist Dick Todd is organizing a band... The Take It Or Leave It show is to be seen in the movies in a scene in the new Phil Silvers flicker... Harry James is in the new Red Skelton movie now in production under the title of "Mr. Coo-ed." Jimmy Dorsey just got a check for $79,302 for his work for Decca records last year... Edgar Bergen has given scholarships to several kids at Northwestern University, who have shown exceptional dramatic talent. That's all for now, see you next month.

The way Jack Carson figured it out, the insurance business was not for him. His father wanted him to follow in his footsteps, but Jack preferred vaudeville. As a vaudeville performer, Jack toured all over America, finally writing and producing a show of his own called the "Follies Berserk." Then he became a master of ceremonies in Kansas City and saved enough money to get to Hollywood. He was helped into radio by Ken Carpenter, Bing Crosby's announcer, for which Jack and all of us, thank Ken. Along with Jerry Lester, we pick him for the comedian of '45.

"It was a nice program." How many times have you dropped that casual remark as you flipped off the power in your radio? But have you ever paused to consider the long hours of intricate work it takes to put together a half hour program for a network? Let's take the Westinghouse Program, for example. For the show, which lasts 29 ½ minutes, 834 men are directly employed. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, 254 technicians sit at controls. And between these studios stretch arteries of telephone wires which demand the services of 500 men. Now for the entertainment side. Singer John Charles Thomas has been up since 3 A.M. rehearsing. There are 34 musicians in Victor Young's orchestra. Each player has a book of hand written notes which makes hours of work for the copyists. The Ken Darby chorus must have specially written scores for sixteen men, and a three hour rehearsal for a two minute number. Then comes John Nesbitt, with his stories of far off places and little known things. Every technical word of his script is checked by the Westinghouse Company's engineers in Pittsburgh fourteen days before the broadcast. Then there are days of research, writing and rewriting. Now you know what it was like for a nice show.

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Beauty on Hand

By RobertaOrmiston

nails oval in shape. If you have blunt fingers slightly pointed nails will lend a more tapered appearance.

The cuticle comes next. Apply cuticle remover with an orange stick with cotton wrapped about its point. Let the liquid remain on your nails for a few minutes—and while it’s there, do something about those hangnails and small bits of ragged skin around the nails. A hangnail responds to treatment with the fine side of your emery board; smooth it down gently until it practically disappears. It is usually bad policy to cut the skin around your nails, always bad policy to cut cuticle, for it will grow in tougher and thicker than ever.

Use a nail scraper—they cost only a few pennies—on the surface where the cuticle remover has been applied. Get your entire nail surface spick-and-

span. Punch down the cuticle with an orange stick, gently. Then bleach the white crescents at the top of the nails with a powder or bleach. Or run these bleaching strings which you immerse in water under your nails.

Again wash your hands—thoroughly—using a brush and clear water this time. When your hands are bone-dry, you’re ready for the polish. There’s just one rule about applying liquid polish—give yourself time, time to get the polish on smoothly and carefully and let’s tell it again for the polish to dry completely before you put your hands to anything—lest you ruin your paint job.

Your skin will be lovelier if you’ll treat your hands to a quick nightly massage with nourishing cream. Skin that is well fed has a well kept glow. Cream your arms at the same time you cream your hands, with extra special attention for the elbows. Place the cream in the cup of your hand and rub your elbow in it, round and round.

After you have removed the nourishing cream with tissues apply a skin tonic. Pat it on briskly to close the pores and keep the skin on your hands and arms as lovely as it should be.

Dry pimples, common to many arms, need not be endured. A stiff brush with lots of soap on it takes care of dry pimples in no time at all. Scrub your arms daily until the dry pimples disappear; then scrub your arms daily so they won’t reappear. If your skin is tender an application of olive oil will ward against irritation.

Your hands and your arms can be assets or they can be liabilities. It’s up to you!

BE BEAUTY-WISER

If your face is large keep your eyebrows wide. If your eyes are deeply set shape your eyebrows in a higher arch.

If your eyes are small do not color the lower lashes, use mascara on the upper lashes on a bit of a bit. If your eyes are set close together keep the line of your eyebrows away from your nose and extend it a trifle beyond the outside corners of your eyes.

If your skin inclines to be sallow use a make-up base with a faint rose tint and match your powder shade to this base. Make sure, however, that you blend the make-up base into your neck deftly—so there is no sharp differentiation of color.

Short, well-cared-for nails are more practical these busy days than long, curving talons. But that doesn’t mean you can’t keep those hands pretty, too. A while back there was a threatened shortage of nail polishes, but that’s over. Nitrocellulose, used in nail lacquers, has been available in greater quantities since the WPB Drugs and Cosmetics Section was able to find some reclaimed materials from which the base could be made. Dyestuffs and organic pigments are not so short as to have restricted seriously the manufacture of nail polishes or lipsticks.
Girls who serve in Navy blue
Have shining, lovely tresses too!

No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!* 

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Whether you're wearing a uniform or not—shining hair is standard equipment for the loveliness every girl wants!

So don't dull the lustre of your hair by using soap or soap shampoos!

Instead, use SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo... how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange... right after shampooing!

Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember, Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

*Procter & Gamble, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Soap film dulls lustre—nobs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

Procter & Gamble

Special Drene with Hair Conditioner

†Procter & Gamble

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15
The Famous 3-WAY Glover's Treatment

Many Hollywood stars confirm the opinion of Americans by the hundreds of thousands—three generations of men and women who have used Glover's famous Mange Medicine for the Scalp and Hair. And now . . . Glo-Ver Beauty Soap Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress complete this tried-and-true Glover's treatment. Try all three—ask at your favorite Drug Store—or mail the coupon today.

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE—recommended, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp, and Excessive Falling Hair since 1872. Easy to apply—you'll feel the exhilarating effect, instantly!

GLO-VER Beauty Soap SHAMPOO—produces abundant lather in hard or soft water. Leaves hair soft, brilliant, manageable.

GLOVER'S Imperial HAIR DRESS—Non-Alcoholic and Antiseptic! A new kind of "oil treatment" for easy "finger-tip" application at home. Five after applications of Glover's Mange Medicine—before shampooing.

Each product in a hermetically-sealed bottle, packed in special cotton with complete instructions and FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

Use Glover's Products Together—or Separately!

GLOVER'S with massage, for
DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP
and Excessive FALLING HAIR

THE DAY'S STAR
POCKET BOOK
NEW YORK, 1927

Now . . . Try All Three
for

Lovelier Hair

LINDA DARNELL
LOVELY 20th CENTURY FOR STAR IN "BUFFALO BILL"
USES GLOVER'S

The girl named Eileen

Cheryl Walker, the famous Stage Door Canteen girl of the radio show over CBS on Thursdays, and Sol Lesser's movie of the same name.

LOOKING at the beautiful girl on our cover this month you may wonder how she remained an "unknown" in Hollywood for as many years as she did. Her name is Cheryl Walker whom you have heard on radio's Stage Door Canteen over CBS, Thursday nights at 9:30, EWT, and she is now being starred in "Stage Door Canteen," the movie about that famous rendezvous where the theatrical greats come each night to entertain the soldiers and sailors. The gorgeous, blue-eyed, red-haired Cheryl plays the role of "Eileen, the Canteen girl," and how she got that role is one of those fantastic Hollywood stories.

In 1939, Cheryl was chosen queen of the Tournament of Roses, that yearly Pasadena affair. Like all queens, she journeyed up to Hollywood expecting to hit it big in pictures. Like all queens, she did not and had to be content with extra work and bit parts.

Cheryl was Dorothy Lamour's footsteps in most of her pictures. She got ten-fifty a day for that. She performed a similar chore for Ginger Rogers, Madeleine Carroll and Claudette Colbert.

Very often Cheryl's arms, legs, feet and back would see the camera, but seldom her face. In order to make extra money to support herself and her mother, she would often take stunt jobs. When Veronica Lake was expecting her baby, Cheryl was called in to do all her long distance swimming shots. She wore a wig just like Veronica's hair and she was tossed in the water. Yes, the wig covered one eye! Cheryl did not object to the docking she took for Veronica Lake, because she got $35 for each dunk. But, as a stand-in and stunter for Claudette Colbert, her risks were sometimes very great and she has often dangled high above the ground, strapped to a camera boom.

Cheryl worked very hard, she made countless tests for new color film. She walked about as an extra in mob scenes and, only once, did she get a few lines to speak in a picture.

Then, one day she was out on location with Preston Sturges, when a call came from Sol Lesser that he wanted to test her for the leading role in "Stage Door Canteen." She had no car, no means of getting into town until the company went in, but Sturges, being a good guy, got her a truck. She bumped into town on the truck, took the test, then forgot about it.

"Hundreds were being tested," she now smiles, "and I thought it was just one of those things."

Cheryl was in Lesser's office the following week and, in the presence of director Frank Borzage and other studio officials, he told her the part was hers. Cheryl rushed to the phone and called her mother. Her mother began to cry, Cheryl burst into tears and then Lesser and Borzage began to cry, too.

To make everything completely nice, Cheryl got a trip to New York, where some of the picture was made, and a chance to see her grandmother, whom she saw last at the age of four. Also, they sent Cheryl's mother along so that Mrs. Walker could see her mother for the first time since 1925. A girl got a break and three generations were able to get together.

Cheryl's been happily married for two years to Lt. J. Combe, a doctor in the U. S. Naval Reserve.
Vera Barton

BROOKLYN-BORN, dark-eyed Vera Barton, radio’s “Army-Navy E Girl” has poise that refreshes.

Uninhibited, gay, effervescent, Vera Barton crashed radio in the most unorthodox fashion. She just went up to the CBS receptionist, got an interview, and an audition all in one day!

Radio Row is still talking about it. Here was a Brunette, with a swingy voice, who had no radio experience, and never faced a “mike,” who got up in a big studio, pleased by some studio executives—got up and amazed them all with three love ballads, “Stardust,” “Stormy Weather” and “Night and Day.”

Her coolness shocked the studio veterans—shocked them into giving her a coast-to-coast sustaining hook-up.

Vera is the new type of woman, you’ve heard so much about... the all-round girl... plays tennis... knits for war relief... likes stag parties and men... prefers Marines, Chopin, and Cole Porter... she loves to shuffle-dance but can do a Lindy, too.

Vera can’t stand the idea of a vocalist “swinging the classics.” First, because it ruins the innate purity of the great masterpieces, and second, because it reflects a sad state of affairs whereby modern song-stresses have no confidence in modern music.

According to Vera, “Singing lessons are no good for a singer. It destroys the natural quality and timbre of a new voice, and destroys its originality.

Any day now, Vera might be lured away from radio to cinema land. But Vera has her heart set on appearing in a Broadway musical, before she goes to Hollywood.

Contrary to the formalized conceptions, Vera doesn’t live on malted milk, and cream cheese lunches. Steaks (when she can get them) and heavy vegetable dinners are her favorites.

Vera comes from a musical family. Her mother studied piano, her father is an accordion manufacturer and her sister, Virginia, is a talented pianist. Virginia is Vera’s accompanist on most of her personal appearances. In the Bartons’ fourteen-room home in Brooklyn there is a microphone-equipped music corner in the basement playroom and the neighbors usually congregate there for regular weekly musicals. Contrary to modern career girls, Vera lives under strict parental discipline and loves it. There’s a contagious quality of camaraderie in her home, Vera explains, and she has no more devoted fan than the family housekeeper who has been with the Bartons for more than seventeen years.
Hello-Gorgeous!

You're lusciously lovely
... with your
Alix-Styled Shade of
New Jergens Face Powder

FOR LOOK-ALIVE ALLURE
Newest today—that alive, alert look. It's yours—
with new Jergens Face Powder! Because Jergens shades were styled by
Alix, famous fashion designer and colorist, to
awaken and enhance your
loveliest skin tones—no
matter what your type!

FOR VELVETY GLAMOUR
Watch men's eyes stop
and adore your new
Jergens complexion—so
smooth, so lush! You see,
the texture of Jergens is
specialized by an exclusive
process—bringing your
skin a finer, younger, more
flawless look (helps hide
tiny lines and skin faults).

YOUR GLORIFYING SHADE
Naturelle—to give flower
delicacy.
Peach Bloom—for young,
blossomy loveliness.
Rachel—a glamorous,
peary shade.
Brunette—for alluring,
vivid beauty.
Dark Rachel—for that tawny,
dramatic look.

BIG BOUDOIR BOX, $1.00 . . . TRY-IT SIZES, 25¢ AND 10¢
A

If in a dream, I heard Jim talking, planning. Why, this was our future he was painting—his and mine, together! It wasn't possible, it just wasn't possible that all my hopes, all my brightly-colored fantasies, were coming true.

And yet it was.

Nila Reed, from the ugly, run-down house on Farm Street, Nila Reed who amounted to nothing, whose father was a worthless drunkard and whose older sister had taken the wrong way of escaping from drudgery—Nila Reed was going to be Mrs. James Driscoll, Jr.

Mrs. Driscoll, Mrs. Driscoll, Mrs. James Driscoll, Jr. My heart sang it, and no song was ever more beautiful. Because it had so many overtones, that song. It meant that I would leave sordidness behind. I would live in a house of my own, never hearing voices raised in anger, sleeping between cool, smooth sheets and eating at a darkly shining table by candle-light. And if we had children, I thought, they would be born in a hospital and would grow up clean and polite. All this would be because Jim would wish it so.

It mattered not at all that when Jim kissed me it was only another pair of lips touching mine, that the sight of him—clean, sandy-haired, erect, politely smiling—had no special, unique message for my heart. These things were all very well in stories, but they didn't happen in real life. It was enough, and more than enough, that I liked Jim because he was kind, and admired him because he knew the ways of the world I wanted to enter, and that I wanted to be his wife because he could open for me the gates of that world.

Do you know what it is to be an

From a Case Heard on A. L. Alexander's Mediation Board

Adapted from a true case history, presented on A. L. Alexander's Mediation Board, the great human interest program heard on Mutual Sundays at 8:00 P.M.
outcast, unwanted—even worse, unnoticed—by the only people you respect? I had no right to expect anything can be more terrible, more withering.

Even when I was a child I felt the agony of going to school wearing faded dresses that had belonged to Ada, my older sister—the same sister whose very name later became shameful to me. Even then I wanted to play, not with the similarly ragged kids who lived near me, but with the children whose homes were up on the bluff.

And even then, I think, I found that it was possible to love and hate my parents at the same time. I loved my father for his easy good nature, his kindness—and, I suppose, for the intangible tie that exists between parent and child—but I hated him for his shiftlessness and his fatal weakness for liquor. I loved my mother for her self-sacrifice, her gentle hands that were always wrinkled from the water of the clothes she washed to piece out my father’s small and intermittent wages. But I hated her for the things she could not help: constant weariness, a high-pitched, complaining voice, a house that was dirty and full of the mingled odors of kitchen and washtub. I hated them both for having brought six children—six that lived, that is; two had died—into such a life.

I COULD love and hate Ada, too. Even after she ran away and entered upon that secret life of hers, I did not really blame her. I simply chose the wrong way to escape, that was all. I could choose more wisely. I was growing into a beauty as complete as Ada’s had been the last time I saw her. I was slim and fine-boned, with a skin whose paleness seemed to have on it the faint reflection of a rose, and hair the color—almost you could have said the texture—of sunset on a clear, warm night, it was so golden and shining. Surely I could put this gift of loveliness, the only thing in the world I possessed, to better use than Ada had.

The only use I made of it, after I left high school, was to get a job as a waitress at the State Cafe. The State wasn’t the best place in town to eat, but it wasn’t the worst. It was just a well-run, decent restaurant where the food was good. It was a place where I could earn a living while I dreamed my half-formed dreams of “someday.”

What would happen someday? I didn’t know—I only knew that somehow, something must. And finally, something did. I met Jim Driscoll.

It was on the train, coming back from Chicago, where I’d spent my one-week vacation. It had been foolish, I knew before I had been in Chicago a day, to go there. I should have chosen a summer hotel, where at least I’d have had a chance of meeting other people my own age. But I wanted to see the city—live in a hotel, attend a real play with flesh-and-blood actors, dine and dance at one of the famous places whose bands I’d heard on the air, go to a concert, walk through the big, expensive stores—

Well, I’d done everything except dance, because dancing was the one thing on my list I couldn’t do alone. I hadn’t reckoned on the devastating effect of loneliness in the midst of crowds.

Then, depressed because the week I’d planned and saved for had been such a disappointment, I met Jim. I didn’t know his name at first, of course, or even that he was going the same place I was. I only knew that he was a young man with regular features, wearing an expensive-looking suit, who took the seat next to me in the crowded day coach.

He told me later it was the first time he’d ever begun a conversation with a total stranger. “You looked so pretty I couldn’t help myself,” he said simply. He didn’t have to tell me. I knew, right there in the train, that he wasn’t the sort of person who speaks deliberately to a strange girl in the calculated hope of making a conquest. He was—well, proper. He would never do anything underhanded or mean, but he would never do anything very exciting, either.
We talked, there in the hot day coach, while the train jerked its way through the corn country. I was flattered and pleased because he had accepted me as someone from his own world, and I even thought wistfully how wonderful it would have been if we had met on the way to Chicago instead of as we left it. We could have seen each other there—maybe he would have asked me out—

But then he inquired how far I was going, and when I said "Meade" he sat up straight in delighted surprise, and said he was going there too. He was to be a mathematics instructor at the University, in a special school set up by the War Department for aviation cadets.

"We'll be able to see a lot of each other!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," I said, avoiding his eyes, because I was sure he wouldn't want to see me—not when he knew where I worked, not when he'd found out what anyone in town could tell him about my family. I just wasn't his kind. He might come into the restaurant, and he'd say a pleasant "Hello" when I came to wait on him, but that would be all.

With a stubborn resolution to keep his friendship as long as possible, I let him go on talking, not telling him what my life in Meade was like. We got off the train together—and on the station platform the familiarity of surroundings I'd known all my life closed around me. Already Jim Driscoll began to seem part of another existence—a brief fairy-tale existence that had nothing to do with real life.

He looked around him, then began to walk toward a battered tin sign that said "Taxi," but I stopped.

"Goodbye," I said hesitantly. "It's been very nice, talking to you, and I—I hope you have lots of luck with your classes."

"But aren't you coming with me?" he asked in surprise. "I can give you a lift home in the taxi."

Show him where and how I lived? Oh, no, I couldn't do that! He'd find out, if he ever bothered to inquire, but I couldn't show him. "No, it's—it's not far, and I'd rather walk," I said. "Really."

"Well—" His glance at my suitcase showed that he didn't believe me, but he was too polite to insist. "Just as you like. But won't you let me call you? I do want to see you again."

"You'll see me," I said breathlessly, "if you ever eat in the State Cafe. I'm a waitress there."

I made myself watch his face, see it change. And it did change. Not too much, because, I realized, he'd always try not to hurt anyone's feelings, but there was a flicker of surprise before he laughed and said, "Fine. I'll be one of the State Cafe's best customers."

But he wouldn't, he wouldn't, I told myself when I was trudging down the hot street, my suitcase pulling me down on one side. He was only being polite, living was too much of a creed that had made him control his shock when he learned where I worked.

I'd read him wrong. He did come to the cafe, and he did ask me to go out with him—not once, but many times.

WEEKS later, when I knew him much better, I understood. Again, it had been part of his creed—the creed of being proper, of doing the right thing. He would not, could not, be crudely undemocratic. By the time he learned who I was, he had already decided he liked me. He would have been ashamed to let the accident of my background make any difference in his feelings. He was fastidious in this, as in everything he did and thought.

He met me, most of the time, at the cafe, coming in for dinner or just when my work there was done. Once or twice, on Sundays, he came to the house for me, and he always took me home. Thus he saw where I lived—saw the blistered paint of the house, the sagging front porch, the barren yard—but he never met any of my family. I didn't have to introduce him. All of us, my brothers and sisters and I, went our ways, made what friends we pleased, without the interference or particular interest of Pop and Mom.

He still hadn't met them when he asked me to marry him.

He had a commission in the Army by that time, to go with his instructorship at the school, and he looked neat and pleasant and a little uncomfortable in his uniform. I felt toward him exactly as I had on the train—that he was nice.

But, dazed by the wonder of the new life he was offering me, not daring to believe that it could be true, I told him I would be his wife. Silently, I promised that I would make him happy. His would be a demanding love. I was sure I could give him all he wanted—affection, and companionship, and respect, and delight for the sense of beauty which was so much a part of him.

"We can be married around Christmas," he said. "There'll be a new term starting the first of the year, and I can get a week or so off. And it will give us time to find a house and buy some furniture."

"And," he could have added but of course, being Jim, didn't, "it will give me time to (Continued on page 77)
outcast, unwanted—even worse, unloved—by everybody you re-
spected? I hope not, for nothing can be mer-
ner, more withering.

Even when I was a child I felt the
gu layers, the drosses that set me from my
older sister—the same sister whose
name came later because I was
even then I wanted to play, not
with the similarly ragged kids who
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were always wrinkled from the water
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wages. But I hated her for the things
she could not help: constant weariness,
a high-pitched, complaining voice,
a house that was dirty and full of the
smelling odors of kitchen and washbath.
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loveliness, the only thing in the world
I possessed, to better use than Ada had.

The only use I made of it, after I
left high school, was to get a job as
a waitress at the State Cafe.
The State wasn’t the best place in
town to eat, but it was the worst.
It was just a well-run, decorative
restaurant where the food was good.
It was a place where I could earn a living
while I dreamed my half-formed
dreams of “tomorrow.”

What would happen someday? I
didn’t know—I only knew that some-
how, somewhere, something would—and
finally, something did. I met Jim Driscoll.
It was on the train, coming back
from Chicago, where I’d spent my
weekend. It had been a real good
week-end before I had been in Chicago a
day, to go there. I should have chosen
a summer hotel, where at least I’d
have had a chance of meeting other
people my own age. But I wanted to
see the city—live in a hotel, attend
a real play with flesh-and-blood actors,
to meet a total stranger. “You looked
so thin,” he said. “I couldn’t help myself.”
He hadn’t to tell me. I was right
there in the train, that he was
the sort of person who spoke fri-
elly to a strange girl in the midst of
abandon, of hope of making a conquest
—well, proper. He would have
anything underhand or mis-
coming, either.

He reached out and took my
hand. At his touch, little
warming flames ran through me.

We talked, there in the hot day
daze, while the train jerked its way
through the corn country, I was flat-
screened and pleased because he had ac-
cepted me as someone from his own
world, and I even thought wistfully
how wonderful it would have been if
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“Well be able to see a lot of each
other,” he exclaimed.

“You,” I said, avoiding his eyes,
because I was sure he wouldn’t want to
see me—not when he knew where I
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He looked around him, then began
to walk toward a hatted-seated sign
that said “Taxi,” but I stopped.

“Goodbye,” I said hesitantly. “It’s
been very nice, talking to you and
I—I hope you have lots of luck with
your classes.”

“But aren’t you coming with me?”
he asked in surprise. I can give you
a lift home in the taxi.”

Show him where and how I lived?
Oh, no, I couldn’t do that! He’d find
out, if ever he bothered to inquire,
but I couldn’t show him. “No, it’s—
it’s not fair, and I’d rather walk,”
I said.

“Will—?”’ His glance at my suitcase
showed that he didn’t believe me,
but he was too polite to insist. “Just as
you like. But won’t you let me call you
your cab?”

“You’ll see me,” I said breathless-
ly,

“if you ever eat at the State Cafe. I’m
a waitress there.”

I made myself watch his face, see
it come to life. And it was much,
because, I realized, he’d always try
to not hurt anyone’s feelings, but
then, when the moment came, he
laughed and said, “Fine, I’ll be one
of the State Cafe’s best customers.”

But he wouldn’t, he wouldn’t, I told
myself when I was trudging down the
hot street, studying casually for one
side. He was only being polite,
looking up to the creed that had made
him come to me, that I’d learned
where I worked.

I told him when I was. He did come
to the cafe, and he did ask me to go out
with him—not once, but many times.

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better, I understood. Again, it
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me for his mistress, when I came
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where I lived, the blistered paint of
the house, the sagging front porch, the
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my family. I didn’t have to introduce
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interference or particular interest of
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He still hadn’t met them when he
asked me to marry him.

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by that time, to go with his instruc-
torship at school, and he looked
neat and pleasant and a little un-
comfortable in his uniform. He felt
himself completely, as I had on
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new life he was offering me, not daring
to believe that it could be true, I
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His would be a demanding love,
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affection, and companionship, and
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beauty which was so much a part
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“We can be married around Christ-
mas,” he said. “There’ll be a new
term starting the first of the year,
and I can get a week or so off. And
it will give us time to find a house
and buy some furniture.

“And,” he could have added but of
course, being Jim, didn’t, “It will give
me time to (Continued on page 77)
Harry stood with John and me, after the service. As he was introduced to Lucy she raised her eyes, a question stirring in their haunted depths.
"I Will Fear No Evil"

Tears fell unheeded down her cheeks—tears of mingled shame and happiness. Although John had meant this Sunday sermon for others, it had found its mark in his wife's heart, too.

deficiency of the fibrin in blood which causes it to clot over a wound. An injury from which another man could have recovered would have meant John's death. He'd taken the rejection philosophically, but still I thought it was good that just now he could be especially busy, and in new surroundings.

Yet, perhaps, I was a little wrong, too. I didn't realize there is one thing, after all, about being a minister's wife that set me apart from other women. It's the duty of most wives to help their husbands along the road to success, to help them acquire security, position, a measure of wealth. But those were the things that spelled success to John, nor to any other. If he needed security, it was security of the soul. And this was what I forgot to reckon on.

We were married almost as soon as John had graduated from theological school, and we went, a bride and groom of only a few months. To Johnson's first parish, the little New England town of Vernon. It was a lovely place. We arrived in summer, when elms made long green tunnels of every street and flowers accented the smooth sweeps of lawn in front of every house. Many of the houses were old, and so was the church, but all were as sturdy and four-square as the people who had built them. There was a kind of self-respect about that town.

I was glad to see John plunge into the work of getting acquainted with the congregation. He needed work, to cure his disappointment at being unable to join the Army as a chaplain. It was a strange affliction that had made the doctors reject him—haemophilia, a
to make friends with the senior warden, he was self-consciously polite, with a politeness that was in itself almost an insult.

It worried me, because Dr. Cameron himself worried me. Looking at his impassive, heavy-featured face as he sat in church on Sunday mornings, I had the feeling that he was a dangerous man to have as an enemy—that, although he showed no open hostility, he was only waiting for John to make a mistake which would give him a chance to work against him. I had no proof of course, unless—

Unless you could call his wife and daughter proof. Mrs. Cameron was tiny, with a faded prettiness and a nervous way of talking, as if she were afraid of being interrupted and told that what she was saying was of no interest to anyone. Lucy, the daughter, was only a few years younger than I, and I thought every time I saw her how beautiful she would be if only she'd smile. She had big, lustrous brown eyes, long-lashed, and a skin that was like new milk. But her whole face was sad—sad and withdrawn, as if she had learned long ago that she must live within herself.

I was certain that both the girl and her mother would be afraid of Cameron. He must rule them, I thought, in the way that a dominant personality rules weaker ones, not by force or intimidation, but simply by the greater strength of his will.

I don't mean to give the impression that I thought very much about the Carners. There were more than enough other things to occupy me, those first two months in Vernon—our little house, next-door to the church, to keep bright and clean, meetings of the Ladies' Guild, the Red Cross, the Community Fund, visits with John, sometimes, to the old or sick... Oh, more than enough to keep me busy and very happy. More than enough to lend added sweetness to the few hours which belonged to John and me alone.

It was late on a Wednesday afternoon, I remember, that this first peaceful chapter of our life in Vernon came to an end. After that moment when I glanced up from my task of setting the supper-table, nothing was ever quite the same. (Continued on page 81)

A Theater of Today Drama

Fictionized from an original story entitled, "The Black Sheep," by Ken Webb, heard on the Theater of Today, Saturday noon on CBS.
I closed the door behind me and leaned against it, looking around the tiny living room. Spring sunshine blazed in the west windows, picking up the bright colors in the chintz, touching the fresh flowers in a silver bowl on the desk, the mellowed pine table that had been Jim’s grandmother’s. It looked cheerful. It looked like pictures you see in magazines. It looked exactly as if nobody lived in it.

The loneliness hit me like a physical blow across the face.

I dropped the groceries on the table and rushed into the bedroom. I kicked off my shoes, hurried out of my office dress. Hastily I cold creamed my face, brushed my hair, applied fresh make up. Then I got into a housecoat and comfortable mules, and hurried out through the living room into the kitchen, switching on the radio as I passed. I wasn’t hurrying to go anywhere; nobody was coming. I was racing against the quiet before it should rush over and engulf me.

There are different kinds of quiet, I’ve learned. You sit quietly reading in the evening, across the room from Jim who is reading, too. The room is silent, but you can look across at him, his long legs stretched out in front of his favorite chair, the reading lamp picking up the reddish lights in his brown hair.

There’s the kind when you wake in the night. The city is still. The house is still. For a moment your heart is still, too, until you reach out and touch Jim sleeping quietly and warm beside you, and you are comforted and go to sleep again.

And there’s the waiting quiet of the apartment when you get home from work a few minutes before him, when you expect his key in the door any minute, his kiss when he greets you after being apart all day.

But this kind is different. You wait, but you’re not waiting for anything because Jim isn’t coming home tonight. This is a bitter, lonely quiet that won’t be broken for a long, long time—because Jim is “overseas,” a place that isn’t real because you can’t really envision it or him in it. No, this is the quiet that hurts because there’s nothing to break it.

Well, I told myself as I started preparations for my dinner, I could have gone and lived with Jim’s family. Mother Ruell had begged me to, when he first went to camp. I loved Mother Ruell and I loved Cissie, Jim’s seventeen-year-old sister, and I could have had Jim’s old room.

“But I’d really rather stay here,” I’d told them. “It’s our home and if I stay in it and can write Jim what I’m doing in it—like the new slipcovers I made and all—it will bring home closer to him. Thank you, Mom, for wanting me—but I’d rather stay alone.”

This was true. It was also true that living with another family, even one I loved, would mean giving up some of the independence I cherished. I’d worked since I got out of school. I’d
Sometimes waiting at home is even harder than fighting. So much can happen to a woman alone, a woman as desirable—and as lovely—as Connie.

kept on working after we were married, until the day when we'd start having babies. War had interrupted our plans and now I was doubly grateful for my job. Working all day as receptionist and bookkeeper for a group of doctors who shared offices in the Medical Arts Building helped me forget, from nine to five anyway, the awful loneliness.

Mom hadn't given up easily. "I don't like it," she said. "It doesn't look right—a young girl living alone."

I'd laughed and kissed her. I was an old married woman of twenty-three and could look after myself.

So I'd stayed on in our home and worked to fill up my spare time. Two nights a week I spent at the USO canteen run for the boys from nearby Camp Jackson. I sewed. I had girl friends in, in the evening. One night a week and Sundays I had dinner at the Ruells'. Oh, I'd worked it all out, determined to be brave and sensible. But there were times—
"No, he said, "I mean being here in the blackness, close beside me, your skin so warm under my hand."

Like now. Like dinner time. Broiling one chop, slicing one tomato, heating over all those peas left from the pound I'd cooked yesterday, buttering one roll. And then putting it all on a tray—what's the good of setting a table with only one to sit down to?—and carrying it into the chair beside the radio.

The telephone rang, shrill in the silence. It's good when the phone rings. It brings life in.

It was Avis Brooks, and her husky voice held all the vibrant, electric quality that drew most people to her like a magnet. "Hello, Connie. Want to go on a party tonight?"

We'd met Avis and Jack when they'd moved to Banniston two years ago and I'd always thought Avis was more like a Powers model than any other girl I'd ever known—tall, slim, dark and terribly smart looking.

"I can't, Avis. This is my night at the USO."

"You can get out of that—it won't be any fun anyway," she said dismissingly. "This is going to be a swell party. Some of the fellows out at the plant are going out to that new dance place—you know, the Blue Goose. We need an extra girl. Come on, Connie—come along."

I did want to go, in a way. But "I can't," I said regretfully. "They're counting on me down there and it's too late to let them know. Some other time . . ."

"You're making an awful mistake," she sighed. "You know my motto—have fun while you can . . . What do you hear from Jim?"

I told her about the last letter, nearly a week ago now. The letter that had only a number for a return address, a number in care of the Postmaster, New York City. The letter that said only that everything was fine and Jim was fine and the country was very interesting and that he loved me—because that's all he could say.

"How's Jack?" I asked.

"Oh, winning the war as usual, down at Camp Hood. He says they're working him to death in that new tank destroyer outfit. But he seems to thrive . . . Sure you won't come? Well, see you soon, honey."

I went back to my tray. Avis' husband had left three months before. She'd given up their apartment, stored the furniture, and gotten a job in the new defense plant outside Banniston. She was making a good deal of money and she was spending every cent. On clothes. On fun. "After all," she'd said, "why should I bury myself because Jack had to go in the army?"

No reason, I thought. No reason at
all. But I wouldn't want to be tearing around having dates every night, with Jim away. Still, it was her own business—hers and Jack's.

"And it's not as if there were any harm in Avis' tearing around.

I'd said it aloud. Unconsciously, I'd spoken the words to that empty chair beside the reading lamp, trying somehow to fill it, to bring Jim home.

For a moment it worked. I could almost feel those bright blue eyes on my face, could almost smell the cigarette smoke as it curled up over the back of the chair, for a moment there was Jim there.

Automatically, my mind turned to the events of the day, the little things he liked to hear about. I told him about the grateful patient of Dr. Rudd's who was too poor to pay but had sent the doctor two Plymouth Rock hens, all neatly done up in a crate, to the office this morning; and how Dr. Rudd swore he was going to start raising eggs. I told him about the delicate emergency operation Dr. Holden had performed right there in the office.

"It's funny how it creeps up on you. You think you're doing fine and then—"

"And then it hits you like an unexpected blow from behind. I know."

Why, he does know, I thought. He understands. He's been through it himself. And I felt warmed, I felt loved, by the way he spoke about it. It was as if he were appraising me—not as a person but as a woman, weighing my good points and bad. Some of the nurses said he was a "chaser." But he was being very nice now.

"Don't you get lonely?" he asked as he turned the car down town.

"Sometimes." I thought of this evening at dinner. "It's funny how it creeps up on you. You think you're doing fine and then—"

"And then it hits you like an unexpected blow from behind. I know."

I smiled a little at her old-fashioned phrase, glancing at him now. He did look different from other men I knew. He dressed better for one thing. And his neat black mustache, the weary expression in his dark eyes, the way he smiled and talked so easily gave him a sort of urbane worldliness.

I knew there'd been a divorce under rather unsavory circumstances in the background, and that he was supposed to run around with the "wild" country club set. And when he'd first taken the office in Dr. Rudd's suite, and I'd been introduced to him, he'd given me a look that made me uncomfortable. It wasn't bold or insolent. It was as if he were appraising me—not as a person but as a woman, weighing my good points and bad. Some of the nurses said he was a "chaser." But he was being very nice now.

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"Sometimes." I thought of this evening at dinner. "It's funny how it creeps up on you. You think you're doing fine and then—"

"And then it hits you like an unexpected blow from behind. I know."

But he was being very nice now.

The Canteen served coffee, milk, soft drinks and sandwiches. It provided a sort of club for the boys where they could meet, read magazines, get buttons sewed on, or just sit. I presided at the coffee urn.

They filed past me, with their cups. I smiled, without a trace of sympathy. "Cream? Sugar? You're welcome . . ." At first, I'd tried to make each greeting personal, thinking of these lonely youngsters, some of them away from home for the first time. They were nearly all well-mannered and grateful, and I'd like to keep on talking to them tonight. I was too tired and depressed.

As the evening went on, handing out the countless cups of coffee, I watched the other girls and older women bustling around, talking and laughing, gathering around the boys. Some of them had husbands or sons in the service. How could they do it, I wondered. Didn't they ever feel like saying, "What's the use of all this, when my loved one is far away and in danger? Why don't you all go to bed?"

"I'm sorry," I laughed shakily. "I didn't know you were thinking like that. I was just that coming up behind you, I—you reminded me of someone."

He stood up. He was a nice-looking, open faced boy with ruddy hair and eyes. He didn't laugh. He just looked down at me, taking in the wedding ring on my finger.

"Your husband?" he said. I liked his noticing. "Yes. He's overseas. And you don't look like him really. But you're the same size and build, and your hair's the same color and—I guess I was just thinking about him."

"I know." He smiled then. "You get to seeing ghosts. The first two weeks at Camp Jackson, every time I came into town I thought I saw somebody from home. But it never was. How long has he been overseas?"

We talked for a while. His name was Carl Haggard, and he came from Arizona. He'd been in the army only a few months.

"Could I see you home?" he said finally. "I don't have to be back till midnight and I'd like to keep on talking to you.

He had a frank, easy way of speaking that wasn't at all fresh. "I'm sorry. Someone's coming by for me, and besides we're not supposed to make (Continued on page 73)"
SAMMY WARNER is the office boy at the Eagle. Whenever there is information needed, Sammy knows it. He is a bright, alive kid, full of fun and energy. Sammy lives at home with his widowed mother. And she is mighty proud of her boy. Sammy is putting as much as he can into War Bonds to have money for his mother when he goes into service. The sun rises and sets for Sammy with David Farrell. His chief ambition in life is to grow up and be just like David whom he simply worships. (Played by George Sturgeon)

KAY BARNETT is David Farrell’s fellow reporter on the Eagle. Kay is also a good friend of Sally’s and together Sally and Kay keep David in check. She’s as capable a reporter as any man on the paper, and she has a perfect sense of humor. Kay talks fast and strong, but inside she is really a timid girl. Her daring in going after stories of all kinds often surprises her after it’s all over. She swears that she’ll never take another chance again. But just let a good assignment come along to tempt her and off she goes. (Played by Betty Garde)
DAVID AND SALLY FARRELL are the stars of Front Page Farrell, the exciting serial of a newspaper reporter’s life. They live in a simple cottage in the suburbs. In his work as a reporter on the Eagle, David has been working on juvenile delinquency. He helped to straighten out a lot of boys and show them the way to a healthier and more constructive life. Pert and pretty Sally used to work on the paper with David before they were married, but now she’s looking forward to the coming of her baby. (Played by Florence Williams and Richard Widmark)
MRS. HOWARD, Sally's mother, is very happy about the choice of husband her daughter made. She is a member of a ladies' lecture club and she successfully turned it into a wartime work club. While not always Johnny-on-the-spot in understanding new problems as they come up, she is always ready to do her share after things have been explained to her. About saving salvage materials in the home, however, Mrs. Howard is there with suggestions of her own before being told about them in the papers. She also has a modest victory garden, like David's.

(Played by Evelyn Varden)

LUCY BEGGS is Mrs. Howard's friend and the person she lives with. She is a perfect companion for Mrs. Howard. Not that they always agree. In fact, frequently they have very different opinions. But they are both understanding and in need of each other's company. Mrs. Beggs is a member of Mrs. Howard's club. She is as fond of David and Sally as if they were her own children, and shares with Mrs. Howard all their pleasures and anxieties. She's just as adamant about her rights with the baby that hasn't yet arrived, as if she were the grandmother.

(Played by Katherine Emmett)
TO MY UNBORN BABY

by Sally Farrell

Long ago she would have dreamed of cribs and nurseries, but what concerns today's expectant mother is what kind of a world her child will have to live in.

WE ARE at war. I am going to have a baby. It looks strange, putting these two things down. War is a world-shaking struggle. Having a baby is a wonderfully close, terribly personal thing. Yet, I can't separate the two things in my mind. Perhaps it's because I feel so deeply that this war is not being fought only for us, today, but for tomorrow, for the future—and, to me, the future is my baby and the millions of other children who are being born now and who will be born in the days to come.

If I had lived in another age, I suppose my thoughts in these months of waiting for my baby to be born would have been different. I would probably have dreamed lazily of cribs and nurseries and speculated idly on careers and great achievements for my child. I might have spoiled myself, luxuriating in the delight of the secret stirrings of a new life.

But I am living today. The war is real. And I find I can't dream so much. I have to think clearly and feel strongly. What concerns me most is what kind of a world my child will have to live in.

Will it be a free world? Will it be a world in which my child and all children can grow in dignity and peace, sharing with one another the benefits of the civilization that has been built through centuries of struggle, adding their share to the future and to progress? Or will it be a world ruled by a few self styled “supermen,” who can keep their power only through the most degrading enslavement and the most ruthless destruction of all the ideals and achievements of the past and the present?

No, there isn't any choice. We're free and we must stay free. For my child, I want a world in which the Four Freedoms—freedom of speech and of religion, freedom from fear and from want—are an accepted and vital part of living. I want my child to know the full meaning of the sacred words—“freedom of the individual under a democratic form of government.” And I know that my child cannot live in a better world, a world in which there will be no more wars, unless the peoples in the rest of the world live in peace. There is nothing I wouldn't do to bring this about. I would fight, willingly—die, if necessary.

David has been reading over my shoulder. "Strong words," he says.

Yes. And I add this. To live in a world of freedom and peace we must do everything in our power to understand our allies better, to understand all the greatness and all that is glorious in them. We must realize how much we depend upon them just as they know how much they depend on us in this war. We must try to know them as we know our neighbors in the block and work with them in the same way for a world that is free and at peace.

No! No one can tell me it can't be done. It can be if we will it. We, all the people. It is not “just another dream.” It's the all important dream for which men are dying—your men and mine and those of our allies.

We, at home, must not fail them.

This is no time for softness but for action and, yes, for resolute dreaming, for dreams in a good, constructive sense.

Since time began, I think, men and women must have had dreams of a better world for their children. And these dreams, grown into actions, must have had a great deal to do with the way mankind has progressed through the centuries. Let's not forget that.

Democracy is not just a word, or an idea. It is a living thing, which must be kept alive and fed by the hard work and cooperation of every man and woman and child who is lucky enough to live under it.

A country is conquered. This gives the conquerors certain raw materials, certain reserves of manpower, certain land. For a short time, perhaps, they can control the conquered people with their military police and force the people to work for them—at the point of a bayonet. Soon, however, they need more materials, more men. And it isn't nearly so profitable to buy these things from other countries as it is to take them. So they march again and another country.

(Continued on page 58)
Harvest of Hope

Dorothy had won her victory—but at the sacrifice of her own happiness. She watched Jan go away without a backward glance, leaving her alone and frightened.

IT wasn't until the train began to move slowly out of the station that I really realized what I had done. Mom and Dad and Annie were running along the platform and waving to me, and suddenly I felt all hollow inside and I was scared.

When I couldn't see their faces any longer, I slumped down in my seat, feeling miserable and wondering why I hadn't thought it all over more carefully. I was sure to be a failure. I knew nothing about the country, nothing about farm work. I was a city girl, who had suddenly taken it upon herself to be a heroine.

No, that wasn't it, either. It was that crazy, uncontrollable Irish temper of mine. I thought back to that terrible day when everything had gone wrong. It had been raining, the way it rains in March.

Everything had been awful that day. It was dreary and wet and the city seemed dirtier and colder than ever. Then, at work, Mr. Martin had kept nagging and peering over my shoulder, until I got so nervous that I stuck my finger under the needle of the stitching machine. That made me lose my temper and I had yelled at him and said some nasty things. The next thing I knew, I had quit—before he could fire me.

Walking home in the rain, my finger hurting, I had kept thinking, over and over, "Oh, if only I could get away from all this!" And mixed up with that thought was the worry about having to get another job. There wouldn't be any jobs in my work, the only work I knew, because leather for making pocketbooks was scarce now.

I walked along hating Mr. Martin, hating to go home and face the family. Then, I saw the poster.

"JOIN THE CROP CORPS, HELP WIN THE WAR."

It wasn't the slogan that got me. I wasn't feeling so patriotic, at the moment. We Malones were doing our share to win the war, what with my two older brothers in the Army and Dad working in a war plant and me worrying, because money was needed at home—and I was out of a job.

No, it was the picture. There was a sunlit field with a girl standing in it. She was in overalls and she looked healthy and happy and free.

Suddenly I felt such a longing to be that girl in the picture, to stand in the sunlight and feel a soft wind in my hair and see green, rolling hills, that if wishes were wings I'd have been there the next instant. Almost without knowing what I was doing I headed for the address on the poster and, in a very short time, I was at the office of the United States Employment Service, signing up to do farm work.

And now, here I was—on a train headed for some place called the Bogardus Farm in upstate New York. On my way to be a farm girl! And the idea was a little frightening. I thought of all Mom's qualms, how she had worried about my going off to "Lord knows where!" with not the slightest notion of what I was supposed to do, knowing nothing of the people, the country, the work, or anything. I'd never been on a farm in my life. Actually, I'd never been any farther from New York City than Palisades Park, in New Jersey, where we went on picnics sometimes.

I slumped further down in my seat...
I tried to read a magazine. It didn't help very much. I couldn't concentrate on the story and every mile that took me away from the city seemed to make me feel smaller and more uncertain.

It was hardly a station, the place where I got off the train. There was just a small shelter on one side of the racks. On the other side, there was a platform with dozens of milk cans stacked along it. Stepping down to the gravel path, I remembered vaguely having learned at high school that New York was primarily a dairy state.

The next minute, I stopped thinking about vague things like that. The train rattled off and I was alone. Really alone. There was no station agent or anything—just those milk cans.

I don't know, maybe people who've been to the country a lot wouldn't feel the way I did then. I was suddenly about as big as an ant. I wasn't used to all that space. I was used to being hemmed in by brick walls, tall ones. I was used to knowing there were people around me—never more than ten or fifteen feet away.

I might have sat down and cried with the strangeness and loneliness, but there wasn't time. There was the familiar sound of an automobile and I looked across the tracks. A station wagon was roaring down a dirt road toward me.

An old man was driving. He stopped the car and just sat looking at me. He had a lined, weatherbeaten face and, in it, only his sharp, blue eyes moved. Somehow, he seemed disappointed. I could feel the Irish in me stirring and it was on the tip of my tongue to ask...
I wasn’t long before I knew that he loved me when he took me in his arms and kissed me.

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what he was staring at, but I held on to myself.

"Hello," I said, instead. "I'm Dorothy Malone. The Employment Service sent me."

"Ja," he nodded. He had a nice voice.

"You're a mighty little girl."

"But I'm strong," I said defensively. He laughed. His face got all wrinkled up with his amusement. "You'd better be mighty strong, then," he chuckled. "They said they would try to send six people." He opened the door for me. "Climb in," he smiled.

This was a fine welcome, I thought, getting into the car. Here I'd come all the way from New York to do my bit and he wasn't even glad to see me. He was choosey. I wasn't big enough to suit this old man!

His old eyes were pretty keen. "Pay no mind to me," he said with a smile. "You're welcome. I guess you'll be a lot of help—though, maybe, not all we need."

It was easier then. He drove the car like someone who doesn't quite trust these new contraptions and we bumped along the dirt roads trailing a cloud of dust behind us. But he was friendly, now.

His name was Willem Bogardus. The farm belonged to him. "Got ninety cows," he said proudly. "Model dairy."

We turned into a side road. This was where the farm began. To me, it seemed to go on forever. Miles and miles. Then, we topped a little hill and dropped downward into a sort of ravine. Off to one side, I saw a man plowing a vast field. To me it seemed vast, anyway. The man waved to us and old Willem Bogardus tooted his horn and we went on.

"My grandson," he said. He was proud of him, too, you could tell that. "Good farmer," he wagged his head. "Went to school—scientific farmer, now."

We drove under some trees and then I could see the house. It was very old—so old it seemed to have grown into the ground, like the trees around it. There was ivy creeping up one side, almost hiding the ancient, rough stone from which it had been built.

We didn't stop at the house, though. The old man drove to the back of the house and down an incline to a neat, white, frame house with green shutters. This was where the hired help lived.

I got out of the car. It felt funny to think of myself as "hired help," but when I considered it for a moment, I didn't mind. After all, that's what I'd come out here to be.

I had no idea what my duties would be, but I was all full of energy and willingness. I wanted to start right away. Old Mr. Bogardus crinkled up his face in a grin and advised me to look around for a bit, first. Tomorrow would be time enough. Then, Jan would tell me what to do.

"Jan?" I asked. "The foreman?"

"Ja," the old man nodded. "My grandson—foreman, too."

He led me to my room and left me. It was a nice room—clean, with screens on the windows and fluffy, white curtains. The bed was good and there were old fashioned, rag rugs on the floor. Everything smelled of soap and fresh air.

But I wasn't particularly interested in my room. That was just a place to sleep. Quickly, I changed into my new overalls and low heeled shoes. I really wanted to be a country girl, all of a sudden.

Then I slipped downstairs and out of the house. It was wonderful to feel the soft resilient earth under my feet. I started exploring.

There were big barns, painted white with red roofs. They were empty, now, except for some men working with hose and rakes, cleaning up. There was a creamery, although I didn't know that's what it was called. It was cool inside and smelled sweet. There was another big stone building, where a man was working on some machinery. Later, I learned that he was scalding and sterilizing the milking machines.

I just sort of peeped into these places, because I still felt strange and new and timid. I assumed that these men were also "hired hands" and that
I'd get to know them soon enough. For the moment, I was satisfied to get the feel of the country, the farm.

Behind the barns was a large vegetable garden, although now it was nothing but rows of curvets with, here and there, a tiny green shoot coming up. I walked past that and up on a rise. From there I could look all around. Again, it seemed that I could see for miles—that's the exaggerated kind of idea of space you get, after living all your life in a city, I guess.

There was a sense of awakening about the earth—and, somehow, that feeling began to flow through me, too. In the distance, masses of trees were beginning to show off their fall colors, fresh green.

Grass was sending up its sharp blades everywhere, pushing through the dry, yellow stubble of last year's growth.

It was a mild, pleasant day and the quiet was like a song, filling me with contentment and well being. It was all very strange to me—and very beautiful.

I think it was the peace of it that was so beautiful. Somehow, the idea of war, of destruction and death, seemed preposterous here. Yet, it was because of the war that I was here. And my brothers, Mike and Pete, were in North Africa because of the war. And thousands of men and women and children, all over the world, had been uprooted because of the war.

Some of the delight seemed to fade from the day. I ran down the hill and walked on, as if the spring of the earth, under my feet and the soft wind blowing gently over my face could wipe out the pictures of devastation and suffering that had come into my mind, suddenly. I walked in a wide circle.

Presently, from far away, I heard a bell ringing. I stopped in my tracks, wondering what it could mean. Then, I remembered some of the movies about farm life that I had seen. Always, in the movies, they rang a bell like that to call the people in to meals. I laughed, realizing how hungry I was, and turned back toward the house.

It seemed shorter crossing the fields instead of taking the paths. Then I came to a heavy, log fence. In this enclosure there was one lone cow, lying under a tree. It occurred to me that it was strange this cow should be all alone, because I'd seen dozens of others, cropping the new grass, and they'd all been in large groups. I decided that this one must be sick, or something, and started to climb over the fence.

"Hey! Stay out of there!" someone shouted. I almost fell off the top rail. "Dempsey doesn't like strangers!" The voice was right behind me, now. I turned around.

He was very tall and so close to me that his wide shoulders blocked out everything else. His hair was bright yellow and his eyes were blue and laughing. For some strange reason, my heart tripped over and I could feel myself blushing.

I was furious with myself. There wasn't anything so special about him—he was just a young man. And yet,
Meet the members of radio’s famous A-1 Detective Agency, Jack Packard of the analytical mind, “Doc” Long, who has a way with locks, and Gerry Booker, the shorthand sleuth.

The chief characters of I Love A Mystery, the thrill-packed adventure series heard Monday through Friday at 7:00 P.M., EWT, over CBS, are Jack Packard and Doc Long. The diversified talents of these two private detectives of public welfare, operate from an unidentified office building somewhere in Hollywood. On the office door is modestly inscribed, “The A-1 Detective Agency.” Jack Packard and Doc Long are the sole owners and operators of this agency whose creed is, “No job is too tough—no mystery is too baffling.”

The brains of the outfit and its analytical powers are concentrated in Jack Packard. Doc Long takes care of getting out of tight spots through a pair of fast-moving fists. The glamorous side is ably covered by the beauteous Gerry Booker, functioning as the secretary of the agency, and, at times, as a very competent detective on her own account.

I Love A Mystery has no set locale, as the adventures and each blood-curdling assignment take Jack, Doc and Gerry to all parts of the country. The escapades of these three vary in length and in type, but as a rule, even the most baffling of their cases are usually “cracked” by the trio in two or three weeks.

Carlton E. Morse writes, directs and produces I Love A Mystery.

Gerry Booker
(Played by Gloria Blondell)
Jack Packard
(Played by Michael Raffetto)

"Doc" Long
(Played by Barton Yarborough)
When you love only once

No pride stands between a woman and her heart when she's in love. And so, Sally resolved, tomorrow was going to be her day—no matter what she had to do to make it hers stand it. Inside me, there's always been a hot, seething little core of rebellion. It flared once into real hatred, and died away again into bleakest despair. That's how I came to find myself, one day, alone and very lonely in a big, strange city, wearing a blue-and-white uniform which hid the ache in my heart from everyone but myself.

Being in love that one perfect time, that they say comes once to every woman, is the most wonderful thing that can happen—if the one you love loves you. But if your love falls on sterile soil, if all your weeping can't water it into growing and all of your smiling can't warm the seed to life, then it's like a sickness, love is. You just want to be very still, and not see the sun because the sun is too bright, and not hear the rain because it sounds like crying. You don't want to be near people because of the happiness you may see on their faces. You don't want to talk to them because you may hear their laughter. You want to draw all the curtains, and make a dark, quiet room of your life.

That's the way I felt when I ran away—ran away from the sight of Jane and Terry together—and joined the SPARS.

But you won't understand how it came about that I learned to hate my sister unless I tell you the whole story.

By the time Jane and I were old enough to work, I'd found a kind of balance within myself. The core of rebellion was there, yes—and as strong as ever—but I'd learned to keep it under control. I'd grown up, I suppose. I'd learned not to mind very much when Jane and I went shopping and Jane did the choosing of the clothes—clothes exactly alike. I'd learned to be content to tag along behind Jane, to go out with the man she'd just discarded in favor of a new one, to have fun with the crowd even when there weren't enough boy friends to go around.

I'd learned to be content—until we met Terry. And then it was different—terribly, fiercely different!

I saw Terry first. He walked into the office where Jane and I worked—twin secretaries to the two vice-presidents; they thought it was wonderful, too!—just about closing time one evening. Jane had hurried off a little early to keep an appointment at the beauty shop, and I was staying to finish my work and a letter or two that still remained of hers.

Pounding away busily at my typewriter, I didn't realize that there was anyone in the office with me until I heard a voice say, "You must be one of the twins."
As far as I was concerned, that had always been a poor opening remark from the point of view of getting me interested. I looked up sharply, as he went on, “Which Webb girl are you?”

“I, I answered automatically, and then I got my first really good look at Terence Cahill.

I won't try to make you believe that I fell in love with him then and there. I never have put much faith in stories about love at first sight. But oh—I liked him at once, so much! He had the kind of thin face which carries two little lines flanking the mouth—you just know they were dimples when he was a little boy. His dark hair was a close-cropped cap, and his smile seemed to have been fashioned for him alone. Surely there wasn’t another like it anywhere in the world.

“I’m Sally Webb,” I repeated, and added, from long experience, “Did you want to see Jane?”

He shook his head. “I wanted to see your boss, but I guess I’m a little late. No—the way I happened to hear about you girls was from him. He’s always telling people about how he and his brother have twin secretaries. And a very decorative asset to any office, I might add—that is, if Jane looks like you.”

“Being twins isn’t very much fun,” I told him—and I think that was the first time I’d ever admitted that to anyone. Somehow I knew he wouldn’t think it was queer of me not to like being a twin.

His grin broadened. “Look,” he said, “it’s way past quitting time. Let’s go down to the drug store and have a soda, and you can tell me all about...”
When you love only once

No pride stands between a woman and her heart when she's in love. And so, Sally resolved, tomorrow was going to be her day—no matter what she had to do to make it hers.

EVE RTE DELY one thought it was wonderful, our being twins. Everyone but us, that is. I can remember, from the time I was old enough to remember anything, Mother's saying, "Oh, twins! Agnes, your little girls are simply darling! Aren't you proud? How simply wonderful—they're just exactly alike!" And later, our own friends—"Don't you love being twins? What fun!"

It isn't fun. It isn't fun at all, because being that way you can't get away from you. You're two separate people, two whole people, and yet, one isn't whole. At least, that's the way it was with Jamie and me. One of us was always the dominating factor. One was gay and charming, with sweet, endearing little ways, laughter in her eyes, and a flirtatious lift to the corners of her mouth, one of us was quiet and reserved, always in the background, shining only in the light reflected from her sister—not by instinct, but from learning that she might as well be quiet and reserved because she could never hope to be what her sister was, to shine as brightly as she.

I was the quiet one. There we were, always, two of us—perfect physically as individuals. We looked alike and talked alike; even our hands made the same little fly-away gestures when we spoke, and our mouths moved into the same smiles. But we were two people—and no one ever seemed to treat us as if we were. It hurt, never being able to be free of my twin, all my life, but the hurt grew to dreadful proportions when we reached the first going-out-with-boys age. You see, there never seemed to be two men for us to ever after—and of course it was the one, the charming one, who always got the one man.

I've always disliked my sister. Please don't condemn me for it—not until you've heard the whole story, not until I can try to make you understand it. Inside me, there's always been a hot, seething little core of rebellion. It fared one into real hatred, and died away again into bleakest despair. That's how I came to find myself, one day, alone and very lonely in a big, strange city, wearing a blue-and-white uniform which hid the ache in my heart from everyone but myself.

Being in love that one perfect time, that they say come once to every woman, is the most wonderful thing that can happen—if the one you love loves you. But if your love falls on sterile soil, if all your weeping can't water it into growing and all of your smiling can't warm the seed to life, then it's like a sickness, love is. You just want to be very still, and not see the sun because the sun is too bright, and not hear the rain because it sounds like crying. You don't want to be near people because of the happiness you may see on their faces. You don't want to talk to them because you may hear their laughter. You want to draw all the curtains, and make a dark, quiet room of your life.

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why it isn’t fun to be a twin. How about it?”

Sometimes you read in magazines about how the girl in the story can’t remember what happened on the day she met the man—how everything was just a rosy blur, or some such nonsense. That wasn’t how it was with me. I remember everything that happened that afternoon and all the time afterwards until I left Columbus. I remember every detail—the strawberry soda, all the things Terry told me about himself, how I ran over in my mind a possible menu before inviting Terry home to dinner to meet Jane, how Jane looked a little bit bored when I brought him in, a lot less bored when I mentioned that he was a friend of our employers, and not bored one little bit when she took a second, better look at Terry. I remember all the questions he asked, sitting on the davenport between us after dinner, while we waited for Jane’s date to call for her—all the silly questions about our looking alike and being mistaken for each other that people had asked us ever since I could remember, and which suddenly didn’t seem silly at all, now that Terry was asking them.

“You have a date tonight?” he asked me, when Jane went in to powder her nose and change her dress.

I shook my head. “I’m the stay-at-home one,” I explained. “I’m the chief cook and bottle washer and manage the money, and Jane is the family social light.” And then I added, hastily. “Not that I mind, you know. It—wouldn’t be that way unless I wanted it.” That was the woman in me—the instinctive thing that makes a girl hesitate to let a man think she isn’t popular, that she hasn’t a lot of men friends.

“All right,” he said, “then we’ll just sit here and talk. Maybe tomorrow night we’ll go to the movies or dance some place, or something, but tonight we’ll just get acquainted.”

“Tomorrow?” I echoed.

“Tomorrow,” he repeated firmly, “and lots of other tomorrows. Didn’t I tell you? I’ve decided that you’re my girl!”

I went to bed that night with that little phrase singing me to sleep, over and over, “I’ve decided that you’re my girl.” And I woke up in the morning sure that the most wonderful thing in the world had happened to me.

And so it would have been—if Jane hadn’t decided that the most wonderful thing in the world had also happened to her.

Oh, we had all those tomorrows he’d promised me, Terry and I. It was funny how I felt, those days. Almost as if I couldn’t quite comprehend what had happened to me, as if I couldn’t realize that I’d found someone to love. But, if I had, my heart, would love me. And I had a wonderful little feeling of pride in me, too. Always Jane had been the one who had to get me a date, and now I had a man of my own, and I could go out with Jane and her friends or Terry instead of sitting home as an alternative to joining Jane and the others.

W HAT touched me most of all, I think, what bound me finally, irrevocably to Terry, was that he knew, from the first, without ever making one, that I was. Other people were always mixing us up, calling us by each other’s names, giving one some message meant for the other. But Terry always came to me—to me, Sally—as if by instinct, immediately he came into a room where both of us were. If I was alone and he always asked, “Where’s Sally?” without hesitation. He knew. And that was wonderful.

Yes, we had all the tomorrows Terry promised me—but very soon I awakened from the glints of pleasure in which I lived to realize that we were sharing most of our tomorrows with Jane. She had told me, one day shortly after we met Terry, “He’s a darling, Sally—a perfect darling,” and from then on she took things into her own hands. Not that she wasn’t subtle about it—subtle enough, anyway, so that Terry didn’t realize what was happening. Jane knew how to go about thinks like that. But I knew Jane too well. I knew—with the old, sick feeling of impending defeat—what she was doing.

Mostly, Jane was always there. She was ready to fly to answer the phone when it rang, ready to run to the door in answer to Terry’s light-hearted three-times ring. Before, I’d sometimes had to talk over personal matters with her, and I’d just catch her, for she was always away in the evening and over weekends. Now there was no trouble trying to see Jane—the trouble was trying to find a moment without her. For a once-popular girl it was almost as if she had suddenly been put in quarantine, for all the men who came around or called her nowadays.

That was the way it went. First, Terry and I, Jane and some man she knew, would go out together. But, after a little, it dwindled down to a trio, Terry and the twins. I remember the first night that happened...

The plan for that evening was for four of us—Jim Martin, one of the men in the office, was to call for Jane to go out to the Old Mill, a new summer restaurant that had just opened. Jane was dressed and ready ahead of time, as she always was lately, ready to answer the bell when Terry came, touck her arm through his, to draw him into the livingroom and to a place beside the table. A love seat just big enough for two people. She looked up at him and then down again, pursing her lips in a little-girl pout.

“Terry—I’ve got a confession to make. I’ve been stood up—isn’t that awful? Jim called a little while ago and they were going to our house.”

That leaves me all alone, and I’d so counted on going out to that new place with you and Sally!”

Terry grinned down at her. “Well, what’s to keep you from going along, anyway. Can’t leave you here at home all alone.”

She returned his smile with interest. “Oh, but I couldn’t do that—I hate being a fifth wheel, Terry!”

“Nonsense!” he told her. “Love to have you—wouldn’t we, Sally?”

No place to ask and to answer no to a question like that, is there?

That night I lay awake, stiff and silent, in the twin bed next to Jane’s. My thoughts ran round and round in an endless, foolish circle, desperately trying to find a solution to a problem which I’d meant to be solved. It had seemed no problem at all. To people who hadn’t been half of a pair of twins all their lives, to people who hadn’t forever lived under Janie’s domination.

Suddenly, a whisper broke the stillness from the other bed. “Jane!”

“No—no, I’m not asleep.”

There was a little click, and the night light between the beds flashed on. Jane was sitting up in bed, her slim arms hugging her knees, her fair hair brushed into a fluff from her head, back held from her face with a blue ribbon to match her eyes. I thought impersonally that she looked lovely, and then remembered, as too often I had forgotten, that I looked just like her.

“Oh, Sally—I want to talk to you. Are you in love with Terry?”

That was Jane—if you wanted to know something, you asked a bald question and expected as blunt an answer.

I drew my breath in sharply. Was I in love with Terry? Did I expect the sun to shine tomorrow, the birds to sing? Did I expect spring to follow winter, death to follow life? I was as sure as that.

She expected a straight answer; she’d get one. “Yes, Jane. Yes, I love Terry.”

“I do, too.”

Something of what was in my mind must have been on my face, too, then, for her voice hurried on. “Sally, it’s true! Oh, I know I’ve had a good time and gone out with lots of men, and I know you’ve heard me say that I loved some of them. But it wasn’t true, Sally. I never knew until now what it really meant to be in love.”

My heart began to pound, the way it does when you’re in danger, terrible danger. There were a thousand things I might have said, but the fierce beating of my heart closed my throat.

“Sally, give me a chance with Terry.”
There was all the pleading in the world in Jane's voice.

"Give you—give you a chance? Haven't you—?"

She interrupted me swiftly. "A real chance, Sally—please! Step out of the way for a little bit. Take your vacation now, and go away. This is the one man, the one man for me, don't you understand? He started out being your friend, and he's—he's sort of fallen into that habit. He doesn't think of me except as your sister. And then—well, if I can't get him, if he doesn't want me, you won't have lost anything. He'll be there for you, when you come back."

After a second's silence she went on, and there was a subtle change in her voice. "If he really loves you, Sally, I couldn't get him anyway, you know that. And if he doesn't—why, you don't want to try to hang onto a man who doesn't love you, do you?" Her voice trailed away, leaving a huge question mark hovering over me in the stillness.

I didn't know what to say. I didn't even dare let myself think. I knew why she had said that about my not wanting Terry if he didn't love me. That had been just a part of her strategy. But it could be true—it could be true. Did I dare to try it?

After a long time, Jane spoke again. "How about it, Sally? Will you give me my chance?"

I put up a quick hand to the lamp, plunged the room into darkness. In the blackness, my voice sounded like a stranger's even to myself. "Let me think, Jane—let me think!"

And we left it at that.

I woke up next morning feeling restless and strange. For a moment I didn't know what was wrong, but I knew that something was. I remembered this feeling from childhood—lying in bed in the morning, sure that something had happened to my world, and after a while remembering the fact that I had a cold and couldn't play with the other children, or that the party which had been planned had been postponed, or—worse—that Janie had managed to get her way once more in some childish argument that meant a great deal to me.

What I wouldn't admit when I was a child, what I hated to admit to myself that morning, was that, as far as competition with Jane was concerned, I was always beaten before I started. And when you have an attitude like that and can do nothing to change it, when you know that you're going to lose, you haven't the heart to try to win.

Most dreadful of all, in the days that followed, was that Jane's tactics seemed to be working. We had said no more about Jane's "chance," but she wasn't letting time slip through her fingers while I made up my mind.

When Terry had first said those magic words to me, "I've decided that you're my girl!" I'd begun to plan, of course. I dreamed the way every girl dreams, of a home and a husband to get meals for, and babies, and all the rest. But most of all, I dreamed a more immediate dream—of the moment when

I saluted. Then my hand fell to my side. All the love in my heart had come awake again.
Terry would take me in his arms and say those other magic words—"Sally, will you marry me?" That moment seemed, illogically, very close at first, but now it was fading farther and farther away. It wasn't that Terry treated me any differently than he did at first. That was just the point. He didn't treat me any differently, and I wanted him to. I wanted him to get around to making love to me. I wanted to be held in his arms, to know what it was like to feel his mouth against mine, to be sure in the knowledge that he wasn't mine but his and that we would belong to each other forever and forever. But always, always, Jane was there! And always, always, Terry's smiles, Terry's laughter, Terry's little jokes, Terry's serious talk of his work and his ambitions, Terry's arms when we went dancing, were for Jane, too!

IT WAS bad enough in town—but oh, the weekend of the party at Jim Martin's! I hope that as long as I live I never have to go through so miserable a time as that again.

Lester, the manager of the company Jane and I worked for. He had a lovely country place up in the woods. An ideal spot for lovers, I thought bitterly, as we got out of the station wagon that had picked us up at the train. And Terry must have thought so, too, for his arm slipped around my waist as he looked out across the water, and for a moment my bitterness melted into peace.

"It's lovely, isn't it, Sally?"

I nodded, content to be silent, and let my head rest against his shoulder.

"We're going to have a wonderful two days here," he went on. "Just resting and getting the smell of the outdoors into us. There's a canoe down there—I haven't taken a girl canoeing for years. There'll be a full moon tonight—is it a date?"

I turned to stare up at him, met his eyes, warm and dear, looking down into mine. I parted my lips to tell him it was a date, to add my smile to his, when high and clear, sweet and yet a little commanding, Jane's voice came calling, "Terry—Terry—reeee! Come and help me with my bags, will you, like a darling?"

For a moment longer Terry and I stood very still. Then his arm dropped, and he turned away. "I'll help Jim and the boys get the luggage inside," he said, and his voice was short and clipped.

That was early Friday evening. By the time the bags and boxes of food were stored away, by the time it was settled where everyone was to sleep, by the time we'd thrown together a room, I was so used to be with her on this party, 'seems to be falling for Ann Angelus—isn't that sweet! I wouldn't stick around and be in the way for anything! Ohh—-the moon! Terry, can't we go out on the lake?"

I lay, restless and wide awake that night, in the narrow bed beside Jane. Outside, the moon still shone, but it seemed cold now, and far away. Something had to be done—it had to! And then and there I made up my mind that something would be done. Jane didn't need to be given a chance—she was taking it. I'd take my chance, too! It wasn't too late—I was sure that Terry had said nothing to Jane, was no more than friendly to her, just as he was to me. But soon I knew, from long, long experience with Jane and her way with men, it would be too late. And before the moment came, before he gave to Jane the moment that was by right mine, I had to do something.

I turned to look at Jane, innocently asleep, the moon laying pale fingers across her moon-colored hair. And I came nearer to hating her then than I've ever come to hating anyone, before or since. Somehow, that hate gave me courage. I didn't have to stand for this! Suppose she was my sister, my twin sister? Suppose she had always had the best of everything? Suppose she had always out-shone me? It didn't have to be that way.

Tomorrow we were going into the woods for a picnic. And tomorrow, I resolved to the moon, was going to be the low, intimate-sounding voices of Terry and Jane. At once the thought struck me: they've come around here in back to get away from the crowd. Unconsciously, I stopped in my tracks and listened without a thought that I was eavesdropping—listening to Terry, saying, "...I think it isn't a nice thing to say, but I find myself thinking, I wish she'd leave us alone for a while—just give us a few minutes alone together." You'd think she'd catch on! Jane, I—"

I didn't wait to hear the rest. I backed into the kitchen, leaned against the cold surface of the refrigerator. After a moment I let out the long breath I hadn't realized that I'd been holding. Well, that was that. That was plain enough, wasn't it? This wasn't my day after all. This was Jane's—Jane's day of triumph.

That evening seemed as if it were never going to end. I went through the motions of having a good time at the picnic like an automaton. I tried to busy myself with helping dish out and pass food, with cleaning up after work with the SPARS, who had joined the party along with her Lieutenant fiance, just before we left Jim's house that afternoon. Any-thing, anything to keep me busy, to keep me from thinking—most of all, to keep me out of Jane's and Terry's way, talking to me, or even of mistreating me anyway. She had just finished her training in the Coast Guard Auxiliary and she was full of information about her work. She had been a secretary before and had been trying desperately to get into the war effort in some capacity, especially since the man she was engaged to had joined the Army. She kept telling me how wonderful it was—that the SPARS were trained to take the place of Coast Guardsmen in lots of ways to release them for service. What did I do, she wanted to know. Was I single? Why didn't I do something like that? It was fun, besides giving you a chance to do something for your country.

How could I tell her that all I wanted to do in the world was to be near Terry—to be his wife, to keep his house, to live with him forever? That, now that I couldn't, life wasn't worth living.

A shadow fell across my lap, and I looked up. Terry.

"Come for a walk, Sally? Jane wants to explore the woods—come along."

I shook my head, and the SPAR put in, "You'd better not get too far away from the cars—it looks as if we might have a storm."

"Pride is a funny thing. Pride is what keeps you from crying out at the sound of a voice, at the touch of a hand. Terry's hand dropped to my shoulder now, but pride gave my voice a normal sound, let me smile as I said, 'I'm terribly comfortable. Why don't you get a Janie along? But that's right about the storm—don't get lost.'"

Pride, too, kept the tears out of my eyes as I watched Jane and Terry disappear into the woods, kept me finding things to say (Continued on page 56)
DON'T be nervous!" He bent over her. He was so tall and for some reason he didn’t want anyone else to hear.

He had met her in the corridors of that Chicago radio station a dozen times and never had been aware that he had any more than glimpsed her in passing. Now, suddenly and strangely intuitive about himself and her, he knew that every detail of their relationship—no relationship at all really since they had not even spoken until now—had been recorded faithfully by his heart.

"It's going to be all right," he promised her. "I think you're a grand actress." He had not seen her act and he had not heard her on the air. Still as he spoke he was sincere.

She smiled a warm smile. Praise from Raymond Edward Johnson she considered praise indeed. She had heard stories about him. He had prestige in the studios. He came from a large family of theater-minded folks and the Bernadottes, the ruling house of Sweden, was behind him. He had gone to the famous Goodman Theater School in Chicago. He had taught voice and acting and direction in Indiana University and Rosary College. He planned, watching her smile, to invite her out to tea when the broadcast was over. But before he could rehearse a phrase casual enough—since this all was incredibly momentous to him—they went on the air. Afterwards, before he could get away from the director, she had gone.

He met her the next time on Michigan Boulevard. Running after her he cursed himself for a fool. During the intervening days since they had worked together he had three times borne down upon girls wearing blue hats with perky feathers and smooth brown fur coats and been ridiculously disappointed when they had turned out to be three other people.

This time, however, his heart stayed high. It really was Betty Caine of the dark red hair, the smooth skin, the big brown eyes and the wide, sweet mouth. Putting his hands upon her slim shoulders he swung her around so she faced him.

"Raymond Johnson!" she said, "How you scared me!" But she sounded, he noted joyously, well pleased.

"Come into Schrafft's!" Anything to prolong this meeting! Anything to keep her from slipping off again before he found his poise and established a basis for seeing her another day!

The puffs of whipped cream melted into their chocolate while they talked, interrupting each other, laughing between times. Then, suddenly glancing at her watch, she gathered up her gloves and bag, called her thanks for the chocolate she hadn't drunk over her shoulder, and was gone to an appointment.

At least now he had her address. He called at her house several times in the week that followed hoping to make it appear he had been in the neighborhood and, on an impulse, had dropped by to (Continued on page 64)

"An actor should travel alone. You can’t mix marriage and a career," Raymond Edward Johnson, Inner Sanctum Host, told Betty Caine. But he found they could
WHO'S THE BEST DRESSED MAN IN AMERICA?

If he's in Navy blue uniform, or the khaki of the Army, you'll be singing this song. Hear it played by Ray Sinatra on Jerry Lester's new CBS show Sunday at 7:00

Lyrics by JERRY LESTER

Music by JOHN SCOTT TROTTER

Brightly

CHORUS

Who's the best dressed man in America? Who? My


Who's the smartest guy in the public eye? Who? My


1. He's

2. He's
He takes the girls by storm, yes.

Sir, yes Ma'am in his khaki uniform.

Sir, yes Ma'am in his natty navy blue.

Who's the best dressed man in America? My Johnny!

(Shout) Johnny! Who? My Johnny!

(Ask softly) Who? My Johnny!
I HAD been trying to find the right words to tell Michael, my husband, that we were going to have a baby, wondering how he would take it, what his reaction would be. Perhaps some-thing the thought made me cold with fear—perhaps he would hate the idea. For I knew that Michael still loved Julie, his first wife—Julie who stood between us as surely as if she occupied the little apartment with us. Just as I had decided how I must tell Michael, the bell rang. And I opened the door to a woman who was familiar to me, although I had never seen her before.

IT WAS Julie! I didn't have to be told that. Her face must have been burned as deeply into my mind as into Michael's, for a terribly different reason. Julie had visited my dreams at night, had watched over my shoulder by day, had stood, for all these months, a beautiful, unwelcome ghost between me and my husband. And now she was here—lovely Julie, her finely modeled head cocked a bit to one side, her delicately-lined eyebrows raised ever so little, the merest hint of a smile moving the corners of her mouth as she looked at me.

"Is Michael—Mr. Shannon—in?" Deliberately she started with the one name, finished with the second. I didn't have to answer, because he had seen her by now, heard her voice. He had stood a moment in breath-held silence, and now he could cry out his welcome—home to her.

There was music in his voice, and laughter, and a whole world of remembering in the calling of her name.

"Julie!"

Somehow she was past me and into the room—and into Michael's arms. It started as a passionate, hunger-satisfying caress, then Michael must have tardily remembered me, for he caught her up in his arms instead, to swing her around and set her on her feet again, with a kiss for her forehead and one for her nose and one for her chin, with his very deep, very real laughter to season the kisses. I felt lost, shut out. I heard Michael's voice, with the impersonal feeling of hearing a stranger's, saying, "Ann, this is Julie. Julie, this is my wife."

I knew that if I smiled it would break up the hard-held calm in my face, crumple it into tears of hopelessness. So I didn't smile. I only managed, through lips that were hard to force apart, a stiff, "How do you do?"

Julie turned to face me squarely, to survey me, take stock of me. I thought wildly: I wonder if I'll pass—I wonder if she'll let him keep me?

"I didn't know you were married again, Michael."

There was a kind of dullness in her voice then that brought me back to my senses, that drove away some of my fears. I looked sharply at her then, her face no longer a misty blur in front of mine. And I saw her eyes. There was defeat in them, and sadness, that sent a heady rush of relief through me. Why, she was afraid, too, this beautiful woman! She was afraid, and she had more to fear than I did. We both loved Michael, but I—I had him.

I drew a deep breath, and found that I could smile again, that I could even admire Julie for the smile she gave back to me, for the poise with which she told me, "I've just come to gather up some of my things. I'm afraid they must have been in your way—if Michael was foolish enough to leave them around, that is."

Michael stood a little behind and to one side of her, his hand resting lightly on her shoulder. "Your things are here," he said, gravely. "You didn't think I'd throw them away, did you?"

We stood there, the three of us, in one of those awkward silences which fall between people who dare not say what they want to say, and can find no simple, ordinary phrases to fill the silent void.

Finally, I managed, "I wrapped up some of your wool clothes and stored them in the basement, to keep out the moths. I'll run down and bring up the package."

Michael didn't protest that he would get them. He let me go, and as I went out the door I saw Julie turn to him, and saw, too, the loneliness in her eyes as they met Michael's. Going down the steep, dark stairs to the basement, the fears came back to turn to panic once again inside me. How foolish of me to exalt in the fact that I had Michael! I knew, as I had known all along, how precarious my hold on him was. I knew what Julie meant to him, how she had stayed in his heart and in his mind. I knew, having to face it, that she could cry, "Come!" and he would follow her blindly, without looking back.

I snatched the big bundle of clothes,
There was that happy day Ann finished the baby clothes, the day that Michael brought home a teddy bear, and then that final day when she knew the baby was coming—too soon

and, holding it awkwardly in my arms I ran up the stairs as if I were pursued. I couldn’t leave them alone together—I couldn’t.

But I had left them alone long enough. I had to stand in the door, an emotion I had never felt before pressing hot in my throat, threatening to smother me, watching them close in each other’s arms, seeing their mouths pressed in the kind of kiss mine had never known. I had to hear my own voice, sharp and ugly, crying, “Michael!” to wrench them apart. Julie’s going—her taking up the big bundle, her empty little phrases about being glad to have met me, her promises of “I’ll see you again”—was a blur in my mind. But at last she was gone, and I turned to face Michael and then away again, afraid of what I might find in his eyes. After a moment I sat down, the weight of the silence seeming to force me into the chair. Dizziness swept over me in wave after sickening wave, and then I remembered the secret I had been keeping, the secret I had wanted to tell Michael just before Julie came. Then I had been trying to find words to couch the news in, little, intimate words that a woman finds to share with the man she loves, and who loves her, the most important thing she can tell him.

Now it hardly seemed important at all. The world was out of focus, off-balance. Nothing was important any more.

“Michael, I’m going to have a baby.” I spoke the bald, naked sentence in a flat voice that was hardly my own, and waited.

He stood very still for a moment and then turned slowly on his heel—so slowly that I could make a little game of wondering, as impersonally as I might wonder whether he’d prefer fried or scrambled eggs for breakfast, what the look on his face would be. It could be anything, I knew. He could feel that—he was trapped, especially right at this moment, with the ever-present Julie so much closer than she had been for years. Masculine pride could assert itself—he might be pleased. Anger might burn in his eyes—anger at another mouth to feed, at added bills and added burdens. I didn’t care. I knew, remotely, that I would care again presently. I knew that I would care fiercely, protectively. But it didn’t matter now.

Actually, it was wonder I saw on his face, amazement in his eyes. Neither pleasure nor anger in that first moment—only surprise.

“Ann—you mean that? Why—” His voice trailed away, came back explosively, “Why, honey!” A smile trembled uncertainly on his mouth for a moment, and then matured into a grin that brightened his face as I had not seen it bright for months.

That one little endearment, the warmth of the smile that went with it, melted all the ice that had kept my feelings in check. And then the nicest thing that I could remember since these very first days of our marriage happened—simply, simultaneously, our arms went out to each other. Together. Each reaching for the other at once, wanting the other. It wasn’t until Michael had picked me up in his arms, as easily and as tenderly as if I were a child myself, had settled
me on his lap in the big, old, brown chair by the window, that I realized that I was crying.

"Michael—Michael, I thought you'd be mad!"

His eyebrows pulled together in a frown of disbelief as he looked down at me. "Mad? A fine guy I'd be, getting mad for that?" And then, as openly as any little boy would ask a question—so that I remembered again that Michael had never grown up—he asked, "Suppose—suppose he'll look like me, Ann?"

**How could anyone cry in the face of that? I felt warm and loved and cared for, and laughing there, with my head on Michael's shoulder was, for the moment, the most deliciously happy sensation in the world.**

"I suppose he will, Michael. It'll be, of course, won't it? You wouldn't have a daughter, would you, Michael?"

The grin widened. "Well, if it's a girl I won't trade her in on a new model, but..." He interrupted himself. "Say, honey, don't you think you ought to go to bed? And there'll be a lot of things you want to do and stuff to get. I'd better see Bogart first thing in the morning."

That was pure relief I felt then, but I knew better than to pursue the subject. Michael, of his own free will, volunteering to apologize to Mr. Bogart so he could go back to work at the plant! Let it go at that, then. Better only to snuggle a little closer on his shoulder, to yawn and say, "Yes, Michael—let's go to bed. I'm tired."

Wonderful to be picked up and carried to bed, as if I were something fragile that would break with the slightest jolt or bounce. More wonderful still to be settled down at last, my head on Michael's shoulder, his lips pressed against my forehead, to dream of the months to come and of the longed-for peace and security they promised.

I wonder now, looking back on it, how I expected that coming baby of ours to make a change in Michael that all the years and all the experiences those years had brought had never managed to make. I'd forgotten—or perhaps I'd never realized—that a baby isn't real to a man until he can see it lying in its crib, until he can say, "It looks like me!" until he can hold it in his arms and make those foolish, crooning noises he's sworn all along he'll never be guilty of making.

Up until then, a baby is, at best, something to talk about sometimes, to look forward to as one looks forward to some kind of treat. At worst, until it has arrived, a baby is something which means doctor bills, bills for baby clothes and furniture, something which makes a man's wife ill sometimes and sometimes bad-tempered.

But to a woman—especially a woman like me, who needs a center for her life, who needs something upon which to expend the love that is pent up in her—coming baby can be the most important thing in the world, the very peg upon which to hang your life.

That's why it wasn't easy for me to understand Michael in the days that followed. He had changed. But he hadn't changed enough. It's hard to explain what was lacking, somehow. Outwardly, he was a very model husband. He went back to work—after apologizing to the Bogarts—and he "kept his hands in his pockets" as he expressed it—that is, he stayed out of trouble. He brought his paycheck home, made sure that I had enough money for the house and for all the baby things I wanted to get and that he insisted that I get. He was kind and considerate; he walked with me to make sure I got my exercise; he took me for long rides in the car; he thought up little treats for me, surprises to bring home, that he knew I liked. And yet, he still wasn't Michael, the Michael I wanted him to be, the Michael I knew was there, hidden somewhere under this new, considerate exterior that was even harder to understand than the old, incon siderate one. Actually, he was more like a very kind brother, a solicitous friend of long-standing, than he was like a husband.

Oh, I knew, deep and unacknowledged in my heart, what it was, of course. Michael didn't love me. He never had, and it was very clear that he never would.

I remember those long months rather vaguely now, as a time when everything was very right, and still so terribly, unutterably wrong! Michael was seeing Julie. I knew, sometimes he would come in a little late from work, looking troubled, somehow dissatisfied, and for a little while he would be the other Michael. He would look around to see that I didn't worry about him, and he never, in all of that time, came home smelling of liquor, half-belligerent, half-ashamed, as he used to. Of course, things are some things I remember sharply from those months. There was the morning I discovered that I couldn't, without acute discomfort, reach my shoes to fasten them. Michael was almost the right Michael that morning as he stopped to tie the laces, laughing and asking if I thought he ought to get a carpenter in to widen the door. There was the day when the baby first moved—a funny little bird-like stirring under my heart that hurried the blood pounding through me, that sent me, strangely, to the mirror to see if I looked different, now that I was harboring a miracle. There was the day I finished the blue- quilted pink lining for the bassinet and fastened it into place, seeing, as if in a kind of revelation, a small, perfect baby-Michael lying amid its softness. There was the day Michael brought home an enormously expensive pink teddy bear, festive with a blue bow around its neck, and tried to pass it off very lightly as "just something I happened to see," I loved that teddy bear, after that, with something of the love that I knew I would have for my baby, something of the love I had for Michael.

And there was that final, dreadful day when I knew that the baby was coming—too soon.

Everything went wrong that day, as things always seem to do when fate is leading you up to a climax. I woke up feeling heavy and tired and dispirited. Michael had to work, although it was Sunday—there was some big, special job that the plant was doing—and I was disappointed at being cheated of the day with him. I found enough energy to make him muffins, a special favorite of Michael's, for breakfast, and felt, foolishly, as if I had committed some dreadful, world-shaking mistake when, having put the muffins in the oven, I discovered that I had left out the dates. I knew that there was something wrong with me, right from the start that morning, but I couldn't (Continued on page 67)
WING shifts, approaching school-days and the essential curtailment in transportation mean that many of us are facing, possibly for the first time, the necessity for packing one or several lunchboxes each day. Fortunately neither do lunch time for the housewife needs to suffer under this plan; boxed meals can and should be as nourishing and appetizing as thou people serve at home, and with a little forethought and practice their preparation can be as simple.

Sandwiches, although a lunchbox standby, should not be standardized; plan various types of fillings, not only for appetite appeal, but to make the most of the high protein foods such as meat, cheese, fish, fowl and eggs. Liver sausage, high in vitamins and minerals as well as in protein, is an excellent sandwich choice because it is so rich it can be blended with other ingredients without loss of its nutritional value. For the members of your family who prefer bland flavors, add sufficient mayonnaise to liver sausage to make it spread easily. A layer of cucumber or radish slices blends well with this simple mixture. Those whose tastes run to spicier foods will like spiced liver sausage spread.

Spiced Liver Sausage Spread

1 1/2 cups mashed liver sausage
2 tsp. minced pickle
1 tsp. minced celery leaves
2 tsp. minced green pepper
1 tsp. mustard
Mayonnaise

Mix together all ingredients except mayonnaise and when well blended add sufficient mayonnaise to make a spread of the proper consistency. You will find your food grinder an aid in sandwich making. For small quantities of leftover meat, fish and cheese may be ground to make the bases for hearty sandwich fillings. You probably serve cranberry sauce with fowl, apple sauce with duck or pork, mint jelly with lamb and quince

or currant jelly with roast beef, but it may surprise you to learn that these combinations are equally delicious as sandwich fillings. The one I like particularly is pork and apple butter spread.

Pork and Apple Butter Spread

1/4 cup cooked pork
1/4 cup apple butter
1 tsp. lime juice
Remove gristle and fat (save the fat for salvage!) from pork roast or chops, run the lean meat through the grinder (there should be 1/4 cup after grinding) and mix with other ingredients. If the apple butter is very thin, cut down on the amount of lime juice or the mixture will make the sandwiches too soggy. These same proportions may be used for the other combinations mentioned, and for variation try two parts of cooked fish (flounder, swordfish and canned salmon are all good) to one part tartar sauce.

Two other favorite sandwiches of mine which will be just as delicious at lunchtime as when they were prepared are bacon and egg salad and cottage cheese with vegetables.

Bacon and Egg Salad

2 hardcooked eggs
2 slices bacon
Vinegar
Cream

Mince hardcooked eggs with a fork. Cook bacon very slowly, pouring off fat as it appears, and when evenly brown drain on a paper towel (a brown paper bag will do), then crumble with a fork. Combine eggs and bacon, add 1/2 tsp. vinegar and mix well. Add 1/2 tsp. cream and mix well. Continue alternate additions of vinegar and cream, mixing thoroughly after each addition, until mixture reaches spreading consistency. If the bacon is not very salty, you may want to put in a pinch of salt.

Cottage Cheese With Vegetables

1 cup cottage cheese
1/2 cup vegetables
Cream or Sour Cream
Salt and pepper (optional)

The vegetables to use are young radishes and scallions. They should be crisp and sliced very thin. Break up the cottage cheese with a fork, add the vegetables then add cream or sour cream slowly until mixture will spread. Add salt and pepper if desired.

While we are on the subject of combinations, equal quantities of minced sardines and minced green pepper are good; add a few drops of lemon juice for tartness (Continued on page 72)
MAZOLA SERVES AND SAVES 3 WAYS

Pressed from the hearts of full ripened corn kernels, Mazola is America's finest vegetable oil. It contains no animal fat, no air or water. Mazola is all food value.

For all frying, Mazola heats quickly without smoking or sputtering. It sears over foods, seals in their rich natural juices. After frying, strain Mazola and use it again.

For shortening, in cakes, pie crust, biscuits, Mazola is exceptional. As a liquid shortening, it is ready to use, needs no melting, and you can measure it accurately. In most recipes you can use 1/3 to 1/2 less Mazola than solid shortenings—which saves both ration points and money.

For all salads, Mazola makes delicious fresh dressings, adding both flavor and food value. Mazola is a pure vegetable oil and blends well with all other salad ingredients. That's why Mazola dressings always taste better, and, of course, they cost less.

Fish fried in Mazola browns delectably, tastes delicious and is rich in protein and other nutrients. Serve Mazola-fried fish often. It stretches your food budget—helps to save ration points.

Other Fun-to-Fry Hints

- **Eggplant** cut in 1/4-inch strips dipped in egg and crumb mixture, sautéed in Mazola...summer squash cut in cubes and sautéed in Mazola...sauteed chopped with their tops, or thinly sliced onions, sautéed in Mazola...sweet corn, cut from the cob, and chopped green pepper, sautéed in Mazola...new cabbage, cut in quarters, smothered in a skillet with Mazola.

To discover the advantages of Mazola—shortening, try this simple recipe for delicious muffins.

**Fluffy Mazola Muffins**

- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 cup Mazola Corn Starch
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 cup milk

Sift together flour, corn starch, baking powder, salt and sugar into mixing bowl. Combine beaten egg with milk and Mazola. Add, all at once, to dry ingredients and stir just enough to dampen dry ingredients (the mixture will be lumpy). Fill muffin pans (which have been oiled with Mazola) 2/3 full. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 large or 18 small muffins.

**Green salads are rich in vitamins and minerals.** Freshly made Mazola dressings enhance their flavor and goodness.

**Mazola French Dressing**

- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- 3/4 cup Mazola
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 3/4 cup vinegar
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard

Measure all ingredients into mixing bowl or glass jar. Beat with rotary beater or shake to mix thoroughly. Shake or beat just before serving. Makes 1 cup dressing.

**Variations**

- **Spicy:** Add 2 teaspoons grated onion, dash cayenne powder and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce to above.
- **Chilland:** Add 1 chopped hard-boiled egg and 3 tablespoons chopped beets and green pepper to above.
IN
TWO TICKETS TO LONDON
A UNIVERSAL PRODUCTION

Michele Morgan

Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder!

1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
2...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
3...it clings perfectly...really stays on

You'll see how much lovelier your skin will look when you make up with your color harmony shade of this famous face powder. Each shade is created by Max Factor Hollywood to accent the beauty of your type...whether blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead. And you'll note a wonderful, clinging smoothness about Max Factor Hollywood face powder which is the reason it creates that lovely satin-smooth make-up that stays on for extra hours. Try it today...make a new beauty discovery...$1.00

MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK
TROUBLE SHOOTER...

A. L. Alexander is a serious man with a kindly, tolerant face, expressive eyes and a soft voice. You would not expect him to be the sort who mixes in other people's troubles, but he does so, because he likes people and believes that his Mediation Board, heard Sundays at 8:00, FWT, over Mutual, helps them to live happier lives and, what is more important, function better in our fight against the Axis.

Alexander's idea for a clearing house where people could get competent advice, came to him about ten years ago. He broke into radio at the age of nineteen, in the year 1925, as a cub announcer. He had a lively interest in people then and his human interest stories brought him up fast. Along with this, he picked up an amazing ability to ad lib. In 1929, he was the first man in the country to strap a portable transmitter on his back and conduct interviews with "the man on the street." That was the forerunner of today's Quiz shows.

By 1931, Alexander was presented with an award voted by readers of New York newspapers as radio's most popular announcer. Some of you must still remember his brilliant radio reporting in the Fleming-Young Court House at the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann in the Lindbergh kidnapping case. And shortly after that he took his first bit at the movies, winning an Academy Award for the way he wrote and narrated a short subject.

Within a few months after he started his first program airing the problems of people, a show called The Good Will Court, he had millions of enthusiastic listeners and had won a sponsor who paid him $70,000 weekly. But in 1937, his program was forced off the air following a legal battle involving the technically of using judges. His many listeners flooded the network with demands that Alexander be restored.

Alexander was not through, his one single drive in life has always been to bring all people closer together through their common problems. After the dramatic departure of the Good Will Court, he began the now famous Court of Human Relations over NBC and now has what he considers his most helpful and successful program, the Mediation Board.

No one other than the parties in the dispute are allowed in the studio while the program is on the air. The basic principle behind the program is that there are two sides to every question. Those disputing present their particular side of the problem to a board of three notable citizens, with the parties agreeing to abide by the decision. It is a method that is in the spirit of our American way of life and our democracy.
This is about a girl named Georgia Gibbs, singing star of the Everything Goes program, heard Monday through Saturday at 9 A.M., EWT, over NBC. She's a girl who has more than it takes to become a success. We say that because becoming a success is often just “the break” or luck and sometimes it doesn’t take determination, pluck and a brave heart. Georgia has all these things. The best proof of it is that she has become a success twice.

Georgia Gibbs is not her real name. Her real name is Fredda Gibson, one that should be familiar to you, because as Fredda she was quite a star in radio a few years ago. Fredda was born in Worcester, Mass., and began singing in bands at the age of fourteen. She worked very hard to get on top. She sang for innumerable bands. One night in 1937, Richard Himber heard her singing on a record made by the Hudson De-Lange orchestra. He called her at 2 A.M., that morning and signed her, sight unseen, for his Studebaker Champions program.

Fredda began to climb rapidly from then on. By 1939, she had been starred as a single, the biggest programs on the air. Then, for reasons nobody knew, she was suddenly not wanted. Her various radio contracts were not renewed. Nobody showed any definite interest in her. She was just “washed up.” Those things often happen in radio and nobody can tell you why.

Nobody planned to hear of Fredda again. Nobody had got sick, but she went right on singing. She took any sort of job she could get. She swallowed her pride, stuck her chin out and kept battling. Then, in 1943, in a benefit show for Russian War Relief, Artie Shaw heard her and had her record four numbers with his band. He took her to his agent Dick Dorso, who thought she was terrific.

Fredda was taken in hand, given a new hair-do, a new singing personality and a new name. The name you now know—Georgia Gibbs. Then her new managers went and talked to the sponsors of the Camel Caravan show about giving her a guest spot. They had to talk good and loud. Georgia was signed for two spots. In short, she was a sensation. She was signed to a thirteen-week contract on the Camel show and when that show was transferred to the West coast she was immediately placed on the Everything Goes show.

Besides her radio show, Georgia is now appearing at one of the best night clubs in town, Cafe Society Downtown. There the little four-foot, eleven-inch singer, with the round, lovely face and big brown eyes is packing them in with such numbers as “Sh, Sh Baby” and “Go Get The Enemy Blues” written for her by W. C. Handy. Hollywood and Broadway are once again taking contracts at her. She’s on top this time, of that we are almost positive. But if not, she’ll just pick a new name and do it all over again.
TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL...

Those of you who listen to the Parker Family show, heard on Fridays at 8:15 P.M., EWT, over the Blue network, know and love Nancy Parker because she is a typical American girl. If you could step into the studio and meet her, you wouldn't be disappointed. You would meet a girl named Mitzi Gould, five feet, two inches tall, very pretty with soft, brown hair and eyes that are amazingly green and very friendly.

As a typical American girl, we asked Mitzi to write us something about herself. The other morning, we got the following letter in the mail. "In describing my character, I'd say I was a simple soul. All I want to do is remain happy and peaceful. I love the work I'm doing and want to continue playing the role of Nancy."

The letter was so charming, that we think you'd like to hear more of what she wrote. The letter continues:

"I was born in New York City, July 22, 1915. My parents had no real influence on my radio career, except that mom's encouragement helped me when the going was tough. I was graduated from New York University in 1934 with a B.A. degree, I majored in English and French literature, with the intention of teaching French. I lost about five restaurants and ordering a meal in French. It keeps me up on the language, as I have long conversations with the waiters. This, I might add, to the advantage of the waiter, who is usually hungry."

"My first appearance in public was singing with a dance band. Before going into radio, I was in a musical show, 'Fools Rush In,' also I played in a stock company and was a puppeteer with a very nice guy named Bill Baird, now in the Ziegfeld Follies. (Please say something nice about Bill.)"

"I love my husband. I like to eat or read in bed and my favorite relaxation is sleeping. I love pans and am too often guilty. The person I admire most is Helen Hayes, because she is a great actress and a very gracious lady."

"My first radio appearance was on the show, Dear Columbia, in 1936. Since then, I've played on Life Can Be Beautiful, Lincoln Highway, Pretty Kitty Kelly, Myrt and Marge, Grand Central Station and I've been on the Parker Family show ever since it started back in 1939.

There isn't anything very exciting about my getting into radio. An old friend, Carl Eastman, saw me in that musical show and suggested that I try my luck at it. Well, I'm glad I took his advice."

"Maybe nobody will care, but I have a pet turtle. I like almost everybody I meet. I have only one prejudice—and that's against prejudice. I love to wear sport clothes and I like to golf, bowl and swim."

This, we think, tells you more about Mitzi than any writer's fancy phrases could.
When You Love Only Once

Continued from page 42

to the girl in uniform beside me, as night came down on us too swiftly, too blackly—warning of the fast-approaching storm. It wasn’t long before Jim began gathering things up, urging us to hurry.

“What about Jane and Terry?” I asked him. “Hadn’t we ought to send someone up there for something?”

Jim laughed. “No—they’re old enough to take care of themselves. We’ll leave one of the cars for them if they don’t get back before we’re ready to leave. Besides, if they get caught there’s a little shack not far down the path they started out on. Jane’s been up here before—she knows where it is. They can take shelter there until—” And a long drum-roll of thunder cut him off. He held out a hand, pulled me to my feet. “Come on, Sally—let’s get out of here.”

There was nothing to do but go along. It would have been silly to wait in the car for them. And besides—oh, I didn’t want to see Jane’s face as they came—I didn’t want to see the delight on it, the triumph!

The storm broke before we got back to the cabin, and we ran shouting through the rain from cars to house, to gather in front of the big fireplace. Pride helped me again, through that terrible, interminable evening while we sang songs and roasted marshmallows and laughed and talked. But no pride can stand between a woman and her own heart. Alone in bed, with Jane and Terry still gone, I cried as I had wanted to cry all evening—the warm, healing tears that are all a woman has sometimes, between her and the last, black despair.

If they had come back before we left the picnic grounds, I told myself over and over, there might still have been hope. But I knew where they were. I knew that Terry and Jane were safe and snug in the little shack, cut off from the world by the torrents of rain, sheltered from the world, most likely, in each other’s arms . . .

There was no sleep for me, and even lying still was maddening. Crying seemed to wash away the last feeling I had left. There was nothing for me now, without Terry. I could lie still no longer, and I got up and began to move aimlessly about the room, trying to find something—something sharp, decisive, to cut myself away from Jane and Terry and their world.

Suddenly I remembered the SPARS and all she had said. A chance to serve. Perhaps, if I gave myself that chance to serve, I could find a purpose for the life I had, just to-day, become so useless to me, so meaningless. If I were to go now, leave at once, and not have to see them again. If I could go this very minute . . .

THREE weeks later saw me ready for training in the SPARS. It was hard work, and that was just what I needed. I can’t pretend that I forgot my unhappiness. I can’t pretend that the pain went miraculously away. I can pretend that I didn’t dream at night of Terry and Jane, always together. But I can honestly say that it helped more than anything else in the world could have done.

Sometimes I thought: How many of us join to escape, as I did, and stay to serve? I felt useful and important, something I was always longing for. I finished with a good rating, too, for I had thrown every corner of my mind into this work, leaving no room for other thought. My work I did really paid. When I was told one day that I was among several girls who were being assigned to Washington, I was pleased, for I thought like a soldier receiving a decoration. And that was enough, that morning when I heard the news, that morning when the reflection of my girlhood, of the SPAR smiled back at me from the mirror, to make the sharp pain in my heart settle down to a quiet, steady aching.

I went to Washington, settled down to the restrictions that are in a way a very full kind of freedom, that make up life in the service. I did my work with a sense of accomplishment, a real thrill in serving. I even stopped being jealous. I could read Jane’s gay letters without too great a hurry. When she wrote that Terry had, as he had hoped to be, been commissioned an Ensign I felt a great, sweet, upsurging of warmth and pride that we were in the same service, for he was in the Coast Guard, too, Jane said. But she was still careful, Jane was. She didn’t tell me where he was stationed.

One day I was given a new assignment, some months after I’d started my work in Washington. My commanding officer was very pleasantly complimentary about it. “You can be proud of yourself,” she told me. “You’ve done well with this job that we’ve decided to transfer you to administrative work. Come with me, please.”

She led me out, and to another office in the Navy Yard. When we came to the door she paused. “Here’s where you’re to work. I want you to meet the officer whose job you’re to take over.” Then she left.

I stepped into the little office and saw a young man, trim in his uniform, rise as I entered. He had the kind of face which carries two little lines flanking the mouth—you know they were dimples when he was a boy. His
For the first time in history woman-power is a factor in war. Millions of you are fighting and working side by side with your men.

In fact, you are doing double duty—for you are still carrying on your traditional “woman’s” work of cooking, and cleaning, and home-making. Yet, somehow, American women are still the loveliest and most spirited in the world. The best dressed, the best informed, the best looking.

It’s a reflection of the free democratic way of life that you have succeeded in keeping your femininity—even though you are doing man’s work!

If a symbol were needed of this fine, independent spirit—of this courage and strength—I would choose a lipstick. It is one of those mysterious little essentials that have an importance far beyond their size or cost.

A woman’s lipstick is an instrument of personal morale that helps her to conceal heartbreak or sorrow; gives her self-confidence when it’s badly needed; heightens her loveliness when she wants to look her loveliest.

No lipstick—ours or anyone else’s—will win the war. But it symbolizes one of the reasons why we are fighting...the precious right of women to be feminine and lovely—under any circumstances.
absent-minded

But KLEENEX TISSUES help keep me on the job! I use them during colds and say goodbye to sore nose misery! (From a letter by R.S. Thomason, Ga.)

PROTECT THE OTHERS! KLEENEX HELPS CHECK SPREAD OF COLD. USE A TISSUE ONCE-THEN DESTROY, GERMS AND ALL!

Quicker on the Draw!
With the KLEENEX Serv-a-Tissue Box you pull a tissue and up pops another—not a handful as with ordinary boxes. SAVES TISSUES—SAVES MONEY! (From letter by B.W., Galveston, Tex.)

TELL ME ANOTHER SAYS KLEENEX
AND WIN A $25 WAR BOND for each statement you publish on why you like Kleenex Tissues better than any other brand! Address: KLEENEX, 1606 Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois

TEST FOR TISSUES!
HOLD KLEENEX UP TO A LIGHT... YOU WONT FIND HOLES OR WEAK SPOTS! REGARDLESS OF WHAT OTHERS DO, WE ARE DETERMINED TO MAINTAIN KLEENEX QUALITY IN EVERY PARTICULAR!

An' I won't stop 'til I get Delsey again—it's soft like Kleenex

I put up fingers across his lips to still the flow of words. 'Don't talk about it,' I said. 'You don't have to. I—I can see it in your eyes. Oh, Terry!' I'd never said anything like that to a man before, but it seemed very right, very natural. It seemed very right to be in his arms, to know, at last, the kisses I had wanted for so long. I felt as if I had come home, the end of a long, bitter journey.

Now I understood—understood all the things I should have realized before. I could understand how easily the petty office which I had heard Terry make to Jane about not leaving "us" alone for a minute could be interpreted two ways. And I could understand, now that fear no longer blinded me, how Jane had felt, too. How, probably, she had always disliked being a twin as much as I, how her aggressiveness had meant being one of two people who didn't want to be treated as one person. I felt all of my hatred melt away—melt from the heat of my reflected in that feeling, love for the whole wide world. Everything was all right, so beautifully right, at last.

I heard the edge of the desk that was Terry's, now. I'm waiting—but I'm working, too. And that makes the waiting easier, because I can think of Terry to serve his country, proud to do his back-home job so that he can do a greater one, somewhere else.

All these things, when you love only once, when you lose that love and regain it, nothing more can happen. Terry will come home.

To My Unborn Baby

Continued from page 31

I feel that we men and women living today must make a solemn pledge; that to the best of our ability, to the fullest limits of our strength and intelligence, we promise to make this world a place fit for you to live in; that peace and freedom shall be your heritage; that you shall walk the earth with your heads high, secure in the knowledge that no man, or group of men, can ever hope to impose their will upon you; that you shall have equal opportunities for education and work and play; that forever and ever you shall be able to improve your circumstances in your own way; that you shall be able to make the fields of the earth flourish for the good of all and that, never again shall all men have to live in the shelter of torn bodies that nourishes them now; that you shall be able to sleep at night, quietly and soundly, without the fear that the world will be turned into a hideous with the shrieking terror of wing-borne death; that you shall be able to lift your faces to the morning sun and know that the day—and all the days to follow—are yours, to shape and form to your needs and dreams.
Harvest of Hope
Continued from page 35

“Now, you go and fuss up a bit,” Mrs. Kraber said, when we were putting away the silver. “Most likely, Jan’ll want to gossip with you.”

I almost flared up, almost asked her whether it was part of my job to amuse the grandson of the house. But something stopped me. Maybe it was remembering his particular kind of smile. Or, perhaps, it was curiosity and that first impression of his wonderful vitality that seemed to promise so much.

Whatever it was, I found that I was pretty excited as I put on a dress and touched up my make-up. Studying my face in the glass, I wondered whether it was that Irish combination of black hair and blue green eyes that he found pretty, or my high cheek bones and pointed chin, or the tiny freckles on my snub nose. Then I decided I didn’t care what it was, just so long as he did think I was pretty. In the end, I had to laugh at myself. I was being very silly—jumping way ahead of things.

In a few minutes, I was to feel really silly. I had primped and fussed, as if there had been an important date, and returned to the big house and made my way to the front porch. It was getting dark now.

Suddenly, there was the clop-clop of a horse, and a girl drove up in a buggy. She hatched the horse to the gate and, looking very much at home, strode across the lawn toward the barns. She was tall and had that same, long, easy stride that I’d noticed about Jan. From what I could see of her in the dusk, she was very beautiful.

Oddly, my heart shrivelled inside me. Then, I was angry with myself. What right had I to assume that Jan might be interested in me? It was certainly presumptuous of me to think he had been waiting all his life for me to come along.

A few minutes later, Jan and the girl came through the house to the porch. They seemed very close—you could hear it in their laughter, in the quiet naturalness of the talk. Jan introduced us. Her name was Ellen Preston and she lived on the next farm. She was even more beautiful than I had thought. She had soft, blonde hair, lots of it, and brown eyes and a face to delight the heart of any photographer. Or any man, I decided with a sinking feeling.

Then, it turned out that she had wanted to meet me because we had been to New York and she had a lot of questions she wanted to ask. Would she be able to get a job? And how much money would she have to make to get along? And lots of other questions.

I was surprised. “You mean you want to go away from here?” I asked. “All my life, I’ve wanted to leave,” Ellen said. “I hate it here—the monotony—year in, year out, the same endless parade of crops and worries, the same people, the same, unchanging land. It’s dull and meaningless.”

I didn’t agree with its being meaningless—not now with the war on and so important. But Ellen wasn’t impressed with my ideas. She didn’t feel I knew enough about farm life to understand. I smiled a little at her idea of what life in New York City would be—it was funny, because the things she thought about that were so
much like what I felt about living in the country. And I found myself being critical about cities—the noise, the dirt, the hysterical scrambling of people. It was a strange kind of argument and neither of us won.

Later, lying in bed, it occurred to me that Jan had been peculiarly silent through it all and that his silence had had about it the quality of agreement with Ellen. So, I thought, he was bored with his life here, too! I fell asleep marveling at the perversity of people—always wanting what they didn't have. And—wasn't I just as bad?

I LEAPED out of bed. For a second, I was frightened and bewildered. Then I remembered. Someone was ringing the bell.

It was chilly and not quite daylight. I almost crawled back into bed, but I got the better of that quickly. That was no way to start off my first day on a new job.

Right after breakfast, I got my first assignment. I was to help Jan sow the field he'd been plowing. Jan hung a sack of seed corn over my shoulder and showed me what to do. It was simple enough—walking along the furrows, dropping the seeds into the hollows and scuffling the earth over them with your feet as you passed.

After awhile, the simplicity of it got monotonous and my mind turned back to Ellen and Jan. In the clear, warm sunlight of the day, it seemed to me that whatever they felt about the life in the country, they had left one important thing out of their calculations. The war. They were thinking, now, in the same terms they had been in the past. Perhaps, before, they might have been justified. But everything was different, now. Surely, a fine farmer like Jan should realize that, should know that he had no right to be bored, or dissatisfied with his life, now.

I was so preoccupied with these thoughts that I wasn't paying much attention to what I was doing. Suddenly, something moved under my feet and slithered away. It was startling. Without thinking, I opened my mouth and shrieked at the top of my lungs. The next thing I knew, Jan was there and had me in his arms, and I was trembling and crying.

Finally, Jan wiped the tears from my face. He laughed softly. "It was just a garter snake. You probably frightened it out of its skin." He leaned down and kissed my eyes, lightly, the way you kiss a child to soothe away its tears.

Suddenly, he pulled me to him and kissed my mouth hard. If it had been anyone else, I would have slapped him. But with Jan I was helpless—and I found that I wanted to be.

This wasn't just a kiss. This was like the earth bursting and the blare of a million trumpets ringing in your ears and a fantastic, unbelievable light blinding you. This was like whirling madly off into space.

Then, this too was over and my mind came alive again. "No," I said, pulling away from him. "No—"

"See we'll have to talk this over," he said, his voice blurry and thick. "Let's stop for lunch."

"Now," he said, when we'd settled down under a tree with the lunch basket. "What did you mean by pushing me away?" I stared at him. He grinned. "Don't you like me?"

And quite sharply, like a pain, it came to me that I had fallen in love with him. It was idiotic. It was stupid. But there it was. And I didn't know what to do with it.

"I—yes—I—" I mumbled. Then quickly, so I wouldn't feel such a fool. "But I don't know you—you don't know me. And—well—Ellen Preston—"

JAN laughed happily. "Is that all?" he asked. And he brushed that aside, telling me about it. They had grown up together, he and Ellen. They were so used to each other—but they were not in love—and never could be. I had my mental reservations about that, but I didn't say anything.

"I warned you yesterday," Jan said, "that you'd have to get used to my being direct. You see, I knew right away—"

"You couldn't," I insisted, "you don't know me."

"Yes, I do," he said. "I got all the facts from the form the Agency sent me—and the rest—" he leaned close to me, "well—I just satisfied myself about the rest." He kissed me again then, but lightly, tenderly on the cheek. "Now, let's see—facts about me."

He treated it half seriously, half jokingly, until he became engrossed in talking about himself—not with any vanity, but as if he were happy to have someone to explain himself to. He liked the farm, all right, and took pride in running it efficiently. "It isn't that," he said thoughtfully. "I used to feel that maybe it would be better in a city, more exciting, perhaps. But now, that isn't why I want to go."

He stood up suddenly. "Look at me!" he said. "A guy like me—strong as I am—with my training. I ought to be in there fighting. I want to fight."

"You are," I said. "This is your way."
He shook his head and his eyes looked helpless. "That's what they said at my draft board. They wouldn't take me. But I don't see it."

Then, perhaps because I was angry with myself and the startling discovery that I had fallen in love with this virtual stranger, I laughed out at him. "The kids in the city who drank our milk, the workingmen who carried our cheese and butter in their lunch pails, the soldiers who ate the things we grew and the milk we sent to the cannery. That's it, Jan.

I learned how to handle Jan better, too, in the long, lovely days that followed. It wasn't long before I knew that he loved me, too—loved me with a sweetness and gentleness when he kissed me, when he held me in his arms on the long, clover-smelling summer evenings when we walked through the fields or rode the narrow country lanes in the surrey. Somehow, though, we avoided making any issue of our love. I, for one, didn't want to bring it out into the open, probably because in the back of my mind I suspected that we didn't really understand each other yet. Always I had the feeling that his quietness was just a cloak for a hidden restlessness that was bound to break out one day.

It did.

We were resting on the porch, when the news of what the Japanese had done to the American flyers they had captured came over the radio. Jan jumped to his feet and stood there with his fists clenched and his face pale and tight in the shadows. I snapped off the radio, but not in time.

"Dot," Jan said. "Will you come with me?"

"Where?"

"To New York," he said. He sat down and took both my hands in his. "I've got to get into this thing, Dot. I can't stand it any more."

"But—what can you do in New York?" I asked.

"I've been thinking," he said. "Suppose I went to New York and took a nonessential job. They'd have to take me in the Army, then."

And this place?" I asked quietly.

"Old Willem can run it," Jan said. "The crops are all doing all right. The Government Service is going to send some more people. By Fall, old Willem can have them trained." He pulled me against him. "Come with me, Dot. We'll get married. We can have a few weeks together, before they draft me. We'll be happy. And I'll have you to fight for, to come home to."

We had never talked of marriage before. It would have been so simple to say yes to him, to go with him. It was what I wanted, really. But I couldn't do it. It was wrong.

"No," I whispered. "I can't. I can't go with you. You mustn't go, either."

"I've got to," Jan said. "You don't understand. You don't love me enough to understand."

"I know this," I said. It was hard to put it into words. "I know you hate them—the fascists. I hate them, too. You hate them so much, you're letting it blind you. You think the only way to fight is with a gun. You're wrong, darling."

I tried to tell him how I felt, what I thought. I tried to make him feel about the farm, the way I did, that it was really a war plant, even more directly so than I had first imagined. Jan had started growing flax the year before—and that was only one of the things that was so important these days.

But Jan wasn't listening to me any
He wasn't not went heard was had smooth, said had TAMPON) wasn't. » lot Together, did.” for asked. M. knew a let.

The quilting compromise and right you've known that our love was selfish, snatched at the expense of others.

V ERY late, I heard Jan come home. I could tell from the way he walked, his footsteps firm in the stillness that he had made up his mind. I had to grit my teeth to keep from crying. I knew what he had decided.

I was right. He told me in the morning. He and Ellen were going to New York at the end of the week.

"You and Ellen," I added.

Jan bit his lip. Suddenly, he took me in his arms. "Dot—Dot, change your mind—change your mind. He kissed my hair and neck and, for a moment, I almost lost my head.

"I can't," I cried. "I'd hate myself—and, in the end, you—if I did."

He let me go and turned away. "Ellen's making a break for it," he said quietly. "She'd never have gone alone. Now, she'll be free—and I'll have company for those few weeks."

"I see," I said. I wondered whether he really expected me to believe it was just that, whether he really believed it himself. I could see the two of them together in New York—exploring it, enjoying it, marvelling at it. Together, always together.

I don’t know how I lived through the rest of that week. Jan never gave up trying to change my mind. Ellen tried, too, but I remained firm. I had to, especially after Willem was told and I saw the drop of his old shoulders and the helplessness in his eyes. I had grown very fond of the old man. He deserved help after his long life of toil. I couldn’t have left him.

On Saturday, the day they were leaving, one of the heifers began to calf ahead of her time. Jan and Ellen missed the train they had planned to take, so Jan could help the vet. My hopes rose a little. Maybe Jan would change his mind. Maybe he wouldn’t go when he saw how much he was needed here.

But Ellen’s father drove up in time for them to catch the last train. And Jan went—Jan—kissing me frantically, hugging his old grandfather, and then, running to the car without one backward glance.

Old Willem put his arm around my shoulder and we stood there a long time, just staring down the road after the car, staring even when there wasn’t anything left to see.

It felt as though a part of my life had been finished, ended. Jan had left and, in leaving, he had left me hollow inside and lonely. I had won a victory—but at what a cost!

U SUALLY, on Sundays we slept a little later. That morning I clung to sleep, burying my face in my pillow. When the bell began to clang. Subconsciously, I guess, I didn't want to wake and face this first day with Jan gone. I didn't want to get up and move about and see the places where Jan should be, but wasn't.

The bell clattered and clanged violently, as it seemed to me, that way ever before. Then, I heard a lot of voices, very young voices, shouting, laughing voices. In a few minutes, the little house where I slept was alive with stamping feet and scampering on the stairs and more yelling.

Curious, but still reluctant about coming fully awake. I got out of bed and went to the window. The farm yard was full of young boys, boys about fifteen and sixteen. They were all sizes and they were all noisy.

Four Queens and an ACE—A WAAC, a WAVE, a SPAR and a MARINE were guests on Wally Butterworth’s show on Mutual, heard Wednesdays at 8:30. They’re Hospital Apprentice Jeanne Williams, WAVES (lower left); Corp. Patricia Koir, WAACS (lower right), Seaman Cora Klein, SPAR (upper right); and Sgt. Corinne Matthews of the MARINES.
Then, the kitchen door opened and a voice called to them. "Come and get it!" My heart stood still. It was Jan. It was.

The six or so buttons on my clothes seemed like a hundred. I couldn't even wait to tie up my hair the way I usually did in the morning.

"Jan! I called, stepping into the big dining room.

I was greeted by whistles and comments, but I didn’t care about those freshmen. I ran to Jan. He got up from the table and led me to the front porch, the wisecracks and laughter following us.

First, before he let me say anything, he kissed me. Then, he stepped back and looked at me as though he had never expected to see me again and I was some sort of a miracle.

"Next time I try to do something you know is wrong, please, beat me over the head until I see it," he said.

I WAS too excited and happy to say anything. He kissed me again. Then, he grinned happily and nodded his head toward the boys inside.

"They were at the station when we got there," he said. "The Government Bureau sent them—High School kids, who've volunteered for the summer. Something went wrong with the telegram—that's why I didn't know ahead of time. I took one look at them and thought of you and old Willem trying to handle that howling bunch of high spirits and I got worried."

"We've managed," I said, "I guess..."

Jan smiled a bit self-consciously. "It wasn't just that, though," he said. "There were some other people down there—soldiers—about twenty of them, waiting for Marino to pick them up. I talked to a couple of them. They'd been sent by the Army to help Marino get in his asparagus crop before it spoiled." Jan's smile changed into his old, happy grin. "That's what did it. It came to me all of a sudden that if the Army considered Marino's crop important, perhaps I had no right to set myself up as an authority on where I would do the most good. Maybe I wouldn't make such a good soldier, at that—not much sense and likely to make snap judgments."

"And Ellen?" I asked.

"She went on," Jan said. "She only needed a start. She'll be all right in New York.

I kissed him then, clinging to me, never wanting to let him go again. From the lawn, there was a long, suggestive whistle. Jan shook his head.

"You'll have to move into the big house now," he said. "Those hellions wouldn't give you a minute's peace."

He patted my face gently, humorously.

"We'll get married, first thing this week."

"You might ask me," I said.

"All right," Jan grinned mischievously, now. "Miss Malone, don't you think it would be wise for us to get married—right away?"

I did.

NEXT MONTH
In Vivid Real Life Photographs
YOUNG WIDDER BROWN
The Pictures You've Been Waiting For

If you want him to whisper...

"Your Hands hold my Heart"

Never...

Never let your hands disappoint him with a harsh touch, a too-old look. Hands often in water run this risk, because water draws the natural beauty-protecting moisture from your hand skin. So—

Always...

Take steps to furnish hand skin with plenty of the softening moisture it needs. Use Jergens Lotion—regularly. You give your hands specialized care that's almost professional; care that helps prevent roughness, chapping.

Receive Compliments...

Even long-neglected skin can soon be helped to the delicious smoothness that so undeniably suggests youth. Ask a doctor. Many clever doctors rely on 2 special ingredients—which are both in Jergens Lotion. Isn't it nice? And easy! Jergens Lotion leaves no annoying stickiness.

A Fact to Remember...

GIRLS IN AIRPLANE FACTORIES USE JERGENS LOTION, MORE THAN 3 TO 1. It's so—of these modern girls who work in airplane factories, more than 3 times as many use Jergens Lotion as any other hand care.

Jergens Lotion
FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS
see if she would go for a walk with him. She never knew he had been there until on his fourth visit he left a note. It read "It is all too evident you have no wish to see Raymond Johnson."

She called him on the telephone after that. "You are," she said "an egotistical idiot!"

"Let's," he suggested, "go dancing at the Drake. I'll meet you there in thirty minutes. Don't be even one minute late."

That was the beginning. They took long walks all over Chicago, Raymond and Betty. Because life was quickening between them they found everything poignant and amusing and beautiful, with their memory of every experience another link between them.

"An actor should travel alone!" This was his conviction and he told it to Betty, over and over and over. He wanted it said that loyod between them that irrespective of how much he might enjoy being with her, of how fond of her he might be, he had no intention of marrying anyone, not even Betty. He lay awake nights planning things they might do together so he would see her every day. He might have saved himself all this heartache if he had found out he was in love with someone else.

To have been with him she would have been quite willing to sit on a bench on the drive.

They had a real need of each other. Betty was far from the timid girl she appeared at times. She was quick, and vital, given to knowing things by instinct and being impulsive; their relationship seemed to melt Raymond’s placid and impersonal shell and release the volatile nature which lay underneath.

ONE day, after exploring the zoo, they stopped at the Mexican Cabin near the Drake. They didn’t want to dance that day. They wanted to sit close together and talk, just as if they hadn’t been talking incessantly all afternoon. "It’s ridiculous," he said, "for an actor or an actress to think of marriage. A theatrical career and marriage are oil and water. You can’t mix them however you try. A happy marriage requires one manner of existence and a theatrical career demands another pattern entirely!" He was embarked once more on his favorite subject.

A slight frown came between his blue eyes. Betty always had a sharp desire to kiss him when she saw that frown. It was an impulse she didn’t always resist. She was like that. Which, of course, was why he loved her so much.

"Sometimes men and women give up a career," she suggested. "Personally," he said "I should hate to have anyone give up their career for love of me. I’d be afraid they would come to dislike me—dislike, incidentally, being frightful understatement."

He reached across the table for her hand. He loved her hands. They were very small and white and very soft. No one would believe they could do things like cooking an excellent dinner or keeping an apartment charming and tidy.

"These days we have together," she said "are so good. I love them so much!"

"Because you love me—so much!" A thousand times he asked that question.

"Because I love you—so much!" She smiled at him. It was difficult enough for him to resist her at any time. But when she smiled he gave up, his will-power disappeared entirely. "Do you ever wonder," she said, "what it is that makes one human being so important to another—so important and so dear?"

His eyes smiled at her. "Let us not analyze our minor miracle," he said "it might disappear . . ."

He hadn’t meant to say anything more. But he said much more, aided and abetted by her every step of the way. Aided by the little phrases she spoke deliberately, determined he proposed to her when they loved each other as utterly as they did.

By the time he paid the bill that afternoon they were engaged. And, as she told him, they were going to be married—before he got off on the subject of it being imperative for theater people to travel alone again.

They were married at a little church close by the broadcasting studios. The woman who looked after the girls at the studios stood up with them, no member of their families being close by.

STANDING outside the church, smiling at the new ring so bright on Betty’s finger the housemother was most optimistic. "You’ll be all right, you too," she told them.

"Why?" They spoke together and stood, wide eyes intent upon her, like two children.

"Because," she said, "not only are you in love with each other, but you love each other also. Which means the odds are on your side!"

Betty threw impulsive arms around her and kissed her. Solomon Raymond shook her hand. "I’m sure we’ve made a frightful mistake," he said. "Actors should travel alone. The fact remains, however, I was nearly married in my life . . ."

That was several years ago. But he says the same thing to this day.

You’ll get some laughs and hear hearty hill-billy songs on the new Judy Canova show heard over CBS Tuesday nights at 8:30. Judy plays a country lass who comes to the big city for adventure.
THIS is the story of a soldier who wrote a song while on duty in North Africa.

Nothing unusual about that, you say? Nothing—except that the soldier was deaf.

It happened during the campaign down near Maknassy in April. The communiqué that day reported that American troops, overcoming stubborn resistance, had continued their advance in the Maknassy area. But it didn't add that this was the day 26-year-old Lt. Bill Conway, of Hollis, Long Island, lost his hearing. It didn't say, "Today a young lieutenant with a song in his heart lost it."

It was an artillery shell, one of hundreds that landed in that spot. But it landed too close to Bill. It affected his ear drums, locking the song in his heart.

It was spring in Africa. Field flowers lay patterned in a riot of color outside the hospital window. And Bill Conway lay in his cot, not hearing, not caring. Even the song within him still. The song he had composed last September when he was a raw trainee at Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

This was to be 'the' song. This was not, like the other, to be sold anonymously, only to haunt him from every radio, every band, every voice to catch up a hit parade melody. But now it was lost. Or was it?

The song began to stir. At first softly, then urgently, insistently. From then on the quiet, soundless days were filled, every minute, as Bill wrote the words to his song. And then Star Chandler and Warrant Officer Trumbull came to see him. Star was a girl from Gastonia, North Carolina, who worked at the Red Cross club. She had left her job as solo pianist for station WABC in New York. Wilmont Trumbull, who could not escape from the memories of his job as an assistant conductor of the Worcester Philharmonic Orchestra, spent his army days directing a soldier band. Together they hit upon a plan. It was arranged that Bill would come in the afternoons to the Red Cross club.

That first day at the piano was the worst. Tears welled in Bill's eyes as he picked out the notes he could not hear. Only the notes, no chords yet. But how can a deaf man, who can't hum, tell the sound of a chord? That was Trumbull's job, and together they worked out the chords as the song writer wanted them. Fitting the words to the music was Star's.

Two weeks after the first visit to the hospital the song was ready. During those two weeks the hopeless look on the young lieutenant's face had slipped away. In its place hope had returned. One ear drum, said the doctors, might be all right. Bill had begun to sense the difference. But it was not until that day when he put his ear down to the keyboard that he knew.

"I can hear it, I can hear it," he cried.

Now there's a new song in North Africa, and the soldiers are singing it. It's a nice little melody that kind of gets you. It used to be just a song in a soldier's heart. Now it's a song, "In Dreamland's Rendezvous."

LINDA DARNELL...IN "THE GIRLS HE LEFT BEHIND", A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

HOW HER LUSCIOUS SUMMER SKIN-TONE CAN BE YOURS

Linda Darnell says—

"For the sun-kissed look that can keep eyes turned your way, I've found nothing to equal this gorgeous Sun Peach shade of Woodbury Powder. You see, while Woodbury shades blend with skin-coloring, of course, they don't stop at that. They give just the right tone for glamour. And Woodbury Sun Peach brings the rich, clear, rose-gold glow that means summer allure."

Honeymoon ahead—

Girls, there's man-appeal for you in Woodbury shades. For film directors helped create them. And thanks to the Color Control process, plus 3 texture-refinings, they give a smoother, younger look. Exciting summer shades: Sun Peach, Tropic Tan, Brunette. Other shades include: Rachel (Hedy Lamarr's choice), Natural (Veronica Lake's choice), Boxes of Woodbury Powder $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

WOODBURY POWDER

Color-Controlled

NEW! Matched Make-up. Now with your $1 box of Woodbury Powder (any shade), you also get rouge and lipstick in matching shades—at no extra cost! A stunning set—all 3 for just $1.
ETHEL SMITH

ETHEL SMITH is one of the shining reasons why the CBS Saturday night Hit Parade, WABC, 9:00 PM EWT, deserves that name. As American as her name, Ethel Smith is considered the leading exponent of rhumbas, sambas and other Latin rhythms, on the electric organ.

Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., Miss Smith was educated at the Carnegie Tech Institute where she studied German, Spanish and French as well as the organ and piano. After graduation, she got a job in an orchestra that traveled with a touring road company of “The Student Prince.”

It wasn’t until she reached California on a personal appearance tour that she once again took up the study of the organ. Until this time there was no organ that could be adapted to the style she wanted to perform. It seems that one day she had been asked to accompany a singer at one of the Hollywood studios and she noticed an electric organ, one of the first of its kind. She was fascinated by it and managed to visit the studio daily to practice.

Her knowledge of classical music and her fine understanding of the instrument convinced her that the exotic music was best interpreted on an organ, because of its depth and tone. She decided to make a study of it.

Touring Cuba and the South American republics, she lived among the people of those countries for eight months, studying their customs and their music. Then followed recognition with an engagement at the famous Copacabana in Rio de Janeiro. There she earned the reputation of being South America’s own artist because of her understanding of their music.

It was while appearing at the Copacabana in Rio that an executive of a tobacco company talked to her about returning to New York for a commercial radio program. Before the arrangements could be consummated, she left South America.

The tobacco company executive was disappointed, but when he returned to this country was informed that a girl who played the same type of music was now appearing at the Hotel St. Regis’ Iridium Room. Upon investigation, it was discovered that both were the same person . . . Ethel Smith.

She is responsible for introducing the popular samba, “Brazil,” to this country. She is definitely an ambassador of good will, for music is the language that all nations understand and Ethel Smith is really making Americans love the rhythms of our Latin cousins.
Come Back, Beloved!
Continued from page 48

decide just what it was.
Lots of other little annoyances there were, too. The paper boy had skipped us and Michael grumbled at missing the funny papers and the sports section with his breakfast. I cut my finger, and, discovering that there was no iodine, tried to phone the drugstore for some, only to find that the telephone was out of order. So Michael went out, finally, to get the papers, the iodine, and to phone the telephone company and tell them to have our instrument repaired.

After he left, I pattered about the apartment, half-heartedly going through the motions of straightening the rooms, making the bed, and then the dishes. After that I sat down to hem diapers, but my fingers were all thumbs, and I gave up and just sat.

IT was dismal and cold—one of those wretched December days when the weather can't quite decide to settle down to being winter in earnest. It had started to snow, the wet, nasty sort of snow which freezes as it falls. After watching the snow fall for a while, I got so dazed off—I was getting perpetually sleepy, those days.

I awoke with a start, vaguely uncomfortable, not sure what had awakened me. The last I knew I was asleep. The baby was slipping quietly, like the sensation of having a tooth pulled under novocain.

I sat very still, as if one tiny movement, one quick movement drawn more sharply than the rest, would make the dead pain a live one. I knew what was wrong, of course—there is an instinct that tells women that. The baby was going to come, and it was a month too soon. My mind seemed to move apart from my body, to stand off, cool and calm, to argue with the strange pullings and lurchings within me. Well, what if it was a month early, my mind said. That didn't necessarily mean that I would lose my baby. Seven-month babies often came through perfectly normally, and my baby had an extra month of grace. The thing to do, my mind went on, is to keep calm. Keep cool. Get to the phone—moving slowly and carefully, so that you won't fall and call the doctor. And call Michael.

As carefully as if I had been fashioned of blown glass I got to my feet, pulling myself slowly up with my hands braced against the arms of the chair. The little chiming clock—the clock Julie hadn't taken away with her—struck one, and I took time to glance at it. That was the half hour it had struck. Half past two. I must have slept a long time, I thought impersonally.

That was a long trip, miles and miles across the little livingroom to the telephone. I lowered myself very gently into a chair beside it, reached out a hand that moved like the hands in those funny old, slow-motion movies, to lift the receiver, put it to my ear. There was a long silence, and at last I jiggled the hook impatiently. Then I remembered—the phone had been out of order and they had fixed it.

After a moment I let the receiver drop slowly back into place. It was foolish to waste energy. The phone was dead.

It came again, then, the tearing sensation, and then it dissolved into pain. Not very hard pain—but that would come. And before it did, I must do something to help myself. I must get someone's attention, or get out of the apartment to a phone.

The building we lived in was one of the old-fashioned, narrow kind, with two apartments to a floor, one in front, one in back. We lived on the top floor—the fifth. The landing next door, had gone to her mother's for the weekend, I knew—no help there. But perhaps I could get downstairs and use a telephone in one of the apartments below.

I got to my feet, and knew, even in the moment of getting up, that I could never make the steep, narrow stairs down to the floor below. Pain ripped through me, turning my knees to water, my blood to ice. It was more fear than anything else, I suppose—fear that multiplied the pain. I was so afraid, so desperately, horribly afraid then—not for myself, or of anything that might happen to me, but for the baby. I hadn't known, until then, how much I counted on that baby.

Carefully I put one foot behind the other, pushed off a shoe, bent slowly to pound with the heel of it on the floor. Nothing happened, and I pounded again, but still there was no answer.

I was dizzy, then, from bending over, and getting the weight of my body, which seemed suddenly doubled, tripped, back to the chair was almost too much of an effort. It was funny, I knew, in my mind, that it was the fear that was doing this to me, but I couldn't make my body believe it.

Stay Sweet...Get NEET!

NEW NEET Cream Deodorant is answering the call to arms...the arms of thousands of war-active women who need more than ever the effective protection to daintiness that only a fine deodorant such as NEET can assure.

New NEET Cream Deodorant quickly stops perspiration and underarm odor from one to three days. This fluffy, stainless, germless cosmetic type of cream applies easily and vanishes almost instantly. Makes arms dry and odor-free. Will not irritate normal skin or injure clothing.

Try New NEET Cream Deodorant today! Won't dry in jar. 10¢ and 25¢ sizes, plus tax.
Cover Girl tells — "How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor (and save up to 50%)"

"My job calls for glamour!" says lovely FRANCES DONELON

"I've appeared on twelve covers of one popular national magazine alone," says allauring Frances Donelon. "But first, I had to learn how to stay 'picture-lovely' under the withering heat of photographer's lights.

"I had to find a deodorant that really kept my underarms dry. Both for glamour—and to protect the expensive clothes I model in. I found perfect underarm protection in Ondoro Cream!

"Here's the reason. It contains a really effective perspiration stopper. Your underarm is kept dry and odorless because it simply closes the tiny sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 3 days!

"It will not irritate—even after shaving. It contains emollients actually soothing to the skin.

"And I have proved that it will not rot delicate fabrics. I just follow directions. You can use it every day. You like. And you get up to 51 more applications for $1 than other leading deodorant creams give you.

"So you are concerned about your personal baintness—do try my wonderful Cover-Girl deodorant—Ondoro Cream."

OCTOBER RADIO MIRROR ON SALE FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10TH

To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort we are scheduling coming issues of RADIO MIRROR Magazine to appear upon the newsstands at slightly later dates than heretofore. RADIO MIRROR for October will be on sale Friday, September 10th. On that date the reader will have available the latest news, views, and comment from all quarters. The new, more restricted plan is necessary to help meet the demand. The same circumstances apply also to subscriptions. While all subscription copies are mailed on time, they may reach you a little later than usual. Please be patient. They will be delivered just as soon as prevailing conditions permit.

HAIR OFF & OUT

From Face, Arms, Legs, Body

Two days for results. Guaranteed permanent.

Our Offer—Send No Money

For 2 oz. hair remover only 98¢ postpaid.

Recommended by America's Greatest Beauty Experts

The world's leading beauticians have found Creme de Chambertine hair remover the most effective and practical ever created. One application of this scientifically prepared new hair remover, applied to the area to be treated, will remove hair from the face, arms, legs, and body. It is the product of modern research and experience in the field of beauty. Creme de Chambertine has been used and recommended by millions of mothers. Your druggist has it.

DR. HAND'S

TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

BANISHED FOREVER

-from face, arms, legs, body

Recommended by America's Greatest Beauty Experts

The world's leading beauticians have found Creme de Chambertine hair remover the most effective and practical ever created. One application of this scientifically prepared new hair remover, applied to the area to be treated, will remove hair from the face, arms, legs, and body. It is the product of modern research and experience in the field of beauty. Creme de Chambertine has been used and recommended by millions of mothers. Your druggist has it.

Once back in the chair I sat still as death, but my thoughts raced on, trying to decide what I ought to do. I was contemplating throwing something through the window, when I heard the sound, the blessed sound, of a key in the lock. Michael. He came in, a smell of damp and cold with him, taller, more grown.

"I tried to call you, and found the phone wasn't fixed, so I thought I'd better come over. Nothing much doing at the plant for breakfast, and it's not right to leave you cut off here—Ann, what's the matter?"

I couldn't find a thing to say. I just put my arms around him, and in a moment I saw swept up into the strength of his, so willing to let him do the thinking now, so grateful to hear his voice, deliberately slow, deliberately hiding the panic which I could detect behind it, saying, "Now, it'll be all right. I'll have you in the car and at the hospital in no time. Don't worry, honey, look, just put your arms around my neck and hold on. Ann, honey—" and this very hesitantly—"does it hurt?"

At the door he paused for just a moment. The radio—I hadn't even noticed that it was on—interrupted its burst of music, then dropped to a voice, full of suppressed excitement, with something of awe, something of shock, in it. began, "Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt this program—"

"Don't wait," I whispered into Michael's ear. "Don't wait." And I felt him turn swiftly into the hall.

That's all I remember, really. The ride, the getting to the hospital, the swift change from lobby to room to labor room to delivery room, are all a blur. They were painful, a laborious process, little Michael's coming into the world, but I don't know. But I do remember lying in bed afterward, with a sense of a job well done, and with Michael near me. "It's a boy," he kept saying, "it's a boy, Ann. Do you—do you think we ought to name him Michael?"

Of course, we named him Michael. It wasn't until the next day that I was interested enough to find out what had happened to the world that afternoon when our son was born. But Michael, when he came to see me that next day, was full of it. That had been Black Sunday, December 7th. We were at war.

Even so, it seemed remote to me. It was a terrible thing, but a far-off one, as I lay in the hospital bed. Immediate and important was the fact that my baby was safe and strong, that he would live. I hoped, to bind Michael and me firmly, forever together.

But within a couple of days, Michael had brought the little radio from the apartment up to my hospital room, and I began to take again in the things that were going on about me. And I began to notice, too, the look on Michael's face when the war news came on—which was every few minutes, those days. It was a strange, waiting sort of look, as if he were going to do something, but were biding his time until the right moment came.

I'll have to admit that I had fun in the hospital—most women do, I suppose. It's nice just to lie there and be babied, and feel all sorts of lovely things brought to you and people come to visit you and send you flowers and candy and things. I had a lot of visitors—girls from the office, friends I'd gone to school with, and my father and sister, of
I was lying in the dusk-darkened room one evening, just lying there thinking pleasant little thoughts that were hardly thoughts at all; I was so slow and lazy, when the one visitor in the world I did not expect came in. She looked long and slim and smart in a black Persian lamb cape with a hat to match, and her arms were full of flowers. Julie.

She hesitated just inside the door, and said, very softly, "Ann—are you asleep?"

"No," I answered. "No—I'm not asleep." I felt a strange, tight feeling creeping over me, reminding me to be wary, to be cautious—reminding me that this was my enemy, who stood between me and Michael, whom I had almost forgotten in the happiness of the past few days.

She came in and laid the flowers carelessly on the dresser. "You don't have to pretend you're glad to see me," she said, and I thought there was something strange, perhaps a note of wishfulness in her voice. "She's lonely, I told myself, remembering how I had thought that once before, and the tight feeling began to slip away.

Julie pulled a chair close to the bed and sat down. I could hardly see her face in the growing gloom. "I want to talk to you," she said. "I want to talk about Michael.

"He'll be here pretty soon," I told her—I didn't want to hear anything she had to say about Michael; I wanted to warn her off. But she nodded and went on.

"I know. I want to get this over with before he gets here. I had lunch with Michael today, Ann. Her voice trailed away into silence for a moment, and then hurried on. "You see, I'm going away. I have a new job, and in Washington. I won't be seeing Michael—you and Michael—again for a long time."

"I see." The formal note would go out of my voice, but my heart had responded to that with a quickening in gratitude. Julie was going away—far away. That was good, that was wonderful.

"Ann, do you know what's in Michael's mind?" She shot out the question abruptly.

"In Michael's mind?" I repeated.

"What—what do you mean?"

She hitched the chair a bit closer to the bed, leaned forward to look at me. "Don't you know what he wants to do? He wants to enlist. He wants to go to war. He's afraid to tell you, because—well, because he thinks he's treated you pretty shabbily all around and that this would be the crowning blow, I suppose. But it's not that at all, Ann. You mustn't feel that way about it."

She paused for a second, and when I said nothing, went on. "It's a personal thing with Michael, the way it is with a lot of men nowadays, especially men who are prone to settle their personal grudges with their fists. You've got to understand that. And he's got something to fight for—but I ought to let you hear that from him. I just wanted to make sure—I just

---

"For a Skin to stir Male Hearts try my*W.B.N.C."

RITA HAYWORTH, STARRING IN "THE COVER GIRL," A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Says Rita Hayworth:

"So many of us in Hollywood go through the same beauty routine every night that we have a nickname for it. W.B.N.C. is short for . . .

"Woodbury Beauty Night Cap."

First, cleanse with Woodbury Cold Cream—wipe the soiled cream away. Then pat on more—and wipe again, leaving a trace of the rich oils all night.

As you smooth on Woodbury Cold Cream, its 4 special ingredients start their beauty action—giving luscious new softness, smoothness. And an exclusive ingredient acts constantly to purify the cream in the jar, helping guard against blemish-causing germs from dust, soiled fingers.

Tonight take the W.B.N.C.—you'll do some pulse-stirring tomorrow. Big economy jars of Woodbury Cold Cream, $1.25, 75¢. Also 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ sizes.

WOODBURY COLD CREAM
The Complete Beauty Cream
JULIE smiled her brilliant smile at him. "Just talk—about men and babies. And speaking of babies, can't I see the Shannon offspring?" Michael looked at his watch. "They'll start showing them in about five minutes. Come on along." "Yes," I said. "Michael—there's something I want to talk to you about. Will you take Julie out to the nursery and then come back?"

Then he replied, "I came to sit at the head of the bed beside me, slipping an arm under my shoulders. "Ann—Julie didn't say anything to—to upset you, did she? I won't have her making trouble when you're not feeling right up to par—"

Surely, this was a day of wonders. Michael, protecting me against Julie. Julie talking to me about making Michael happy—

"Honey," I said, "let's get something straightened out. You needn't think I haven't noticed how you look when you hear about the war on the radio. Michael—do you want to go?"

"Yes, I want to go." He said it without any hesitation.

"Then I guess you'd better enlist, hadn't you?"

I felt his arm tighten, and his head came down to rest against mine. "That isn't all there is to it, Ann. Yes—I want to fight. I want to fight because it's up to me and all the men like me to fight for a good world for Mickey and all the rest of the kids who'll have to grow up in it. That's what I've got to fight for, Ann—for you and for the baby. That's the only way we'll ever win—each man taking it as his own, personal war. I—I didn't know whether you'd understand that, honey. But I guess you do. I guess you've understood a lot I haven't given you credit for. I guess—"

I turned my face to his. "Never mind. Let's just take it for granted we both understand everything," I told him.

"But we've got to plan," he said, suddenly sitting up. "It's all very well to talk about going down and enlisting, but something's got to be done about you and Mickey. It won't do me much good to go off and fight for you if you've got to fight a worse fight at home. You've got to live—"

"I've thought of that, too," I told him. "It isn't the way either you or I would like it to be, but this isn't the kind of world we'd like it to be right
now, either. I'll go back to Dad—he'll be glad to have me take care of the house. He's working in a defense plant, you know, and my sister's working now, too. There's really no one to take care of the house. He said yesterday that he was going to have to find a housekeeper, but he'd a lot rather have me come home, I know. Don't you worry about us—we'll be all right.

There was a quick rush of footsteps in the corridor, cutting off Michael's reply. Julie was back in the room. Her eyes were suspiciously bright, her voice husky. "My purse and gloves," she said, beginning to rummage on top of the dresser. "Where are they? I've got to go. The baby—Mickey's wonderful. He looks just like Michael. He looks—just like—oh, Ann, Michael—he's happy." She stooped swiftly to leave a kiss, smelling of a rich perfume on her forehead, to cling tightly to Michael's shoulder for a moment. And then Julie was gone.

Michael enlisted the next day, came back to the hospital to brag a little about how the doctor had said he was a perfect physical specimen. "Sound as a dollar," he repeated, "not a thing wrong. That's the way Mickey's going to be, too."

"Of course he is," I said.

MICHAEL was quiet, after that, for a little bit. At last he said, "Honey—I've got just two weeks, now, before I have to go. We'd better make up for lost time, hadn't we? I know I haven't been much good, but—"

"Good?" And suddenly I meant it. "Michael—you're the best husband in the world!"

His arms came around me as if it were the most natural thing on earth, as if they had always been my haven.

"Let's do something special," he said, close to my ear. "Something to celebrate, Ann. What would you like?"

I didn't have to think about that. I'd been thinking about it all the time I'd been in the hospital. "I'd like a wedding, Michael."

His laughter well ed up. "A wedding—good Lord, sweet—don't you feel married?"

I shook my head stubbornly. "Michael—I was brought up to go to church every Sunday and to believe all the things I learned there. Honestly, it didn't feel like being married at all, when we slipped over the Statute line that night and said a few words in front of a justice of the peace. It seemed—well, sneaky, sort of. I'd like to hear the real marriage service, too."

His mouth came down to mine, to cut off the words with kisses. "Honey, if that's what you want, that's what you'll have." He chuckled, looking around the hospital room, jerking his head in a gesture toward the nursery. "It seems sort of as if we've put the cart before the horse, but—"

"I want it," I said. "I want it anyway."

And that's how it happens that there's a wedding picture of Michael and me, standing on the bookcase in Dad's house, where Mickey and I are living now—and waiting. It's a picture of a little girl, a little boy, a little pale, but radiant, happy, wearing a long, soft dress and a little halo hat, her arm through the arm of the big man beside her, smiling down at her. Michael and me. That's how we looked that day when I heard Michael say—and mean it, mean it with all his heart—"until death us do part."

THE END

Absent-minded

How, you ask, can you be all-out for Victory on days like this... when you feel all in?

That's strange talk... coming from you! You who were so proud to carry the blow torch for Uncle Sam... first in your plant to sign the scroll pledging you'll stay on the job.

And now you're telling yourself that girls are different... and that one little layoff day won't matter. When you know that it weren't for you, it'd be different, scores more ships... tanks... bombers would reach our boys!

That's how important it is to learn that loyalty never watches the clock... or the calendar! As Marge, your welder friend, said in the locker room—"When a girl takes over a man's job, it's up to her to see it through!"

And then didn't she say—"Trouble is, some girls still don't know what a big difference real comfort can make. The kind you get from Kotex sanitary napkins." Could be... she meant you!

Get Up and GO!

If millions can keep going in comfort every day, so can you! You'll understand why, when you discover that Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing... ever so different from pads that only seem soft at first touch. (None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure!)

And to keep your secret strictly private... to give you confidence and poise... Kotex has flat pressed ends that don't show, because they're not stubby. Then, there's a special 4-ply safety center for added protection. So... it's not surprising that more girls choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together! Don't you agree?

Then c'mon... hop into those victory togs and help your plant win that precious "E"! You'll deserve an "E" of your own... for being an "Everydayer"!

Keep going in comfort—with Kotex!

WHY WONDER about what to do and not to do on "Difficult" days? The bright little booklet "As One Girl To Another" gives you all the angles on activities, grooming, social contacts. Get your copy quick! It's FREE! Mail your name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. M.W.-9, Chicago.

You can't be too careful! Fortunately there is a sure way to avoid offending. Just sprinkle QUEST, the Kotex Deodorant Powder, on your sanitary pad! Created expressly for him, QUEST destroys odors completely—without retarding napkin absorbency.
What do you do when powder "snags" on your nose and cheeks?  
How can you make your skin smoother in 60 seconds?  
What will make your face look clearer and lighter right away?

"This 1-Minute Mask!"

— says CYNTHIA McADOO
charming and clever young New Yorker
who is greatly in demand for debutante
war-work committees. "The 1-Minute
Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream is
my favorite beauty treatment when I
want to look especially nice!"

You'll love this 1-Minute Mask, too—

When your face is cluttered with scaly, dead skin cells—
When specks of imbedded dirt make your complexion
look drab and unglamorous—

Give yourself a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing
Cream! Smooth a white mask of cream over your whole
face—except eyes. Leave on one full minute. The cream's
"keratolytic" action efficiently loosens and dissolves
stubborn roughnesses and dirt particles. Tissue off.

Your complexion is "reStyled!"
— Feels gloriously softer . . .
— Looks clearer and lighter . . .
— Thrills! Make-up goes on smooth-as-silk
. . . clings serenely—for hours!

"My favorite powder base, besides!"

"Besides using Pond's Vanishing Cream for a
1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times a week, I smooth
it on lightly before every make-up," says
Cynthia McAdoo. "Pond's Vanishing Cream
has always been my favorite powder base
because it's neither greasy nor drying!"

Time Out For Lunch
Continued from page 50

and enough mayonnaise to bind it to-
gether. Ground American or cheddar
cheese blends well with raspberry or
strawberry preserves; the proportions
depend upon the dryness of the cheese
and the thickness of the preserves.
Chopped nuts blend well with cheese
or jelly.

In working for variety in sandwiches,
remember that the bread you use is
just as important as the filling. White
and rye and whole wheat are used most
often, but don't forget cracked wheat,
raisin and nut breads, Boston brown
bread and hamburger buns. Westches-
ter rolls (you may know them by
another name) are delicious when
their thin layers are spread alter-
nately with meat and cheese mix-
tures, and although cold biscuits may
sound a bit strange to you, there is no
better sandwich than a biscuit which
has been split and buttered while hot,
with a round of luncheon ham as a
filler.

DON'T overlook the value of salad
ingredients to provide interest to
the lunchbox. They are good with salt
alone, but if desired French or mayon-
naise dressing may be carried in a
small jar. They should be crisp, of
course, and the trick about that is to
prepare them in advance and let them
chill in the refrigerator overnight. The
next morning wrap them in a cloth
which has been wrung out of cold
water, then wrap them in waxed paper.
Radishes, scallions, celery, green pep-
per rings, shoestring carrots, caulif-
ower flowerets and tiny yellow to-
matoes (whole) prepared in this way
will keep fresh for several hours. Small
firm fruits such as cherries and apri-
cots, also oranges (peeled and broken
into segments) profit by this same
treatment.

Lunchbox Lore

Keep all the lunchbox parapher-
nalia in one place—saves time during
preparation.

Have plenty of waxed paper and
envelopes for sandwich wrapping—
also paper napkins.

A good thermos is essential equip-
ment. Fill with milk, buttermilk, chilled fruit drinks,
hot soup, cocoa or coffee.

Don't include baked beans, macaroni,
etc., unless you are very sure your
family likes them cold.

Small metal boxes with hinged lids
(the kind aspirin come in) keep salt
and pepper dry and weigh less than
regular shaker.

If your family objects to crusts, cut
them off—there's no waste for you
use them for stuffings, puddings and
buttered crumbs.

Take butter or margarine out of re-
frigerator 15 to 30 minutes before you
start your sandwiches so it will be soft
enough to cream for easy spreading.

Individual pies carry better than
wedges cut from large ones.

Small waxed cardboard containers
are good carriers for potato and sal-
omon salad, apple sauce and stewed
fruits.

Remember a soggy sandwich is al-
most worse than no sandwich at all,
so add only enough liquid to sandwich
mixtures to make spreading easy.
**Soldier’s Wife**

*Continued from page 27*

dates with the boys—But thank you.

"Are you here every night?"

"Only Wednesdays and Saturdays. At the coffee counter, I hope I see you next time you come in."

"You will," he promised, "Next time I’ll try not to scare you."

We said goodnight and I carried the cups back to the kitchen. It had been a shock—how big a one I was just now beginning to realize. My legs were trembling and I could feel tears back of my eyes. Jim. For a second you were here. And now you’re not.

DR. HOLDEN was waiting in his car, "Good heavens, Connie," he said as he helped me in, "you’re white as a ghost."

"That’s because I just saw one," I told him about Carl Haggard.

"That’s bound to happen," he said sympathetically. "But it’s always a shock when it does. As a physician, I prescribe a cup of coffee and a sandwich as an antidote." He turned the car into one of the new bar-and-grill places that had sprung up all over Bangston since the Army and the defense factory had come.

"Oh, I better not, Dr. Holden. It’s getting late and—"

"I’ll get you home early. Come on, Connie—I need some food myself. We’ve both been working hard all day."

I couldn’t protest any more. He was being awfully kind, and I did dread getting back to my lonely apartment.

We sat in one of the booths in the back and ordered. The place was crowded and noisy. There was a juke box going, and the small bar up front was crowded three deep. Mostly defense workers, I judged, with here and there a uniform.

"It’s the war," Dr. Holden said when I mentioned it. "But people are making more money than they ever made before. Others have gotten war jitters, and they’re trying to forget it, one way or another."

I thought of Avis. That’s what had happened to her. A party every night.

The war affects our minds and emotions more than we know," he went on. "Subconsciously. Take you, for instance. Your conscious mind accepts the fact your husband is gone. But your subconscious doesn’t. It can’t make the adjustment so quickly."

"I suppose that’s right," I said slowly. I was speaking more to myself than to him. "That must be why I miss him in so many little, unexpected ways. The big things, like taking care of myself and all that, I can manage. It’s the little things—like the way I miss being kissed." Then I stopped, appalled at what I’d said. I felt my cheeks flushing. "I mean," I rushed on, embarrassed, "Jim always used to kiss me when he came home from the office. Just—you know, nicely and sweetly—and like a greeting. I miss that—"

"Don’t be embarrassed," he said easily. "I know exactly what you mean. It’s perfectly natural."

"It’s just that he’s been gone a long time," I tried to explain, "and now that he might be in danger I worry a lot—subconsciously, like you said. I’ve even waked up crying at night."

His dark eyes regarded me thoughtfully. "I think you’re alone too much. I don’t mean going out with other girls or seeing your family. I mean with..."
Embarrassing Wet Underarms

How to Control Them—Be Truly Fastidious and Save Clothes, too!

Are you horrified at any underarm dampness and odor? Are you appalled at armpit staining and clothes damage? If you are, you will welcome the scientific perspiration control of Liquid Oodorono.

Liquid Oodorono was first used by a physician 50 years ago to keep his hands dry when operating.

A clear, odorless liquid—it simply closes the tiny underarm sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 5 days. If you need it more often, use it more often—daily if necessary to bring quick relief from all perspiration embarrassments.

When your underarm is kept dry, you won't 'offend,' you won't stain and ruin expensive clothes. Today, especially, you want your clothes to last. You can depend on Liquid Oodorono for real "clothes-insurance." Don't waste time with disappointing half-measures. Start using Liquid Oodorono. It's the surest way to control perspiration, perspiration odor, staining and clothes damage. Thousands of fastidious women think it's the nearest way, too. . . . It leaves no trace of grease on your skin or your clothes, no "product odor" itself. You will find Liquid Oodorono at any cosmetic counter in two strengths—Regular and Instant.

I WENT over. She was with Teddy Dwyer, a youngster about her own age, who had a current heart-throb. They were drinking gingerale.

"Isn't this exciting?" Cissie cried. She was fairly bubbling with exuberance. "We're celebrating Teddy's birthday. Mom said we could celebrate, even if it is a school night, if I'd be home by eleven. I just made Teddy bring me here."

Teddy smiled like a man of the world. "Just showing her a little nightlife," he offered.

With her blonde curls tousled, her blue eyes bright with excitement, Cissie looked about twelve years old. The two of them looked so sweet, so innocent, and I felt all right once. But I don't think either of your mothers would like it if you came here often. Oh... Dr. Holden, this is Jim's little sister, Cissie. And this is Ted Dwyer."

"But, Connie," Cissie was saying, "you're here. If you can come to a place like this, it's all right."

"That's different," Dr. Holden said. "Mrs. Ruell has just confirmed her real age to me. Anyone as ancient as she is could go anywhere safely."

"Oh," Connie dimpled up at him. "You're cute."

The next morning at the office Dr. Holden's "good morning, Mrs. Ruell," was as polite and impersonal as ever. That relieved me. I didn't know what I had expected, but I did realize it would be somehow wrong if the fact I had talked so freely about myself last night had changed our business relationship today.

It was a busy morning, getting bills ready to be sent out, keeping the appointment book straight. All the doctors were busier than ever these days with many of the younger ones in service and Banniston crowded.

Around noon the telephone rang. It was Cissie, and her high little voice was breathless. "Connie, I told Mom I saw you last night—I didn't mean to tell on you or anything 'cause there wasn't anything to tell. I just said I'd seen you with Dr. Holden and how pretty you looked. And—" she paused indignantly—"Mom thinks it's terrible.
She said you shouldn't go out with people like him. It doesn't look right.

"But he was just bringing me home," I protested hotly. "And even if it had been a date, it was perfectly harmless."

"That's what I told her. I told her you ought to have dates if you wanted them. But she said living alone like you did, it wasn't right. It would be different if you lived here where you could be 'chaperoned,'" Cissie sighed gustily. "Mom's so old-fashioned, Connie. Well—I thought I better warn you 'cause she's going to talk to you about it when you come to supper tomorrow."

As I hung up the receiver, I felt stung with the injustice of it. Did she want me never to speak to a man? As Dr. Holden said, any woman needs occasional male companionship.

Dr. Holden was standing by my desk, regarding me with an amused expression. "You look positively stormy," he said, almost as if he guessed. "How about dinner tonight and telling me all about it?"

Out of my sense of being wronged, out of defiance at Mom's criticism, without thinking, I said, "I'd love to."

I had work that night. Alec Holden knew how to show you a good time. We went to the Blue Goose; we danced as we dined. He was a good dancer and he had a way of making you feel terrifically attractive.

He asked a lot of questions, and I found myself answering them eagerly, telling him more about Jim and our marriage and my life since Jim was gone. It was good to have so sympathetic a listener, and I was hungry to talk of the things I'd kept bottled up so long. It was only after I got home that I realized I had done all the talking and I didn't know one thing about Dr. Holden that I hadn't known before. I didn't even know how old he was—how he looked in his early thirties—or any of his circumstances of his life. He never mentioned his friends, or his ex-wife, or anything at all that revealed himself.

The apartment didn't seem so lonely when I came into it, and I felt buoyed up and refreshed. "He was right," I said aloud to the corner of the room. "I have been alone too much. But—Oh, Jim, I wish it were you."

As I went to sleep that night, Jim's arms seemed to be holding me. Jim's voice seemed to be saying, "I understand, sweetheart. I'm lonely, too."

Cissie was right. Mother Ruell didn't like it at all.

"He's been divorced," she said firmly, "and you are a married woman. People are going to talk. Just because Jim is away—"

"Jim knows about it, Mom. Or he will. I wrote him. Dr. Holden is just as nice as he can be and when I'm so lonely and he does nothing but just someone to go out with—"

"You wouldn't be lonely if you came here to live."

I loved Mom. I knew she loved me. She wasn't trying to run my affairs. But she just failed to understand, and although she kissed me warmly when I left and begged me to come soon again, I knew there was a strain between us that had never been there before. And I hated it. It was that kind of strain I'd been afraid of when she asked me to live with them. But Jim would say I was right, and that was all that mattered to me.

During the next month I went out with Dr. Holden several times. I liked it. It gave me something to look forward to—getting dressed up and going out to dinner with a man. I could feel
the difference in my letters to Jim. I wrote four or five a week, and lately I'd found it hard to keep the letters cheerful and interesting. There had been so little happening in the grind of work, the USO, and going to movies with some of the girls. Now I could write about the Blue Goose, and the music—Jim's music. You'd done a lot of it before he left—and how interested Dr. Holden was in hearing about him.

Avis Brockman, I dropped in to see me one evening. She looked stunning in a new black suit with a jewelled lapel pin and a perky little hat of more that must have cost fifteen dollars.

"What have you been doing to yourself," she demanded. "You look blooming, compared to the way you did a few weeks ago."

I TOLD her, and she nodded wisely. "There's nothing like a new beau, to pick a girl up."

"Oh, he's not a beau," I said quickly. "It's just that he's lonely, too, and we like to dance together and talk. And I feel sort of sorry for him. People have said a lot of things—"

"Well—" She lit a cigarette—"Whatever it is, it's good for you. I always thought you moped too much."

I could say Avis moped. She told me about her new friends and the places they went and the things they did. "The only thing is, I'm getting out of the room. I never have anywhere in. I'm thinking of trying to find a furnished apartment somewhere, so I can do some entertaining. If you hear of anything, let me know, will you, Connie?"

I promised to ask the superintendent of our building, although there wasn't much hope with all the new families that had streamed into Banniston. It used to be just an ordinary middle-class city. Now it was teeming with newcomers. It would be good to have Avis as a neighbor, I thought. I liked her. She was so vital, so warm-hearted and generous; and she was a good talker.

Even working at the USO seemed more interesting now. Carl Haggard had been in twice, on Saturday nights, and each time we'd talked as long as I could. He cut a nice figure with him—simple and frank, with a dry kind of humor.

One night I found him waiting at the bus stop as I started home. "Nobody could object or call it a date if I just happened to be waiting for the same bus, could they?" he asked.

"I laughed, "I don't know. They couldn't, but what do you know—"

"I just asked one of the girls where you lived and then found out which bus went to Westout, we believe in direct action."

"I can see you do."

But I was pleased to have him with me on the long ride home. Since that afternoon that had been so cruel, he had never reminded me of Jim. When he left me at the door, I invited him up for Sunday night supper. I still had Jim in my head. I asked him to bring some of the other boys, and planned to have Cissie and Teddy and maybe one or two married couples I knew. It would be fun to have a little party again...

But a good deal happened before I was to have that party. It started one night when I was going out with Alec Holden. "It will have to be a late dinner, if you don't mind," he said. "I've got to be at the hospital till eight."

I didn't mind. Three letters had come in a bunch from Jim that morning. The mails were irregular, and there would be periods when I didn't hear at all. Then would come three or four a week.

I spent the time waiting for Alec reading them over and over, savoring each word, finding new meaning, new evidence that he still cared. I just couldn't get to live on letters after a while.

Everything was going well, he said. I wasn't to worry. My last package had come in fine shape and was just what he wanted. He missed me every moment of every day. "Some of the fellows haven't anybody waiting for them at home, he wrote, "and—"

"You seem to think I'm so crazy if I didn't know I had you. I look at your picture so often, the boys kid about it... We've got a job to do here. When it's over, you're sweet-hearted, I never want to leave you again for a single day. I want you beside me, for always and forever."

The ringing of the doorbell jerked me back to reality. I didn't want to go out now. I wanted to stay here, at home, with Jim.

I left a note, and hurried to get my hat. Just as I flicked off the bedroom light, there was a sudden, eerie wall from outside that seemed to rise and fill the room. I threw open the window, and the darkness engulfed me."

"Practise blackout," Alec said. "We might as well stay here till it's over. They'll stop all cars."

"You mean, then we'd be shut up inside?"

"I don't mean that," I said easily. "It won't last long. Let's just sit here in the dark."

FROM the window, we could see the lights of the city blinking out, one by one. The sirens shrilled higher and higher on a single, sustained note; and overhead a plane dive-bombed. I shivered.

"It's thrilling—in a way."

But it was hard to believe the whole city going dark at once, all these people acting together? Yes—I suppose it is.

No. I mean being alone with you. Here now, and close beside me, your skin warm under my hand..."

"The grip on my arm tightened, he swung me toward him. Then his arms went around me, and he crushed me close. His lips sought feverishly, for mine—and found them.

For a second I stood paralyzed, suffocated, finding new eagerness of that kiss. Then the paralysis broke, and I struggled to get free—of those hard arms, that searching caress. They held me tighter. It seemed in this moment of panic that I was struggling against the darkness. too—the darkness that enveloped me from everything.

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Unexpected Kiss
Continued from page 21

I knew that although his family was comfortably well off, he had only his second lieutenant's pay. We would not be wealthy, but somehow, with Jim, that didn't matter. He would always spend wisely whatever he had, buying full value with it or nothing at all, avoiding the shoddy, the substitute.

This was in September.

We fell, Jim and I, into a comfortable, easy routine. There was serenity in our engagement. Two nights a week, and every Sunday afternoon, we were together, going to a movie or for a walk, sometimes inspecting a house that we'd been anything for rent. I went on working at the cafe, saving as much as I could to help Jim out in building the life we planned for ourselves. September passed. October came with its promise of winter, of December and Christmas on the way...

And Mickey Barnes came into my life, to shatter it completely.

He entered the restaurant rather late one evening, a few minutes before I was due to go off shift, and he sat down at one of my tables. Inwardly grumbling, I filled a glass of water and went over to him. He was sitting with his back to me, and all I could see was that he was wearing a private's uniform and had thick black hair.

I came around in front of him and he looked up—

How can I explain what that first sight of Mickey Barnes did to me, when I hardly know myself? It was a shock, and painful—but it was a revelation, too, and beautiful. It was the dazzle of the sun when you look straight into it, and the sting of sleet against your skin in March. It was something that shook into awareness, all in the space of a second, the feminine impulses which are a part of every woman—even a woman who has wanted nothing but release from surroundings she hates.

He was only a man, like any other man—One whose shoulders were perhaps a little broader than others', whose mouth was a little wider, whose eyes were a little bluer—so why, even before we had exchanged a word, did my face burn and my hand tremble so I could hardly put the glass of water down in front of him?

And he couldn't speak, either. His eyes widened and he kept them on me as if he couldn't bear to stop looking. Then, suddenly, he smiled, showing teeth that gleamed against the whiteness of his skin.

"Hello, wonderful," he said softly, "Now I know why I got hungry just as I was passing this place."

The sound of his voice did something to the spell he'd cast on me. It didn't break it, exactly. It loosened the tightness of its grip, that was all, but enough so I could force back the wild exultation that was rising in me.

"Yes?" I said. "Did you wish to order?"

"Order?" He glanced in a puzzled way at the menu card in his hand, as if wondering how it had got there. "I don't know—I guess I'll have to, won't I? Are you doing anything tonight?" He shot the last question at me like a bullet—just as directly,
just as explosively.

"We had some good roast beef this evening," I said. "I think there's some left." If I could keep on saying the words I would have sold to any customer, I thought, I would be safe.

"Okay—roast beef, fried chicken, cream of wheat—anything you say," he retorted impatiently. "You haven't answered my question."

"I'll bring you some roast beef," I said, and left him.

But in the kitchen, after I'd given the order, I leaned against the hard edge of a shelf, trying to still the drumming of my pulses. Why, this was perfectly crazy—letting anyone I didn't even know upset me like this! I'd bring him his dinner and then I'd go home. One of the night girls could finish attending to him, so I said this was one of Jim's regular nights to meet me.

"Here's your order," the cook said, and mechanically I took it and pushed through the swinging door to the restaurant.

WHEN I put the plate of meat, the side-dishes of vegetables, down in front of him he didn't even glance at them. "What time are you off?" he asked. He was grinning, as if he were sure I wouldn't go with him, and this infuriated me.

"Right now," I snapped. "One of the other girls will bring your dessert.

"I don't! I'll skip the dinner, too, if you won't wait for me to eat it."

I turned on my heel, but with lightning quickness he reached out and took my hand. At his touch, little searing flames ran through me. I wanted him to hold me and never let me go, but I could not tell him that, or even admit it to myself. All I could do was say angrily, "Do you want me to call the manager and have you thrown out?"

"Go ahead." Taking his time about it, he released my hand, but he did not—he never would—release the hold he had taken on my heart.

Oh, I tried! I tried. Those were the only things I could have said—but they were also things I would not say.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Home.

"No," he said. "Don't go home. Just keep on walking with me, in this direction, and pretty soon we'll come to something."

I said, "I have things to do."

"You're engaged," he said flatly—and then, in passionate resentment, "You're not! You can't be! I thought you were at the University school; I remembered that, and without stopping to think went on:

"Maybe you know the man I'm going to marry, Lieutenant Driscoll, at the school."

"Driscoll..." His mouth fell open, and then he laughed. But it was more than laughter. It was a great shout of—yes, pure relief. "No! I won't believe it. You'd never marry him!"

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He began to walk again, and this time it was he who led and I who followed. I should have been angry at the way he received the name of the man I was going to marry. Instead, I was afraid. Suddenly and unaccountably afraid.

"Why is it so funny?" I demanded.

"Why is it so funny that I'm going to marry Jim Driscoll?"

"Come with me to the edge of town," he said, "and I'll tell you."

Even if he had not given me this excuse, I wondered if I should have had the strength to leave him? It is something I'll never know.

In another ten minutes we had walked past the place where the town melted away into the prairie. I had been here before, but it seemed as if now I were seeing it for the first time—the vast purple-dark sieve of the sky, with starlight leaking through the holes, the full moon rising, swollen with golden honey, over the eastern horizon, here and there a tree with its autumn leaves pale under the moon—the memory of color in the memory of light.

We stood side by side, not speaking, for a long time. Then he said, "Driscoll never brought you out here, did he?"

"No...." In a way, in the way he meant it, was the truth. We had walked out this way once, and when we'd got about this far we'd turned around and walked back again. We hadn't stopped—we hadn't seen.

"Sure he didn't," Mickey said. "That's why I said you'd never marry him. He wouldn't think to bring you out here."

There was scorn in his voice, and I rose to Jim's defense. "I won't listen if you're trying to make fun of him."

"I'm not making fun of him—but you wanted to know why I laughed when you said you were going to marry him," Mickey said. "Oh, he's a nice enough guy. There's nothing wrong with him—in a math class, anyway. He'd make a good husband for some college graduate that could tell him about ancient history while she told her about the square root of x plus y. But for you!" He swung round upon me, and before I could move he'd taken my two arms in his big, muscular hands. His fingers burned through the fabric of my dress. My knees weakened and I almost fell, but he held me upright.

"This is why you can't marry him!" he whispered, fiercely, and brought his lips down on mine.

In that clamberous moment the earth and sky whirled about me. I could no more control the way my lips answered than I could the movements of someone on the other side of the world. But when he released me, breathless and shaken, I found myself once more. I buried my face in my two hands and cried.

"No—please—please—go away and leave me alone—"

He said unsteadily, "I've—I've kissed other girls—but I never kissed anyone until just now. And you felt it too— I know you did."

"It doesn't matter—I'm going to be married—"

Once more he was holding me, forcing me to look at him. "Don't tell me you love him," he said, very low. "If you do, I'll know you're lying. Nobody that kissed me the way you just did can be in love with another man."

I flung back my head. "All right," I defied him. "I won't tell you I love him! But I'm going to marry him, all the same. Because he can give me the things I've always wanted—things you couldn't give me. A decent place to live—nice friends—comfort—"

The fingers around my arms bit deeper. And all you'd get from me—even after the war—would be a shack in the worst part of some steel-mill town, kids dirty and sometimes hungry. No bridge-playing, no nice car, no chance of feeling that you're safe because you've got money in the bank." His eyes burned. "You're right. That's what being Mrs. Barnes might be like. It's only a gamble that it would ever be any better than that. A good gamble, I'd say, but just the same—a gamble."

"I don't want to gamble! I want to be sure—and I am sure, if I marry Jim."

And that's why you want me to leave you alone?"

"Yes!"

"All right," he said, and the scorn in his voice rubbed the raw edges of my nerves. "Go ahead and marry him. Be sure of your comfort. But you'll always be sure of something else, too—that once you and I had a chance that doesn't come to many people, and you were too much of a coward to take it. You'll remember that, the first time you're bored with your nice house. You'll remember what you did to yourself, and me, and—yes, even to the poor guy you're marrying. He probably deserves something better. But that's not anything you have to worry about—you'll have what you wanted!"

He pushed me violently from him—but only for a second. Like an en-
raged animal he sprang upon me once more. "And you'll remember another thing!" he said thickly.

Kisses bruising my mouth—hands tearing the cloth that was stretched tightly over my shoulders. And in myself, a storm rising to meet him, a storm that blotted out every other thought in the world—

"Ah, no!" He tore his mouth away, leaped to his feet and stood above me.

I hated me. I could feel his hatred like a hot prairie wind. He hated me for the fury in himself, for the happiness we might have had, for the shabby substitute he had just rejected.

He turned and went quickly away.

I GOT to my feet. Tears of shame and humiliation were running down my cheeks, and I rubbed them away, careless of the grist on my palms that was smudging my face. Wearily, I crept back into town.

Throughout the endless night I lay awake, knowing what I would have to do. What Mickey had called "the real thing"—that wouldn't come again, ever. But the glimpse of it had made it impossible for me to take anything else in its place.

Jim made it easy for me to tell him, that next evening when he came to meet me at the restaurant. He must have known, even before I said anything, that for me the whole face of the world had changed.

"You've found out you don't love me—is that it?" he interrupted my fumbling efforts to find the right words. I hadn't waited long to tell him; we had left the restaurant only half an hour before, and now we were in a booth at the quiet little cocktail bar where we sometimes went for a glass of beer.

"That's it, I guess, Jim," I said.

He looked down at the froth on his scarcely touched glass. I guess I always knew," he said, "that you didn't.

"I'm sorry, Jim."

"Don't be," he said quickly. "Think how much worse it would have been if you'd found it out later." Very nearly, I thought, what Mickey had said! "And don't worry about me," he added. "I'm glad it happened today."

If he had protested, if he'd made me feel that I was hurting him terribly, it's possible that my decision would have wavered, weakened. But there again, you see, he couldn't have done that. It wouldn't have been according to his creed.

I wished—oh, I hoped so much—as we said goodnight for the last time, that if it was true, as Mickey seemed to think, that somewhere in the world there was one right woman for every man, Jim might someday meet her!

And then the days passed, one precisely like the other. I knew Mickey Barnes would never come back to the State Cafe—I knew it as well as I knew the moment when we had stood on the edge of the prairie would never come again. But I could not stop an involuntary glance at the front door every time it opened, a pang of hope whenever I caught sight of broad shoulders under a khaki uniform.

Once I sat down and tried to write to him. The memory of his cry, "Ah, no!"—filled with hatred and contempt, came between me and the paper, and there were no words I could put down. Perhaps, if I went back to the spot where he had kissed me, I would find the words I needed.

THERE was no moon this night—only clouds and a cold wind. The trees were stripped bare of leaves and stood out starkly against the sky. Was this the place? It was so different, so forbidding.

I took a few steps to the right—and a shadow rose before me. A substantial shadow, with arms outstretched and a voice that spoke my name.

With a sob, I stumbled into those arms, let them hold me close for a long, long time, heard him whisper, "I knew you'd come here finally—when you were ready. I knew you'd have to. I've been here every night, waiting."

And now I'm the one who is waiting. Strange—my life is very much as it has always been. I live in the house where I was born. I work at the State Cafe. Only my name is changed; but that has changed everything. All the vexing ambitions I used to have are gone. I don't dream of the "some day" when I'll have a house of my own with a darkly shining table where Mickey and I will eat by candlelight. I have no idea what kind of life we'll have when Mickey comes back. I only know that it will be beautiful.
"I Will Fear No Evil"
Continued from page 23

At first I thought it was John coming up the walk toward the house—only for an instant, before I remembered that John was in his study, working on Sunday's sermon, and that he certainly didn't own a suit of that rather startling red-brown shade. The resemblance was enough to quicken my interest as I went to answer his ring.

"Hello," he said, when I pushed open the screen door. "Could it be Anne, wouldn't you? Is John home?"

"Why..." Momentarily, I was too busy looking at him and trying to adjust myself to his informal greeting to answer. He was so very like John.

"I'm—" John's brother. "You..." his lips curled a little, wryly—"you've heard of me, I expect."

"Oh, yes—of course," I stammered, and holding the door wider, "Won't you come in? I'll call John."

"Thanks," he said, giving the single word an ironic inflection.

Too flustered to remember my manners and show him into the living room, I left him standing just inside the door and hurried down the hall to John's study in the back of the house.

John's brother, the I'd never expected to see—never wanted to see, either! John had told me about him...

"He was always getting himself into scrapes, even when we were kids," John had said. "Sometimes he got me into them, too, but he never let me take the blame, and informed as if he couldn't stand having to live by rules or laws. But he wasn't bad—he was never bad. If they'd only understood that, when he got into trouble..."

Privately, I'd thought that Harry got only what he deserved. He and some other boys had stolen and wrecked a car when Harry was about seventeen, and when they were caught they were sent to reform school. Harry, as the admitted ringleader, got the longest sentence—two years. After his release he refused to come home or have anything to do with his parents and brother, although in the years that followed he did send John an occasional note or postcard.

And now, without warning, he was here in Vermont, here in our house. Even then, hurrying to call John, I felt in his presence a threat, felt that his coming meant change; and, obscuringly, I resented him.

John looked up when I entered the study, the smile on his face instantly giving way to concern as he saw my agitation. Anne, what's the trouble? "It's your brother is here," I gasped. John's eyes widened incredulously; then he leaped to his feet. "Harry?" he cried eagerly. "Harry's here?"

When a bound he had passed me, was in the hall. I heard his voice, deep with happiness, saying:

"Harry! I am glad to see you!"

They were still pulling each other's hand when I turned and walked toward them.

John said, "Anne, isn't there a fatted calf for the prodigal somewhere?"

I felt Harry watching me, waiting while I tried to form an answer that would meet John's pleasure. But words were clumsy on my lips, and when I did not speak at once Harry laughed and said:

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agro, when he was only a boy."
I am sure he didn't mean it as a slap at me. I knew then, in my heart, that he didn't; but that was how I chose to interpret what he had said.
I hadn't been a quitter—somehow, we'd managed to keep it from being that open—but it was a shadow of unhappiness that lay between us, and I knew it would remain for as long as Harry stayed in the house.
And he stayed. Somewhere in his checkered life during the last ten years (no one ever told me so, but I suspected it was in reform school) he had learned to be a draftsman, and he got a job in the planning department of our local public works. It was a propeller factory, and old Mr. Gray was one of its owners; his friendship for John was responsible for Harry's being hired, although the plant was glad to get a man who would never be drafted. Harry, like John, had been refused by the Army, and for the same reason. It was the first time I'd known that haemophilia was hereditary, and it worried me until John explained that it could be transmitted only through mothers and that therefore no children of ours would ever suffer from it.

HARRY was sensitive enough to know that I resented his presence in our home. I could see that knowledge in every sidelong glance, hear it in every remark he addressed to me. That first Sunday after he arrived, he went with us to church, and I had to admit, grudgingly, that he behaved himself very well. He stood outside with John and me after the service, beginning to introduce me to members of the congregation, smiling and agreeable.

The scene was vivid in my memory—the churchyard, the headstones in the little cemetery seeming to stand guard, people in their sober Sunday best coming slowly down the steps, the first few yellow leaves drifting to the earth from the arching trees. And something else is crystal-clear, too: the Camerons stopping for a moment, and an instant when Lucy had raised her eyes to look into Harry's, a question staring in their haunted depths.

At dinner, Harry asked curiously, "This Dr. Cameron—was he one of the local big shots?"
John laughed. "He certainly is! Also he's senior warden, and he thinks I'm too young for my job."
"Oh?" Harry buttered a piece of bread, and then he gave his verdict. "A beautiful example of early-Američan stuffed shirt."

"Dr. Cameron's very influential, not only in the church but in the whole town," I said. "We must all try not to offend him."
There was a strained silence. Through the lids of my downcast eyes, I could feel Harry's mocking regard. I'd succeeded in making myself appear scheming and petty. Yet why, I thought in exasperation, was it wrong for me to want John to be successful, popular, on friendly terms with someone like Dr. Cameron whose opinion was important?

I was glad of one thing—that Harry would start work the next morning. Perhaps, after he'd earned a little money, he'd want a place of his own. But when he left for work the next day, I knew he had his first pay envelope, I found that he had other uses for his money.

At breakfast, this particular day, John reminded me that he wouldn't be home for dinner because the regular monthly dinner-meeting of the church...
Men's Club was being held at the Vernon House. "Incidentally, how'd you like to come with me, Harry?" he added. "Then you wouldn't have to cook for anyone."

"Oh—I'll grab a bite downtown," Harry said shortly. He'd been out rather late the night before, and this was almost the first thing he'd said since coming to the table.

"YOU'D be very welcome," John persisted, "and the Vernon House serves us a good meal—"

"No thanks," Harry interrupted. "I can get along without pulling around with a bunch of small-town business men, having them look down their noses at me because I'm not like you. Count me out, please."

I held my breath. It was the first time Harry had been rude to John, and I waited, hoping in my heart that John would be angry. But he only said, mildly, "All right, Harry, just as you like."

Well, I thought, at least if John won't be home for dinner, neither will Harry. That evening, after John had left for the hotel, I fixed myself a feminine pick-me-up meal and ate it off a tray in the living room. All in all, I didn't mind a bit having an evening to myself. And then the doorbell rang.

It was Mr. Gray, peering at me near-sightedly with his kind old eyes.

"Evenin', Anne," he said. "John in?"

"No, he's at the Men's Club dinner, Mr. Gray."

"Oh, that's right—Henry Cameron's pet project arranged."

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Um—well, I don't know. Certain sure I am. Fact is, Anne, that brother o' John's is down in Parin's Bar raisin' particular Ned and I figured John ought to get him out o' there before he really got out of line."

"Harry?" Mingled dismay and exultation (perhaps now John would see how right I had been!) made my voice sharp. "How do you know?"

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th order,
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mail

EMPIRE DIAMOND

CO., Dept. 27-SW,

JEFFERSON, IOWA

as

I

always

—and

I

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For Tired, Burning, Swollen Feet
on your feet all day— walking the floor
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Allen's Foot-Ease on your feet and into your shoes
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standing and walking comfort. At all druggists.

RUGS

true,"

I

said

abstractedly.

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I

Easy! Free Catalog
how material is picked up
at your door by Freight or
Express at our expense
how we shred, merge, reclaim the valuable mate-

It's all so
tells

—

might be

difficult,

made my

spin.redye and weaveinto lovely deep-textured
,

Broadloom Rugs, woven Reversible for double
wear and luxury Sizes to

—

.

fit all

rooms.

CHOICE:

of populrr

solid colors, ricl.
tweed blends, 18th
Century floral and
leaf designs. Early
American Oriental

plan to Mr. Gray, I
felt bravely decisive, but a few
later, as I stood on the side-

had

bleach, card,

rials, picker,

even impossible.

decision.
"I'll go down
to Parini's myself and try to bring him
home. I won't go in. I'll wait outside,
and you go in and tell Harry no," I
corrected that, "better just ask the bartender to tell him, that there's a lady
outside who wants to see him."
I

,

patterns ovals.
,

walk outside Parini's, my courage
ebbed swiftly.
I might have changed my mind and
run home if the door of the bar hadn't
opened just then. Harry stood on the
threshold, swaying a little, peering
about him. I stepped forward and he
saw me. His expression changed to
that mockery I'd come to know too
well, heightened this time by the sly

Factory-to-You
You risk nothing by
Over two million
a
customers. We have No
agents. * Sorry if temporary
delays occur, but Olson Rugs
are worth waiting for.
trial.

Chicago

New York

S'Frlsce
I

humor

of a befuddled brain.
"So you're the lady that wants to
"My soursee me," he said thickly.

faced little sister-in-law!"
"Harry," I begged, "come home with
me. Please!"
"Oh, no!" He raised a forefinger in
the air and wagged both it and his
head. "You come in and have a drink

Do you good — just

"You know

If you are

for

was ashamed of my pleasure
at the news that Harry was doing
exactly what I had predicted. The important thing was that he mustn't be
allowed to hurt John's reputation. Of
course, I could telephone John at the
hotel and tell him to go over and get
Harry.
But then John would have
to make excuses to the club members
Dr. Cameron and the others and that
Already

lots

of

good."

Working Hours

v

over town in an hour."

instead.

Helps Shorten

same

in that, is there?

see him, drunker'n anyboy's got a right
to be on a week night."
"But couldn't you speak to him
couldn't you bring him home?"
The corners of Mr. Gray's mouth
drew down. "Tried," he admitted, "but
he told me t'go wash my face, and I
didn't want him to make a fuss, there
in front o'half a dozen people. Be all

minutes

orate illustrations.

-

harm

^-^

is

Science explained. Elab-

Smart,

—no

do

(OUTLINING my

it

to be reshaped
protruding ears, thick
lips, wrinkles and pouch-

es

Parini's after supper,

new book about

how easy

—

"How d'you think I know?" the old
man retorted testily. "I dropped into

Reconstruction.

this

Facial
Tells
noses

—

"

kept

my

I

can't go in there."

I

At
good humor, and I

voice low and reasonable.

he was in a
wanted him to stay that way. "And
you shouldn't stay in there so long
least

—

for John's sake."
"John " Surprisingly,

a

spasm

of
face.

sorrow crossed his
"Poor John. Hell of a brother he's got,
I oughtn't ever to have
hasn't he?
come here in the first place."
Wanting to agree, I said instead, "Of

maudlin

John and I are
course you should.
both glad to have you. But won't you
come home with me now?"
He pressed his hand against his forehead. "Maybe I better," he mumbled.
"Should've had some supper
He staggered and almost fell. I had
to take his arm and support him with
my own body.
Vaguely, I remember hearing a car

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of Bronchial Asthmatic attacks, intensified by pollenladen air, may be reduced at this
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years. The aromatic fumes help make breathing
easier .
aid in clearing the head . . bring more
restful nights of sleeping. At druggists in powder,
cigarette or pipe-mixture form. Or write for free
.

.

.

Horner ot
KUSTiKSS
ASTHMADOR

Dept!


opened again and Mr.

Gray looked out. I signaled for his
help, and between us we got Harry
home. John was already there, to my
and he took charge of his
relief,
brother, putting him to bed and bringing him the black coffee I made. When
he came silently back downstairs Mr.
Gray had gone and I was alone in the
living room.

He was

white and tired-looking, with

New 11 -Minute Shampoo Washes
Hair Shades Lighter Safely
This special shampoo helps keep light hair
from darkening brightens faded blonde
hair. Called Blondex, it quickly makes a
rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the

—

dingy, dust -laden film that makes hair
dark, old-looking. Takes only 1 1 minutes
at home. Gives hair attractive luster and
highlights. Safe for children's hair. Get

Blondex

at

10c. drug

and dept.

stores.

85


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Vitamin deficiency can cause you to droop through life feeling half alive with lowering vigor, vitality, body resistance, pimples, skin blemishes, nervious indigestion. Maybe you're not a hospital case, but don't let vitamin deficiency cause you to feel under par most of the time. Take one GROVE'S Vitamin Capsule for your daily protective requirements of essential vitamins A and D plus all-important B.

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High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Registered to the United States Office of Foreign Service, Department of State, for the use of foreign students under foreign education act. Check list with your local newspaper—Chicago Tribune, Saturday, June 25, 1927—Page 24, Column 1. American School, Dept. N525, Detroit at 126th, Chicago 37

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NOW, at home, you can quickly and easily tint tinfoil streaks of gray to natural coloring shades—from lightest blonde to darkest brown. Brownstone and a small brush does it — or your money back. Used for 30 years by top ladies. No skill needed, active coloring agent is pure vegetable. Cannot affect wravng of hair. lasting — does not wash out. Just wave and comb it in. The application imparts desired color, simply re-touch as new gray appears. Easy to prove. Send for your sample today. 60¢ and $1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get Brownstone today.

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Now you can have natural-looking blonde hair, soft and shiny, without the slightest All you do is SHAMPOO with Brownstone's Lightener Shampoo.

At Your Drug Store—We want this word to every woman. A widemouth bottle, containing 50 % peroxide, is available. 10 c.c. per dose for women. 20 c.c. per dose for men. 75c. per bottle. Mail order 1.25 c.c. In Chicago, see Brownstone's Catalog. Send a check for any amount, or send with order. Ask your druggist for Brownstone's Lightener Shampoo.

Be a Fascinating BLONDE!

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Mail us $1.00 and we will send you a copper star burst ring of the year, of course. It's sturdily constructed, fast, durable bottle proves it—money back. Ask your druggist for B.D.D. Prescription.

ROSEBUD PERFUMES CO., Box 25, Woodburn, Maryland.

DIX DAVIS, as the mischievous Dinky Duncan, typifies the real American boy in CBS' Today at the Duncans, heard Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays.
Once her heart had been hurt. Bruised beyond repair, thought this cool, cultured girl. No more would she believe in love. So she went her way, free of love's entanglements, an independent bachelor girl, until she met Mike. Mike was everything she had shunned in a man, but when the crisis finally came she saw the handwriting on the wall read, "You love him—you love, you love him." A splendid story of a great love, born from strength of character, and a woman's selflessness makes "Bachelor Lady" one of the finest true stories in the September issue of True Story Magazine. Don't miss it!

Big Sister is another fine story of a girl whose life was wrapped around her young brother. When he joined the marines she suffered as a mother would and when he married she thought life had ended. She found though that life was just beginning and a true love routed loneliness. A stirring novelette, complete in the September True Story Magazine.

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September True Story

RADIO DRAMAS: Did you know that there's a complete half hour of radio dramas selected straight from your favorite stories in True Story Magazine on the radio every afternoon? Tune in My True Story, a Blue Network Presentation at 3:15 P.M. EWT any weekday afternoon for this added pleasure.
As some people have indicated before, this page appears to be a collection of advertisements and articles, possibly from a magazine or a newspaper. The text is not coherent and appears to be a mix of unrelated excerpts and partial sentences. Here are some highlighted sections:

**EASY WAY...**

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The irreplaceable CARA discovery, TINTS Hair Tinting Compound, will turn your hair black, brown, auburn, or blonde, as only gives hair a real natural coloring of remarkable beauty. No dyes, no blame, no trouble to you! Just a minute longer, for TINTS Take years off gray...each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful. A complete guarantee! No dyed look. Won't hurt permanently. Get today in Black, Light, Medium and Dark Brown, Black or Blonde. 50c, 2 for $1.00.

**Give Birthstone Ring**

Smart, new, dainty Yellow Gold plate set with sparkling simulated Birthstone fired on first sale—GIVEN for selling only—ask no charge, no money down, no payments for 3 months. To Trust you. Many feel sure this is the best investment you can make—hurry while stock lasts—GREAT SAMPLES—FREE.

**Gold Crown Products**

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Write me and I'll send you trip for package of the LUXURIOUS, LUXURIOUS, LUXURIOUS, LUXURIOUS FABRIC FREE. You'll love it. You'll show it. You'll sell it. Work wonders for your shop. I. Y. M. E. J.

**When Nature lets me down...**

**MIDOL PICKS ME UP!**

**MIDOL**

Relieves Functional Menstrual Suffering

MENSTRUALHEADACHE

DEPRESSION

TYPICAL SPASMODIC PAIN

**Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man? — CHARLES ATLAS**

Do you want a powerful body of muscle and muscle—broad, husky shoulders like that—arms and legs that never tire?

JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY

But give me 15 minutes a day to prove that I can make you a New Man. Put you in magnificent physical condition which wins the envy and respect of everyone.

I worked over 10,000 men, 10000 of whom are ash—white—similarly tall, tall, husky—half-alive. Then I discovered "Dynamic Tension." And I invented the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man.

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**Dr. Pierre**

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Frankly, doesn't feminine appeal appeal to you. Why not have every satisfaction of feminine desirability and intrigue—satisfying—Popular with thousands of discriminate women. Lends a beauty—Feminine—Feminine.

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**Dr. Pierre**
Then he met a sweet and lovely girl, and he and she fell in love. But she was the daughter of a man both stern and powerful—a man my brother knew would never accept him as a son. Heartstruck, he made up his mind to leave Vernon, and unwisely he tried to deaden the pain of that decision with liquor. Again, I am sure you have heard of the evening when he was seen—and by the father of the girl—he wished to marry—under the influence of liquor.

The next morning my brother told me he wished to leave though he did not tell me why. And I persuaded him once more to remain. "That," John said humbly, and his glance swept the church until he caught mine, "is where I was at fault. Not in asking him to remain, but in failing to help him. He knew better than to confide in me—for he knew that in my own way I had been stiff-necked and proud. It had been my duty to gain the friendship and trust of the girl's father, since he was and is a member of my congregation. I had let my own intolerance keep me from performing that duty, and as a result I could not help my own brother. "I ask his pardon now. I ask the pardon of you all."

In utter silence, he paused. Then he raised his head. "But I am not the only one to blame," he went on. "There has been a kind of tyranny at work here. Your sons, your brothers, your loved ones are overseas offering up their lives to wipe out a tyranny which we call by many names—Nazism, Fascism, dictatorship. It is all the same. By any name, it is an attempt to slavere people's minds."

"But here we have ourselves set up a similar tyranny, no less dreadful. We have permitted our minds to be enslaved by our own prejudices, our own love of sensation, our own eagerness to judge others."

"Here in this church are men and women that my brother is guilty of the crime that has been so lightly, so hastily, charged. They need no judge, no jury! Their minds are already made up—without proof, without thought. They are willing to set themselves up in judgment on their fellow-men."

"I do not ask you to absolve my brother of crime. I can do so, because he is my brother and when he tells me he is innocent, I believe him, is enough. But you can only keep your minds open and free from prejudice until due process of law has, as I am sure it will, clear him of all suspicion. Do not, I beg you, wreck his life and that of the new woman who only yesterday became his wife, by judging him on the basis of prejudice and passion."

John's knuckles were white where he gripped the sides of the lectern. For a moment he seemed about to speak to a higher Being than those of us in the church. "It was asked once," he said, "'Am I my brother's keeper?' And the answer was, 'Yes.' I am my brother'skeeper and guardian, as all men are the guardians of all men, their brothers. We cannot be wronging him at the same time being unjust to ourselves." He raised his right hand. "May the blessing of the Lord be upon you."

The tears were falling unheeded down my cheeks. In my heart was a bitter-sweet mingling of shame and happiness—and my feet were set upon the right path. For although I knew John had meant his sermon primarily for Henry Cameron, it had found its meaning too—and in many others who sat frozen in their seats, avoiding their neighbors' eyes.

Across the aisle there was a stir—and Dr. Cameron was on his feet, turning sideways to face not only John but most of the congregation.

"I wish to be heard.

There was a new humility in his voice; a new humility, too, in the square, proud face. Unfalteringly, he went on:

"I think it a confession to make. As our pastor has said, I strongly opposed my daughter's love for Harry Baynes—or would have, if she had been foolish enough to confide in me. When I learned they were married I was furious. I hardly knew what I did. All I wanted was to separate them. I took the first weapon that came to hand. I hid the money that had been entrusted to me, intending later to produce it and claim that it had been mislaid. I found it in a cleared Mr. Baynes—" he stiffened, and corrected himself, significantly—"Harry, but not until after I had had the marriage annulled."

In the silence that followed, I saw Lucy Cameron's face raised to her father's. In her trembling lips, her shining eyes, there was such beauty! "Don't you ask you all," Dr. Cameron added, "to forgive an arrogant man—and to thank our pastor, as I do, for preventing a tragic mistake!"

Suddenly the organ burst into song—the joyous, heavenly sounding music of the Hallelujah. And as the glorious melody mounted higher and higher, I felt tension ebbing away, saw smiles again in glistening eyes, saw more. In my mind I saw Harry and Lucy going hand in hand, hand in hand, and John and me, united again so much more surely than we had ever been.

OCTOBER RADIO MIRROR ON SALE
Friday, September 10th

To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort, coming issues of RADIO MIRROR Magazine will appear at slightly later dates than heretofore. RADIO MIRROR for October will go on sale Friday, September 10th. On that date your newsdealer will be glad to supply you with your copy. The same circumstances apply also to subscriptions. While all subscription copies are mailed on time, they may reach you a little later than usual. Please be patient. They will be delivered just as soon as prevailing conditions permit."
It's worth everything—just everything—to know that once your nails are made up to perfection, they'll stay that way for a very long time—without chipping. *Chen Yu*... real, durable lacquer gives you this special advantage in wear—in grooming—in charm...it's a true lacquer that brings to lovely hands an exquisiteness both new and lasting. Send now for two shades—any two... the coupon will bring them...then you'll want to get the regular sizes of *Chen Yu* Long-lasting Nail Lacquer at your favorite cosmetic counter—or perhaps a *Chen Yu* manicure at your favorite salon.
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"SO PROUDLY WE HAIL"
AN EPIC OF THE NURSES
ON BATAAN

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AT HOME and OVER THERE It's CHESTERFIELD

GOOD TOBACCO, Yes... the
right combination of the WORLD'S
BEST CIGARETTE TOBACCOS...

It isn't enough to buy the best cigarette tobacco, it's Chesterfield's right combination, or blend, of these tobaccos that makes them so much milder, cooler and better-tasting.

Good Tobacco, yes... but the Blend — the Right Combination — that's the thing.

Smoke Chesterfields and find out how really good a cigarette can be

Copyright 1943, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
YOU ARE MY HEART
Drama of a Wife Whose Husband Wanted Freedom

JEALOUS! — A Tender Story of Youth in Love Today
Writing Color Pictures to Keep of YOUNG WIDDER BROWN and MARY MARLIN
Just a year ago we presented our new Tangee satin-finish Lipsticks to you who had long desired a lipstick that really wedded Glorious Color with Lasting Smoothness—a “happy marriage” of the two most important lipstick qualities.

By a fortunate coincidence, SATIN-FINISH was perfected when it was needed most—during these war-busy, more-busy days when there is little time for cosmetic “repair work.” Your Tangee Lipstick will cling smoothly, softly...defying wind, weather, and work—giving your lips an entirely new and exclusive SATIN-FINISH. Neither too moist, nor too dry, it will keep your lips glowing with exciting color.

I promise you who have not yet tried a Tangee satin-finish Lipstick a pleasant surprise. Try one soon—together with its companion rouge and your own most flattering shade of Tangee's UN-powdery Face Powder.
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...

hearts are won by a lovely smile!

Make your smile your lucky charm—help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

Here's to you, Plain Girl! What if beauty is not your birthright? You can win friends, romance. Yes, you can conquer with a smile!

So smile, plain girl, smile. For there's a magic in a smile that flashes out with radiant charm—a magic men can't resist. But remember, for that kind of smile you need sparkling teeth. And teeth that are sound and bright depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"!
If your tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist! He may tell you your gums have become tender—robbed of exercise by today's soft, creamy foods. And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage." For Ipana not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, it helps the health of your gums as well.

Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to new firmness. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.

Start today with IPANA and MASSAGE

A High Date-Rating goes to the girl with a radiant smile. Help brighten your smile with Ipana and massage!
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**ON THE COVER**—Martha Stewart, radio's singing star

Color Portrait by Ben De Brocke

Miss Stewart's jacket, courtesy of Pacific Mills, hat, courtesy of Salfair, Inc.

Anne Seymour's dress, page 39, courtesy of Peck & Peck, New York

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**IRRESISTIBLE... as always!**

We dedicate to the **SPARS**...

**IRRESISTIBLE Ruby Red LIPSTICK**

"Look alive!" In the service or on the home front, it's the order of the day! Achieve the right, bright look with Irresistible's gallant Ruby Red... an inviting, exciting complement to navy or any costume color. Whip-tetx to stay on longer, smoother. Irresistible Lipsticks are a boon to beauty and today's busy woman. Complete your make-up with Irresistible's matching Rouge and Face Powder.

10¢ AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES

**Whip-fitex TO STAY ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!**

That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10¢
WHEN you write that letter to your soldier, tell him how the family is getting along financially, how much war work you are all doing, what his friends are doing (especially single girls), and write about places he used to go. Tell him what's happening to the old home town under rationing, price control, and war work. That's what surveys have shown he wants to know.

A woman worker may obtain a supplemental shoe ration stamp for safety shoes with plastic or fiber toe box, if she has spent her shoe stamp and still needs this type of shoe.

**Canning season is in full swing. Remember that non of the minerals in foods need be lost in canning providing the liquid in which they are pre-cooked is used to fill up the containers after the foods are put into them.**

When cutting grape fruit, cut down only to the seeds—not through them. Twist the fruit in half, and the seed can be easily popped out with a fork and it's ready to section.

Wartime restrictions on materials challenge American ingenuity. Women are making slips from old summer dress, buttons from tough pear-tree twigs, and many other ingenious substitutes.

**The Plot:** Is it really over between them? Does Jack's letter say an end to the happy plans they made together? How easy to take love for granted, to think it's yours for keeps. How quickly romance can fade if a girl forgets to guard precious charm. Poor, foolish Claire, to take chances with underarm odor!

**The Clue:** Claire's evenings are lonely. One night in a magazine she reads: "Baths only take care of past perspiration. To prevent risk of future underarm odor, use Mum!"

**The Rescue:** "I was silly, I was reckless to take chances with love! I'll never skip Mum again. Half a minute like this will protect charm all day or evening!"

Underarm odor is the enemy of your charm! Play safe—with Mum! In 30 seconds, you smooth Mum—it's quick! Then you won't offend all day or all evening. Mum is dependable.

And Mum is safe—for your skin, even after underarm shaving. Safe for clothes, says the American Institute of Laundering. Millions of women prefer Mum!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe and dependable. Use it this way, too!
WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

By DALE BANKS

WELCOME Binnie Barnes to radio. Her tall, slender—sometimes slyly—villainy has long been familiar to movie audiences. Now she's getting a chance to air her comedy talents on Perpetual Motion, heard over NBC on Saturdays, at 7:30 P.M., and very welcome she is.

A versatile gal, this London born young lady whose father was an English policeman—of all things, she started out by studying nursing, but soon found ballroom dancing much more to her fancy. After touring South Africa as part of a dance act, Binnie discovered that American acts were in demand in London. Immediately, Binnie Barnes became "Texas Binnie" and did a rope-twirling act in the best Will Rogers tradition. What's more she got away with it.

"Texas Binnie" has become Hollywood Binnie and it looks as though she's here to stay. She's married to Mike Frankovich, Southland sports announcer, before his induction into the Army. He's now a lieutenant in the Air Force.

Out in Hollywood, there's a full fledged organization called the Radio Women's War Service, which, since March 1942, has been devoting itself to keeping in touch with former radio men, who are now in the Armed Forces all over the world. The women in radio are seeing to it that their men are informed of the world they left behind.

The initial spark was furnished by Vermil Felton, you know her as Blossom Blimp—Rudy Vallee's so frequent target—as well as many other characters in NBC shows from the Coast. She gathered about her many others, among them Lucrene Tuttle, Jane Morgan, Virginia Gordon (whose husband is now in the Coast Guard), Mary Lansing—famous for her portrayal of Phil Harris's baby on the Jack Benny show—Gloria Blondell and Mercedes McCambridge, who used to be the Rose of Abie's Irish Rose. In fact, practically every woman who appears on the Hollywood shows, takes part in this RWWS.

Each girl "adopts" one or more ex-radio men in the service. First she writes a weekly letter, asking for birthdays, size of socks, gloves, cigarette preferences and such things. Birthdays are remembered punctually. Besides that, a box is sent each month, with soap, stationery, flints, handkerchiefs, cigarettes and—what the men welcome most—periodicals of the radio industry. These things go to men all over the world, to all the fronts.

And do the men like it? You should see the letters they write, asking for more letters and news of what's going on in the jobs they left behind.

The war and news from home make us think of CBS newscaster Ed Murrow's story of a recent experience in London. The cinema houses—movies to us—are jammed every night and American pictures are extremely popular. But one evening, a comedy scene called for the heroine to stop a raw egg with her lovely face. Ed Murrow says the groan let out by the ration-conscious British audience, when they saw a month's supply of precious eggs trickling down milady's face, should have been audible in Hollywood.

(Continued on page 6)
Old Friends are Best

YOU may not see them for weeks, months, years, but when the emergency arises there they are . . . willing, solicitous, trustworthy.

Many of you can remember your old family doctor and his little black bag with Listerine Antiseptic tucked in the corner. You felt better the minute he entered the house.

You can remember, too, the first time you were hurt and facing the danger of infection—a cut finger, a skinned toe, a cold coming on—how Mother brought Listerine Antiseptic out of the medicine cabinet to help you through your trouble. You felt good about that, too.

Aside from keeping abreast of the advances in medicine and bacteriology, doctors haven’t changed greatly, nor has Listerine Antiseptic. In any home, their friendly presence lends, as always, a feeling of protection and confidence.

Make a friend of Listerine Antiseptic. It is a trustworthy first-aid in countless little emergencies when your doctor, deluged with really serious cases, may be delayed in coming.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
They’re no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring...they last and last.

Stronger Grip

SHORT, but not for LONG. If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today—try again next time you’re in. Shipments are received regularly by Stores handling DeLong...but, remember, the quantities are restricted as practically all metals are required for war purposes.

Peter Brescia, conductor and musical director of WSM, acquired his musical education all over the world.

Continued from page 6 without benefit of short wave. * * *

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—Listeners to WSM, Nashville, Tenn., who enjoy the rich-bodied music under the direction of Peter Brescia will be interested in these highlights of the life of the musical director which help to explain his outstanding musical ability.

Brescia, who was born February 15, 1900, in Santiago, Chile, of Italian parents, resides over Sunday, Down South, Lion Oil and Refining Company’s musical program.

Brescia acquired his musical education all over the world, first in Santiago then in Quito, Ecuador, then in Rome, Italy.

From Rome the family came to the United States, and settled in Buford, Ga. There Peter learned English, while his father held a position at the Atlanta Conservatory of Music.

Later the family moved again, this time to San Francisco. Peter’s studies in music then were resumed under the supervision of his father.

In 1918, Peter joined the United States Army to see service during the first World War. Shortly afterward he became a professional musician and in 1921 had the memorable experience of playing under the baton of the immortal Victor Herbert. In 1922 joined the staff of Fox West Coast Theaters. Later, he organized a dance orchestra which toured several states... In 1934, he joined Francis Craig’s WSM orchestra as violinist and arranger.

He left Craig to join the staff of WSM as an arranger and from this post was later elevated to the position of conductor and musical director. In the several years intervening he married Kay Goss, another violinist on the staff of WSM.

Aside from arranging and conducting, which Peter insists are great fun, he enjoys football and listening to the radio. His hobby is the strangest of any WSM staffer. It’s herpetology—the study of snakes.

A man who likes his rest is Berry Kroeger, narrator for NBC’s Salute to Youth and the voice of the Falcon. He doesn’t even like to watch the clock—it disturbs his catnaps.

He lives in a midtown hotel, near the studios, and he has trained the telephone operator to a fine degree of radio consciousness. She knows all the soap opera schedules and the times of all the dramatic radio productions. She also knows what time rehearsals begin on all the shows in which Kroeger appears.

Berry doesn’t even have to think of his engagements. All he has to do is pick up his phone when it rings and listen. “Mr. Kroeger,” the operator says, “time for The Man Behind the Gun here. You have fifteen minutes to make the studio.”

Sometimes, life can be so simple.

This year the National Barn Dance celebrates its tenth anniversary. Not bad for a show that was almost laughed off the air by the sophisticates when it first appeared.

In its ten years, National Barn Dance, has proven how wrong the highbrows were. It has grown in popularity every year, and deserved to, because of the variety of its entertainment and the high standards of its sponsors. And it has brought to the public some of the finest, healthiest fun in radio. Many now well known radio stars got their sendoff by means of its informal, hayloft atmosphere, stars like Gene Autry, Fibber McGee and Molly, Johnny Burke—“the man who won the war,” Pic ‘n’ Pat, Louise Massey and the Westerners, Happy Jack Turner. Their guest stars are always the best and the most—Alec Templeton, for one, Edgar Guest, the poet, and sports stars like Joe Di Maggio and Lou Novikoff.

Here’s to another ten years of success to this half-hour of Americana and good luck to the people who make it the swell show it is—Joe Kelly the master of ceremonies, Pete Lund the script writer, Eddie Peabody, the Hoosier Hot Shots, Pat Buttram, the Dinning Sisters, Arkie, Lulu Belle and Scotty and musical director Glen Welty.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Howard Turner’s present position as staff announcer at WBT Charlotte is a direct contradiction to the time-honored observation that the shortest distance between two points is always a straight line.

Eight years ago, Turner, just out of school, came into the studios of WBT and asked for an audition as an announcer. He was advised to go out and beat the bushes—work at small stations—a few years for experience, then come back and take another audition at WBT.

Turner took the advice literally, worked at some seven radio stations during the following eight years, packed all the experience he could abo.

(Continued on page 8)
New tasks for lovely hands—but a "guardian angel" helps keep them soft!

Lovely hands must do Cinderella jobs these war-busy days. But before you tackle daily soap-and-water chores, put Toushay on guard! Toushay's a grand new idea in lotions. Used beforehand, this velvety lotion defends soft hands against drying, roughening effects of hot water and soap—helps them stay soft!

Uncle Sam's urging women to pitch in and do extra war tasks. When you're working at yours, keep Toushay handy! Always remember to smooth on this special-formula lotion before you put your hands into hot, soapy water. You'll love its richness—it's fresh-flower scent. You'll love the way it guards the glamour of your hands!

For that special furlough date, Toushay's a marvelous beauty help! In addition to its "beforehand" use, this luscious, creamy lotion's grand as a powder base—or for a fragrant all-over body rub. Works gentle magic on rough knees and elbows, shoulders and throat. Toushay's inexpensive—so you can afford to use it all these ways. Ask for it at your druggist's, today.

TOUSHAY

THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION that guards hands even in hot, soapy water
A Lass and a Lack

(OF CONFIDENCE)

Woe is you! Dressed up
to go to the most-fun party
of the year...and what
happens? Your calendar tells
you to call things off...
for you just can't mask your
feelings, can you?
This was the night you'd
waited for; planned on,
weeks ago! And now you're
blithely bowing out,
with a lame, last-minute
alibi. Or are you?
For in pops Sue for a final
dress preview—and speaks her mind,
but plenty! "It's murder", she says, "Why
kill your chances for future dates?"
"Moaning at the moon
won't help.
What you need is comfort," she
continues, "and your confidence will
take care of itself. I thought every girl
knew that comfort and confidence and Kotex go together!"

Perk up and Play!

Then she explains that Kotex stays soft... doesn't just
feel soft at first touch. That's why Kotex Sanitary
Napkins are more comfortable.

And that's why your confidence takes a sky-ride!
For Kotex helps you to keep in the fun...
with that special 4-ply safety center to protect
you like a guardian angel. And flat pressed ends
that don't cause telltale lines. (Remember this
patented Kotex "extra", next time—when
you want to wear your smooth new formal!)
You see, it just makes sense that more girls are
choosing Kotex than all other brands of pads
put together!

Keep going in comfort
WITH KOTEX*

BE IN THE KNOW... learn what to do
and what's taboo on "those" days—in the
free booklet, "As One Girl To Another." Read
it and get in the groove about grooming, sports,
social contacts. There's a special calendar
provided, too, for your own personal use. So,
send your name and address to P.O. Box 3434,
Dept. MW-10, Chicago 54, Ill., for copy FREE!

For Trying Days, try KURB tablets... if you suffer from cramps. It's a Kotex
product, expressly compounded for relief of periodic discomfort. KURB tablets
merit your confidence. Take only as directed on the package and see how KURBS
can help you!
(T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)
How's your Dating Rating?

1. Her rating was pretty low... for she looked older than she really was... so men never asked for dates... and she was lonely! She never guessed... it was her face powder's fault... 'cause its shade was dead and lifeless... made her skin look old... and hid her natural youth and beauty!

2. Then, quite by chance... oh, lucky chance... she tried the new youthful shades of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder! Yes, new shades that are scientifically matched to the glowing, vibrant skin tones of youth! And what a lucky chance for you, too... for there's an alluring new shade of Cashmere Bouquet to gloriety all the natural, youthful beauty in your complexion... no matter what your age may be!

3. So now the rates so many dates she's always on the go... thanks to that smooth, downy, youthful glow Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder gives to her complexion! And this new Cashmere Bouquet is always color-blended, never streaky because it's color-harmonized to match your skin-type... goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly for hours on end!

4. And there's a new, youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet waiting for you! See for yourself how alluringly fresh and glamorous you really can be, when you look your best with Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder! There's a shade to suit you perfectly... in 10¢ size or larger at all cosmetic counters.

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder
In the New Youthful Shades

Lauren Tuttle is a member of the Radio Women's War Service—she keeps in touch with former radio men who are in the Armed Forces.

Sometimes people wonder what makes Robert Bellaire, one of the Blue Network's corps of commentators, so fond of walking. He always walks the mile from his apartment to the studio and anywhere else that time permits.

Back of the Yosian spirit lies the memory of six bitter months spent in a Japanese concentration camp, after the attack on Pearl Harbor. In that whole time, he was permitted only one constitutional outside his prison cell. And there were thirteen cooped up in one small room!

News Notes: Chucho Martinez, the Latin-American Lark, discovered by Orson Welles, has been signed as featured vocalist on the Revlon program which starts in September on NBC... MGM may star Ginny Simms in dramatic roles which she has always wanted to do... New citizens are arriving all over the place. Chief Petty Officer Artie Shaw is the proud father of a boy. Former Mutual Special Featuresman Alvin Josephy—now a Marine Combat correspondent—has welcomed a baby girl. Hal McIntyre heard that his son was born in his home town, Cromwell, Conn. Then, the Glenn Millers, he's a Captain now, have adopted a three months old boy... It may be "We, The People" in Book Covers soon. Milo Boulton, master of ceremonies, is collecting anecdotes from the show, with a view to publication... More next month. Meanwhile—good listening. 
MORE FUN THAN A CIRCUS is the thrill of anticipation. It’s a joy to dress up little girls in such pretty dresses. After starching with Linit they iron easily and beautifully.

HE ONLY WANTS TO PLAY. And don’t worry about your clothes. Linit-starched surfaces tend to shed dust—stay clean longer.

WON’T YOUR MOTHER BE SURPRISED to see you come home looking so fresh and clean! Tell her that your Aunty Linny starched your dresses with Linit and to try this starch on everything washable—G’bye Now.

Virginia Maxey, five-foot, blue-eyed blonde from Indianapolis, Ind., is Bob Allen’s new vocalist.

By KEN ALDEN

The whirlwind Harry James-Betty Grable courtship which culminated in a typical movie-finish marriage at Las Vegas, had one unexpected anti-climax. The trumpeter’s draft board in Beaumont, Texas, ordered him to report for possible reclassification. The draft board does not consider the beautiful Betty a dependent.

The Artie Shaws—Mrs. Shaw is the daughter of song writer Jerome Kern—have a new baby boy. Ditto for the Hal McIntyres.

U. S. Army Captain Glenn Miller has adopted a three months old baby boy. He’s named the child Stephen.

There will be an additional Fitch Bandwagon show on the Blue network this Fall, supplementing the current NBC series.

When Gracie Fields returns from England in October she’ll have her nightly Victory Show on Mutual, switching over from the Blue network.

Dorothy Brewer has been signed by Tommy Dorsey to share the singing duties with Pat Dane. Mrs. T. D. And Bob Allen’s new thrush is Virginia Maxey. Virginia will stay with Bob’s band until MGM calls her to the west coast.

Duke Ellington has peeled off another hit tune. It’s called “Tonight I Shall Sleep With A Smile On My Face.” It has Hit Parade possibilities.
All radio wishes Rudy Vallee good luck in the U. S. Coast Guard. Rudy is off the air for the duration. In World War One he served in the Navy. The night he left the air, Rudy feted his radio gang at a memorable farewell party.

The Vivien of Phil Spitalny's all-girl band is blonde, attractive Hollace Shaw, who used to sing under her own name on many a network show.

Donna King of the famed King Sisters foursome recently wed Navy Lieutenant James B. Conkling. The ceremonies took place in the Los Angeles home of Alvino Rey, Donna's brother-in-law.

Stan Kenton, one of the up-and-coming dance band leaders, gets the coveted Bob Hope NBC musical spot this Fall, succeeding Skinnay Ennis, now in the armed service.

Hildegarde, the sophisticated chanteuse, has clicked so well as a summer replacement for Red Skelton that the sponsor will keep the Milwaukee-born but Parisian-minded singer on the air throughout the Fall season. Bob Grant's band tags along.

**The Music**

"I'm your wife...remember!??!"

1. **We had been perfect mates**...at first. Then, George began treating me like a stranger. He'd go for hours without talking to me...without even looking at me. It was maddening!

2. **At home-nursing class** one day, I flunked my quiz completely. Afterwards, our instructor—who's a dear old friend of mine—asked me what was wrong. Eager for consolation, I told her all about myself and George. Then she said: "Sally, it could be your fault. You see, there's one neglect husbands often can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene."

3. When I asked her what I should do, she answered: "Well, many doctors recommend Lysol solution for feminine hygiene...it cleanses thoroughly...and deodorizes." Then she went on to explain how this famous germicide, used by thousands of modern wives, won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the easy directions," she said.

4. That advice turned out to be first aid to our marriage, all right! I keep Lysol disinfectant on hand always...it's so easy and economical to use. And, as for George, he remembers me now...with flowers!

**Check this with your Doctor**

Lysol is Non-corrosive—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid. Effective—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). Spreading—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. Economical—all bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. Cleansly odor—disappears after use. Lasting—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet R.M.-1941. Address: Lehn & Fink, 653 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

* BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS *

Hygiene, 1943, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
MARIA MONTEZ in Universal’s “COBRA WOMAN”

BLONDE

BRUNETTE

BROWNETTE

REDHEAD

TRY Tru-Color Lipstick

...the color stays on through every lipstick test

Lovely reds, glamorous reds, dramatic reds...all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original patented* color principle discovered by Max Factor Hollywood...one dollar.

*U.S. Patents No. 2157667, 2211465

Complete your make-up in color harmony with Max Factor Hollywood Powder and Rouge

Max Factor * Hollywood

Captain Glenn Miller at your service! Glenn's just adopted a baby boy whose name is Stephen.

Movie and dance band fans are complaining over the fact that filmsheadline the dance bands, only to give them an inch of celluloid on the screen. Bob Crosby and Tommy Dorsey both were prominently billed in recent films but their appearances could well be chalked up as walk-ons.

Don Redman, out of the dance band picture for quite a spell, has reorganized his sepia organization, and is playing in a new New York night spot, the Zanzibar.

Famed swing alley, West 52nd Street in New York, has made a comeback and the jitterbugs are once again crowding the hole-in-the-wall bistros.

MR. SIX BY SIX

ALTHOUGH this might come as a shock to the admirers of Harry James, the brothers Dorsey and Benny Goodman, it is one Harry L. “Tiny” Hill who is the biggest bandleader in the country.

Tiny weighs 360 pounds and stands six feet and one half inches. Other broadcasting behemoths like John Scott Trotter, and Paul Whiteman shrink by comparison.

Tiny is even too big for the United States Army. They placed him in 4-F, 138 pounds overweight.

But where other more sensitive heavyweights prefer to have their physical proportions overlooked, Tiny has made his gargantuan girth pay dividends. He and his sprightly dance band have a featured spot on NBC’s All Time Hit Parade, and broadcast regularly over Mutual from New York’s Hotel Edison. A recording of an ancient tune, “Angry,” has already sold 500,000 copies and is still going strong.

Although Tiny has been carrying around his weight and orchestra since 1935, it wasn’t until this year that he attained nationwide recognition. Tiny attributes this belated success to the fortunes of war.
"We're just a bunch of country boys playing the old-fashioned favorites," he explains, "and the old time tunes are coming back strong. The war has made people want to remember things. And the songs we play help them think of happier days."

Tiny was born about thirty-six years ago in Sullivan, Illinois, a small town 175 miles south of Chicago. He weighed seven pounds when he was born and didn't start to really spread out until 1928.

Harry's father was a farmer who died when his only child was seven. His mother, a rural school teacher, saved and scrimped enough to enroll her boy in Illinois State Normal School. But Tiny was not cut out to be a school teacher. He switched to a commercial course and then started to roam the country. He sold musical instruments, sang at country dances, drove a truck on the Decatur to Chicago route, and wound up playing the drums in a three-piece local band. By 1935 Tiny had his own band. Touring mid-western ballrooms and one night stands, his ample figure and good-natured countenance won many friends and engagements in the mid-west.

"As I got fatter the jokes about my size became louder and funnier but never bothered me. As a matter of fact I exploited my size and forgot I ever had any other name but Tiny."

In 1938 the band got its first break— a two weeks' engagement in Chicago's Melody Hall. They stayed seven months.

Unlike many other bandleaders, Tiny prides himself on being a good businessman.

"I keep my own profit and loss statements, make up a trial balance every thirty days and have one man directors' meetings with myself."

Despite the Chicago success, New York politely snubbed him, branded his music "corny." To Tiny that's a fighting word.

"To me corny means a bad interpretation of music for commercial reasons. We don't muss the tunes up. We stick close to the melody. If anything, we're

---

Try ALL THREE for complete treatment

- or use any ONE separately!

Many Hollywood stars confirm the opinion of Americans by the hundreds of thousands— three generations of men and women who have used Glover's famous Mange Medicine for the Scalp and Hair. And now ... Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress complete the tried-and-true Glover's treatment. Try all three— ask at your favorite Drug Store— or mail the coupon today!

TRIAL SIZE! This is what you will receive in the Complete Trial Application pictured below:

G L O V E R'S
MANGE MEDICINE — recommended, with massage for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair. Standard scalp-and-hair preparation since 1876. Men and women like its piney fragrance! Easy to apply — you’ll feel the exhilarating effect, instantly!

COMPLETE TRIAL APPLICATION

G L O V E R’S
with massage, for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and Excessive FALLING HAIR

GLOVER'S 101 West 31st St., Dept. 5510
New York 1, N. Y.

Send "Complete Trial Application" package containing Glover's Mange Medicine, Glo-Ver Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative instructions and FREE book. Let, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

GLOVER'S IMPERIAL HAIR DRESS. Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic! Supplies a new kind of "oil treatment" for easy "finger-tip" application at home, especially in cases of "dry scalp. Use after application of Glover's Mange Medicine — or before shampooing.

Each product in a hermetically-sealed bottle, packed in special carton with complete instructions and FREE book. "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

GLOVER'S 101 West 31st St., Dept. 5510
New York 1, N. Y.

Send "Complete Trial Application" package containing Glover's Mange Medicine, Glo-Ver Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative instructions and FREE book. Let, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

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Nan Wynn is the peppy singer of popular songs on the new CBS program, Ceiling Unlimited.
Test Yourself on this BABY QUIZ

These vital questions about baby care were asked of 6,000 physicians, including most of America's baby specialists, by a leading medical journal. Here are their answers:

**QUESTION:** "Do you favor the use of oil on baby's skin?"
**ANSWER:** Over 95% of doctors said yes. (Most hospitals, as in scene above, instruct mothers to use Mennen Oil—because it's antiseptic).

**QUESTION:** "Should oil be used all over baby's body daily?"
**ANSWER:** 3 out of 4 physicians said yes—helps prevent dryness, chafing. (Most important—antiseptic oil helps protect skin against germs).

**QUESTION:** "Should oil be used after every diaper change?"
**ANSWER:** 3 out of 4 physicians said yes. (Antiseptic oil helps prevent diaper rash caused by action of germs in contact with wet diapers).

**QUESTION:** "Up to what age should oil be used on baby?"
**ANSWER:** Physicians said, on average, "Continue using oil until baby is over 6 months old." Many advised using oil up to 18 months.

**QUESTION:** "Should baby oil be antiseptic?"
**ANSWER:** 4 out of 5 physicians said baby oil should be antiseptic. Only one widely-sold baby oil is antiseptic—Mennen. It helps check harmful germs, hence helps prevent prickly heat, diaper rash, impetigo, other irritations. Hospitals find Mennen is also gentlest, keeps skin smoothest. Special ingredient soothes itching, smarting. Use the best for your baby—Mennen Antiseptic Oil.

Catherine Burns won a diamond ring; Barry Wood presented it to her on his a hill billy band except that we use saxophones and brass instead of fiddles in our orchestra.

Tiny pursued this policy and played a waiting game. His theory was confirmed when a revival of sentimental tunes, helped by a flurry of musical movies featuring the old favorites, swept the country.

George Washington Hill, the tobacco tycoon who takes a personal interest in all the radio programs sponsored by his company, happened to hear a Tiny Hill recording of "Five Foot Two." He ordered his radio men to hire the mid-westerner and put him on the big Lucky Strike show, sharing honors with Mark Warnow.

TINY has been married seven years to Alta Frederick, his school day sweetheart from Sullivan, Illinois. Mrs. Hill weighs about 130 pounds. Childless, they live in the Paris Vendome apartments in New York. Every chance they get the couple migrates back to the Illinois corn country where Tiny has a 60-acre farm superintended by his stepfather and mother. The farm is home to Tiny and his wife.

The big bandleader is constantly bothered on the bandstand by people who remember him from his old barnstorming days. They plague him with requests for discarded tunes but Tiny never turns them down, and there's seldom a request that stumps him, either—Tiny knows all the old songs.

All the boys in the band are from out of town, few had ever been to New York before. One night one of them made a date with a girl from Brooklyn. He escorted her home, got lost, and didn't return to the bandstand for two days. Tiny, a small town boy himself, understood, though.

Tiny says that he enjoys analyzing the dancers as they move past him, and he tries to apply his findings to his music. There's a story in every face he sees on the dance floor, he says, and he can read those stories. Best of all, he can suit his music to them, too. There are lots of soldiers and sailors on the floor nowadays, of course, and it's Tiny's theory that they like music that makes them think of home.

He pointed an arm toward the dance floor.

"Take that soldier out there. When he hears us play an old familiar tune he'll hold his partner just a bit tighter.
Bea Wain is back again, singing your favorite songs, on Your All Time Hit Parade, Friday evenings, over NBC.

But the way I figure it he just probably met that girl tonight. He's not thinking about her. He's thinking about the sweetheart that he left behind him back home."

Bea Wain, one of radio's top-flight singers, is the new feminine soloist on Your All Time Hit Parade heard on NBC, Fridays, 8:30 p.m., EWT. Bea replaces Martha Stewart, who is leaving for Hollywood to be featured in MGM film musicals.

A favorite performer since the age of six, when she sang on NBC's Children's Hour program, Bea grew up in radio. She was heard on the Kate Smith program, Fred Waring's Pleasure Time and with Kay Thompson. Later her voice attracted the attention of Larry Clinton, who was looking for a soloist to sing both ballad and rhythm songs. Bea filled the bill. Her widely-heard recordings of "My Reverie" caused her to be nicknamed "The Reverie Girl."

Bea takes over the "best tunes of all" soloist spot after a series of nightclub engagements.

Million Dollar band show on NBC—all she and her fiance needed to wed.
Always remove your summer tan before the cold weather sets in, says lovely Jeri Sullivan, star of her own show and The Colonel over CBS.

By Roberta Ormiston

The time has come when we're as eager to be rid of that golden glow the summer sun has left with us as we were in early summer to get it. Among the many bleaches which will banish a hang-over tan there is lemon juice and water. Those whose skin is not sensitive to lemon juice may use it undiluted. Most people, however, will find two parts of lemon juice to one part of water advisable. Before applying this bleach, cleanse your skin thoroughly—with cleansing cream and tissues and hot and cold water. Then, not drying your face, pat on the lemon juice and water mixture with little cotton pledges. Should this treatment irritate your skin discontinue it until the irritation disappears. Starting it again, use equal parts of lemon juice and water. Apply this simple bleach for ten days and you will be gratified by the white look so effective with winter blacks and browns.

Freckles frequently are another summer hangover, something we do better without, especially when they appear—as they so many times do—on our cheeks and necks and hands and arms. Usually, too, we can get rid of freckles in jiff time. Powdered pumice and peroxide will do the trick. Mix the powdered pumice with enough peroxide to form a thick paste. Again, first clean your face or neck or hands or arms thoroughly. Then spread the pumice paste on the freckled area. Allow it to dry. Remove it with cold water.

The summer sun also, likely enough, has dried out your hair and scalp. Dry hair will respond to brushing, special conditioning. Separate your hair in sections and make sure each long hair sweep of your brush begins at the scalp itself. This, causing circulation, will open the oil ducts, which, in turn, will counteract the dryness.

This autumn and winter it may very well be that we will not have as many clothes on as attractive clothes as we have had other years. Until this war is won taxes and war stamps and war bonds have first claim upon our dollars. Our incomes too are pledged to Victory. Moreover, consequently, our attraction will depend upon the charm of skin and hair. Therefore let us begin, as soon as vacation days are over, to step up these important features to their greatest beauty.

BE BEAUTY WISER

L. Adams, Boston, Mass.: You have stubborn eyebrows, you say. Shape them as you wish them to be—then use bandoline or mustache wax on them—to keep them in place.

Helen J., Daytona Beach, Fla.: Really the most effective way of rouging the lips is with a brush, even though this hasn't worked out for you. Maybe your method is wrong. Always outline your mouth first and then fill in the color. In this way you can get exactly the line you wish. Remember always that it is your upper lip that gives your mouth expression. Make it a trifle—larger than it is normally by extending its natural outline. See to it too that both upper and lower lip curve upward: to give you a pleasanter and younger expression.

Mrs. John A., Elmira, Kansas: You'll find your make-up will go on more smoothly and be effective over a longer period of time if you use a powder base first. There are, after all, oily secretions between the eyes and at the sides of the nostrils and the mouth which discolor your powder and detract from your freshness.

Geraldine H., Kansas City, Mo.: Forget that you have a bad mouth and help others to forget this too by making your eyes—which you say are rather good—the focal point of your expression. You can do this by using a trifle more mascara and eye shadow than you have used previously.

Gladys B., Amityville, N. Y.: There's no reason why you should be less attractive than you used to because of faded, graying hair. On the market today you will find many reputable hair dyes and tints which are completely harmless, simple to apply, and effective for about a month's time. They also "take" permanent waves. Be sure, however, to tell any operator what permanent color you have used a dye or tint upon your hair so she can regulate your wave to this condition.

Jean M. C., Detroit: Oily hair can, as you say, be a thief of beauty. Oily hair also can be remedied. Shampoo it every week. Brush it thoroughly just before you go to bed every night.

Mrs. Bertha M., St. Louis, Mo.: If you have a large bust make sure your waistline is low... have your clothes buttoned all the way to your bosom. Avoid a tight line across your bosom or at your waist... the lower you can wear your neckline the better... keep away from double-breasted effects... stay away from fabrics with a raised surface, the type of fabrics which catch highlights, and knitted things!
leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap... yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

There's shining magic for a man in the wonder of a woman's lovely hair... aglow with enchanting highlights! So never, never break that spell with hair that's dull and dingy looking from soap or soap shampoos!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo... how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange... right after shampooing.

Easier To Comb into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember... Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!
SOMEBODY IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC

The following story was written by Sergeant Arthur E. Mielke, of 4123 68th Street, Woodside, Long Island, New York, a Marine Corps Combat Correspondent.

IT'S an ill wind . . .

Take the Jap bombers, for instance. Every time they zoomed over the American lines on Guadalcanal, they were most unwelcome. However, many of them would be shot down and here's the story!

When the Marines landed on Guadalcanal, last August, they carried only light combat packs. Little enough room for such necessities as food and toilet articles in them, much less for such extra luxuries as radios.

But an American without a radio is like a Jap without spectacles—he's lost without one.

American ingenuity took a hand. Private First Class Martin W. Peterson, 27, of Manistique, Michigan, an ex-radio repairman, saw possibilities in the remains of several Jap planes downed in the fighting over the island.

A transmitter from this one, a dial and some wire from a second, a few other parts from a third and the first American-made Japanese radio came into being ready to put into operation.

Adding to this power obtained by hooking up a series of flashlight batteries, and PFC Peterson and his buddies were listening to their own doings, via America.

PFC Peterson's first radio was a crude, three tube set. As more Jap planes crashed in smoking ruins the set was replaced by a more powerful one with six tubes and a cabinet.

In no time, PFC Peterson's shelter became one of the most popular spots on the island. Every evening, several hundred Marines would gather round and listen to the news broadcasts, popular American programs and music—usually from KWID in San Francisco, California or other west coast stations.

PFC Peterson, who lives with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, of R.F.D. No. 2, Manistique, near Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, studied engineering at Western Michigan College of Education.

He enlisted in Detroit, Michigan, December 27, 1941.

How Her Stunning Ivory Skin-Tone can be—YOURS

Maureen O'Hara says—

"Hollywood experts advise for me a powder shade that emphasizes the ivory fairness of my skin. Like many other stars, I use Woodbury Powder. We've learned that Woodbury shades do much more than just blend with skin coloring—they give the most flattering color-tone. The exquisite Woodbury Rachel is my shade. It gives a clear, warm, ivory tone that means glamour, I'm told!"

Cupid will get you—

To be lucky in love, wear your Woodbury shade. Film directors helped create it. And thanks to the Color Control process, plus 3 texture refinings, Woodbury Powder makes skin look smoother, younger.

Choose from Rachel, Natural (Veronica Lake's shade), Champagne Rachel (Lana Turner's shade), Windsor Rose (Rita Hayworth's shade), and 4 others. Boxes of Woodbury Powder, $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

WOODBURY POWDER Color-Controlled

Her Matched Make-up—Maureen's rouge and lipstick shades are in the $1 box of Woodbury Rachel. The $1 box (any shade) has matching rouge and lipstick shades—at no extra cost!
TUPPER is sick. Tupper is sick.
My mind kept saying it, over and over. And I could believe it. The very quiet of the house made me accept the fact that my son, my bright, full-of-life little boy, was terribly ill. Nd slamming of doors, now. No pell-mell clatter of running feet. No urgent cries of, "Mother! Mo-ther! Where are you?"
Just a hush over everything, as if the very house had laid a finger to its lips, bidding the whole world to hold its breath.
Tupper might... die.
Sometimes that thought came, too, in the stillness. But I couldn't believe that. I wouldn't.
I found myself hating the stillness, hating the cool efficiency of the doctor, hating the white-uniformed nurse who had usurped my place by Tupper's bedside. Here I was, banished to rest on the couch in the livingroom, useless, helpless. I would gladly have given my own life, then, if I could have barred it for Tupper's going on living.
For Tupper was my life, the very center of my world, the only one on the face of the whole earth whom I loved, who loved me, completely and without question. He was all I had, now that John... I was about to say "now that John was gone," for it was almost as if Tupper's father had left me. We lived together still, yes—lived in the same house, ate at the same table. But love was gone, and when love goes it takes all that makes life worth while with it.
That was why nothing must happen to Tupper. Tupper was my life, and he was John's, too. All the love our hearts had once held for each other we expended now on the little boy who kept us together. All the love in our hungry hearts...
Only yesterday—a thousand, thousand years ago—I'd seen Tupper start off to school, swaggering a little in his new sailor suit, a small boy aware of his audience of two, his father and his mother, watching from the breakfast table at the kitchen window. As he'd neared the corner, Tupper had caught up with two other children, and, forgetting us and the newness of his clothes, his sturdy legs had broken into a trot, his still-treble voice had called one of those affectionate insults that little boys affect to prove their grown-upness. Other first and second graders, his particular friends, joined them at the corner, and we watched the chil-

Tupper was her life, and he was John's, too. But Tupper needed her more than John did. All the love they once had for each other was now expended on the little boy who held them together in an empty marriage.
dren, bobbing like a bunch of multi-colored balloons in the mellow gold of the September sun, turn and go down Elm Street.

As Tupper disappeared, the light in John’s eyes and the smile on his lips had died. He got up from the table, finishing his coffee as he rose, leaving his breakfast half eaten. Usually he managed it so that he left to go to work at the same time Tupper left for school in the morning. It brought him to the plant a little ahead of time, but it was one of the dozens of small ways in which we contrived to keep from being alone together, to keep hidden the futility of a marriage which was no longer more than a few words on a bit of legal paper.

I HAVE to pack if I’m going to catch the ten-thirty,” he said. “Where did you put my bag when you cleaned?”

“In the upstairs closet,” I added, “Do you want me to help you?”

“No, thanks.” My voice stopped him half-way toward the stairs. “I’m leaving at noon.”

He turned reluctantly. He’d known for a week that I intended to go to Eleanor Snow’s reunion of old friends from our high school graduating class in the town next to our own city of Marshall, I’d known that John intended to go that same weekend to Pine City on business. I’d known, too, that it was a trip he could have taken at another time, and there’d been a silent clash of wills between us, neither of us wanting to give up our plans in favor of the other, neither of us wanting to leave Tupper alone, except for Mrs. Sandstrom, for a weekend. John hesitated, and then he lifted his shoulders in a half-shrug and said slowly, “Mrs. Sandstrom will come in to take care of Tupper?”

“She’ll be here this morning.”

“Well—”

I waited, determined not to give in at the last minute. Not once since Tupper was born had I been away from Marshall, and I felt that I’d earned the fun that the reunion offered. “It’s all right, it’s useless,” he said, and went on upstairs.

I packed my own bag after he’d left, and I found time to make a little party of the lunch I prepared for Tupper and Mrs. Sandstrom. When Tupper came home at noon, his eyes widened at the sight of the sandwiches cut into fancy shapes, at the cocoa topped with marshmallows, at the fruit sauce I’d made for the custard dessert.

“Gee, mom, you ought to go away more times.” His eyes laughed as he spoke, and his nose wrinkled up at me, and my heart swelled with the warm, sweet feeling of closeness and comradeship between us. Tupper was my son. He’d been born John Emory Harding, Junior, but from the day the hospital nurse had brought him to me, saying, “A fine boy, Mrs. Harding. Perfectly formed, but small,” he’d seemed particularly mine. He looked like me. His dark eyes slanted up a little at the corners, as if in perpetual fun, and his dark hair was usually ruffled to an elfish peak over the center of his forehead. His bones were fine, and whatever there was of lightness and laughter he caught and gave back with his own laughter added, as a prism catches and colors sunlight.

He was like John in the firmness of his lips and the determined set of his chin when he was particularly serious about something, but his firmness and determination didn’t make me feel left out and useless, as John’s did. Tupper needed me, and he would need me for a long time. His father had never needed me, really; he had wanted me once, but only until he’d found out that everything I represented were the things that cluttered up his life.

“You’ll have a good time with Mrs. Sandstrom, won’t you, Tupper?” He would, I knew, but I wanted his word for it.

“Sure. Will she make tarts?” “Tarts,” said Mrs. Sandstrom, “and poor man’s bread, too.” She came into the dinningroom, changed from her street clothes into a fresh house dress, her broad face as shining clean as her apron.
Tupper sighed happily. He loved to watch the diamond shaped bits of dough twisting in the deep fat, loved to eat them hot from the pan, dusted with sugar. He sneezed as he wriggled into his chair.

"Tupper, you're catching cold."

"No, I'm not. That was just a sneeze."

I looked at him anxiously. "Perhaps you ought to stay home this afternoon."

"Oh no, mom!" His voice was horrified. "We got a game for recess, and it's my turn to call teams."

His color was good and his eyes bright; there wasn't a sign of a sniffle. Mrs. Sandstrom sent me a nod that said she'd watch him carefully, and I gave in. I had to guard myself constantly against coddling Tupper too much.

After lunch, as I got my coat out of the hall closet, I heard the back door slam. "Tupper?" I called, and the door slammed again, and he came racing in to me. My arms caught him, and he burrowed against me for a moment, nuzzling his face in the curve of my neck.

"I forgot you were going, mom. How—how long will you be gone?"

"My heart misgave me for a moment. "Until Sunday, Tupper. If you want me, tell Mrs. Sandstrom and she'll call me."

"Oh, I'll be all right." He was a man suddenly, and, man-like, ashamed of the display of emotion. "Goodbye, Mom." He was gone. I saw him round the corner of the house and pelt down the street toward school while my arms still felt him close to me.

And so I had started off for Eleanor Snow's, sure that Tupper was safe and well and happy, sure, for myself, that I was going to have a wonderful time, the kind of wonderful time I'd wanted and needed for so long.

That had been only yesterday. And it had been flat and tasteless, the too-much anticipated joy of seeing old friends, when I got to Eleanor's. Some of the friends I hardly remembered. Others were far from what I remembered them as being. And I was lonesome for Tupper, and felt out of place. By Saturday morning—this very morning, although it seemed a thousand years since the sun had come up—I was more than willing to come home.

So I'd left Eleanor's early, and caught the train for Marshall. And I'd found Mrs. Sandstrom, hovering near the telephone, a worried look on her face.

Tupper! I'd raced up the stairs. His face was flushed, and under my hand his skin felt hot and dry. He didn't sit up to welcome me, and his voice was cracked and uncertain. "I haven't got a cold," he protested, when I asked him how he felt, minimizing his ills as little boys will. "But my back hurts a little bit," he admitted.

"Your back, darling?" I looked at him more closely, and saw the fogginess of his eyes, the funny, restless way his hands moved. I remembered my only sister, Ellen—how she had come home from school one day complaining of a backache. Pneumonia, the doctor had said. For the next few days there had been perpetual twilight in our house, shades drawn, voices hushed. And sometime in that twilights, Ellen had stopped living.

Fear was a huge black bird, circling slowly around me, coming to rest at last heavily upon my heart. I clung for a moment to the head of Tupper's bed, and then I turned to find my way downstairs to the telephone.

Dr. Gaines was able to come quickly, and when he saw Tupper he called a nurse at once. For a while I was busy—boiled water and got out fresh linens, sent Mrs. Sandstrom home because there was no room for her now that the nurse had come, fixed a lunch for the doctor and Miss Varick, the nurse. And then there was nothing more for me to do. Dr. Gaines had called to an oxygen tent, and he was busy on the telephone again now, cancelling appointments, talking to the hospital.

His hands had been gentle as they'd taken me by the shoulders and told me to lie down, his voice as soothing as if I'd been the patient. "You've taken it like a trooper, Eve, and you've been a great help. But there's nothing more you can do, now. You lie down and rest—I promise I'll call if I want you."

He'd gone to the door, then turned back to ask casually, too casually, "Did you get in touch with John?"

"I tried," I told him. "He'd checked out of the hotel in Pine City."

"Good—probably on his way home, then."

"Perhaps," I agreed, and went into the livingroom to lie down to rest, as I'd been told to. There wasn't anything else to do.

I was quite sure that John wasn't on his way home—not that it would have mattered, if Tupper hadn't been ill. John's business frequently took him out of town, to one of the other Marshall plants in nearby cities. For a long time I'd supposed, when I thought about it at all, that—since to John I was no more than a housekeeper to him, a nurse (Continued on page 93)
dren, bobbing like a bunch of multi-colored balloons in the mellow gold of the September sun, turn and go down Elm Street toward school.

As Tupper disappeared, the light in John's eyes and the smile on his lips had died. He got up from the table, finishing his coffee as he rose, leaving his breakfast half eaten. Usually he managed it so that he left to go to work at the same time Tupper left for school in the morning. It brought him to the plant a little ahead of time, but it was one of the dozens of small ways in which we contrived to keep from being alone together, to keep hidden the fullness of a marriage which was no longer a few more words on a bit of legal paper.

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"No, thanks." My voice stopped him halfway toward the stairs. "I'm leaving at noon.

He turned reluctantly. He'd known for a week that I intended to go to Eleanor Snow's reunion of old friends from our high school graduating class in the town next to our own city of Marshall. I'd known that John intended to go that same weekend to Pine City on business. I'd known, too, that it was a trip he could have used. He's an ailing man, and there'd been a silent clash of wills between us, neither of us wanting to give up our plans in favor of the other, neither of us wanting to leave Tupper alone, except for Mrs. Sandstrom, for a weekend. John hesitated, and then he lifted his shoulders in a half-shrug and said slowly, "Mrs. Sandstrom will come in to take care of Tupper."

"She'll be here this morning."

"Well—"

I waited, determined not to give in at the last minute. Not once since Tupper was born had I been away from Marshall, and I felt that I'd earned the fun that the reunion offered.

"It's all right, I suppose," he said, and went on upstairs.

I packed my own bag after he'd left, and I found myself having a bit of the lunch I prepared for Tupper and Mrs. Sandstrom. When Tupper was in the kitchen he'd make a little bit of the lunch on my behalf, to be kept in his hands as a prism calmed and colors sunlight.

He was like John in the firmness of his lips and the determined set of his chin when he was particularly sensitive about something, but his firmness and determination didn't make him feel hot, out and useless, as John's did. Tupper needed me, and he would need me for a long time. His father had never needed me, really; he had wanted his son, but only until he'd found out that everyone represented was the things that cluttered up his life.

"You'll have a good time with Mrs. Sandstrom, won't you, Tupper? I would, I knew, but I wanted his word for it.

"Sure. Will she make tarts?"

"Tarts," said Mrs. Sandstrom, and poor man's bread, too." She came from the diningroom, changed from her street clothes into a fresh house dress, her broad face as shining clean as an apron.

Tupper sighed happily. He loved to watch the diamond shaped bits of dough rolling in the deep fat, loved to eat them hot from the pan, dusted with sugar. He sneezed as he wriggled into his chair.

"Tupper, you're catching cold."

"No, I'm not. That was just a sneeze."

He looked at him anxiously. "Perhaps you ought to stay home this afternoon."

"Oh no, mom!"

"It's a bit cold."

"We got a game for recess, and it's my turn to call tramps."

His color was good and his eyes bright; there wasn't a sign of a sniffle. Mrs. Sandstrom sent me a nod that said she'd watch him carefully, and I gave it. I had to guard myself constantly against coddling Tupper too much.

After lunch, as I got my coat out of the hall closet, I heard the back door slam. "Tupper!" I called, and the door slammed again, and he came racing in to me. My arms caught him, and he was carried against me for a moment, nuzzling his face in the curve of my neck.

"If you forget you were going, mom. How long will you be gone?"

"My heart misgave me for a moment. "Until Sunday, Tupper. If you want me, tell Mrs. Sandstrom and she'll call me."

"Oh, I'll be all right." He was a man suddenly, and, man-like, ashamed of the display of emotion. "Goodbye, Mom." He was gone. I saw him round the corner of the house and down the street toward school while my arms still felt him close to me. And so I had started off for Eleanor Snow's, sure that Tupper was safe and well and happy, sure, for my thoughts going to have a wonderful time, the kind of wonderful time I'd wanted and needed for so long.

That had been only yesterday. And it had been flat and tasteless, so much anticipated joy of seeing old friends, when I got to Eleanor's. Some of the friends I hardly remembered. Others were far from what I remembered them as being. And I was lonely for Tupper, and felt out of place.

Yesterday morning—this very morning—though, although it seemed a thousand years since the sun had come up—I was more than willing to come home. That's how the Sunday kids felt. So I'd left Eleanor's early, and caught the train for Marshall. And I'd found Mrs. Sandstrom, hovering near the telephone, a worried look on her face.

Tupper was roused upstairs. His face was flushed, and under my hand his skin felt hot and dry. He didn't sit up to welcome me, and his voice was cracked and uncertain. "I haven't got a cold," he protested, when I asked him no, now it had cleared, his list of little boys will. "But my back hurts a little bit," he admitted.

"Your back, darling?"

I looked him more closely, and saw the fogginess of his eyes, the funny, restless way his hands moved. I remembered my only sister, Ellen—how she had come home from school one day complaining of a backache. Pneumonia, the doctor had said. For the next few days there had been perpetual twilight in our house, shades drawn, voices hushed. And sometime in that twilight, Ellen had stopped living...

Fear was a huge black bird, circling slowly around me, coming to rest at last upon my heart. I clutched a moment, a moment to the head of Tupper's bed, and then I turned to find my way down to the telephone.

Dr. Gaines was able to come quickly, and I was able to see Tupper the next day, as nurse at once. For a while I was busy. I boiled water and got out fresh linens, saw Mrs. Sandstrom home because there was no room for her now that the nurse had come, fixed a break for the doctor and Miss Varick, the nurse. And then there was nothing more for me to do. Dr. Gaines had called for an oxygen tent, and he was busy on the telephone again now, cancelling appointments, talking to the hospital.

His hands had been gentle as they'd taken me from the shoulders and led me to lie down, his voice as soothing as if I were in bed. I'd the telephone as a trooper, Eve, and you've been a great help. But there's nothing more for me do. And rest—I promise I'll call if you want you."

He turned to the door, then turned back to ask casually, too casually, "Did you get in touch with John?"

"No.

"Well, will you?"

I nodded—probably on his way home then.

"Perhaps," I agreed, and went into the living room to lie down, as I'd been told. There wasn't anything else to do.

I was quite sure that John wasn't on his way home—not that it would have mattered if he had been so. His business frequently took him out of Marshall and even to aircraft plants in nearby cities. For a long time I'd supposed, when I thought about it all, that John was no more than a housekeeper to him, a nurse (Continued on page 95)
Jealous!

What a difference a few hours can make in our lives! This heartbreak moment would never have come to Terry if—

It was the only place we'd been able to find in the whole town of Santa Margarita. "Twenty-five a week," the man who owned the house had said indifferently, without bothering to add, since we knew it as well as he did. "If you don't take it, somebody else will." And Bill had said quickly, "We'll take it.

One room without a closet. But it had running water, in a wash-basin roughly installed in one corner, and two big windows looking out on the dusty street. Once it had been the living room of this house, with an archway between it and the hall. Now the archway was blocked in with beaverboard through which an ordinary-sized door had been cut. You could lock the door, but the beaverboard looked as if one hearty push would knock it down, leaving the way free for anyone to enter.

The house had three other rooms, besides the kitchen and bath, and they were all occupied—not by single people, but by groups or families. For this was Santa Margarita, which had once been a sleepy little railway junction on the edge of the desert, but now was the only place where workers in the big new magnesium plant could live. It was sleepy no longer. It was awake, roaringly awake, every hour of the day and night, and people were packed into it in a way that pointed up the irony of the empty desert on one side, the empty mountains on the other.

Not a place for two people to start their life together... But that isn't fair, really. What happened to Bill and me wasn't the fault of Santa Margarita. It would have happened anywhere. The circumstances might have been different, but the results would have been the same. For the fault was in ourselves.

You can say we weren't ready for marriage, but that would be only half true. In our case, the fact was that we were young. Bill was nineteen and I was eighteen. But we knew we'd be married someday, if the war would let us, and there wasn't time to wait—not when Bill suddenly turned up with a good job.

"I don't want to sit around and wait to be drafted," he declared. "They need men down there at Santa Margarita, and I'm young and healthy. But I won't go unless you'll go with me, Terry. I won't go if I have to be wondering all the time what you're doing, who you're going out with."

As always, it hurt me to have him even hint that anyone else could take me away from him. This was one thing he never could seem to understand or believe—that I was utterly his, had given him all my love and would have none left for anyone else, ever, as long as I lived.

"You wouldn't have to worry about that, Bill," I answered his dark intensity.

"Maybe not," he cried, "but I couldn't help myself! You're so little and sweet and gay—and everybody likes you—Why, even now I feel as if I have to be with you every minute or somebody may come along and take you away from me."

He cupped my face between his hands—such slender, nervous hands. There were two Bills, I always thought, the Bill of the broad shoulders and long legs and whipcord muscles, and the Bill of the brooding, dreamer's eyes, the emotions that spilled over into sudden laughter or equally sudden rage. Those hands belonged to the second Bill.

Now he said, "I think I'd go crazy if you ever fell in love with another fellow."

"I never would. I never could."

"Well, if that's settled," he said, his mood breaking, "let's get everything down on the record. Let's get married and go to Santa Margarita!"

I didn't need any persuading, even though I knew Santa Margarita was hot and dirty and crowded. With Bill, I'd have gone anywhere. So I quit my job and drew out my savings and bought a new blue gabardine suit with part of them, leaving a nest-egg for us if we ever needed it. And we were married very quietly at my house, with all four parents inclined to be tearful, and we drove away in Bill's car, having been given special gasoline rations because we were going to a war job.

The two days of the trip were our honeymoon. At their end was the shingled house on Spear Street in Santa Margarita, where other people's voices were always coming through the thin walls and everybody shared the kitchen and the bathroom.

Bill hated it.

He'd come home, hot and dusty after a day at the plant site, and beg, "Let's eat out tonight. How about trying the Marina Grill? It looks like a good place."

"But, Bill," I'd say, "we can't afford to eat out every night. And I bought some lamb chops and string beans. They'll spoil if we don't use them."

"I hate the idea of your fighting your way into that kitchen."

"I don't mind it. I'll go in now, and nobody will be there except Mrs. Galini."

"That old chatterbox! You can just see her thinking 'Newlyweds!'"
Bill cupped my face between his hands. "I think I'd go crazy if you ever fell in love with another fellow," he said.
every time she looks at us.”

"I know, but she’s kind."

Bill would say, "I don’t like her.”

Bill and I were different in the way we felt about other people. I never thought of liking them or disliking them. They just were, and that’s all there was to it. Nobody was perfect, but I usually found something to interest me in anyone I spoke to. Like Mrs. Galini—she loved gossip and she browbeat her meek little husband unmercifully, but she was so generous that she’d have bought and cooked every one of Bill’s and my meals, if I’d let her. We used to have long, animated conversations in the kitchen, during which she told me things I couldn’t imagine how she’d discovered about the other people in the house.

THAT Jim Parsons! He come home drunk again last night. Imagine, with their little boy sleeping right there in the same room!”

Oh, “Andy Mitchell gambled away his whole wage in one go! Had to borrow money to pay his rent!”

When I passed Mrs. Galini’s gossip along to Bill, he only grunted, “Probably she tells other people about us, too.”

“Maybe—but there’s nothing very terrible she could say about us!”

Bill grinned. “She could tell how I beat you up—which is exactly what I’ll do if you don’t come over here and kiss me.”

Oh, we were happy. In spite of the heat and the overcrowding, we were happy. We couldn’t afford not to be, I thought—because we knew how long we’d be together? Bill was working on a war job, yes, but any day the mail might bring a letter in an official envelope—a letter from the President...

And then we wouldn’t be together any more.

It was my job, I told myself, to guard our happiness and keep it from harm, and that was why I studied Bill, learning his moods, his likes and dislikes, his prejudices. Like anyone else, he had them. He was inclined to be grouchy before breakfast, and he flatly refused to wear a sock that had a hole in it. If I ran my fingers through his hair he only pretended to like it. He thought President Roosevelt was the greatest man in the world, which was fine if he hadn’t been so ready to fight anyone who disagreed.

Little things. Little things that made him Bill, little things that, far from coming between us, were the very warp and woof of my love.

But if he had these small, human, endearing faults he also had one big one which was a bright red danger-signal whenever it appeared. I could cope with it, I told myself.

He wanted me all for himself. If I could have existed only when he was beside me, I think he would have been pleased. This was why he didn’t like Mrs. Galini or anyone else I met while he was working. He wanted me to have friends—but only the rent for me. He wanted me to have no interest that he couldn’t share. It was all a part, of course, of his ever-present fear that he would lose me. I knew that, and I was touched and foolishly flattered—so flattered that I wouldn’t call this quality in him by its right name. I wouldn’t call it jealousy.

When, soon after we came to Santa Margarita, he objected to my going downtown in the afternoons any more than was absolutely necessary, I accepted his explanation that the streets were rowdy and dangerous for a girl alone. I accepted it, but in my heart I didn’t believe it. It might have been true at night, but not by day. Still, Bill wanted me to stay at home, and whatever he wanted I would do. I learned to spend the long afternoons reading or sewing—just as I learned, whenever Bill and I went anywhere together, not to show even the most casual interest in any other man.

It was hard for me because, as I said, I enjoy people—men, women, children. I had to be careful not to let my natural friendliness betray me into a situation that would irritate Bill. And once, a month after we were married, I forgot all the small lessons I had learned. I forgot them, I think, because I wasn’t quite ready to admit that Bill was so frighteningly, unreasonably jealous. I hadn’t met the Andy Mitchell who, according to Mrs. Galini, had given away his entire pay check. I’d seen him, of course, going in and out of the house—a blond, cheerful looking young fellow, sturdily muscled and with a round face; and I knew he worked the four-to-midnight shift and shared the back room upstairs with another man. But I’d never spoken to him until one day when I went into the kitchen at noon to heat up some soup for myself. He was there, with a frying pan on the stove and two eggs and some bacon on the table.

"Hello," he said. "Maybe you can tell me. Which do you cook first, the eggs or the bacon?"

I laughed, and offered to fix breakfast for him. While the bacon sizzled, he said without a trace of embarrassment, "I’ve been eating out, but I had a bad run of luck and lost my pay, so I’m economizing."

"Again?" I said before I thought, and then blushed. "I mean—I heard about your losing your pay the last time."

"From Mrs. Galini, I’ll bet," he said carelessly. "Well, it was true then and it’s true now. I’ve had rotten luck lately." He leaned against the drain-board of the sink, whistling softly and watching me at the stove. "Say!" he remarked after a while. "That looks good. Maybe losing all my pay was a blessing in disguise."

"It doesn’t seem to worry you much, anyway," I said.

His full mouth drew down at the corners and he shrugged. "No sense complaining about it. Luck’s like that—it runs up, then down, then up again. It’ll turn pretty soon for me." He glanced at my face and suddenly smiled. "I can see what you’re thinking—that all these games around town are fixed anyway and I’m a dope to go on throwing my money away. Well, probably you’re right. Only—I just sort of forget all that when I’ve got a pocketful of cash. I only remember it when I’m broke again."

He was so frank about it all, so willing to talk to me, that before I knew it I had put my bowl of soup down on the table next to his bacon and eggs and coffee, and we were deep in a discussion of the rights and wrongs of gambling. I said I couldn’t understand why it was legal in this state, and he said why not, since there would always be people crazy enough to find ways of
"Like you," I said, and he acknowledged the hit with a burst of delighted laughter.

Immediately afterwards, though, he sobered. "I'm trying to make out I'm a heck of a fellow," he said. "It's not true. I wish I could quit playing—I'd give just about anything to quit. But—I don't know. I've never liked liquor, but I know how a drunkard feels—like I do when I've got a few dollars and pass a roulette wheel or see a list of horses running in some race. You begin to get warm and excited, and you think this time your luck's running just right, so that you'll make a killing. And before you know it, you're broke. Because even if you do make that killing, it all goes back where it came from."

He stopped, forgetting the second cup of coffee I'd poured for him, and I saw lines in his face I hadn't noticed before. It was all his own fault, of course, but I felt sorry for him. I opened my mouth to speak, but he didn't see me, and he started again. "It's not as if I didn't need the money, either," he said. "I need it like the devil. That's one reason I keep trying to win back what I've lost." He turned abruptly in his chair. "Look, you don't mind if I tell you about it, do you?"

"Of course not," I said. "If I can help."

He looked at me strangely. "Maybe you can. You look sort of like Myra. That's a good sign."

When he'd finished, I felt sorrier for him than ever—and sorry for Myra, too. It wasn't a very unusual story, I guess, but that didn't keep it from being pathetic. Myra was the girl he loved and wanted to marry. She lived with her family in the Pennsylvania town where Andy and she had both been born. When Andy had saved up enough money he would send for her and they'd be married. That was all, except that his own special, terrible vice kept him from ever getting the money together.

"But if it's so hard for you to save it all up in one piece," I said, "why do you try? Why don't you send her a few dollars every week, the first thing as soon as you've been paid?"

He said bleakly, "You don't understand. She couldn't keep the money, either. Her family's big, and it's poor—really poor, worse than anything you've ever seen, I imagine. Myra couldn't have money in her pocket and not use it to help the rest of them. It wouldn't be humanly possible." He struck the table a blow with his clenched fist. "If I could only win a real pot!"

"I still think the best thing would be to forget all about winning anything," I said gently.

"Sure, you're right," he said wearily. "But that's how a gambler's mind just naturally works."

"How much would you need to bring Myra here?" I asked.

"About a (Continued on page 86)"

I fell across the bed, shaking it with the force of my sobs. Bill was wordless in his rage.
I felt across the sod, shaking it with the force of my soles.
Bill was worthless in his rage.

Fictionized from a true problem, presented by John J. Ashburn. Good Will Hour, heard Sundays at 10:00 P.M., over the Blue Network.
Ronny was born to have a good time, to get everything she wanted, no matter whom it hurt—even if it meant cheating her own sister of the love that was her right

EVER SINCE I received that letter—that incredible letter—I have felt I must write this. But not till now have I had the courage.

It may seem strange to anyone who reads this through, that I, who even now am recovering from what everyone calls an act of heroism, should lack courage. But it is true: nothing calls for more bravery than to look back and face the memories that make you burn with shame.

Maybe six months ago I could have thought of these things without too many qualms. At least I could have found plenty of excuse for what I did. But so much has happened in this last six months—so much that would have seemed fantastic then—that now it is my old life that seems strange and unbelievable. I can hardly recognize the picture of myself as that sleek blonde nurse in crisp white sharkskin sitting at the desk of a specialist's office six months ago, with a white telephone in my hand, saying into it those things I said on that awful day when the opportunity came to me to take other people's lives in my own young, thoughtless hands.

It was an early October day, one of those mornings when the air is so fresh and clear back home it seems like an autumn health resort. It seemed to me that morning that everything I wanted in life, everything I had counted on, dreamed of, and built toward, was being snatched right out of my hands. And it was my sister Gertrude, who had always given me everything, who was now taking it all away.

Gertrude, you see, had brought me up. My mother had died when I was born, and when Gertrude was twelve and I was six my father, a country doctor, was killed while driving home from a case in the early morning darkness.

Gertrude tried so hard to give me everything a family could have provided that I guess she withheld the one thing I needed most: discipline. When I was in high school and she was in college, there was not enough money for pretty clothes for two. So I had them, while she worked waiting on tables in the college dorm to help pay for her tuition. That, with the hard work she put into learning to be a doctor, didn't leave her much energy for learning to play. And though she was pretty—more than pretty, I can see that now, with her dark gray eyes and softly waving brown hair and clear, clean skin—her beauty lacked the advertising that smart clothes and careful make-up would have given it. At the time it never occurred to me that it wasn't the most natural state of affairs.

I was born to have a good time, to get everything in life I wanted, and she was born to think exclusively of medicine—and me.

Up until that October morning, I had never doubted that I would have everything I wanted. I had taken training in Doctors' Hospital, stayed on in the Men's Surgical Wing just as naturally as a bee gravitates to honey, and I'd supposed that I would stay there.

But Dr. Dana Craig changed all my plans. I helped out in the operating room once when he was performing a cystotomy, and stayed right there. I lost all my taste for being a Special and meeting the Man. I had met him.

It's hard to describe the curious aura of glamour that surrounded Dr. Dana Craig for me. He wasn't handsome, yet his looks were part of his charm: his craggy jaw, his grizzled eyebrows, his spare height and the manner of carrying it that made you know he was an important man in spite of his gruff Scottish shyness—that, added to the gossip about the five-thousand-dollar fees he got for the magic his fingers could do in half an hour, and the way other doctors said his name so reverently—well, there was all that, and yet it wasn't all. The rest, perhaps, had to do with the rumor that his terrible tempers really concealed heartbreak over his wife.

I had nothing to do with the break-up of his marriage; let's get that straight. All I did was watch the gossip columns and the social page. When I finally saw
La picture of Constance Craig riding with one of the top polo players of the country, I felt a funny kind of thrill. She looked like me! She had the same shining, silver-gilt hair, only hers was cut longer than I was allowed to wear mine at the hospital; it fell long and smooth to her shoulders. But my features were as cleanly aquiline, my lips as sulky-sweet, my eyes as deeply, widely set, and darkly lashed, as hers. Not till after I heard that she was Reno-bound, when the girl who had been Dana Craig's office nurse resigned to get married, did I ask him for the job.

"What would you be wanting that job for?" he asked me, his gray-green eyes glinting at me below his frowning brows.

"Maybe I'd like a change from all this—" I waved a hand toward the corridor full of hurrying white-clad figures.

"But it's where you belong, I should think," he said. "I mean, as an operating room nurse you're—" He stopped abruptly, embarrassed at being on the verge of actually giving praise. He frowned furiously and said, "Well, you have been rather a second pair of hands to me, you know—"

That was inordinate praise from Dana Craig. But I wanted to be more than a pair of hands to him! I didn't answer, just smiled, and he asked, suddenly, "If it's because you're tired of me barking at you, I assure you you'll not improve your situation by the move. On the contrary. For it's there that the foolish women come. And when the fury rises in me I shoot at the nearest target. That would be you."

He grinned. Nothing on earth was as charming as his rare, brilliant grin. In that moment I worshipped him. I felt the blood rising in my face and my lips felt stiff so that I could hardly form the words of my answer. I said, "That's all right, Dr. Craig. I'm used to it. It—it's kind of exciting."

He made an incredulous sound that was half grunt, half chuckle. And the next week I went to work in all the stiff elegance of his office.

That kind of relationship can be very close, very warm. I grew to know and welcome his furious bouts of temper. The farther he flew off the handle, the sweeter—though mostly unexpressed in words—would be his remorse. I'd find three dozen cream-pink Talisman roses on my desk next morning, or a vial of delicate perfume. But I wasn't satisfied. It made me all the more impatient with the boys that took me out. They were so—well, so young! Like Cameron Jones. His cheeks were actually pink with boyish health, his blond hair an unmanageable brush, and though he was called Doctor it was still practically a courtesy title. Oh, I had fun with Cam, we played together like a couple of kids, scrapping and making up, laughing and sparring with each other. But I knew my real, grown-up life would not begin until the day that Dana Craig saw me as a person—as a girl, a woman, and desirable.

Well, the day came, of course.

Dana had hit the ceiling over an appointment I made with Mrs. Culpepper Fownes. "When I postpone a kid with osteomyelitis because the ward's too full, you choose that day to make a date with Mrs. Fownes," he fumed. "At a time when a billion people in the world never see a doctor from one year to the next, I have to spend an hour listening to her tell me the effect of her husband's misunderstanding on her digestion!" He glared at me as furiously as if I were the cause of children being deprived of treatment and becoming cripples for life.

I looked up at him and felt the tears swell into my eyes. I didn't defend myself. I didn't say, "Mrs. Fownes is your patient. Your income is from people like Mrs. Fownes and not from your clinic kids with osteomyelitis. It's my job to make your dates with Mrs. Fownes."

No, I only said, in a small whisper, "I'm sorry." And then my head went down onto my folded arms, and I was
sobbing. I couldn’t help it. I had wanted him to start noticing me for so long, and I was still just someone to take his wrath and then his apologies and come back for more. I was so tired of waiting!

There was a moment of silence, then I heard his breath jerk in, and he was coming over to me. “Miss Lovell! Look here, child. I didn’t—I thought you understood—” His hand was on my shoulder, firm and strong, and he was straightening me up, lifting me to face him. “You’re tired,” he said. “I’m a slave driver. I ought not to be allowed to hire young girls. I’ve treated you like a brute—” Suddenly he smiled. “You’re a sweet kid,” he said. “And now you go home and get some rest.”

I shook my head stubbornly. “No. Not till you do.” And though he gave it as an order, he could not persuade me. “It’s hot at the apartment, anyway,” I told him.

That night he took me to a roof for dinner after work.

And the next Friday, when he didn’t finish with his patients till nearly eight, he took me up. “Though I suppose you’re all dazed up with some young—rug-cutter—”

I LAUGHED. The word sounded so funny on his lips. “No. Nothing, that is, that I can’t break. And I called my sister to ask her to fix it up with Cam. He was a fellow-house- officer of hers at Presbyterian Hospital—that was how I’d met him.

“What about Cam?” Gertrude asked, troubled.

“Take him to the Honeysuckle Club,” I told her lightly. “When he hears Bates Robinson play the trumpet he’ll forget he’s mad.”

The third time I went out with Dana, I wore the black chiffon dinner dress that I had hanging in the coat closet of the office. He took one look at me and said, “That calls for an orchid.” So we walked until we found an open florist shop, and he bought the best one in the place, before we had our dinner. Afterward we walked through the soft Indian Summer evening to my apartment. “It’s been fun,” I told him, looking up into his face all black and white with sharp shadows.

He said, “You say that as if you really meant it.”

I said, “I do. Oh, I do.” I put my hand on his arm.

He smiled. “That makes it all the sweeter.” His tone was almost wistful. “Sparing a bit of cheer for a dreary old doc, and topping it off with those kind words.”

There was such a queer, doubtful sadness in his smile that I acted instinctively. I lifted up my hands and took his face in them and pulled it down close. Then I kissed him full on the mouth.

Breathlessly, I said, “That’s to say I mean it.”

His arms came round me tight and he held me against him with a sudden harsh strength that shocked me with its violence. “You sweet, sweet child,” he said against my hair.

But suddenly, before I had time to sort out my confused sensations, he had thrust me away from him with an even fiercer kind of violence. “Look here,” he said gruffly, “this won’t do.”

“Why not?” I asked softly, looking up at him.

“Because it won’t. Because you’re a kid. A sweet kid, but a kid. And—I—I don’t—”

“You don’t—like me?” My voice was tremulous.

“Like you?” He barked it at me as angrily as his office tempers. “Don’t be silly.” Then his voice changed to a deep sadness. “No, no one could resist a lovely thing like you. But I’m an old man—”

When I started to protest indignantly, he lifted one of his long-fingered hands to brush my words away. “None the less,” he said, “it’s true. Not just in years, my dear. But something has gone out of me. Faith, perhaps. Faith in happiness; faith in anyone on whom such happiness must depend.”

“In women, you mean?” I insisted on my answer.

He gave it with a shrug. “If you will. Yes. In women.”

“Well, you’re wrong,” I told him stoutly. “Women aren’t all alike. You’ll see!”

It’s queer, but it was at that very moment that the elevator door opened and my sister stepped out. Behind her was Cam.

The minute I saw Cam’s face—the hot fresh color coming up in his smooth, boyish cheeks, the angry twist to his red lips, the bright fury in his blue eyes—I remembered I’d broken another date with him.

Gertrude was coming up to me, smiling, trying to smooth everything over for me as she always had. “You worked late, didn’t you, dear? It was nice of Dr. Craig to bring you home.”

“Very nice,” Cam said, with unmistakable emphasis, staring at my orchid.

Cam— I gave him a quick, warning look. After all, this was Dr. Dana Craig, Chief of Surgery at Doctors’ Hospital; a young intern had better watch his words. But Cam was beyond such considerations. “Your job must be very hard, Rommy,” he said, “to make you forget all your dates this way.”

It was an awful moment. But Gertrude stepped into the breach, as always. “Cam and I had decided to go to the Honeysuckle Club,” she said calmly. “Why don’t we all four go?”

Her tone was so sweet, so reasonable, that she made the idea instantly attractive. Dana looked at her for the first time, and his glance held. He took two steps to her side, offered his arm, and said, “Why not? That seems an excellent solution.”

I drew a long breath of relief and tucked my arm into Cam’s. He did not answer the smile I turned up to him, his face remained set and fiery, his whole body rigid against my arm, but he went along with us.

In the taxi Gertrude covered his silence by talking to Dana. As usual, she was ready to help me out of my jam. You’d think, from the quick, intelligent questions she asked Dana, that she had been waiting for this moment. I was proud of her, amazed that she knew so much about Dana’s particular specialized field of surgery. For her questions obviously interested him. His eyes lit up as he answered, very carefully and more fully than I had ever
heard him speak. I had that sense of satisfaction you get when you introduce two people who mean a lot to you and find they get along. That was all, then. It was different, very different, later.

Almost immediately, it was different. Cam spoke for the first time when we were alone together, alone in the intimacy that dancing gives two people who have danced together so often that they move like two parts of the same body. "So that's the star you've hitched your wagon to," he murmured very distinctly into my ear. "I knew I'd run into some important competition lately, but even Trudy didn't let on it was His Nibs."

"Didn't she?" I felt my backbone stiffen with the stubborn resistance his scolding always roused in me.

"No, she didn't. She's darn loyal to you, do you know that?"

"Why shouldn't she be loyal?"

"Because you don't deserve it, that's why. She ought to quit covering for you and start letting you take the bumps."

Our conversation was running true to form. I got a queer sort of fun out of fighting with Cam. It was like playing a fast game of tennis, with a lot of jabbing, slaming shots that grazed the net. "What do you mean," I asked him sweetly, "by the bumps?"

"Such as me walking out on you, for instance."

"Well... And what's to stop you?"

"You don't know that by this time?"

"No. If I'm so terrible, I wonder why you bother with me. I cut that one."

But he sent it back hard in a straight, clean forehead drive. "You wonder," he said, his tone hoarse with a kind of weary exasperation. "You wonder, because you don't know about love. That's something you don't comprehend yet."

"I do, too!" I came back hotly, my own anger rising. "I happen to be in love with Dana Craig."

"In love!" He stopped dancing and held me with hard, tight hands, away from him. "You're grabbing for his fame and money and importance the way a kitten grabs at a Christmas tree ornament. But you haven't learned the first thing about love."

"How do you know so much?" I was too angry to think of a good answer now.

"I know because I know that only a grown person is capable of love. And you're still a self-indulgent spoiled baby."

I was close to tears. Angry, indignant tears. But I wouldn't let him make me cry. I said stiffly, "It just happens to be a fact, however, that Dana and I love each other."

"Dana and you?" His tone was outraged. He turned away from me in a sort of disgust. Then suddenly he said in a changed tone, "Take a look at your Dana. Does he look right now like he's in love with you?"

I looked, and I guess I gasped. I felt the first cold finger of fear touch my spine. For Gertrude and Dana had stopped dancing, with Dana's hands still resting lightly on hers as if the contact were so natural that they hardly needed to make a point of it, and they were staring into each other's faces so engrossed in what he was saying that they were completely unaware of other couples dancing around them—and as the music stopped—brushing past them to get back to their tables.

I jerked up my chin. "That's just shop talk. They're hashing over a lot of old dry medical stuff."

"Their kind of shop talk," Cam said in a queer, almost pitying tone, "doesn't happen to be dry. Medicine is just the most important thing in the world to both of them, that's all."

"What are you trying to do, scare me?" I asked him sharply, and I guess the fear got into my voice.

His arm tightened about me in a sort of protective way which brought sudden, unreasonable tears to my eyes. "No, my lamb," he said, very gently, all anger gone, leaving his voice deep and soft. "No, I'm not trying to scare you. Crazy as I am I don't want you to get one little scare or one little hurt in your whole life. No, honey, I'm warning you."

We were back at the table, and I didn't have a chance to say the defiant, incredulous words that crowded my lips. But I felt the heat coming up into my cheeks as Dana rose courteously until I was seated and then said, smiling, "Look, Miss Lovell, I've made an interesting discovery. Your sister is a young woman I've been wanting to meet for some time."

That was the beginning, that night in early September. And too soon, before I had time to think, even to understand, I was facing the end.

One night Gertrude had come to my room after a date with Dana. She had sat on my bed (Continued on page 60)
I laughed. The sound seemed so funny on his lips. "Nothing, that's all. I can't break. And I called my sister to tell her about the dance, so I called Cam. He was a fellow house- officer at the Presbyterian Hospital—and that's how I met him. "But what about Cam?" Gertrude asked, troubled.

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"Well, you're wrong." I told him stoutly. "Women aren't all alike. You'll see."

It's queer, but it was at that very moment I was ready to help me out of the way. "Smiling, trying to smooth everything over for me as she always had. "You worked late, didn't you, dear?" It was nice of Dr. Craig to bring you home."

"Very nice," Cam said, with unmistakable emphasis, staring at my chin.

"Cam—" I gave him a quick, warning look. After all, this was Dr. Dana Craig. Chief of Surgery at Doctors' Hospital; a young intern had better watch his words. Cam was beyond such considerations. "That's all right, hard, Honey," he said, "to make you feel these are the ways."

It was an awful moment. But Gertrude stepped into the breach, as always. "I'm perfectly positive that we're all four going to get along so well!" Her tone was so sweet that I was all for the Honeysuckle Club, she said, "and things are going so well."

"But, she's gay enough, to the Honeysuckle Club," she said, "and that's why we're all four going to get along so well!" Gertrude had made the idea instantly attractive. Doreen had come back with an effort the first time, and his glance held. He took two steps to her side, offered her arm, and said, "Why not? That seems an excellent solution."

I drew a long breath of relief and put my arm into Cam's. He did not answer the smile I turned up to him. I saw that his face remained set, and his whole body rigid against my arm. He was not going along with us.

In the taxi Gertrude covered his silence by talking to Dana. As usual, I thought from the quick, with a quiet intelligence that she asked Doreen, "You know that we're all four going to get along so well?"

So that's the star you've hitched your wagon to," he murmured very distinctly into his ear. "I knew I'd read you wrong."

But Gertrude didn't let on it was over yet. "Doreen!" she said, "I felt my backbone rise up to him, and the stubbor resistance standing always roused in me. "No, she didn't. She's darn loyal to you, do you know that?"

"Why shouldn't she be loyal?"

"Because you don't deserve it, that's why. She ought to quit covering for you and start letting you take the bumps."

Our conversation was running true to form. I got a queer sort of fun out of fighting with Cam. It was like playing a fast game of tennis, with a lot of jabbing, slamming shots that grazed the net. "What do you mean?" I asked him, very sharply, "by the bumps."

"Such as me taking you out on, for instance."

"Well... And what's to stop you?"

"You don't know that by this time?"

"No. I'm so terrible, I wonder why you bother with me, cut that one."

But he sent it back hard in a straight, clean forehand drive. "You wouldn't, he said, his tone hoarse with a kind of weary exasperation. "You wonder, because you don't know about love. That's something you don't comprehend so easily."

"I do, too!" I came back hotly, my own anger rising; it happen to be in love with Dana Craig."

"In love?" He stopped dancing and began to look at her with higher, slandering eyes than I had seen from him. "You're grabbing for his fame and his importance for the sake of a Christmas tree ornament. But you haven't learned the first thing about love."

"How do you know so much?"

I was too angry to think of a good answer now.

I know because I know that only a person is capable of love who's still a self-indulgent spoiled baby."

I was close to tears. Angry, indignant tears. But I wouldn't let him make me cry. I said softly, "I just happened to be a fact, however, that Dana and I love each other."

"Dana and you!" His tone was outraged. He turned away from me in a sort of contempt. Then suddenly he said in a changed tone, "Take a look at your Dana. Does he look right now like he's in love with you?"

I looked, and I guess I gasped. I felt the first cold finger of fear touch my spine. For Gertrude and Dana had taken Dana's hands still resting lightly on Dana's face were so entire that what he was saying that they were completely unaware of other couples dancing around them—and as they took their hands, they sent them to get back to their tables.

I took up my chin. "That's just shop talk. They're basking over a lot of old dry medical stuff.

"What are you trying to do, scare me?" I asked him sharply, and I guess the fear got into my voice.

His arm tightened about me in a sort of protective way which brought suddenly, unreasonnable tears to my eyes.

"No, my lamb," he said, very gently, all anger gone, leaving his voice deep and soft, and so trying to sound you, but very nearly crazy as I am I don't want you to get too much of a chance to worry about your life. You're in love with your whole life. No, honey, I warn- ing you."

She was back at the table, and I didn't have a chance to say the defiant thing, for suddenly I fell back. But I felt the heat coming up into my cheeks as Dana rose courteously to help me up, and said, with a sort of looking, "Look, Miss Lovell, I've made an interesting find. There is a young woman I've been wanting to marry."

That was the beginning, that night in early September. And too soon, before I had time to get over the shock, I was facing the end.
ELLEN BROWN has been a widow for many years. She has been in love with Anthony Loring for a long time but she refused to take her own happiness at the risk of her children's. She runs a tea shop to support herself and her two children, Mark and Jane. For years she has put off marrying Anthony because of the youngsters, and now she feels that she ought to wait until the war is won. In her spare time, Ellen is serving as a nurse's aide at the local hospital. She's also doing Red Cross work and is tending her Victory Garden.

(Played by Florence Freeman)

CAPTAIN ANTHONY LORING is stationed at Camp Mercer, near the town of Simpsonville, where Ellen lives and where he practiced as a doctor before the war. He divides his time between duties at camp and conducting classes for student nurses at the local hospital. He acted as a "guinea pig" for one of his medical experiments, which resulted in his having contracted a certain ailment. It is because of this handicap that he has not been ordered to go overseas. His love for Ellen is true and constant, and he is patiently waiting for her to marry him.

(Played by Ned Wever)
Young Widder Brown is heard daily at 4:45 P.M., over NBC and is produced by Frank and Anne Hummert.
MARK BROWN is Ellen's twelve-year-old son. He's very cooperative and loves to help his mother in her Victory Garden and is constantly on the hunt for scrap metal. At first, like his sister Jane, he disliked Anthony but now has been won over to him. (Played by Dickie Van Patten)

JANE BROWN is Ellen's other problem in her search for happiness. Ellen's willingness to sacrifice her life for her children is greatly lightened by Janey's helpfulness and cooperation. She, like her brother Mark, is beginning to approve of her mother's engagement. (Played by Marilyn Erskine)

MARIA HAWKINS is Simpsonville's busy-body and town gossip. She has often caused Ellen much unhappiness by her malicious attitude and exaggeration of small incidents. (Played by Agnes Young)
DO YOU BELIEVE IN

Miracles?

There is purpose behind the war, and those who keep faith bright and untarnished will win it! Here is an inspired call to service from one of your favorite radio heroines

By ÉLLEN BROWN

TODAY I believe in miracles.

"Miracle" and "miraculous" are words that we in the twentieth century have used too much, I think. The electric light, the radio, the automobile and airplane—we began by calling all these miracles of science, which they are, and ended by calling them miracles—which they are not.

No, a miracle is something much more than the wonder of flicking a switch and hearing music or voices picked out of the very air. It is something whose marvels cannot be seen nor touched, nor explained in any other way than by saying simply: "This is how we know that God created man in His image." It is something to do with the human soul, and with its greatness.

Perhaps, particularly in a time of war, you find it difficult to believe in that kind of miracle. Many of us cannot, I know. We read of unprovoked bombings, we read of Lidice, and the horror is so great that our minds stagger and there seems to be nothing in the world except wickedness and hate. But even in war—perhaps more than ever in war—there are miracles if we know where to find them.

We can find them, of course, in the same newspapers which tell us of tragedy. Colin Kelly showed us a miracle, and the men on Wake Island, and the people of England and Russia. But we needn't go so far away. There are miracles here at home, happening under our very eyes, and they help us to understand the larger miracles. The only thing is that often, unless circumstances help us, we do not see them.

It was my work as a nurses' aide that helped me.

When I enrolled for this work I did so for several reasons. My fiancé, Dr. Anthony Loring, had recently become a Captain in the Army Medical Corps, and I wanted a job that would make me feel as if I were standing by his side even if he should be sent many miles away. Just so, a girl who loves a fighter pilot might choose to work in an airplane factory.

More important, though, I knew the desperate need for nurses, and I believed that helping to fill this need was the most vital service I could perform. I like to help people, I like to ease them when they are sick or in pain, and I'd already had a little experience in that field of work. I couldn't qualify as a full-fledged trained nurse because that would have meant a training period, which was out of the question for a woman with two children to support. So I did the next best thing: I signed up as a nurses' aide.

My choice was made quite logically, you see. I picked out a job to do, that was all, one that seemed to fit the background and age and family circumstances of Ellen Brown. I knew it would be hard work, but I was glad of that. Somehow, when I thought about the privations other people were enduring, anything less than real hard work seemed rather shameful.

Certainly I never expected to find in nursing anything more than the satisfaction one feels at doing something useful. I didn't expect it to bring a new meaning to the war—to restore my faith in miracles. Yet this is what it finally did.

I KNOW the precise moment that it happened. A little boy was brought to the hospital a short time before I went on duty one day. He had been very badly hurt in an automobile accident, and an operation was necessary. I say necessary, but really it was more of a last, forlorn chance than a necessity. The floor nurse whispered to me when I came into the ward, just before he was to be taken to the operating room, that there was almost no hope of saving his life. Then she was called away for a moment, and I was left alone beside the boy's bed, looking down at the waxy-white, thin little face with its freckles standing out so starkly.

Suddenly his eyes opened, and he looked around, first in curiosity and then in rising terror. He struggled to sit up. I bent over him, trying to soothe his fright, and he said weakly, "I know what this is— it's a hospital. When people come here they're going to die!"

"Oh, no!" I said. (Continued on page 85)
The night Johnny asked me to marry him was the happiest night of my life—and yet, somehow, the most miserable. I was wildly happy, because this was what I had wanted, more than anything else. But deep inside me, even while Johnny's arms pressed me close with an urgency that drove my heart frantic, there was a kind of silent weeping, because I couldn't help wondering whether Johnny would ever have asked me to marry him, at all, if the realities of life had not come between him and the things he dreamed of and wanted.

Ever since I can remember, I've loved Johnny Randall. And, as long as I go on breathing, it will be that way. It isn't only Johnny as he is now, the physical nearness of him, the strength and power in his tall, straight body, the energy that bristles even in his short cropped, wiry, black hair and the fire that sometimes flashes from his blue eyes. These things, too, but much more.

The thin, rangy boy—Johnny, who let me play baseball with the gang, though I was a girl. The sometimes serious Johnny, who helped me, frowning, with my algebra and physics. The brave Johnny, who defended me when boys from the other side of town called me "Carrots" and pulled my long, red pigtails. The dreamer Johnny, with his blue eyes lit up from inside, who would sit for hours and tell me of his plans, because he knew I wouldn't laugh at him.

All this—and so much more that it would take as long to remember as it had taken for it all to happen.

We grew up together, Johnny and I. We lived in the same street in the middle part of Stanboro, far enough away from the steel mills so that trees could grow and flowers in the front yards of the neat, frame houses did not wilt in the eternal grit and smoke from the stacks. Both our fathers worked at the mills. Johnny's father was a foreman, mine a bookkeeper.

It was when we were going to high school that Johnny began dreaming—of distant places, strange lands that he felt he must see, adventures that he knew he must have. These were the things he would talk about, evenings, after he had worked over my math problems with me. Stanboro seemed to become a prison for him, after awhile, a prison whose bars he must break so that he could be free.

Sometimes I would catch this fever from him and, as he talked, I would feel the excitement of going—moving—running about the world, tasting, savoring, sensing everything, everywhere. But I was a girl. Even at fourteen, I knew this was not for me. And somehow—young as I was—it didn't seem to me to be terribly bad that I would probably be staying in Stanboro for the rest of my days. Almost, it seemed, that was a good thing, because it left me free to make plans, to figure out all the things I wanted and had to do.

But I was no critic of Johnny's. Secretly, because I felt in my childish heart that he couldn't possibly think it he might no longer treat me as his confidante, I adored him. And, because I did, I wanted him to have everything he desired. I wanted him to have the whole world.

It wasn't easy for Johnny to tear himself free. When he was graduated from high school—two years before I was—he had to go to work at the mill. His mother had died when his youngest brother was born and his father needed his help in supporting this growing, demanding brood. Johnny didn't complain.

Only I knew how much he wanted to get away. Only I knew how he scrimped and saved from his small share of the money he earned, so that he might go to college. And, in a year, he set out. And again, only I knew how little money he really had—just enough for tuition. But he was determined to go. He was determined that he would be an engineer and with that ability as a sword he would cut himself a wide path through the world.

I don't know how he did it, but that first year he not only studied, he worked eight hours a day, sometimes more, so that he could live—how I can't imagine—and still send his father some money every week.

In his own way, I suppose Johnny had always loved me a little, too. But it wasn't until the following summer that there was any flash of his feeling for me, any sign at which I could grasp, to which I could cling, hopefully.

Johnny had been away almost two years, then. He came home for a short visit, before he set out for a farm where he was going to work during his vacation. I had grown up. I'd cut my red pigtails into a long bob. My freckles had somehow faded a little and my round chin had taken on a more mature, smooth curve. I had a job in the office at the mill. At first, Johnny didn't notice any difference. He came over to our house and we went out to the backyard, just as we had done countless times in the past. And Johnny talked and talked. He had tasted freedom and the nibble had been good and he wanted more. He had shaken Stanboro's dust from his heels and they were sprouting wings.

It was a lovely evening, with the moon rising over the distant smoke stacks and, once in awhile, the sky going red with the glow of the fires at the furnace doors were opened.

And, around us, was the soft, June darkness. Suddenly, Johnny stammered. Then, he laughed and pulled me to one side so the moonlight fell on my face. His hands were tight on my shoulders.

"Anne—" he grinned, "you're different. You're new. You're pretty darned lovely."

He brushed my loose hair back from my forehead with one hand, gently, and touched my ear, my throat. I wanted to crush myself to him and tell him how much I loved him. But the light whisper of a touch was gone and, when I looked up into his
Ever since I can remember, I've loved Johnny. As long as I go on breathing, it will be that way.
three years passed, we seemed to grow happier. It was a
quiet kind of happiness, one of contentment and satisfaction with one
another. Sometimes, when I was alone, I would remember Johnny's old
dreams, his overpowering longing to be free and I would wonder if Johnny
had forgotten his dreams altogether. But this wasn't often. There was too
much to do in our lives.
Into this peaceful, normal life the war came creeping, slowly at first,
then with gathering force, until it burst upon us in all its power. The
mills were working now, day and night. Even that wasn't enough to
feed the hungry maws of the war machine. The mills had to be enlarged
Johnny stood by the window, staring out into the darkness. I could feel that he was troubled about something—"Johnny?" I whispered.

and men had to be brought to Stanboro from all parts of the country.

Now, Stanboro really began to be small. The new workers filled every available house and loft and building. They brought with them the accents of the West and Mid-west, the Maine woods and the New Orleans patois. They brought with them their ideas and customs. Stanboro was full of new activity, a new life, full to the overflowing. And still they came, more and more of them.

The mills grew more and spread out. There was nowhere for the workers who toiled in them to spread. They built new houses. That wasn't enough. Workers and their families still had to live in tents and trailer camps. There were children who couldn't go to school, because there wasn't room for them. They roamed the streets and filled the air with their noise and shrill games.

It was these things which brought Clarissa Mallory to Stanboro. Clarissa always went where the news was, the human interest story that would supply a target for her expert camera work. At that time, she was working for a Chicago newspaper. I met her, briefly, in the office. It was my job to bring her into contact with some of the department heads, who, in turn, would see that she had permission to take photographs of everything inside the plant, except certain departments that were handling government orders.

To me, Clarissa was just part of the day's work. I noticed her, of course, partly because she was new, but also because she was attractive. She was tall and her face was thin and animated. She had dark eyes that had a flaming, untamed look about them. All her movements were quick and gave a vivid impression of tremendous energy. She gave me the feeling that she was likely to leap at things and, just as quickly, leave them behind.

She went about her business and I forgot about her. I was to wish I hadn't. But how was I to know that she was still in town a week later? And longer than that. How was I to connect her with the thing that was happening to Johnny?

It's hard to describe what was taking place in Stanboro then. The over-
crowding, the lack of facilities for all those people, was beginning to have an effect. It crept in everywhere. A restlessness, a dissatisfaction, a constant and growing irritation.

It came into our home. About us, the streets were always full of movement and noise, far into the night, when the swing shift workers stalked the town in search of amusement, and all day, when the night shift workers went about in their leisure hours. The boys began to feel it. They grew a bit unmanageable. They made friends with the new children. They played hookey because their new friends couldn't go to school and they envied them. They roamed the streets and learned new—and sometimes tough—games.

I don't mean that all the new children were bad, or that their parents paid no attention to them. It had nothing to do with that. The older people were reacting to the same thing—a kind of hysteria, a sense of having no place to go to escape for a little peace and restful quiet. Nerves began to get raw.

Johnny, always sensitive to the atmosphere around him, was reacting, too. He began to have a tenseness about him and his eyes grew restless. Something seemed to drive him to go about the town. In the beginning, it was curiosity, a wanting to meet these new people, talk to them, hear about the places they had left, the places they still hoped to go. And, in a way, I could understand that. I felt as though he deserved this, at least. He had had to give up his dreams. This seemed a harmless enough substitute.

In my blindness, it even seemed to me that these long ramblings of Johnny's were good for him. He used to come home very late, sometimes, but he looked refreshed. His eyes would have the old fire in them and the lines of strain that had started to appear around his mouth would be eased.

Then, more and more, each time he came so late, looking so different and more alive, it began to seem to me that he had gone a little further away from me. It's hard to express clearly. He didn't say or do anything, to make me feel that way. In fact, he was very considerate, more considerate than ever before. Perhaps that was it—his behavior as though he had to make something up to me. It frightened me, and yet there was nothing I could say. How could I say, "Darling, what's wrong? Why are you so sweet—so kind?"

In the end, Johnny had to tell me. He had never been able to deceive anyone, and these words must have weighed heavily on him.

When it came, it was much more of a shock than it should have been. I knew Johnny so well, I should have known what was wrong. I felt such a foolishness at first, a bit of hurt.

I had gone up to bed, but not to sleep. Since we've been married I've never been able to sleep unless I knew Johnny (Continued on page 72)
To David, from Mary

The first thing Mary Marlin did when she returned to Alexandria from Cedar Springs was to write to David Post. Here is that letter, a tender assurance of her love and faith.

DAVID, my dear:

Doesn't it look wonderful, written out like that—"David my dear?" I've written you scores of letters that began "Dear David," but that little one makes such a difference! I arrived just a few hours ago, just long enough to do a little unpacking, to make a tour of the garden, and now to sit down and begin to write to you. Arnold has just put his head in the door to remind me to tell you that he took a snapshot of me a little while ago, as I came in from inspecting the garden. He says that he'll have it developed at once, and that if I'll wait until tomorrow to mail this letter, the picture will be ready to send along, too.

David, it's been a good summer, hasn't it, in spite of all that has happened? A good summer, because we were together. You know, it's funny—we've known each other so long, seen each other so frequently, that I would have said, a couple of months ago, before I came out to Cedar Springs, that we simply couldn't know each other any better. But we do, now. We know each other completely and beautifully, as all who love should; we know each other's thoughts and can anticipate each other's laughter and sadness. That is how it should be, David.

I did a great deal of thinking this afternoon while I wandered around the garden. I thought about my feelings toward Joe and the memories of him, about my work and the obligation to my country which it entails, about Davey and little Maria, and most of all about us and the life which stretches, unseen, unknown, before us. And I've been remembering, too—remembering the summer just past, and that day which started our summer when you came here to Alexandria. You came, and you took my hands and held them close to your heart—I love remembering it—and then you said, with a new, sure, proud note in your voice, "When are you going to marry me? Here—hold up your finger. You know the one." And then you slipped the ring on my finger, the beautiful marquis diamond I've always wanted, and when I told you how lovely it was, you laughed and said that there was just one catch to it—you went along with the ring.

David—David, why didn't you do it long ago? Why didn't you tell me instead of asking me, why didn't you make me make up my mind? We've missed so much of being together, this way. I've told you this before, but I want to tell you again—I think I have loved you always, David. Always—

The Story of Mary Marlin is heard weekdays at 3:00 P.M., EWT, over NBC. The beautiful color portrait of Mary Marlin on the opposite page was posed by Anne Seymour.

I'm sorry that we must be separated for a while, but it has to be. You have your work to do, and I have mine. In a sense I don't belong to myself, now. I, and all the others who are a part of our government, belong to Young America and to the people who have sent us here to speak for them.

You know what I hope for the years ahead of us, my dear. It probably mirrors what is in your own heart. I hope for happiness for us, and long, quiet days, and work to do side by side in a place which belongs to us by the double rights of possession and shared memories. If that is so, we can have no fear of loneliness for either of us—just serenity and understanding and harmony for the two people who are sure of their hearts. You symbolize a home in spirit, David, just as surely as the elms which line Main Street in Cedar Springs mean home to me.

Until we see each other again, and always, I hope, forever after,

Mary
THE STORY

I WAS so terribly lonely when Jim went overseas! Every corner of the apartment—Jim’s easy chair, the twin bed beside mine, the empty place at the table—spoke of him, and yet I wanted to keep the place, just as he remembered it, for him to come home to.

During the day I was busy with my job as receptionist for two doctors, but the long evenings were hard to fill. Mrs. Ruell, Jim’s mother, wanted me to come and live with her and Cissie, Jim’s sister, but I didn’t want to do that, even though Mother Ruell was quite firm about it, and insisted that it “didn’t look nice” for a girl to live alone.

Of course, I went out sometimes. Now and again I joined my friend, Avis Brooks, whose husband, too, was in the service. Often I served at the U.S.O. Canteen, and it was there that I met Carl Haggard, who, on first glance, looked so much like Jim that he made me all the lonelier for my husband. I went out with Alec Holden, one of the doctors for whom I worked, now and again, although Alec didn’t have a very good reputation. He was nice to me, and very sympathetic, and I liked to talk to him about Jim.

One evening just as Alec arrived to take me out to dinner, the wail of the blackout sirens sounded. Alec and I stood at the window in the darkened room, watching the lights of the city wink out—and then suddenly, without warning, I was in his arms. His lips searched for mine and found them, while I fought against him, trying to break away from the insistent pressure of his arms...
Carl’s kiss was fierce, demanding. Connie tried to fight it, but the answering urge was too great. Suddenly she could no longer remember Jim. He was gone from her completely.

"What’s the joke, Connie?"
"I was just laughing at myself," I said, "for being afraid of the dark."
I saw Alec’s face flush with resentment.
"Goodness, I shouldn’t think you’d be afraid of the dark with Dr. Holden here." Avis gave him a teasing look from under her long lashes.
Alec turned to Avis, deliberately ignoring me. "As Connie said, I was just waiting to go. I’d be glad to give you a lift, Mrs. Brooks."
"Well," she said uncertainly, "if you’re sure I’m not interrupting—"
"I assure you, you interrupted nothing of the slightest consequence." This time he did look at me, and I saw the mocking triumph in his eyes. Let him, I thought. Nothing he can do or say will ever effect me again.
Avis gathered up her bag. "It’s too late for my date now, anyway. Connie, honey, I’ll call you later. Thanks for taking me in."
I closed the door after them and leaned thankfully against it. I was trembling. That blind terror of a moment ago—what had it been but a man trying to kiss me? What had happened—except that I’d been fool enough not to recognize Alec for what he was? I’d taken him at face value, given him my confidences, felt sorry for him. And all the time he was only leading up to kisses stolen in the dark, perhaps even to something beyond that, if I had accepted those kisses.
I felt sick with humiliation. Oh, I knew, still, that it wasn’t wrong for me to go out sometimes, to have a little fun. Jim wouldn’t mind—he’d be the first one to tell me to go ahead. But I must be careful, so careful. How much better if I’d gone out with someone like Carl Haggard, the young soldier I’d met at the canteen—the one who looked so much like Jim!
Jim, I thought. Jim. If I didn’t miss you so, none of this could have happened.
I looked at the big chair, trying to see him there. I tried to see the strong face with the high cheekbones, the glint on his reddish hair, tried to call on him in my need. It was no use. Jim just wasn’t there tonight.
Almost frantically, I looked for things to do, to keep from thinking. I fixed a light supper and forced myself to eat it. I did some mending. I took out an old suit of Jim’s that I hadn’t been able to part with when I put the rest of his clothes away. It was his favorite, and I hugged its shabby, well-worn folds to me as I put it away. Summer was coming; I couldn’t leave it hanging in the closet any longer. So put it away. For the duration. Put it away, to wait as I was waiting. For him to come back. For the thin, irregular trickle of letters. And to wait, too, as I sometimes did unconsciously, for that dread telegram from the War Department...
The telephone rang, the waited-for ring of the telephone which always broke the stillness and eased the loneliness. Avis’ voice, with that quality of
THE STORY

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During the day I was busy with my job as receptionist for two doctors, but the long evenings were hard to fill. Mrs. Ruell, Jim's mother, wanted me to come and live with her and Connie, Jim's sister, but I didn't want to do that, even though Mother Ruell was quite firm about it, and insisted that I didn't look nice for a girl to live alone.

Of course, I went out sometimes. Now and again I joined my friend, Avis Brooks, whose husband, too, was in the service. Often I served at the U.S.O. Canteen, and it was there that I met Carl Haggard, who, on first glance, looked so much like Jim that he made me all the lonelier for my husband. I went out with Alec Holden, one of the doctors for whom I worked, now and again, although Alec didn't have a very good reputation. He was nice to me, and very sympathetic, and I liked to talk to him about Jim.

One evening just as Alec arrived to take me out to dinner, the wall of the blackout sounded. Alec and I stood in the window in the darkest room, watching the lights of the city wink out—and then suddenly, without warning, I was in his arms. His lips searched for mine and found them, while I fought against him, trying to break away from the insistent pressure of his arms.

THE darkness lent an almost primitive savagery to that struggle. It made the unseen arms around me seem superhuman in their strength, the searching lips evil with desire. It was as if I were fighting not a man, but someprimeval force. And I found myself struggling with a strength aroused by terror, out of some deep woman's instinct.

And then suddenly—prosaically—the doorbell buzzed.

Alec muttered something under his breath, and his hold relaxed. I tore myself free and ran, stumbling, to the door, to the safety that lay beyond it. I jerked it open.

The dimmed-out light in the corridor revealed Avis Brooks. She looked at me curiously.

"I got trapped on my way to meet a date," she said, "so I sneaked past the warden, and—"

"Come in!" I cried. "Come in!" I almost pulled her after me into the living room.

"What's the matter with you... oh, is somebody here?" She was peering at the shadowy figure outlined against the window.

"It's Doctor Holden. Doctor, Mrs. Brooks." I fought down an hysterical desire to laugh.

"Oh, I've heard Connie speak of you," her voice sounded interested. "This Avis' voice sounded interested. "This Avis' voice sounded interested."

I allowed myself to be pulled away from the door. It was like awakening from a nightmare to find yourself back in a safe, everyday life. I glanced at Avis.

He looked small, insignificant. Yet he had been a monstrous evil in the dark, in the flush of a switch, simply a man slight, dapper, almost a little foolishly in the unexpected light.

"What's the joke, Connie?" Avis said, "Cigarette, Mrs. Brooks?"

"I was just laughing at myself," I said, "for being afraid of the dark." I saw Avis' face flush with recent terror.

"Goodness, I shouldn't think you'd be afraid of the dark with Dr. Holden here."

Avis gave him a teasing look.

"I'd like to be," Avis said tolerantly.

"I'm glad to have you here, Avis, Brooks."

"Well," she said uncertainly, "if you're sure I'm not interrupting—"

"I assure you, you interrupted nothing of the slightest consequence." This time he did look at me, and I saw the mocking triumph in his eyes. Let him, I thought. Nothing he can do or say will ever affect me again.

Avis gathered up her bag. "It's too late for my date now, anyway. Connie, honey, I'll call you later. Thanks for taking me in."

I closed the door behind her, and leaned thankfully against it. I wanted to scream, that blinding terror of a moment ago—what had it been but a man's dream?

"He said, "I was just coming."

"I closed the door after them and leaned thankfully against it. I was trembling. That blinding terror of a moment ago—what had it been but a man's dream?"

Carl's kiss was fierce, demanding. Connie tried to fight it, but the answering urge was too great. Suddenly she could no longer remember Jim. He was gone from her completely.
new hair-dos on each other and have a good time like a couple of kids. It helps with the expenses, too, and now I can save part of your allotment. Nobody in the world could ever take your place, my darling, but Avis helps fill up those awful endless hours of missing you. And I feel—she helps her, too—she seems more content to stay home, instead of tearing around so much . . .

Isn't it strange how you can be walking right along the edge of a precipice and never know it?

It was the following Friday that Mother Ruell called me at the office. Her voice sounded almost desperate. "I've got to talk to you about Cissie," she said. "I can't do anything with the child any more. She thinks she's in love with Teddy Dwyer."

"But, mom, it's just a schoolgirl crush. She'll get over it."

"They don't think it's just a crush. Teddy's leaving soon to be inducted, and I'm so afraid they'll do something foolish. They're just babies—her voice broke—and I can't bear to see them ruin their lives by a hasty marriage. Oh, Connie, I don't know what to do!"

My heart went out to her. It was true Cissie had changed lately. Always an impetuous, high-strung child, she had, almost overnight, developed a sort of defiant willfulness that brooked no interference. Aysin knew with what kinds feared. Youngsters, carried away by the imminence of separation, by the glamour of a uniform, by the hot-blooded blood of youth, rushing into a too-early marriage. And then—young wives left behind, sometimes with a baby early. As I hurried out of the building, somebody caught my arm.

Carl Haggard—just the other night I'd thought of him. He stood smiling down at me. "I've been waiting for you. I just got a present from my CO—a ten-day leave. I want you to celebrate the occasion with me."

"Oh, Carl—I'm so sorry. And impulsively, I told him where I was going. "Whew! You've got yourself a tough assignment, talking sense into kids like that. I wish I could help—"

The impulse to keep Carl with me was strong. "Walk with me," I said. "I'm going to Mother Ruell's—Cissie's mother, and Jim's, you know—now, and maybe you can help me think of the right thing to say."

We turned into the quieter stretch of Elm Street, leaving away from the business district, in companionable silence. After a block or two, Carl said, "I'd like to talk to those youngsters. Maybe I wouldn't have any effect on the girl, but the fellow—well, after all, I'm in the service he's just entering—"

I didn't hear the rest. I was staring across the street. Cissie and Teddy Dwyer were there, hurrying toward the bus stop, and Cissie was carrying an overnight bag.

"They're eloping!" I cried. "Oh, Carl, what'll I do? They've got to be stopped!"

"Come on." He rushed me across the street, threading his way between cars.

When they caught sight of me, they stood stock still, like scared, guilty children caught in mischief. Cissie turned to hug belligerently:

"You can't stop us," she cried. "We're in love and we're going to get married, no matter what you say."

"But Cissie—Teddy—" I broke off. People around us were staring.

Then smoothly, easily, Carl moved in. Before they quite knew how it happened, he had each by the arm and was moving us all with gentle insistence toward the small restaurant on the corner. He herded us into a booth, ordered soft drinks, and then he began to talk.

He didn't lecture. He didn't scold. I never knew quite how he did it but he made them listen. Part of it was his uniform, of course; he talked to Teddy like one soldier to another, pointing out he was a man now, not a boy. And he told Cissie he thought it was a shame to marry right now, with all the trimmings, by rushing off half-cocked this way. It was a masterful piece of diplomacy.

And when it was over, we had their promise to wait. "But just for a little while, till after I'm in the service," Teddy said, to show he hadn't been talked out of anything.

As we saw them safely headed toward home, I turned to Carl. "You were wonderful," I said gratefully. "I'll never know how to thank you."

He gave his slow grin. "You might start by having dinner with me—"

There are some people with whom you never have to get acquainted. One chance meeting, and you know them; they move along naturally and smoothly in the groove of your own life as if they belonged there. It was like that with Carl.

H e didn't have much family himself, he told me at dinner. Just his father, who was down in Mexico right now on mining business for the government. That was why he wasn't going home the night he left. I had a sudden picture of the way he'd have to spend those ten days—trying to find a room in over-crowded Band

niston, spending his evenings at the USO. I called Mother Ruell and explained the situation to her.

"You tell that young man to come right out here," she said firmly. "He can have Jim's room. In fact, after what he's done today, he can have anything in the world I can give him!"

"You're adopted," I told him when I got back to the table. "No, don't thank me. It's little enough, after the way you handled Cissie and Teddy."
As we strolled home I felt strangely peaceful and contented. It was like walking with an old, tried friend. We window-shopped, we discussed our favorite dance bands, we stopped and bought flowers from the old lady on the corner. It was as if out of the mutual familiarity each felt toward the other, we'd built a tiny world of warmth and trust, peopled by the homely things of everyday life, in which we moved alone. Even the war seemed far away.

We stopped at an intersection, waiting for the light to change. Some trick of shadow fell across the tall, uniformed figure beside me, some deep familiarity—and I felt for one moment I was with Jim.

I looked down. Unconsciously, I had slipped my hand in his.

"I—I'm sorry," I tried to free it. "That's a silly habit I got into with Jim. Whenever we came to a crowded street, I always held his hand until we'd crossed it . . . ."

He tightened his fingers. "I think it's a nice habit," he said gravely. "Just pretend I'm Jim."

"Just pretend.

For that one fraction of time, there'd been no need to pretend. Jim had been there beside me. I'd touched him. Now he was gone again, farther than ever, farther even than the thousands of miles that separated us . . . . As we walked on, my happy mood was gone and I felt the quick, bitter sting of tears against my eyelids."

On Monday morning Alec Holden came back. It was a moment I'd been dreading and now that it was here I found I didn't mind at all. It was like saying hello to someone I barely knew. "Miss me?" he said lightly. "Well, the appointments have piled up. Mrs. Brewster is coming in at eleven—she says the treatments haven't helped. And—"

"Oh, come on, Connie. Don't be mad with me. I'll admit I made a fool of myself the other night, but I promise to be good. Have dinner with me tonight?"

"I'm sorry. I have a date."

"Tomorrow then."

I looked at him. The feeling of detached contempt I'd felt before came back. "I'm going to be tied up for some time," I said coolly.

He shrugged, but I saw the anger flicker in his eyes. He was used to the power of his charm and he didn't like being snubbed. "That friend of yours—Mrs. Brooks," he said, too casually. "She's very attractive. Do you see much of her?"

"Quite a lot. She's living with me now."

I smiled at myself as I strolled away. Was he trying to make me jealous by praising Avis?

If he were, he certainly didn't lose any time about it—for when I got home that evening Avis said he'd called and asked her (Continued on page 76)
"Have you forgotten," he said, "that it was you who set me free? And now you want to make me a prisoner again." Carol couldn't understand. She thought marriage was a partnership, not a prison.
tion at one?"

"No," I admitted. "Or maybe you know of a good boarding house? That's really what I'd rather find."

He took off his cap and ran a hand through thick, dark hair. Suddenly he jumped out of the cab and held open the rear door for me. "I know of one place you might like," he said. "Hop in and I'll run you out there. It's not really a boarding house—just a place where they rent one room. You can take a look at it anyway and—" he grinned—"if you don't like it I won't charge you for the ride."

"All right," I agreed, finding myself laughing in response. But the cab was hardly well out in traffic before I began to worry.

I called out to him, "Is this place very far?"

"About a mile," he said over his shoulder.

"And you say it's with a private family?"

"That's right." He pulled the cab expertly around a corner. Then he added, "I guess I should have told you sooner. It's where I live, with my mother and sister."

"Oh!" I said. I couldn't help it—the exclamation was forced out by my surprise and dismay. No wonder he wanted to take me there! I wanted to tell him, to stop the cab and let me out. There was no telling what kind of a place we were going, no telling what he had in his mind—

"Honest," he said quietly, and I realized he had been watching me in the rear-view mirror, "it's all right, miss. It's a nice, clean room and my mother's a good cook. But if you don't like the looks of things once you've seen them, I'll take you back to the station and no hard feelings."
HAVE you ever wanted to run away? Run away from your home, the people you love, the friends you've had all your life, the man everyone expects you to marry—from everything and everyone familiar? . . . Yes, I suppose you have. I suppose all people have, at one time or another. But I actually did it.

I didn't run away on an impulse. For weeks in advance of the final moment I knew exactly what I was going to do. I went to an industrial school and learned electric welding—because that was part of the plan, you see. I had already studied shorthand and typing, and I had supported myself as a stenographer, but I didn't want that. Not in wartime. I wanted . . . oh, to be part of the wave of life I felt surging all around me, to know an experience utterly foreign to the comfortable, small-town way of living to which I'd been born.

To me, Howard typified everything from which I was escaping. Poor Mother and Father! They couldn't understand why I didn't want to marry Howard. He was solid and respectable and hard-working, with a good job and a safe A-4 rating in the draft, so he was everything they wanted in a son-in-law. When pressed, they might admit that he was also a little dull, but they wouldn't see him as I did—a green, self-satisfied, humdrum misfit.

And so, because I was afraid that if I stayed in Glenegle I would go on seeing Howard three nights a week until, in sheer weariness, I agreed to marry him—I ran away. I didn't do it secretly—I told my father and mother I was going, and listened to their arguments, but they couldn't stop me. I was Carol Wintrop, twenty-two years old, who knew what she wanted and was going to get it.

All that was only six months ago, but as I look back upon that Carol Wintrop I hardly recognize her. How could she have been so sure of herself, so certain that whatever she wanted she had only to stretch out her hand and take? How could she have been so blithely convinced that she was capable of arranging not only her own life, but the lives of others?

I can see her now, that confident young Carol, sitting in a day coach of the eastbound train from Glenegle, dressed in a navy blue suit, her brown hair shining and clean under the smart new hat, smiling a little to herself in anticipation as she looks out of the window at the Ohio fields whirling by, and I want to call out and warn her not to be so sure . . .

But, for a while, that Carol was lucky.

I remember my first feeling of uneasiness. It came after the train had slowed to a stop in a dark, smoky station. There were crowds everywhere. No porter asked to carry my bag. I had decided to come to this city because it was big, because I had high hopes in the notion that it was full of war industries where I could get work. But I hadn't realized how very big, how terribly busy, the place would be. And in my certainty that I could always take care of myself, I hadn't even bothered to look up an inexpensive hotel and write ahead for a reservation.

Dressed along by the crowd, I walked out on the sidewalk almost before I knew it. My head was whirling. I never before felt so lost and alone. Strange, indifferent faces passed me, and suddenly I was panic-stricken at the realization that in this world of millions of people, there was not a single person I knew, not even by name.

I fought my terror down. I told myself not to be silly. I would go back to the station, check my suit case, and start exploring for a hotel I could afford.

But just then a taxicab drew up in front of me. Two men got out, paid the driver, and hurried away. The driver looked at me quizzically.

"Taxi, miss?"

I started to say no, because with exactly forty-seven dollars and ten cents in my purse and no job, a taxi ride could only be an extravagance. Then I looked at the driver's face and because it was friendly and kind, deeply tanned and with a broad smile, I wanted to talk to him. He was my first person who had ever noticed my existence, and I felt as if I couldn't stand to see him drive away and leave me still standing here, alone.

"I don't know," I said. "I'm looking for a hotel, not too expensive.

"Hotels are all pretty full," he said doubtfully. "You haven't got a reservation, have you?"

"No," I admitted. "Or maybe you know of a good boarding house? That's really what I'd rather find!"

He took off his cap and ran a hand through thick, dark hair. Suddenly he jumped out of the cab and held open the rear door for me. "I know of one place you might like," he said. "Stop in and I'll run you out there. It's not really a boarding house—just a place where they rent one room. You can take a look at it anyway and—" he grinned—"if you don't like it I won't charge you for the ride.

"All right," I agreed, finding myself laughing in response. But the cab was hardly well out in traffic before I began to worry.

I called out to him, "Is this place very far?"

"About a mile," he said over his shoulder.

"And you say it's with a private family?"

"That's right." He pulled the cab around to the curb.

I gave up on the taxicab and started to walk down the street, looking for a payphone. Then I noticed a hotel across the street—its sign read: "DRIFTERS and TRAVELERS—TRAVELERS and DRIFTERS.

"It was one of a row of brownstone houses. He jumped out of the cab and led me up the steps.

As I walked up the stairs into the hotel, I wanted to laugh. This was just the kind of thing I'd have expected Howard to do. But the cab was probably going to have to take me to another hotel, and I didn't want to think about it.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, I was staying in a room at the Drifters and Travelers Hotel, a cheap place on the outskirts of the city. We were right in the heart of the city of millions of people, and I was the only person in the place who knew no one.

I admit that I was now beginning to feel a little sorry for myself. I was not alone in the world, but I was no closer to being alone in the world.

But it was growing dark. I decided I ought to go out and see what there was to see. I had been in this city only six months, and I didn't know what there was to see. I decided to try the cinema. But first I might as well stop in at the hotel again, and check out my second day's worth of winnings.
I settled back in the seat. He did seem perfectly all right, I argued with myself, and it couldn't do any harm to look. I had wanted a different kind of life, hadn't I?—and this was one way of finding it.

"Staying in town long?" he asked.

"I hope so, if I can find a job. I'm an—an electric welder." I felt self-con- scious saying that; so many people seemed to think it funny that a girl who weighed a hundred and ten pounds could ever learn to be a welder. He didn't laugh, and I was grateful.

"You do all the jobs, all the jobs," he said. "There are a couple of plants near the house, and they're both looking for help."

A FEW minutes later he stopped the cab, and I saw where he lived. It was a brownstone house, exactly like the ones next to it, exactly like the ones all the way up the block. I had the swift knowledge that this was a part of town where, though no one was abjectly poor, no one had ever had quite enough money either. The district was ugly, with a cross, defiant kind of ugliness.

He jumped out of the cab and led me up the steps, into a little hall.

"Mom!" he called, and a woman came out of a room on the right. She was a gray little woman—eyes, hair, skin, all gray. This is my mother, Mrs. Larkin, he said. "Mom, this lady is looking for a room and board."

"Well, I don't know," Mrs. Larkin said querulously. "Jim, you know perfectly well I don't like to rent that room to young ladies."

"Now, Mom," he told her good-naturedly. "Miss—" He hesitated, looking a question at me, and I said, "Winthrop."

"Miss Winthrop's going to get a job as a welder, and that's a man's work, so it entitles her to a man's room."

Mrs. Larkin sniffed, but she con- ceded, "Since you're here, you might as well look at the room. I don't know that you'll like it—it's awful small, and the bathroom's clear down the hall from it."

I almost said, "Don't bother. I'm sure I can find somewhere else." But I glanced at Jim Larkin, and around his wide mouth I saw tense lines. Of course, I thought, they did need the money; and Jim was nice. No matter what his mother was like, he was nice. I followed Mrs. Larkin up the narrow stairs to a room that was larger than she despised. It had led me to expect. And, as Jim had promised, it was very clean. I looked around it, and suddenly I knew I wanted to stay here. I wanted to have one spot in this big, strange city that belonged to me.

"How much is it?" I asked. "With meals, I mean."

Mrs. Larkin opened her mouth, but before she could answer Jim said quickly, "Ten dollars a week."

She gave him a look and I knew perfectly well she had planned to ask more. Hastily, I said, "But that isn't enough! You ought to get at least fifteen. I wouldn't feel right, paying you any less."

Mrs. Larkin's expression softened. "Well," she said, "I do think it's worth that, myself, but Jim's such a one for giving other people the best of a bargain—"

"I'll pay you for a week in advance," I said, digging in my purse, and was rewarded by seeing her look almost approving.

"Supper's at six," she announced. "Jim, why don't you go down and get Miss Winthrop's baggage?"

After he'd brought my suitcase up, and they'd left me, I washed my face, changed into a plain green dress with a white collar, and went downstairs. Magically, in so short a time, all my self-confidence had been restored. It was going to be fun living here, getting to know these people, being part of their lives, and I'd be absolutely independent, I'd make new friends . . . Oh, everything was going to be wonderful, exciting!

I found Mrs. Larkin in the kitchen, with Jim's sister and her little girl. The sister, Elsie, was a pale, washed-out woman whose eyes, which seemed to hold tragedy in their depths, I guessed her age as thirty-one or two, but I discovered later that I was wrong; she was only twenty-five. The little girl, whose name was June, was so shy that I hardly saw any more of her than I could glimpse of her face peeping around me from behind her mother's skirts.

"Elsie," Mrs. Larkin said sternly, "that child's filthy."

Elsie lifted her thin shoulders and let them fall again. "I know, Mom."

That was all. Nobody made a move their lives. They lived about it, but my fingers itched for a washclothe and some soap. Trying to make conversation, I asked Elsie, "Does your husband work in one of the war plants?"

"My— The brown eyes filled with unshed tears, "no," she said in a choked voice, turned, and went quickly out of the room, with June following her.

Mrs. Larkin held a colander full of peas under the water tap and washed them vigorously. "You might as well know first as last," she remarked. "Elsie's husband ran off, and hit her right after the baby was born."

"Oh—I'm so sorry!"

"You needn't be," she said. "He always was a no-good, and she shouldn't have married him in the first place. She's much better without him. If she only had the sense to be."

I was thinking: right after the baby was born. But June must be four years old. And after that all time, the mention of her husband could still bring tears to Elsie's eyes.

This was a strange family, I reflected. Mrs. Larkin's mother, her gray, discontented face and sharp way of talking, and yet, somehow, rather likeable; Elsie, whose life seemed to have ended before it really began; and Jim—Jim, big, good-natured, handsome in a rough-ewn way—he must be the motive force that kept the others going.

And so he was, I knew before I had been living there a week. It was Jim who provided the money for the rent, for the meals which Mrs. Larkin cooked so well if rather extravagantly, for June's doctor bills and Elsie's expec- tations to the movies. More important, it was he who brought life into the house. It was hard for his mothers going, and his wife, and it was hard for his mother to be cranky, or Elsie dull, under the sun of his vitality—although sometimes they managed it. He worked long hours, but when he came home he was always laughing and cheerful—picking June up and tossing her in the air, sniffing appreciatively at whatever his mother was cooking, making some kind of a joke.

Of course I compared him with Howard. How could I help it? It seemed to me that he had everything I'd missed in Howard: a real gentle- ness and consideration for other people, a maturity, a kind of tolerant humor. How petulant Howard would have been, I thought, if he'd suddenly found himself in Jim's position, the sole support and mainstay of two women and a child!

I didn't think about the Larkins all the time, naturally—at least, not at first. I had the excitement of finding a job and doing it to occupy me. Getting hired was easy; they took me on at the first place I applied. And the work itself was hard but satisfying. There was even a weird sort of beauty in it—the blue and orange flames, the sparks flying, the metal melting like butter under the fierce fingers of the torches.

It was on my first day off that I made the discovery which—I can see now—eventually changed the lives of us all.

My room had no writing table, and when I remarked to Mrs. Larkin that I intended to buy one, she said she thought there was one I could use in the attic. (Continued on page 81)
I'M GOING ALONG WITH YOU

This brand new ballad was written by Morton Downey, radio's famous romantic tenor, especially for Radio Mirror readers. Hear him sing it on Songs by Morton Downey, daily over the Blue Network, 3:00 P.M., EWT

Words and Music by MORTON DOWNEY

I want to tell my story
I want to skip the verse
So listen to my story
Take it for better or for worse.
For I'm going along

with you

Going the way you want to
With a song in my heart that keeps time to my heart-beat beating for only you.

And I'm hoping that you'll be you
And I'm dreaming my dreams will come true
For I'm madly in love with you, my darling For I'm going a long with you.
FOR sheer flavor, baked ham has always been one of our most popular meats and the fact that there is almost no end to the ways in which leftover ham can be served, that it is low in ration points and is to be on the plentiful list for autumn, now makes it one of the most practical selections as well.

A 12-pound ham is about right for the average family. If there are only two in your household you might try half a ham. Or ask another couple to pool points and costs with you for a whole one and divide it either before or after baking. In any case, the recipe for the initial baking and for the leftovers are the same.

Baked Ham
1 12 lb. ham (about)
Clove
1 tsp. dry ginger
1 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
1/2 tsp. paprika
2 medium onions, chopped

Remove rind and all but a thin layer of fat (simmer them down later for fat salvage). Score fat in squares with a sharp knife and insert cloves where the lines cross. Put into shallow roasting pan (the broiler pan will do nicely), pour on about 2 tbs. molasses, dust with ginger, mustard and pepper and surround with onions. Set in cold oven, bring temperature to 300 degrees F. and bake at that temperature allowing twenty to twenty-five minutes per pound. (Although most recipes call for simmering before baking, I find that the results in tenderness and flavor are just as satisfactory when simmering is omitted.) Baste every thirty minutes during cooking, adding more molasses occasionally as the original molasses seeps into the drippings in the pan. Garnish with thick orange slices which have been grilled with the ham for the final fifteen minutes cooking time. Save all liquid in the pan; allow it to cool, skim off the fat and use the flavored jelly which is left for some of the leftover dishes.

And now for the leftover recipes. You won't need to have ham every day until it is all used up, because if tightly covered with waxed paper it will keep almost indefinitely in your refrigerator. And there are so many interesting things to do with left over ham that your family won't tire of it, no matter how long it lasts.

Reheated Ham Slices
2 slices (servings) baked ham
1 tbl. drippings
1 small onion, chopped
4 tbl. apple jelly
Pinch mustard
Pinch sage
Pepper to taste

Sauté the onion in the drippings, using shallow pan or skillet. Push cooked onions to one side, put ham slices into pan and spread with jelly. Dust with mustard, sage and pepper and cover with cooked onions. Cook under very low broiler flame, about four inches below flame, until glazed. I like this with noodles (pour the sauce from the pan over the noodles, of course), summer squash or broiled eggplant slices. I have omitted salt in this and the following recipes, since the quantity used, if required at all, will depend on the saltiness of the ham.

Ham Pie with Sweet Potato Crust
2 1/2 cups diced cooked ham
1 cup cooked small onions
1 cup cooked diced carrots or string beans
1/2 cup jelly from baked ham
1/2 cup boiling water
2 cups seasoned mashed sweet potato

In buttered casserole, arrange alternate layers of ham, onions and carrots (or string beans). Blend ham jelly and boiling water and pour over mixture— it's a good idea to use the water in which the vegetables were cooked. Cover with mashed sweet potatoes and bake at 375 degrees F., for 40 minutes.

(Continued on page 67)
GAY GAHAN, active member of the famous 99'ers (over 500 air hours), selects Cutex ON DUTY. "It's the softest, loveliest shade I've ever worn. With extravagance out for the duration, no wonder it's so popular!"

HAZEL STAMPER, working at Piper Cub plant and training for her pilot's license, chooses Cutex ALERT—says, "I like Alert because it is so flattering and so in the spirit of the times. It makes my spirits zoom!"

JOHN GRAY trains Pan American World Airways' Trans-Atlantic pilots to fly blind. She says, "Wearing Cutex YOUNG RED is like going into a glamour spin. It keeps me looking feminine even in a man-size job."

TEDDY KENYON, winner of national flying laurels, now flying for Grumman Aircraft, chooses Cutex LAUREL. Says, "It makes your hands look so softly feminine... and saves money for all-important War Stamps!"

ELEANOR "IRISH" FAIRCCHILD, enthusiastic young member of Women Flyers of America, says, "I choose Cutex SADDLE BROWN. It's a wonderful shade! So sophisticated—and marvelous with flying togs or date dresses."

ELAINE WOOD SEMPLINER, Queen of the 1941 National Intercollegiate Air Show, chooses Cutex OFF DUTY. "It's such a daring color—a real 'lift' in these serious times. Yet only 10¢ for such a wonderful polish!"

More Women choose Cutex than any other nail polish in the world

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK

only 10¢ (plus tax)
SOLDIERS on 72-hour leave or furlough won’t have to spend precious time at ration boards. Under a new arrangement, they obtain an application before leaving camp, give it to the hand that feeds them. Fifteen days are allowed, after the furlough’s end, for turning the application over to the local ration board for the necessary certificate or stamps.

**Always destroy unused ration stamps at the end of a ration period.** They can breed black markets, if they fall into the hands of unscrupulous persons. Though they may have expired for your use, they are obviously still good for storekeepers, who may use them to order larger stocks than they are entitled to under the ration system.

Here’s good news for loggers, miners, prospectors, fishermen, sheepherders, and others who live or work far from food supplies. They are entitled to extra red stamp rations, up to 1.8 points per person per day, if other protein foods such as poultry are not available. They may apply for them from their regional or local OPA office or ration board. Certificates, rather than stamps, will be given.

* * *

“Seeing-Eye” dogs, or similarly trained dogs, may have meat rations. Blind persons who use such dogs may obtain up to 12 extra points weekly from their ration boards to be used for 10-point-value meats to feed the dog.

* * *

Farm families living on their farms do not have to surrender ration points for meat raised on their land, even though it is slaughtered at a custom slaughtering house. But if the family lives in the city, points must be paid, even though no money is paid.

* * *

Here’s a point you may have wondered about. People who sell home-canned fruits and vegetables must collect 8 points in blue stamps per quart. As you know, however, commercially processed foods have point values that vary with the kind and weight of the food.

* * *

If you order your coffee by mail, you may now “pay for” it with the detached stamp, instead of sending the entire ration book.

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How to make your
Brunette complexion look
more flawlessly smooth
...glowy

There’s a luscious new powder shade that does lovely things for brunettes—Pond’s *misty-soft* Dreamflower “Brunette.” Soft Brunette beige blends perfectly with your skin—undertones of soft rose kindle hidden radiance.

Rosy-beige Dreamflower “Brunette” gives your face that all-over-smooth look that makes your eyes seem more sparkling... your lips more clearly shaped. Wonderful investment in glamour!

MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, JR., attractive New Yorker, and member of Virginia’s smart hunting set, says, “I love the soft rose-beige undertone in Pond’s new Dreamflower ‘Brunette’—it blends beautifully with my skin. And the powder goes on so smoothly!”

Pond’s “LIPS” stay on longer!

Five gorgeous, long-lasting shades. Nifty little green-and-cream plastic case—only 10¢!
AND a knockout new flower-sprinkled case in a big size —only 49¢!

Pond’s Dreamflower Powder

SIX LOVELY SHADES—new “misty-soft” texture!

**BRUNETTE—rosy-beige**
**ROSE CREAM—delicate peach**
**NATURAL—creamy shell-pink**
**DUSK ROSE—deep, glowing**
**RACHEL—soft ivory**
**DARK RACHEL—rich golden**

49¢, 25¢, 10¢... At Beauty Counters Everywhere
INSIDE RADIO  Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY Eastern War Time

8:00 CBS  News and Orman
8:00 Blue  News
8:30 CBS  News and Orman Recital
8:30 Blue  Songs
9:00 CBS  Musical Masterpieces
9:00 Blue  The Woodshedders
9:00 CBS  News of the World
9:00 Blue  James McDonald, News
9:15 CBS  News from Europe
9:15 Blue  E. Power Biggs
9:15 CBS  White Rabbit Line
9:15 Blue  NBC Commando Mary
9:30 CBS  English Melodies
9:30 Blue  Church of the Air
9:30 CBS  Highlights of the Bible
9:45 Blue  Overland Station
9:45 CBS  Southerners
10:00 Blue  Guest Orch.
10:00 CBS  Even Pet., Tiantist
10:30 CBS  Radio Chapel
10:30 Blue  Invitation to Learning
10:45 CBS  Olive Santore
11:00 Blue  News from Europe
11:00 CBS  Son Music
11:30 CBS  Transatlantic Call
11:30 Blue  That They Might Live
12:00 CBS  Church of the Air
12:00 Blue  This is Official
12:00 CBS  WOR Spartan Round Table
12:00 Blue  Sammy Kayes Orch.
12:15 CBS  The Muffet Show
12:15 Blue  Padre's Hour
12:30 CBS  New York Philharmonic Symphony
12:30 Blue  Reports on Rationing
12:45 CBS  Business of the Air
12:45 Blue  Mrs. Koerner's Saloon
1:00 CBS  Upton Close
1:00 Blue  Escape to Europe
1:15 CBS  The Square
1:15 Blue  Sunday Vespers
1:30 CBS  Close for the Day
1:30 Blue  From the Window
1:45 CBS  That's Your Business
1:45 Blue  Sunday, We Stand
2:00 CBS  Dick Dillcy
2:00 Blue  The Eternal Flame
2:15 CBS  Upton Close
2:15 Blue  The Shadow
2:30 CBS  The Shadow
2:30 Blue  Chinese Opera
2:45 CBS  The Shadow
2:45 Blue  Wonder Women
3:00 CBS  The Shadow
3:00 Blue  The Shadow
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3:15 Blue  Allison's Orphans
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MONDAY Eastern War Time

8:00 CBS  News
8:00 Blue  Breakfast Club
8:30 CBS  Everything Goes
8:30 Blue  Today's News
8:45 CBS  Time is Nine
8:45 Blue  Sing Along
9:00 CBS  Voice of the Navy
9:00 Blue  Isabell Manning Howson
9:15 CBS  Robert St. John, News
9:15 Blue  Nora Lawton
9:30 CBS  Our Gal Sunday
9:30 Blue  Mabel
9:45 CBS  The Ealy Institute
9:45 Blue  Bachelor's Children
10:00 CBS  A Woman of America
10:00 Blue  Breakfast for Andy's

SOME PAGANINI... Exactly like most comedians, Henny Youngman was not slated for comedy as a career. Not in the beginning. No, his fond parents saw in him visions of a second Paganini, one to arrive from London, and their settlement in Brooklyn, New York, U. S. A., a miniature violin was stuck into his no less miniature fists and Carnegie Hall and a brilliant debut lay ahead like a 1980's EXTREME guitar star.

Unfortunately, Henny himself became attracted by what was in the early '70s considered a will-o'-the-wisp, namely swing. Henny became all that was traditional and subtleties of the classics. He had ear only for the even more intricate depths of swing and he followed them as only a devotee could. He took a neighborhood jazz band made up of himself, Mike Reilly, who later co-authored "Music Goes Round And Round," Lou Brus, for years Helen Morgan's personal accompanist, and Manny Klein, now one of the country's leading trumpeters. Much to the horror and despair of Henny's parents, the boys called themselves the Southernaires, and hired themselves out as $3 an engagement. Henny still insists they were worth every penny of it.

Afterwhile, the band was dissolved and Henny became half of a song and dance team. He worked in what's known as tank town vaudeville theaters. Then, he served a lengthy apprenticeship as a funnyman in obscure bars, night clubs, more vaudeville houses—anywhere he could get bookings.

Finally, an engagement at the Yacht Club, one of New York's famous 52nd Street places, brought him into the folding money class. Ted Collins caught his act there and hired him for a spot on the Kate Smith show. As this had done for so many others before him, the Kate Smith job really set his feet on the path to fame—and fortune. Besides his radio work, Henny has been more than just a fixture at Loew's State Theater on Broadway and in vaudeville houses throughout the country.

Henny has been doing a lot of travelling with the Kate Smith show. He puts on impromptu shows wherever he happens to be, attracts a crowd, and then starts selling War Stamps and Bonds. On trains, he wanders through the cars until he collects a group of service people. For them he puts on his shows gratis. When he's New York, he makes periodic trips out to his native Flatbush, where his practice is to set up a stool and collect money in the busiest shopping district, warm up the cockies of his old neighbors' hearts and then dispose of several hundred dollars worth of Stamps and Bonds.
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**ALWAYS A GUEST...**

Everyone is familiar with songs like "Blue in the Night," "Arthur Murray Taught Me Dancing in a Hurry," "Strip Polka," just to name a few very few. Most people would be satisfied with that. But not Johnny Mercer. Johnny wants to be a singer, an actor, a star.

As far back as Johnny can remember, he'd had this bug. This probably goes back almost to the time he was born in Savannah, Georgia, in 1908. He was educated partly in Georgia and more at a Prep School in Virginia.

When he was seventeen, he formed a little theater group which David Belasco invited to New York to participate in a one act play tournament. Johnny was sure he was launched on his chosen career. The play he wrote was 'The Original Cast'—and the band got to play his tunes. Not Johnny.

Johnny stayed in New York basking on the dole of theatrical producers—with the usual success.

Paul Whiteman was looking for singers, and Johnny tackled him for a job. Papa Whiteman shook his head over the voice, but he liked Johnny's songs. This time, Johnny was making deals, though. He sold himself as a member of the Whiteman outfit—and the band got to play his tunes.

Then, friends began to heckle Johnny about song writing and he found himself outing more of his time to turning out tunes. He joined the publishing firm of Will Woodin, met Hoagy Carmichael, and together they worked on a number of Carmichael had been playing around with, unsuccessfully. What came out was "Lazy Bones" and a smash hit.

Money and fame coming his way, Johnny felt he could afford to be a singer again. He sang on the radio with Benny Goodman and Bob Crosby, until Hollywood waggled a tempting finger at him. Fame! That's what he saw ahead in California.

He got the fame, plenty of it—but not as an actor or singer. Hollywood wanted him as a song writer.

But the bug still had him. He made recordings of some of his own hit tunes—only to discover that he was still known as just the writer of songs. He was still just a guy who was always a guest star on the program.

Now, at last, his chance has come. The sponsors were looking for someone to replace Bob Hope's show for the summer—and Bob and Bing Crosby, pals of Johnny, suggested him. Miracles! He's in. A show of his own, called Johnny Mercer's Music Shop, heard Tuesday nights over NBC. He sings, jokes, announces and cavitons. And the funniest part of the whole thing is that he's turned out to be a really fine entertainer.

All of which suits Johnny and his wife, Ginger, very nicely.
WAR WORKER—Muriel Lunger and her mother have both taken war jobs at Bendix. Muriel tests altimeters.

OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE

There's a war job for you—in a plant, store, office, restaurant, transportation company, community service. Check Help Wanted ads for needs in your area. Then see your local U.S. Employment Service.

ENGAGED, HAPPY—"Hold that engaged look," orders their Navy friend, as pretty Muriel and her fiancé smile up at his camera. A snapshot taken on last summer's vacation.

CHARMING MURIEL LUNGER—daughter of the well-known Mrs. William S. Lunger of Washington, D.C., engaged to Raymond W. Hitchins of Baltimore—he, too, has an essential war job with Bendix, in the plant protection department.

Waking up at 8:30 P.M., eating lunch at 3 in the morning, going home when most of us are just starting our day, seems quite natural to Muriel now. She's simply reversed her clock.

"I've discovered one thing," Muriel says. "Long hours working on a war job have made me extra fussy about how I look. I just love slipping into something pretty—home, and adore dreaming my face with Pond's to help smooth away tiredness and make my skin feel all glovy—and so clean and soft!"

Copy Muriel's soft-smooth beauty care, like this:

SMOOTH on snowy-white Pond's Cold Cream and pat briskly, gently to work its lovely softening creaminess all over your face and throat. This softens and releases dirt and old make-up. Now—tissue off. See how clean and sweet you look!

MURIEL LUNGER'S BEAUTY is serene and poised. Her eyes are a dreamy grey-blue, her soft-smooth Pond's complexion fine-grained as a rose petal.

HER RING—the diamond is set in platinum with a small diamond either side. The slender band is gold.

SHE'S ENGAGED!

She's Lovely! She uses Ponds!

"RINSE" with more Pond's Cold Cream for extra cleansing and softening. Whirl your Pond's coated fingertips around in little spirals—out over your eyebrows, up over your cheeks, around your nose and mouth. Tissue it all off again.

Give your face this twice-over Pond's creaming every night, every morning—and for daytime clean-ups! You'll love how beautifully clean, how much softer your skin will feel.

It's no accident lovely engaged girls like Muriel, noted society beauties like Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels and Britain's Viscountess Milton are devoted to Pond's Cold Cream. Get a jar today! Have your first Pond's creaming tonight!

Today many more women use Ponds than any other face cream at any price.
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**SHE COULD DREAM...**

In the last ten years, there must have been a million High School girls who have dreamed of singing with Bing Crosby. However, so far, only one of them has seen her dream come true. It took win-some, blonde, Trudy Erwin eight years of dreaming, saving, and saving money—to get there. But she’s done it. But now she’s a regular member of the cast of the Crosby radio program.

Bing was on days when she was going to John Marshall High School in Los Angeles, Trudy was featured in most of the school shows with a girl named Vir-ginia Verrell. Virginia wanted to be a popular singer and have her name in lights. Virginia got what she wanted. All Trudy wanted was to sing with Bing Crosby.

So when Trudy was on her way to the University of California at Los Angeles, she managed to get a couple of days’ work at Paramount. It was in a Crosby publicized called Trouble or No Trouble. Trudy was dreaming, but the closest she could get to Bing was to feel the breeze as he passed by on his way to his dressing room.

Off to the University she went and, to make French and medieval history and calculus more palatable, she began to sing with a couple of other girls at the campus affairs. Later, she was part of another that sang on the Hollywood Hotel radio program. By a series of complicated combinations, two trys became a known as the Music Maids. The Music Maids wanted to be sure they were on the beam before they tried too anywhere, so they practiced in the studio for six months, before giving an audition.

Their first audition was for Bing. And they were hired. But after all that perseverance, the Bing Crosby Trudy got to do with Bing was to hum a harmony ground along with the other four girls.

A year ago, she left the Music Maids to go with Kay Kyser and, with the Kyser ensemble, to approximately 160 service camps—some of these two or three times—in this one year. She’s ridden in planes, tanks, jeeps, trucks and she’s even heard a submarine as a guest of Uncle Sam.

Not long ago Bing picked her as the regular feminine singer for his program. An enviable spot for a dreamer of two-three—a spot formerly held by such notables as Connie Boswell and Mary Martin.

Bing’s influence goes a good bit further than this. He’s taught her to catch her infectious love of horses. She already owns four of them, a jumper, a brood mare, a colt and a race horse. The race horse seems to have caught something, too. He’s nine years old and hasn’t won a race yet. But Trudy can dream about that, too. And, considering how effective Trudy’s dreaming seems to have been in the past—who can tell what might happen to that horse?
The fabric of American life is woven of simple familiar things. Home and neighbors—a movie around the corner—a table of bridge, or having Cousin Charley’s family in for supper. Millions of Americans every day enjoy these simple human things in the pleasant company of a glass of friendly SCHLITZ... truly the beverage of moderation... brewed with just the kiss of the hops, none of the bitterness.

Years of No bitterness

Just the KISS of the hops...

—all of the delicate hop flavor—none of the bitterness. Once you taste that famous flavor found only in Schlitz, you’ll never go back to a bitter brew. Since 1849, America’s most distinguished beer.

In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!

Copyright 1942, J.J. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
A NEW face and a new voice. You've been hearing Martha Stewart on Your All Time Hit Parade heard Friday nights over NBC and you'll be hearing more of her—and seeing her, too. Soon.

When Martha Stewart was born, down in the sleepy, lush, tobacco countryside around Bardwell, Kentucky back in 1922, her name was Martha Hayworth. In 1928, Martha's family moved to New York and eventually Martha went to New Utrecht High School in Brooklyn. At first, she wanted to be a dancer and she studied very hard for that, but an automobile accident which left it questionable whether she would walk again decided the finish of that. Martha had always done some singing and at High School she was always appearing in the school shows.

Naturally, she was a member of the Drama Club. There were two other girls in the Club with ambitions, too. Pat Cameron and Rosalind Enns—and with them Martha formed a pact. The first of them to strike gold was to help the others get started. Now, Martha has struck it in one fell swoop and she has stuck to the pact. She's financing Pat and Rosalind is working as her secretary until she gets her first break.

After her graduation from High School in 1938, Martha set out to conquer the world. She changed her name to Martha Wayne and landed a job singing with Jerry Livingston's band. Bands and jobs being what they are, she moved on to engagements with Claude Thornhill and, later, to Glenn Miller. She decided that things weren't moving quickly enough and there must be some reason for it—so she changed her name. Whether that was what did it or not, things began to roll along much faster. And she finally landed the coveted spot as the soloist on Your All Time Hit Parade. Since she has hit the "big time" and it has been only for a few short months, everything is happening at a dizzy pace. Warner Brothers have already offered her the second lead in their forthcoming musical extravaganza, "Carnegie Hall."

She has her hobbies, of course—horseback riding being the most important, she writes song, she collects jazz recordings and she loves to fish.

More vital than her pastimes, are her various activities connected with war work. Martha has been called in by the Office of War Information, more often, to do Overseas broadcasts to the men in the Armed Forces. She has been voted "Pin Up Girl!" too.

She's proud, of course, that the boy-oversseas like her voice and want to hear more of it. But she has learned that her singing isn't the only thing she can do. She's grown aware of everyday things, and the important part they are playing in the war effort. She's realized that there are many things she can do without—and War Bonds are not included in that. She keeps up with information on what is being done to control prices and prevent inflation and she's careful to check ceiling prices when she buys the things she needs. That's what she says, in her ever so slight Southern accent, is the least anybody can do.
"I use Dura-Gloss"

You're sweet to praise my fingernails, Marjorie. There's nothing very complicated about it. I just use Dura-Gloss all the time—yes, it's only 10¢ and I can't see why anybody should want to use anything else. Dura-Gloss gives your nails such a brilliant, beautiful finish; it goes on so nicely, and there's something in it called Chrystallyne that makes it stay on the nails longer without peeling—which is quite a help when you're as busy as I am. Want to try some of my Dura-Gloss?
Don't Put a Cold in Your Pocket

Even Though I Love You

Continued from page 29

brushing her dark brown hair like a schoolgirl ready for conferences. And she added, "Ronny, I'm wondering whether I won't pass up that meeting out in Rochester."

"Pass up a meeting?" I stared at her, incredulous. A sick cold fear closed my heart, a meeting on her own problems of Internal Medicine, and she'd been reading up for months on the questions to be discussed there. But that wasn't what scared me. It was the look in her eyes. The start.

She laughed a little shy laugh that sent shivers down to my toes. She said, "Dana's expecting his call to his unit any day now. I'd hate to be away just when it came."

Oh, I couldn't stand it! She'd never fallen for anyone before, she'd always said she was fated to be a sister to every man she met. She hadn't 'needed' men! And now she was reaching out for mine.

Well, she couldn't have him. I'd seen him first, it was because of me that he had been in the mood to look at any woman. Why, she'd never even met him if I had never allowed him to.

Dana? She had no right to Dana Craig at all.

I looked down at my toes, the bright polish showing through my sandal straps. "I imagine he'll be pretty busy too," I said slowly. "So much to clean up, consultations and all. Besides his personal affairs—"

She seemed a little dashed. "Has he a lot of friends?" she asked, with a wistful note in her voice.

Why did she ask me? Why did she practically help her friend? I wondered.

"Of course," I said with care. "Naturally he lived a pretty active social life, married to Connie." I spoke the name as if I'd known the Craigs intimately from the time of their honeymoon.

DID he care a lot about her?

Gertrude asked, almost pleadingly. "Deeply, I mean?"

shrugged. "I guess a man has some responsibility for marrying a woman. After all, a man like Dana, with all his heavy problems pressing on him all day, would naturally go for a girl who could make him forget his work, somebody gay and high-spirited and—young—"

I heard her sigh, but I didn't look at her. "Was that the way it was?" she asked, her voice said. Oh, Gertrude, go away! Can't you see that if you lay your dreams right out in front of me I've got to tramp on them? I've got to! But she went on, hopefully. "But don't you think, Ronny, maybe he sees that kind of marriage was a mistake? Don't you think he may realize that a different sort of woman would be better for him?"

"Do men ever learn?" I asked her.

"Do they want girls that are good for them?"

She said, "I wonder." I looked at her, and all the stars were gone now from her eyes. But she flexed her head almost with my own kind of determinism. "Well, I've got a date with him tomorrow, anyway," she said, her voice firm. "I won't worry about it till then, and if he asks me to stay home—" She shook her hair back with a gesture almost of recklessness—"If he asks me, I'll toss the meeting to the winds."

It was then that I got panickey. It was then that I felt, except and lost, that I see Gertrude acting like any ordinary girl, thinking only of her own happiness, forgetting all about me! I felt as if I'd been torn right up by the roots, and there wasn't any way to stop it.

But the way dropped right into my lap.

IT was the next morning that Dana's call to the Army came. As soon as he found it on his desk, he buzzed for me. "Cancel Mrs. Culpepper Fownes," he said gleefully. "And all the others that have nothing wrong with them but too much money. Call the hospital and tell Warburton to start weeding them out there. Line up all the big stuff and throw out the rest." His eyes darkened then to gravity. "And call your sister." His voice softened. "Tell her not to forget about tonight."

I couldn't speak. I turned away.

He said, "What's the matter? What's wrong, Ronny?"

"I'm just sorry to have you go," I told him in a small voice.

"If you don't come along? I told you I'd make a place for you in the unit, and I still could."

I started to shake my head, conceal- ing the sudden tears with the idea of army nursing. But suddenly I wondered. Maybe it would be worth it, after all. Gertrude couldn't go, for she was the only one who went with them in the Army. I'd be with Dana for the duration, and I could make him love me! He'd have to!

But before I could frame the new answer, Dana had started talking again.

"Funny your sister hasn't married," he said, as if thinking aloud.

"Not very," I said suddenly, my lips saying words that had not even come into my mind. "A woman like Gertrude waits till she finds the one man, and after she finds him she can't see anybody else."

"That's it," he said, his voice excited. "That's the way I figured her. I thought I'd never be sure again about any woman, but when I saw her—" He broke off with a sigh, his crabby face so dreamy that he looked absolutely forlorn.

"When you saw her with Cam, do you mean?" I asked quickly.

He jerked around as if I'd thrown a rock at him. "What's that you say?"

These were drawn together in a fierce frown. "But you had the date with Jones."

I nodded, and made my voice come out clear. "Girls may carry torches," I said, "but men don't always see the light."

Dana Craig stood staring at me with that furious frown, as if he could see right into my soul at the truth beneath that crazy, cheap remark. And I began to think he did. For he turned away as if to save wasted words. "Well, you remind her of that date, anyway," he said with a dogged determination in his voice that scared me.

Continued on page 62

They're Still Fighting—Are You Still Buying?

THIRD WAR LOAN DRIVE

[Image of advertisement for Kleenex tissue]
IN PARAMOUNT'S "LADY IN THE DARK"

It creates a lovely new complexion

It helps conceal tiny complexion faults

It stays on for hours without re-powdering

Look more attractive ...in just a few seconds

Gain new loveliness, create the glamour you desire...easily, quickly...with this modern make-up originated for Technicolor pictures by Max Factor Hollywood. After your very first make-up you'll be devoted to Pan-Cake Make-Up forever...because it creates a lovely new complexion, helps hide tiny complexion faults, and looks lovely through the hours of the day or evening without re-powdering. Try it today...for a new beauty adventure.

PAN-CAKE* MAKE-UP

Max Factor * Hollywood

ORIGINATED BY
Continued from page 60

Now it was worse than ever. I had a right to fight for my life, but these were no time to bargained youths who would let me have my way with them. All I'd done was get them more set than ever in the path they were going. It was hanging onto. Then I said, "Look, I'm going to have to work late tonight. Will you fix it up with Cam for me?"

"I'll see if I can get him," she said in a voice so dreary that I was shocked. In all her life of quiet selfishness she had managed to be cheerful. But I said, "Suddenly I knew I couldn't go through with this. She sounded as if she had been hurt, mortally hurt. I could not do that to her. Not to Gertrude."

Gertrude. Don't you believe—I mean, things aren't the way you think—"

But she had hung up.

O H, I know I should have called her back. But the way she had answered seemed like Fate.

The rest is harder to tell. By rights my silly, impulsive little tricks should have exploded in my face. They would have, surely, if I'd been playing with the lives of wondrous people. But Dana Craig was a high-strung, nerve-racked genius, whose sensitive spirit was still raw with the deep wounds life had dealt him. And my sister Gertrude had been made terribly vulnerable by her years of nun-like devotion to her work—and to me. Even the moment was exquisitely right, one of those rare times when the things that happen can be irrevocable. It was really as if I was right in thinking that Fate was giving me all my cues and I was only making the speeches written down in the books of Destiny.

Dana came out of his examination room, waiting for his last patient. He growled, "Why aren't you somewhere listening to trumpeters with that young intern of yours?"

"Because I prefer to drive you to the hospital," I told him firmly. "You're a good kid," he said. He stretched his long arms and grinned.

"I'm a pretty well worn out, I will admit."

I sat and watched the operation. As usual, tired as he was, he did a magnificent job. I was waiting outside when he had dressed. "I thought you'd be going my way," I told him.

"You bet I am." He strode along the hall as if his aching weariness had suddenly lifted from him. "Halt a moment till I make a call."

He was beaming as he headed for the phone booth. He was not beaming when he came back. "She doesn't answer," he said. His brows were Cont. on page 64
How to Win Out on ROMANCE

by DIANA BARRYMORE

1. When that man you've had your eye on asks for a date, it's time to go into action. You've got to look irresistible—and you've got to feel it.

2. Take time out for this beauty pick-up. It's wonderful what a refreshing Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath will do! Leaves you feeling like a million, really sure of daintiness.

3. You'll see approval in his eyes. Men don't call it "daintiness"—they just know it's nice to be near the girl whose skin is smooth and fragrant.

4. Ten to one he'll say "You're sweet." You can't afford to take chances with daintiness, so make sure the gentle Lux Toilet Soap way.

A DAILY LUX SOAP BEAUTY BATH IS A WONDERFUL WAY TO PROTECT DAINTINESS—MAKE SURE OF SKIN THAT'S SWEET

Lovely Star of Universal's "FIRED WIFE"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it—it leaves skin SWEET!
I THOUGHT I was as shocked as he was when we found the note on the table, propped up against the radio. "Dear Ronny, I decided to take your advice. I've gone to the Honeysuckle Club with Cam, and he will put me on the train." I grabbed it quickly. I didn't want him to read that first line. But he took it out of my hands. He turned then and gave me a frown that made any he'd given me before seem like a sweet smile. "What does that mean, 'on your advice'?"

Why didn't I take that opportunity to tell him the truth? But I was in so deep. It was all working beyond my wildest dreams. After going that far, how could I look up at Dana Craig and tell him something that would make him hate me?

I said, "Maybe she shouldn't have. But a girl wants to take every chance to be with a man—" My voice faded out in fright.

"But I can't think she'd break an engagement; one she must have guessed was important. At least to me—"

"Maybe that's why!" I seized on it desperately. "I mean, she respects you so much. You're so important. Knowing a doctor like you was such a thrill to her. It would be awfully hard for her to tell you—anything you didn't want to hear—"

"Why did he believe that? How could he dream that my sister, even if she had loved another man, would run away from anything difficult, would be cheap, lacking in courage? It is incredible, almost, that a man's doubt of himself can make him so utterly blind. But Dana Craig stampeded out of our apartment without a backward look. Still, when the shock passed, he must have begun to wonder if I had not been wrong. For at his bidding, during those next four days, I sent telegrams and placed long-distance calls after calls. But we did not reach Gertrude. She was not registered at the Rochester convention.

Then I was really frightened. I made desperate attempts to locate her on my own account. I telegraphed all the likely friends and relatives to whom she might have gone. And from Chicago came a wire at last: "AM ALL RIGHT. DON'T TRY TO FIND ME. HOME SOON." That was all.

Well, there was nothing to be done. Nothing but accept the fact that I had played my cards and I had won. There was no use throwing away my winnings. I told Dana, the last day, "I'm sorry. About Gertrude, I mean."

"He said gruffly, 'You've been a good kid, to stand by as you have done.' I said, 'Can't I keep on standing by? I'd like to come with you, if it's not too late.'"

Back the Attack with War Bonds
THIRD WAR LOAN DRIVE

He said, "Sure. I told you I could fix it, and I will." He said it dully, without emotion. As if there were no more emotion in him. That was how it was, all the way through.

We were sent across almost immediately, for the big job was beginning. Dana has been needed here, all right. I love to think how many boys owe their chance at a future to what Dana has done here.

But that is getting ahead of the story. I never heard from Gertrude, and I wasn't surprised. I wrote her a note telling her I'd joined Dana's unit, and I could imagine her feelings. She had been trying to get me into the Army for months, until at last she'd given up the job of instilling in me her ideals of patriotism and service. But now—now I had joined only to be with the man she loved.

AT first, in the hurly-burly of the early weeks, Dana was teamed with Dr. Bill Worth on compound fractures, cleaning them and sprinkling them with sulfa drugs and encasing them in plaster according to the Orr-Tureta technique that was perfected in the Spanish war. Dana was good at it, of course. I believe he'd be good at anything. But soon he landed in his own specialty, performing the most involved and elaborate abdominal operations. And there he set some speed records that have not been equalled as far as I know. He worked with a tireless, almost mechanical precision.

It really seemed to me that he wanted nothing but work; it was a complete escape from his whole personal life. He never even slept, it seemed to me, except when we were riding in truck or
ambulance to the next advanced position. And then he slept so deeply that it was as if he were dead. Sometimes, looking at his gaunt face, I had the sense that he was dead. And I thought with sick horror that I had killed him. 

More and more I had that thought, until I could not escape it. It was true. I had killed something in him.

I TRIED to escape those thoughts. I told myself it was the atmosphere around us that made me morbid. I threw myself even more desperately into my own grinding endless work. But I grew to hate the enforced leisure of those trips. It was on one of them that I found Arturo.

I was sitting on the tail of the truck looking idly out over the fields of poppies and daisies on which ruined German and Italian tanks still smouldered, and I saw the figure lying prone in a crevice of a dried stream bed. I yelled to the driver and pointed. “Look, in that wadi!” I had seen the head lift in a tiny jerk of fright and appeal. Sure enough, it was a wounded Italian soldier who was and somehow was not captured as our army advanced. When the boys tried to take him now he shouted furious oaths at them, his face contorted, and then he suddenly burst into tears, crying out, “Mamma, mamma carissima!”

I was used to that sort of delirium. It was easily explained when the letter in his pocket was read. It was from his mother, telling him that his young wife and new baby had died. The word describing the reason for the death had been cut out by the censor. But we all knew it was starvation. I felt sure it was that shock, more than Arturo’s slight wound or even the days of thirst and exposure, that had left him such a pitiful figure. Maybe it was because I felt responsible for Arturo because I had found him, that made him my pet. Or perhaps it was because he seemed so young and innocent with his great velvet brown eyes. Anyway, I was very proud when he began to have longer and longer lucid periods, until it looked pretty sure that he’d recover entirely. He’d open his great eyes and smile at me when I came by, and he seemed to hear the kidding whisper from Sam in the next cot who represented one of Dana’s most incredible miracles: “Buck up, my friend, show a little appreciation for the chance to sleep in a real bed. Count your blessings, chum!”

Arturo seemed to get the idea, even though he didn’t know the words. He did buck up. And after a while he even learned the words. He picked up American slang along with his strength, and began to follow me around begging for a chance to help. Well, it is good for a man to be useful. And we were short-handed. We never had enough people to keep up with the cleaning and bandage making and sterilizing. Arturo’s hands were quick and clever, and we gave him more and more important things to do. After a while the doctors let him carry instrument trays when they went on their rounds doing dressings on the bed patients. Maybe it wasn’t wise. But doctors and nurses working under the shadow of anti-aircraft gun emplacements, within sound of machine gun fire, can’t be held strictly accountable for the wisdom of everything they do between the whoosh of a shell coming down and the thoomp of its explosion. Any sensitive man, even our most perfectly trained technicians, might have cracked up under those conditions, and become a menace to his fellow workers. But it happened to be Arturo.

Dana was bending, utterly absorbed, over the body of Sam, starting to lay in place the dressings I had put ready to his hand before I went on to the next bed and started the long job of removing adhesive tape. I don’t know how I caught the sense of danger. I was standing with my back to them. But there was a moment of silence that was somehow too quiet. I could actually feel the tension the way you would if you were watching a great jungle cat about to spring. And I whirled around.

EVEN in the instant I jerked to face them, I was sure I was too late. For Arturo, with the soundless speed taught in modern warfare, had caught Dana’s neck in the vise made by the crook of his own left elbow. With his right hand he had already seized a scalpel, and that right hand was raised. How I got there I don’t know. I jumped, in just about the same way that a football player makes a tackle, and it seems I arrived in time to keep that scalpel from finding its mark.

It found another. But I spoiled the beautiful decisiveness of its aim. When it reached me it made only a flesh wound—deep, of course, because of that insane force behind it, but nothing that rest and top-notch treatment I’m getting back here at the base hospital where I’ve been sent won’t cure.

It’s been quite a novelty, lying here and being on the receiving end of the transfusions of blood plasma I’ve administered so many hundreds of times.
to others. But as I got better, it wasn't so good. Six months ago I'd have loved the attention I got. But not now.

NOT after that letter I received—received the very morning I was hurt, for I've had too much time to lie and think about it. I even want to cry. I had gotten to being so brusque as usual. "Ronny, look, I'll not hand you any nonsense. I think too much of you to be any less than frank with you. Look, my life's not worth much. All it's good for is to patch up these kids. But such as it is, if what's left over has any value for you, you're welcome to it. He grinned, the queerest, bright-eyed, sad little shadow of a grin, I ever saw. I laughed. "Is that a proposal?" "You know me," he said tersely. "You seem to be able to stand being around me. I don't know why, but sometimes you've even seemed to like it, so—" He shrugged. "I do," I told him, smiling up at him. "I do, but what about you? You haven't even said you love me.

His grin grew wider. "I guess you know why," he said. "But I think on the whole you're better off without those words. When I get ideas like that, it seems to turn out to be nothing but bad luck for all concerned."

"Oh, no," I told him softly. "You're wrong there, I think." I wanted to cry out, "You'll see! You'll say that word another day, and soon!" But I didn't. I said, "Dana, it's sweet of you. I thank you, for the honor. And I'll give you your answer—when I'm back again and I was being sent to the base hospital, you see, and that would give me time.

This story is my answer.

But it isn't finished. The reason for this answer, the reason I knew that Dana Craig is not for me, is not just six months of education at the front, seeing the constant supreme sacrifices made by others. Though that helped. That got me ready, perhaps, for what the letter told me.

It had followed me for five months, that letter, forwarded from Carlisle Baracks, Pennsylvania, shipped across on a ship that was sunk, sent again until at last it was only a lap behind us on our tortuous trail over sand and mud and mountainsides. You see, my sister did not fail to answer my note, as I thought. Almost at once, she had written this to me:

Dear Little Sister,

I was glad to get your news. At first it seemed hard to lose both you and Dana in one sudden departure. But since I had to lose him, I am glad that you went with him. No one knows better than you how Dana drives himself, how unsparing he is in giving himself to his work. No one could help as you can in protecting him from his own unsparing devotion to duty. I shall feel better about him, knowing that you are with him. I am going out to war as only a woman who loves him can. Since I can't be the one, I'm glad that you, who I've loved too, always can have that privilege and joy. Take care of him, Ronny.

What a letter to receive, instead of the contempt and anger I expected. At first I wept, constantly, ceaselessly, for hours, with a sort of sick, shameless longing. I love my sister was capable of feeling—love so deep that it does not even think of self. I remembered Cam's words: "You don't know the first thing about love," and, "Only a grown person is capable of love."

When I remembered Cam, I stopped crying and ashamed to cry. I had to think. I wished he was here to tell me what to do.

AND when I thought that thought, the answer came: "Why, fix it up, of course." The words were as clear as if he had said them to me in his half-angry, half-amused, wholly loving voice. Well, he might never speak to me again, but I could start right now growing up.

So I began writing this.

What things I have written about myself have led me to some conclusions that have been pretty bitter. Bitter enough to make me want to run away when I there was a visitor to see me: Lieutenant Cameron Jones.

Well, I couldn't run away, of course. I had to lie there and take it.

But Cam didn't scold me. He sat down and looked at me, his blue eyes narrowed intently, his wide mouth smiling a little, not angrily at all. I wanted suddenly to reach out my hand and touch him, to tell him that I was different, that I had changed. But I had no right, any more. I had forfeited his love.

"So you're quite the little heroine," he said. "Very romantic, wasn't it, saving the life of His Nibs from the wicked villain—" I knew I had it coming to me, this teasing and much more—and worse—but I couldn't take it. I shook my head. For a moment, I thought he might be asking, "Have you grown up, at last? Have you stopped being a spoiled baby interested only in yourself? Are you ready to be a woman?"

But he didn't say it. He just looked at me until I felt so curiously self-conscious that I had to say something, anything that came into my head. Maybe it was the answer, in a way. "I got a letter from Gertrude today," I told him. "Tell me. How is she, Cam?"

"She's O.K." he said rather shortly. "As you'll see yourself, maybe. They're letting women doctors come across now, too. I got here—it wouldn't be strange.

For a moment neither of us said anything more. Then I said slowly, "Will you send her something, for me?"

He said, "Of course."

And so, Gertrude, here it is: your answer. And when you have finished reading it, will you see that Dana gets to read it? And Cam, too, before we meet again. Perhaps we never shall meet, when he reads it. But I don't know. I think perhaps Cam knows more about than is in this. That, I think now, is good. I am glad to have him know. Because I think he can help me better to grow up. And I hope he will.
Everybody Likes Ham

Continued from page 50

For variation, omit onions and other vegetables and use instead 2 cups of fruit mixture—orange sections, fresh or canned peaches or apricots, crushed pineapple, etc.

Ham a La King
1 cup medium white sauce
1 cup diced cooked ham
2 hard cooked eggs
1/4 cup chopped pimiento
1/4 cup sliced ripe olives
1/2 tsp. paprika

Heat all ingredients in white sauce in double boiler. Serve with rice, string or lima beans or peas. There probably won't be any of this left over, but if there is add tomato paste to make a sauce for a baked macaroni casserole.

Ham Loaf
1 cup minced cooked ham
1 tbl. ham drippings
2 tbs. minced onion
1 tbl. minced celery leaves
1 cup bread crumbs
1/2 cup hot milk
Dash pepper

Sauté onion and celery in drippings. Soak crumbs in hot milk. Combine all ingredients and turn into buttered loaf or ring mold pan. Cook in 375 degree oven until loaf is firm (about 40 minutes). Cooked, mashed navy beans, lentils or cereal may be used in place of bread crumbs, in which case more milk may be required. This same mixture may be used as a stuffing for green peppers, squash or tomatoes.

Ham and Egg Luncheon Dish
1 tbl. ham drippings
2 tbs. minced onion
1 cup cooked, diced ham
1 cup cooked, chopped potato
2 eggs
2 tbs. milk
Dash pepper

Sauté onion in drippings, using low flame, add ham and potato and continue cooking until potato begins to brown. Beat eggs, milk and pepper together and pour over ham mixture. Continue cooking until eggs are set.

Lima Beans and Ham
1 lb. dried lima beans
2 onions, chopped
1 bayleaf
6 peppercorns
6 cloves
Bone from baked ham

Wash beans and soak overnight. The following morning, bring to simmering point in water in which they were soaked, skimming off foam as it rises. When foam no longer appears, add remaining ingredients and continue simmering until beans are done (2½ to 3 hours). When done, they should be whole, the liquid thick and creamy. For additional seasoning, add some of the ham jelly if desired, or stir in 1/2 cup minced ham just before serving. Navy beans and lentils may be prepared in this same way. Also you can use this same basic recipe, by increasing the cooking time and adding more water as required, to make bean, black bean, pea or lentil soup.

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THIRD WAR LOAN DRIVE
She looked like a college Freshman that April afternoon. A powder-blue sweater copied the color of her eyes and topped a jaunty tweed skirt. Her face glowed with the sparkle of youth, unmarred by make-up. A blue bow twinkled in her tawny hair that reflected the sunshine as she threaded her way through the Broadway crowds. Suddenly she turned into the “Tin Pan Alley” Building where musicians of all sorts—publishers, writers and leaders—maintained their offices.

Mary Small, a “career” girl since the age of eleven when she gained nationwide fame singing over the radio, was a college Freshman back in 1940. And, although only seventeen, she was making a personal appearance at the Strand Theater.

While other young girls were spending the Spring afternoon strolling through Central Park with their boyfriends, Mary was business-bound. As she watched couples in their teens pass by, the young songstress from Balti-

**Vic is in the Navy while Mary Small is busy singing.**

“I never know when Vic may be listening,” she says, “so I’m always singing to him.”

By **JUNE AULICK**

She came to the office of Vic Mizzy. This brilliant young arranger had been recommended by her manager, Ed Wolf.

“I’m Mary Small,” she introduced herself.

A dark-haired chap, with the air of an adventure-loving Gypsy, looking up from the piano. He was twenty-three. To Mary he appeared a confident man-of-the-world. He had already established himself as a song writer with his composition, “There’s a Far Away Look In Your Eyes,”—triumphing over composers many years his senior.

“Why, you are only a kid after all!” Mizzy exclaimed. “I heard you on the Rudy Vallee Hour. They said you were only twelve years old then, but I thought it was a press agent’s gag.”

Mary laughed. She explained that she needed a new song arrangement in a hurry. She thought a swing arrangement of an operatic number would go well. Mizzy preferred to try something novel. He (Continued on page 71)
Quit Worrying
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She Sings Him a Love Song

Continued from page 68

reversed the current craze and contrived a class of her own of "Flat Foot Flogie," interspersed with excerpts from Pagliacci, Aida, Carmen.

That night Mary brought down the house when she entered with a unique twist to the swing hit. She decided that another arrangement by Vic Mizzy would be good for business.

When he met her he led her to his office for the third time. Mary realized she had no professional excuse for going there at all, since her engagement at the Strand was over.

But her heart led her on.

There were a half dozen other girls in the office when she entered. Fashionably dressed, with veiled hats and high heeled shoes. They were exchanging confidences about where they had been the night before, and the good time they had. Mary was quiet.

Suddenly Vic looked down at her. His dark eyes smiled kindly. "What's the matter, kid? Don't you ever have any fun? Don't you ever relax?"

"Kid," the vat, Mary Small knew that Vic Mizzy looked upon her as a younger sister. Her heart leaped when he suddenly suggested:

"How would you like to go to Coney Island with the crowd tomorrow?"

Mary was elated. She had never been to Coney Island.

For the occasion she chose a frilly blue crepe dress with a veil, and high heeled shoes. She was determined to be as grown-up looking as those other girls in Vic's office. The only trouble was, they were all dressed in sports clothes.

But her fancy costume didn't stop Mary from having a good time.

The vastness was even more exciting than Mary had dreamed. The roller coaster that whirled them high in the air, then plunged them breathlessly down again--the Ferris wheel that dangled them gently over the sands--the frantic bumpings of tough little cars as they rode the Whip--all were now new to her.

They strolled along the boardwalk in the moonlight, and the "Kid's" feet ached from her spiked heels. But she didn't mind. She was near Vic.

And more than any other, but always she was the extra girl on their excursions.

But one night Vic asked Mary to go out with him alone. At last, she thought, he realized he's just not a kid.

She suggested that they make another trip to Coney Island. Vic, as usual, was agreeable. And, as usual, nothing more than a jolly companion. They sailed right in and out of the Tunnel of Love without his even holding her hand.

May cattle was out in May and invited Vic to her party. He came --with another girl on his arm.

One day Aunt Ida heard a blissful account of how Vic Mizzy had taken her niece, Mary Small.

"Aren't you afraid that this prolixity might lead to something serious?" asked her aunt with a mysterious twinkle in her eyes.

Mary didn't know what the word meant. When she found out that it was commonly understood as nearness that was likely to produce deep affection, she decided to promptly

pract it to work.

She bought a set of golf clubs and explored Long Island courses with Vic. They climbed the Statue of Liberty, rode Fifth Avenue buses together and went to baseball games.

They spent summer evenings playing records of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" and "None But the Lonely Heart." When Mrs. Small, with Mary's brother George and sister Gloria came home from the movies they would all have crackers and milk--and Vic would depart in a very brotherly fashion.

Mary wondered what she could do to impress Vic that she wasn't a "kid" anymore. Without telling her mother, she bought a revealing and sophisticated Zonitors suit.

When the "kid" appeared on the beach in her scanty attire, Vic took one look, then scowled, "Go back and get your plain old flannel suit, just as though she was his younger sister.

I late in September Mary and Vic went to Atlantic City. They spent the day sitting in beach chairs, watching the surf in and out, talking about their dreams of the future.

But Mary realized, that the musical comedy, she would be the leading lady. They made up poems for each other to the tune of "Two Sleepy People."

And they both avered the line: "Too much in love to say good night."

It seemed as though they had just settled down when the attendant appeared and said it was time to put the chairs away for the night. Eight hours had slipped away--with two wide awake young people too much in love to notice. They got up and caught the next train back to New York.

Vic knew then that if he could stand any girl's company for eight hours without getting bored, he must be in love.

With her enthusiasm to spur him on, he would settle down and create finer songs than he ever had before. Vic realized that of all he ever met, Mary Small was the only one he loved. But she was a radio star, who had been successful for years. He was just a rising arranger.

Soon, royalties from his song, "Three Little Sisters," skyrocketed his bank account. He felt at last he had the right to propose. In December, Vic Mizzy admitted that Mary Small was more than a kid sister to him.

They were married in June, 1942, in the Actor's Temple, on 47th Street with Vic's partner, Irving Taylor, serving as best man. There was a brief wedding feast, because Mary had to hurry back to her program over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Vic is in the Navy now. Mary is busy with her radio work and her first Broadway musical comedy, Richard Rodgers' "Producers To Bed," in which she is the singing star. Every day her voice grows in richness and beauty. "You see," she explains, "I never knew when Vic might be listening. And I want him to know someone is singing for him who loves him."

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You Are My Heart
Continued from page 37

was at home. And, when Johnny came in on tiptoe, I relaxed in contentment. But Johnny didn’t get undressed for bed. He stood by the window, staring out into the darkness and I could feel that he was troubled about something. "Johnny?" I whispered.

He turned from the window. "Anne," he said softly. "I’ve got to talk to you." I reached for the light by the bed. "No," he said quickly. "No—let it be dark. It will be easier."

"Easier?"

He sat down beside me on the bed, his back to the window, so that not even that small, murky light could reach his face.

"My dear—" he said, and a little of me died inside. My dear—full of pity, solace—like some kind stranger preparing a child for a shock. He took my hand gently and that, too, had the same quality.

"Anne—" he said. "I’ve got to go away from here. I’ve got to get free of all this—before I go crazy." He stopped, as though he expected me to say something. What could I say? Then, he went on quickly. "Anne—you mustn’t think it’s your fault. You’ve done everything—you’ve been—wonderful and good to me always—too good."

"But not good enough," I said softly. I hadn’t meant to say that—or anything. It seemed pointless to speak.

"No, don’t say that," he spoke sharply. "It isn’t you. It’s me. Anne—my life, I’ve had it—this craziness you’ve known. I’ve got to be free!" It was a desperate cry. It lay heavy, like an echo, on the darkness.

I THOUGHT of the world and the holocaust raging in it. "Where can you go, Johnny?" I asked. "Where can you be free?" I had tried to keep my voice emotionless, dull, but I couldn’t quite manage it.

Johnny slid down to the floor and hid his face in my pillow, close to my head. "Don’t, Anne—don’t sound like that," he whispered tensely. "I’m not worth it. If there were only something I could say—something—you wouldn’t be hurt. Anne—I don’t want to hurt you—"

Not hurt me? I thought. And against my will the slow tears brimmed over and I was grateful for the dark. Of all things I couldn’t stand his pity.

"Say something," Johnny said desperately.

"What—what can I say?" I asked and my voice was dull and meaningless. "You want to go away—what is there to say?"

Suddenly, then, Johnny stood up. Startlingly, he smashed at the wall with his fist, as though he were bent on hurting himself. "I can’t do it!" he said through his teeth. "I can’t lie to you!" He turned the light on quickly, so I was blinded for a moment with the shock of it. I turned my face away. "She didn’t think I ought to tell you—but—"

She? I turned and stared at him. Johnny gritted his teeth, "I can’t help it. She’s part of it. She’s like me—she understands how I feel about being tied down—because—she’s the same way. Only she had nerve enough to go out after what she wanted. She’s been all

WAR BONDS
Speak Louder Than Words
over the world. She's done all the things she wanted to do. Now—that I've met her—I know it's crazy—maybe it's wrong, but I've got to go with her.

Just being with her gives me courage. I wish I could explain— you, you tried—but you tried to make me accept things. She's different. She can make me fight against accepting—fight for what I want. I need her.—"

To have him need me like that, I thought—I would give my life for it. But there didn't seem to be anything to say. When you have been killed, you don't talk any more.

Of course, I knew he meant Clarissa Mallory. No one else in Stanboro was like that.

Lying there with the light full on my face, I had one of those sudden flashes of intuition. I saw Clarissa Mallory very clearly—not as she looked—but as she was. Brilliant—perhaps. Talented, surely. But courageous? No. I knew she wasn't that. Erratic and unstable. The perpetual child, playing her wild games with the world for her playground. And I saw Johnny with her, fascinated by her, because this was what she wanted, at the moment, and because she had discovered the one way to get him.

But I couldn't say this to Johnny. I couldn't try to hold him back, now. I knew, deep inside, that the only thing to do was let him go and wait—wait for him to come back, if he would.

"Is that all, Johnny?" I asked, turning out the light as quickly as he had put it on.

"I'm sorry—Anne—" he said. He went out of the room.

I WANTED to laugh because it hurt so much. He was sorry! He was going away, taking with him everything that gave my life meaning—and he was sorry! Always, I had thought only of him, his happiness, his well being, and now, he was going off with another woman—and he was sorry for me. I was too hurt, too dead, even to cry. I stared helplessly into the darkness.

What had I done that was wrong? What had been lacking in my love, my care, that Johnny should have been driven to another woman's arms? And I couldn't find any answers within myself.

Now that he had spoken, I thought Johnny would go, at once. I would have preferred that way. So would he, I think, but it wasn't possible. Johnny's job was an essential war job. He couldn't just leave it. He would have been drafted immediately—and that wasn't what Clarissa wanted. I couldn't understand how Johnny could go on living in this house with me, though. I know he was trying to do the kindest thing for me, but I hated it just the same. He was trying to spare me from any and every pity, as long as possible. Perhaps, a little, he was trying to spare himself, too.

In a close, friendly neighborhood like ours, everyone knew everyone else's affairs. Maybe Johnny was a little afraid the neighbors might try to do what I hadn't done—keep him back. Maybe he was even afraid that if they should find out and speak to him, he might not be able to face them out.

For over a week we lived in a horrible play-acting world. Johnny was his usual self before others. He met me every day after work and we walked home together, we chatted with the

$4.00 Buys a Steel Helmet
BUY WAR BONDS
Betty McLauchlen  
COVER GIRL tells

"How I really do Stop  
Underarm Perspiration and Odor  
(and save up to 50%)"

"Glamour is my 'stock-in-trade,"  
says successful BETTY MCLAUCHLEN

"Before I became a Cover Girl on the  
fashion magazines," beautiful Betty  
says, "I had to learn to beat the heat  
of merciless photographer's lights. I  
had to find a deodorant that really did  
keep underarm perspiration under control! I found the charm-protection  
my job demands in Odorono Cream.  
My underarm is fastidiously dry and  
the luxury clothes I model in are  
etirely safe."

Why I Recommend It  
"I want to recommend Odorono  
Cream to every girl who values her  
charm, because it contains a really  
effective perspiration stopper. The  
creamy underarm sweat glands are simply  
closed and kept closed—up to 3 days!  
And when your underarm is dry . . .  
it is odorless."

Safe for Skin and Fabric  
"Odorono Cream is skin-safe, too.  
It will not irritate—actually contains  
emollients that are soothing to the skin.  
I even use it right after shaving.  
And I've also proved that it won't  
rot dresses. I just follow directions  
and use it as often as I like. Every day  
if I'm rushed and busy."

Another Big Advantage—Economy  
"And you'll be delighted with your big  
saving on Odorono Cream. Actually,  
it gives you up to 21 more applications  
for 39¢—50% more for your money—  
than other leading deodorant creams!  
Do try my perfect Cover-Girl way to  
underarm daintiness—Odorono Cream!  
You'll love it!"

"It has everything—Frangrant and light  
as whipped-cream, non-gritty, non-  
creasy . . . no waiting to dry! Odorono Cream  
is the loveliest way to guard your precious,  
feminine charm."

Suddently, while I gazed out blindly,  
the mill yard siren shrieked and the clattering typewriters in the office  
were stilled to a terrified silence. The  
accident signal! None of us could move for  
minutes, while the shrill, piercing sound tore through our brains and hearts.  
It meant disaster!

Then we moved, rushing, running,  
running to the windows that looked down on the yards. The scene below  
looked like something out of a nightmare.

One of the huge cauldron trucks filled  
with white hot molten steel was run- 
ning amuck in the yards. It had broken  
loose from the cables that usually  
guided it from the furnace to the bath.  
Men in the yards were scurrying for  
their lives before it. And it lurched  
madly, spraying its murderous contents  
all around.

Someone in the office screamed. "The  
trailers! It's going to hit the trailers!"

As we stood rooted to the spot, the  
truck tore insanely through the useless  
wire fencing of the yard and crashed  
horribly against the first line of trailers. Immediately, there was a burst of flame and the wooden trailers  
began to catch fire, swiftly, one after  
the other, while the molten steel  
scooped over the ground, making it  
impossible for the people trapped in- 
side the trailers to escape.

It was madness the rest of that morn- 
ing. Everyone—men and women and even children—worked fiendishly, help- 
ing the fire brigade, giving First Aid,  
saving what could be saved. The fire  
raged relentlessly. Many of the trail- 
ers had kerosene stoves in them and they  
exploded, periodically, endangering—  

$19.36 Buys a Trench Mortar Shell  
BUY WAR BONDS
ing the lives of the rescuers.
I have only a vague recollection of how I got down the stairs and into the very heart of the pandemonium. There was so much to do. It went on for hours and hours and my arms ached and my legs felt as though they wouldn't carry me another step. But I couldn't stop. Somehow, I managed to drag myself back and forth, from the trailers to the ambulances, managed to tear flaming parts of trailers away, so that we could pull children out of the traps their so-called homes had become. I was burned—my hair, my arms and hands. Still I couldn't stop. Somewhere I caught a fleeting glimpse of Johnny, but I was too busy to do more than register the fact that he had stayed and helped, when he should have been on his way.

Carrying a little boy to one of the cars that had been commandeered to take the victims to a hospital, I passed Clarissa. She was off to one side, neat, untouched, taking pictures. There was a wild look of excitement in her eyes. That was all I saw of her.

I don't know how much longer I worked, struggling desperately against the smoke and heat and destruction. I know only that somewhere in that inferno and clamor and terror, I collapsed and, when I woke up, I was in the hospital. I woke up painfully, swathed in bandages.
And Johnny was there, beside my bed.
"It's all right, now, darling," he said softly.

SOMEHOW, I knew Johnny wanted to take me in his arms, to hold me close, and that only my injuries prevented him. His eyes were miserable. He needed comforting—but more, he needed to comfort me.

"Was it bad?" I asked.
Johnny's eyes clouded over. "Awful—" he said. "They don't know all the damage yet—even in this day and a half—"
So, I'd been unconscious for a day and a half, I thought, "They haven't been able to check up on everything. Over a hundred dead—lots of them kids—maybe there'll be more."

"You—are you hurt?" I whispered.
Johnny shook his head. "No—I was lucky." He came close to me. "I—I guess—I'm a pretty lucky guy—in lots of ways."

Suddenly, he knelt down beside my bed and his face was close to mine. "Anne—forgive me. I almost did a terrible thing. I love you—you've always known that, I guess. But I know it now."

I tried to move my hand to cover his, but it hurt too much. "Darling—I know—I understand." I said softly. "Don't talk any more—you don't have to. You're here."

"But I want to—" Johnny said. "I have to. It's still a little mixed up—everything—the accident, Clarissa—you and me."

"Clarissa," I said, glad that I could say the name without wincing. "Is she gone?"

Johnny smiled. He nodded. "Right in the middle of it." He looked a little angry suddenly. "She tried to stop me from going. Too. That's what started me off—thinking, I mean. And I'm glad it did. You know what, Anne? She hung around until she had a full camera load of pictures. Then she wanted to leave—right away—so she could scoop the market with her pictures. She didn't care about

Need a refreshing beauty "lift" after a busy day?

How can you brighten and soften your skin—right away?

What smooths rough skin—makes powder go on evenly?

"Smooth on a 1-Minute Mask!"

—advises JOAN BELMONT


See how quickly it "re-styles" your complexion!

No use trying to powder over a scuffed, dull-looking complexion. Make-up catches on scaly little roughnesses. Tiny specks of imbedded grime show through. So—

Smooth and brighten your complexion first! Spread a cooling, white 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—except eyes. Leave the Mask on for one full minute. Then tissue off. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens and dissolves dead skin and imbedded dirt particles!

Your face looks divinely different!
—Lighter...brighter...even cleaner!
—Feels soft and cool and fresh!
—Has the smooth mat finish that make-up loves to cling to!

'A light, non-greasy powder base, too!'

"I give myself a 1-Minute Mask three or four times a week," says Joan Belmont. "But I use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base, too—before every make-up. Smoothed on in a light film, the cream is a superb make-up foundation."

Now it's a glass shortage! Buy one big jar of Pond's Cream instead of 6 small ones. It saves glass now needed for food jars.

$375 Buys Two Depth Bombs
BUY WAR BONDS
the people who were in trouble. All she cared about was that her career would be helped by such a piece of luck. Luck! That's what she called it. And she was mad at me, when I wouldn't go.

"Maybe she couldn't help that," I said.

"No—maybe not," Johnny said. "But you know what I thought? I got a good look at myself. I was going with her, so she could show me how to be free. I could just see myself—year in year out, following her around, tied up hand and foot to that career of hers. That's what it would have been. Anne that's what it would have been.

"Is that why you didn't go?" I asked. I held my breath—because it mustn't be that.

"No—I—it's hard to say it in words," Johnny said. "I don't know really what it was. Maybe I got a good look at her. Maybe it just came clear in my head that she wasn't really free—I like she thought—I thought. Sure—she went all over the place—and she thought she was going around looking for something. But, all of a sudden, I got to wondering. Was she looking for something? Was I? This is all crazy—but maybe you'll see what I mean. I got the idea that all this scrambling around—it wasn't searching for something—it was running away from things—like we were running away from something inside us that wouldn't let us alone and that we didn't dare to look in the face."

It was all right. I closed my eyes and I was happy.

"You knew all the time, Anne," he whispered tenderly. "You knew—but you were a very smart person. You knew I'd have to find out for myself. You knew that living without a purpose—a—well, some kind of goal, without some kind of ties that make it mean something—no matter how far your feet took you—you knew this was the worst kind of imprisonment. A useless, empty one. Now, I know, too, darling. Freedom is here—inside, in my heart—where you are."

Soldier's Wife

Continued from page 43

to go dancing. "I told him I'd have to let him know. I wanted to talk to you first... after all, you were going out with him and I didn't want to trespass on your property."

"He's not my property," I said quickly. "But you know the kind of man he is."

She gave me a sharp glance. "If you'd rather I didn't go—"

"It isn't that way at all, Avis."

But there was a constraint between us that hadn't been there before. I knew she thought I was jealous, and there was nothing I could do about it. I was seeing Carl Haggard nearly every night, either at my place or the Ruels'. He fitted right into the family. He helped with the dishes, he teased Mom, he took Cissie and Teddy and me to movies. As I wrote Jim, "They're all crazy about him. And he's a wonderful influence on Cissie and Teddy—"

"He's just about talked him out of getting married still. This war's on, you see. He's done just what you would have done. We'll miss him when he goes."

I didn't realize just how much I would miss him till his last night. He'd brought me home from the farewell supper at the Ruels'. He was due back at camp at midnight, and there was no

I HATE GRAY HAIR!

Of course you do! You know tell-tale gray hair kills romance, that it can cause a hundred little heartbreaks, and yet for years you have hesitated to do anything about it! Has fear held you back—fear of dangerous eyes, fear that it is too difficult, that people will know your hair has been dyed? These fears are so needless! Today you can buy at your drug or department store a hair coloring preparation called Mary T. Goldman's. Pronounced positively harmless by competent medical authorities (no skin test needed), and sold on a money-back guarantee. Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation will color your gray, bleached or faded hair to the desired shade so beautifully and so gradually your closest friends won't guess. It's inexpensive and easy to use—if you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions have used it with beautiful results for the last fifty years. Prove its merit and safety. So help yourself to happiness—today! Get a bottle of your share of Mary T. Goldman's—it's in the original. Beware of substitutes—others have tried to imitate our product for years. For free sample, clip and mail coupon.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 7665 Goldman Bldg.
St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked:

- Black
- Dark Brown
- Light Brown
- Medium Brown
- Blonde
- Auburn

Name

Address

City. State

 Quân đội của vợ

Tiếp tục từ trang 43

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telling when he would return to town.

We were alone in the apartment—
Avis was out with Alec. I looked at
him standing there, straight and tall
in his uniform, and I thought how
much we'd all come to depend on him
and what a fine person he was and of
the uncertainties of war...

"It won't be the same without you," I
said. "Why, you've been like a son
to Mom and a brother to Cassie and—"

"And what to you, Connie?"

His eyes were steady and compelling,
and suddenly I couldn't look at
them any more. "—and a wonderful
friend to me," I finished. "The best I
ever had."

He didn't answer right away, but
his gaze never left my face. Then he
said, "Yes, we've been—wonderful
friends... Will you kiss me good-
bye, Connie?"

I put my face up to his, and felt his
kiss, tender and sweet, on my lips. For
an instant I clung to it, wanting it,
needing it, remembering Jim coming
home from the office, kissing me like
this... Then I stepped back. Good-
bye, Carl.

"Connie—if I don't get transferred,
if I can get into town again, can I
come?"

"Yes," I answered softly. "Come."

With Carl gone and more time on my
hands, I began to notice the change
that had come over Avis. She had al-
ways been restless and vital, but now
there was a new quality in it—almost
a feverishness. She was out every
night, and I realized she never asked
me to go along any more and never
suggested bringing any of her friends
to the apartment.

And then one day from something
Alec said in the office, I knew. It
was he whom she was seeing—night
now, for a long time.

It disturbed me. Not only that it was
Alec Holden. But for a girl in Avis' 
posi

tion to be going out with only one
man, secretly, didn't look right. I
determined to talk with her about it.

I waited until one of the rare nights
she was home. We'd finished dinner
and were getting ready for bed.

"Avis, honey—are you seeing a
good deal of Alec these days?"

She stiffened, and withdrew
behind that hard shell she faced me with these
days. "What if I am? Whose business
is it but mine?"

"It's your husband's, isn't it?" I
said gently. "What would Jack feel if
he knew you were getting involved
with a man like Alec Holden—or any-
body, for that matter? It's all right to
have dates, but this—is this different.
You've changed, Avis."

"All right, I've changed!" She faced
me then, angrily. "Why shouldn't I?
I love Jack, but he's gone. He may
never come back. He may be killed.
Why should I stop living my life, be-
cause he's out of it? If he does come
back, that's fine, that's wonderful. But
if he doesn't—"

"But that's horrible!" I was deep-
ly shocked. "That's like betraying him!"

"Oh, leave me alone... you and your
preaching! Leave me alone!" And
she ran out, into the bedroom, and
slammed the door behind her.

After that, we were farther apart
than ever.

It was right about then that Jim's
letters stopped coming. Without warn-


Happiness
is a gay ribbon...

It's a wispy hanky with precious scent—a wild, bright
scarf at your throat.

For it's little extra things like these that make you
feel wonderfully feminine, serenely confident—keep
you brave in a war-busy, war-troubled world.

And so a wise woman keeps an eye out always for little
tricks that help her—the spirited colors, the new
powder base, the softer, more luxurious sanitary napkin.

Modess costs no more than other napkins—yet gives
you so many extras.

Greater softness. Heavenly comfort. It's made with a
special softspun filler instead of close-packed layers.
3 out of 4 women voted Modess softer.

Wonderful, blessed safety. Modess has a triple full-
length shield at the back to guard the entire pad—
your assurance of greater protection.

Super-smooth fit. Modess molds to body contours
because it's softer. And instead of hard tab ends,
Modess has soft gauze. Avoids telltale outlines.

Is it any wonder so many careful women insist on
Modess? Try it yourself, and see what a difference!

MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So
highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs.
Makes bulky, oversized pads unnecessary. MODESS JUNIOR
is for those who require a slightly narrower pad. *** In
boxes of 12, or Bargain Box of 56 pads.

WAR BONDS
SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS

77
ING, without clue. I’d grown used to their irregularity; I’d gone as long as ten days without one. But now two weeks lengthened into three, and still no word. I began having horrible dreams where I saw him mangled, dead. I found I could not sleep at the sound of the doorbell, bracing myself for the telegram it might mean.

I poured out my anxiety in letters to Carl, I could no longer write to him. It was like sitting in an empty room. I could no longer bring him to me.

On Saturday night I came home early from the USO, dispirited, worn out, and went straight to bed. I fell into the light, troubled sleep that was my only rest now—and then suddenly I was wide awake. Had there been a noise or was it my overwrought imagination?

Sitting my flashlight, I hastily wrapped my robe around me and crept to the bedroom door. My knees shook.

“Who’s there?” I called loudly, at the same time snapping on the flashlight.

Its beam fell straight on two figures standing in the middle of the room. Avis and Alec Hold in each other’s arms. They started apart but not before I had seen the strained, passionate eagerness on Avis’ face as she received his kiss.

“Oh,” I mumbled. “Oh... I’m sorry.” I closed the door and crept back to bed again.

IN a moment, Avis came in. She looked dishevelled, and two spots of color burned in her cheeks. “Well,” she said, “now you know.”

I tried to answer calmly. “What, Avis? What do I know?”

“That I’m in love with Alec.”

“No! You’re not! You’re not with a man like that. He’s only playing with you, he doesn’t mean it—”

“You think it isn’t real? Then listen to this—I’m going to write Jack I want a divorce.”

I leaped out of bed, rushed over to her. “Please,” I begged, “think what you’re doing. You’re upset, you’re excited. You can’t break up your marriage for a man like that... Avis, what are you doing?”

She had dropped off my restraining hands, and had jerked a suitcase from under the bed. She began throwing clothes into it. The high color had faded now, leaving her face chalky white. “I’m going to a hotel, away from your jealousy. And while you’re giving me this lecture on life and love, what about you and Carl Haggard? What would Jim think about that? At least, I’m being honest about the way I feel. While you go around with an angel face talking about Carl being your ‘good friend,’ ‘friend’!”

She slammed the door shut, picked it up, and hurried out. I stood speechless, staring after her.

I felt utterly shaken. I couldn’t digest her words echoed and re-echoed in my ears. I’m in love with Alec... you and Carl Haggard... It wasn’t true, any of it. It couldn’t be.

Mechanically, I went back to bed. Every nerve in my body seemed numbed from weariness.

Early the next morning, the telephone rang. It was Carl, calling from camp. “I’ve got a one-day pass,” he said. “Can I see you?”

“Oh, yes!” I cried. “I’ve got to see you. I’ve got to talk to you.”

His voice tightened. “Is anything wrong?”

“Everything! Please come.”

And yet, when he came, when I saw him there strong and steady, I didn’t know how to begin.

“I shouldn’t have begged you to come,” I said remorsefully. “It isn’t fair to burden you with all my problems, especially when most of them don’t seem to have any answer.”

“Don’t talk of fairness,” he said quickly. “Anything that concerns you concerns me. You know that, Connie.”

“I know. You’ve been wonderful... I reached out and touched the rough sleeve of his blouse. “You don’t know what it’s meant to have you there always... all the time... for as long as you want me.” His voice seemed to break, and then, almost roughly, he pulled me to him. “I love you, Connie. I love you.”

This was no sweet and tender kiss. This was fierce and demanding. I tried to pull away from it, to fight my own response. But the answering urgency was too great, too strong. I gave myself up to it.

And suddenly came one sharp, cleaving thought—like lightning from the sky. I could no longer remember what Jim looked like. I could no longer see his face. He was gone from me as if I’d never known him.

Has Carl really taken Jim’s place in Connie’s heart, or is this just her terrible loneliness speaking in the voice of love? Read next month’s surprising instalment of Soldier’s Wife in November Radio Mirror, on sale October 8.
THIS little seventeen-year-old miss with the brilliant blonde tresses is Renee Terry.

Among her many roles, is playing the part of the drum major for Natalie Purvin Prager's Game Parade, the children's quiz show heard on the Blue Network every Saturday morning, and what with announcing in rhyme, singing in sweet key and general cute cut-ups, she puts in one of the busiest half-hours on record for a program of this type.

Born in Brookline, Mass., she is the elder of two daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Terry, proud daddy being an aircraft worker for the Eastern Airlines. A movie scout earned his pay by discovering her when she was six years old, and signed her to do a series of twelve shorts.

Radio called her when she was ten. Her first national hookup was with Madge Tucker's Coast to Coast on a Bus. Versatility reared its pretty head at once, and she took over a dramatic spot on the Little Blue Playhouse, Broadway then put in its bid, and "Bright Honor" claimed her during its run.

Renee also played a good part in the musical extravaganza, "Hi Ya Gentlemen," with Maxie Baer, Sid Silvers and Ella Logan.

Then came ten weeks of summer stock with Danny Kaye.

She has sung with Paul Lavalle's and Irving Miller's orchestras, and in dramatic parts with Henry Aldrich as one of his countless girl friends—Loretta. She's also played parts in My True Story, Manhattan at Midnight, to mention a few.

She is one of the busiest of the never-mentioned heroines of those spot commercials used on the programs of Walter Winchell, Parker Family, Adler Shoes, Lipton Soup and the Pepper Young Family.

During her spare time, she studies dramatics with Benno Schneider, and voice with Jimmy Rich, discoverer of Dinah Shore. She has no steady boy friend, or friends, other than those she meets at the Stage Door Canteen several nights a week. Right now she is completing a course as a nurse's aid, and whatever few minutes she can find open, she spends in writing to fans in the armed services—which is a full time job, if you know Renee.

Horses are her hobby, and not hobby horses.

Renee has a little sister, Joy Terry, who is twelve, and a budding young star of radio in her own right.
"Don't these guys ever eat anything but Baby Ruth?"

Well, Soldier, anywhere and anytime you do "fatigue" duty, you'll think the same.

Because wherever our fighters go, Baby Ruth goes too. And so do many other fine foods produced and packaged by Curtiss Candy Company.

Our big food plants are working day and night to keep pace with the demands of the Armed Forces and the home front as well.

Active, hard-working people realize that Baby Ruth and Butterfinger are great candy bars, rich in Dextrose sugar, providing real food energy to help folks fight fatigue, to carry on their work and play.

While we are not always able to keep all dealers supplied with Baby Ruth and Butterfinger we promise you our best efforts to produce both the quantity you demand and the quality you expect of these great American Candy Bars.

*BUY U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS*

When you don't find BABY RUTH on the candy counter, remember... Uncle Sam's needs come first with us as with you.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
"I'll have Jim bring it down," she promised.

But instead of waiting for Jim, who had all he could do without lugg ing around tables for me, I went up to the little myrtle bush by the front door where the floor beside it, a pile of books. I picked several of them. They were all textbooks on aeronautics and air-planes, dusty and several years old. On the top of them was Elsie's name. There was a loose-leaf notebook, too, filled with diagrams and formulas in the same round, bold handwriting.

I ASKED him about them that evening, and he laughed, a little rue fully, "Oh, those," he said. "I used to think I was going to be an expert on airplanes."

"You must have been pretty good at it," I said. "I looked at the notebook.

"Elementary stuff. I never got past that.

"Why not?" It was none of my business, I knew, but I was curious—and more than curious. I liked him well enough for Elsie. I had probably things happened to him in the past. And besides, the moment was the right one for confidences. Elsie and her mother had gone out, and June was in bed. Jim and I were sitting on the front steps of the house—and all around us were the sounds of a summer evening: the chirping of crickets, the playing under the dimmed-out street light, a radio playing loudly near some open window, a distant, strident-voiced argument. Yet in the midst of all this life, the darkness closed us in so we were alone, and I asked softly, "Why not?"

"The depression—and Pop dying about that time. It was up to me to do something about keeping the rest of us eating regularly. I couldn't get a job, so I invested Pop's insurance money in the cab and went to work. I tried studying in my off time, but somehow—" I heard him chuckle—"I didn't have much off time."

"No," I said, "I can see that. It's too bad, too, by now, you'd have had a good job."

"Yes, probably," he said calmly. I ventured a little farther, "Couldn't you get a job, even now, in some factory? It would be better than the cab, and I'm sure they must need men like you."

"I've tried," he said, "but the plants aren't anxious to hire a man without a wife and children—not for a skilled technical job, at least, unless he has a lot of training and ability. And I haven't. My knowledge is pretty out of date. I really don't think I ever had any real practical experience."

"Not anxious to hire you?" I asked, confused. "But why not?"

"Nobody knows how soon the Army will have to begin taking men even with dependents. You can't blame the war plants—they don't want to train a man and then lose him because he's been drafted. They'd rather hire one with experience in the first place."

"Oh," I said, "I see." I saw more, too. I saw a hint of antagonism in his eyes, a hint of what I used to call resilience, the strength, his youth—all the things that would have given his life meaning. All the things, too, that his country needed from him. I spoke, without thinking. "If only you could go into the Army!"

"Yes," he said simply. "I'd rather do that than anything in the world. But what would happen here, if I did? If it was just Mom and I, we could probably get along on the allotment—but there's Elsie and June, too."

"I said some of my irritation showing in my voice. "Couldn't Elsie get a job?"

He moved restlessly on the step below me. "Elsie's not very strong," he said lowly, and I could have shaken him for it. Or kissed him.

He asked me then, and I was sure he did it to change the subject, how I was getting along in my job, and we talked about it and other unimportant things until Mrs. Larkin and Elsie got home. But all the while a plan—not so much a plan as a determination—was forming at the back of my mind.

The two women, Elsie and her mother, made me furious. That was the word I used to myself—furious. To think of Jim of his life—so callously, so matter-of-factly, without even appreciating what he did for them—was criminal.

I was an outsider, very little more than a stranger to the Larkins, but it never occurred to me that their lives were their affair, not mine. I had a right, I told myself, to speak up and show them how wrong they were!

I did speak up, a few days later. I was helping Mrs. Larkin do the dishes—Elsie having begged off with a headache—and I listened to her complaint because Jim had come home late to supper until I felt I couldn't stand any more.

"It's a shame that you and Elsie don't appreciate all Jim does for you!" I burst out. "He does five, seven days a week, and then you think it's terrible because he delays a meal for a few minutes."

Mrs. Larkin raised drooping hands from the sink and stared at me coldly. "Food's too expensive these days to be spoiled by being kept past its time to be eaten," she said. "I try to make a little extra to help with your grandfather."

"But he's so tied down!" I protested. "He ought to be in the Army, where he could learn the things he wants to learn."

"A boy's first duty is to provide for his family. The Army knows that," she said. "They don't draft men like Jim, Miss Whinthrop."

She'd been calling me by my first name; the "Miss Whinthrop" was a clear warning that she was displeased. I'm not good at learning lessons, but this taught me one. If I intended to help Jim—and I did, my crusading spirit insisted, more than ever!—I couldn't do it by antagonizing his mother. And the same thing probably held true with Elsie. I had to make them like me, trust me, before I could hope to influence them; and that would take time.

After that, I set to work to repair the mistake I had made with Mrs. Larkin. I was doing everything I could to think of that would please her—asking her advice, praising her meals, bringing her an occasional little present. I didn't have to be a hypocrite, either, because I really did grow to like her, except for her one blind spot where Jim was concerned.

And then, I fell into Elsie's friendship—that one thing that could interest her. Clothes.

As soon as I was settled, I'd had my trunk sent on, and I always bathed and put on a dress when I came home from work. I didn't have anything very expensive, but everything I did have was gone—except a few of Elsie's just couldn't keep her eyes off my things. I invited her into my room one evening to inspect my wardrobe, and it was pitiful to see her way through it lingered, lovingly, on the materials.

"I used to have nice things like this when I was a girl," she said wistfully. "When Pop was alive, before I got married."

"It's a shame you can't afford them now," I said sincerely—because it was a month Elsie now, and that's why they bought pretty clothes give you. "But I'll tell you what—any time you're going out you're welcome to wear anything I have. You could even copy the way I do, I'm sure my dresses would fit you."

Her pale face lit up. "Oh, would you let me? I'd love it—even," and the smile that had marked her face a moment faded a little, even if I'd never go much of anywhere except the movies.

"You ought to get a job," I said casually. "Then you'd have lots of money to spend on clothes."

"Oh, I couldn't! There's nothing I know how to do."

I laughed. "That's what I thought, too—but I learned." I let it go at that, hoping the idea would take root.

A MONTH went by, then another, and another. I felt as if I were part of the Larkin household. Mrs. Larkin had talked to about Jim's father, about the years when they were a young married couple, about Jim's babyhood and boyhood. Elsie borrowed my clothes and asked my advice about a new way of arranging her hair. Little June called me "Cawol" and announced that she was going to be a welder when she grew up. And Jim said:

"I guess I must have known you were the right person for that extra room, the minute I saw you on the side walk outside the station. You're like one of the family, Carol."

My heart swelled with pride and gladness to hear him say it. I saw my self in the mirror. On the other hand.

It was Mrs. Larkin herself who told me that the time had come for me to talk to her again about Jim. She said time was running out.

"Do you remember, Carol, telling me Jim was tied down here—that he ought to be in the Army?"

I looked up from the little dress I was making for June, and met her troubled eyes.

"Well," she went on with difficult
I haven't had a chance to talk to you. It was all the time I was speaking to you—after June was put to bed. Luckily, I had a new dress to show her, so it was natural to invite her into my room and shut the door. After she'd admired the dress I said:

"Elsie, why don't you come down to the plant with me tomorrow and sign up for work? They'll take you on as a trainee, you know."

As before, she paled and said, "Oh, I couldn't!" But this time I would not let her go.

"You're too young to stay at home, never seeing anybody, never doing anything except go to the movies. You ought to have some fun!"

She tried to smile. "Is working in a factory—fun?"

"Yes," I said. "It's a way of life."

"You're only a girl," I said, "and she and June could get along on her salary, with Jim's Army allotment."

"Yes," she admitted, "but how can Elsie get a job? She doesn't know any kind of work—and besides, ever since her trouble she just hasn't seemed to care about anything.”

"I'd be glad to talk to her," I said. "Maybe I could make her see how much happier she'd be if she were out, doing something."

"Maybe," Mrs. Larkin sighed. "It'd be a good thing if you could. All I want," she added pathetically, "is for Jim and Elsie to be happy."

I could hardly wait for evening to come, for that was always the time to talk to Elsie—and June had been put to bed. Luckily, I had a new dress to show her, so it was natural to invite her into my room and shut the door. After she'd admired the dress I said:

"Elsie, why don't you come down to the plant with me tomorrow and sign up for work? They'll take you on as a trainee, you know."

Jim's shining eyes left his mother's face and met mine across the supper table. I met them proudly, happily. He knew it was I who had set him free, and I was glad.

That evening was different from any other I had spent in the Larkin house. Elsie was apprehensive and thrilled over going to work the next day, and even Mrs. Larkin had a little color in her gray cheeks. Jim carried us all along on the crest of his high spirits. He insisted on going out to buy ice cream and cake and, after we'd eaten all that, it was everything we could do to keep him from making another trip after beer.

At last Mrs. Larkin and Elsie went out to bed, but Jim wouldn't let me follow them. "I wish gas wasn't so precious," he declared. "I'd like to get into the cab and drive like the devil all night long!"

"Don't you get enough driving?" I teased.

"But pretty soon I won't be driving any more—thanks to you!" The radio had been going all evening, and now it was pouring dance music into the room. He swept me into his arms for a wild dance, bumping into furniture, careening from one end of the room to the other, until the music stopped and we were weak with laughter.

We were still laughing when he pressed his lips to mine. Laughing then, but not for long.

I felt as if it were some other girl I was watching answer Jim Larkin's embrace, some other girl whose kiss met his so ardently. For I hadn't loved him... had I? It had been friendship and the wish to help that had made me work to set him free from his prison... hadn't it?
No! The answer came to me, as thrilling as Jim's kiss. This was the way love grew, through friendship and respect—growing slowly, strongly, like some deep-rooted plant, until it burst, at the appointed time, into dazzling bloom.

He raised his head, at last, but he did not let me go. He stood looking down into my eyes, and his face was almost sad. "I've never known anyone like you," he said softly, "My dear." And then he said, "But I shouldn't have kissed you."

"Why?" I asked. "If you love me, and if I love you—And I do, Jim, I do!" "You really love me," he said wonderingly. "I didn't know it," I told him. "Not until just now—when you kissed me. Then I knew," I buried my face in the hollow of his shoulder. "Silly of me, wasn't it? Suppose you hadn't kissed me? Then I'd never have known..."

"If I hadn't kissed you... I might have told you I loved you," he said, tenderly smiling.

"Tell me, then, if I'm wrong," I begged.

His lips lost their smile. After a moment he said gravely, "Yes—I love you, Carol, very much."

I WENT to bed with those words chiming in my ears, making a delicious musical accompaniment and overtones to all the plans that were racing through my brain. We'd be married soon, to have as long a time together as possible before Jim went into the Army... I would go on living here, and working... when the war was over Jim would get a job in some aircraft company. That was far in the future, of course, but it didn't matter. There was never time in the Larkin house for conversation in the mornings, and even less time on the mornings that followed, with Elsie preparing to accompany me to the plant. So it didn't surprise me that Jim didn't tell the others our secret. I smiled at him—a smile that said, "Tonight we'll tell them," and he smiled back. It seemed to me that he hesitated a little—but of course, I told myself, I imagined it.

I went through the day in a whirl of ecstasy. It didn't seem possible that only twenty-four hours before—less than that, even! I hadn't yet been caught up in this merry-go-round of love. How dear my existence must have been then! Imagine not being in love with Jim!

The day at the plant was over at last, and Elsie and I came home together. I only half-listened to the breathless account of her first working day; I was too busy anticipating the moment when Jim and I would tell our news.

But at the supper-table nothing was said. At first I thought Jim was waiting until the meal was over, but dessert was finished and Mrs. Larkin began stacking the dishes and still Jim sat quietly, relaxed in his chair. Except for Elsie's animation, it was the same as any other evening—incidental as it seemed to me, bursting with my new happiness.

Suddenly, I was afraid. Not afraid of anything concrete and specific—just afraid, as the close atmosphere before a thunderstorm sometimes makes you afraid.

Jim stood up and went into the living room, and after a second I followed him. He was standing by the window, looking out while one thumb-pressed tobacco into his pipe. "Jim—" I said hesitantly. He didn't know how to go about breaking the news, that was all. We should have found time to talk a little before tonight. Now he held out his arms, and I'd walk into them, and everything would be all right.

He laid down his pipe, unlighted, but he didn't hold out his arms.

"Jim—darling—what's the matter?"

I cried. "Why haven't you told your mother and sister about—about us?"

He laughed, unexpectedly. "There wasn't much chance, was there, with Elsie talking a mile a minute?"

I felt weak with relief. "That's right—there wasn't. She's happy, Jim, and I'm so glad."

He took my hands, and looking up at him I saw with a sinking heart that his lips were still smiling but his eyes were somber. "My little Miss Fix-It," he said softly. "When you came here three months ago, none of us knew you were going to rearrange our lives so completely."

"But for the better!" I said. "I've helped you and Elsie to do what you really wanted to do... Haven't I?"

I finished, not quite so bravely.

"Yes," he said, nodding, "for the better. You were right—you knew what we wanted. I was just wondering—is it always so easy for you to guess what other people want? Every time?"

"Jim," I could feel myself flushing. "I don't know what you mean. What other people want..."

He didn't answer, and we stood there, very close to each other, until I couldn't bear the silence any longer. I put one hand to my mouth, to keep the words back, but I couldn't.

"You don't want to marry me," I breathed. "Is that what you mean?"

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“Carol—dear!” he said. “I'm sorry. And I know I should have told you last night. I just couldn't, somehow.”
“Then you don’t love me?”
“I do. I do, Carol! Only—maybe I'll never be able to make you understand, maybe you'll always hate me for it. Some day if I come back from the war, I want to marry you. But not now.
My own bitter hurt fought with the knowledge that he was suffering too. I couldn't doubt that—not with his face there before me, so pale under the tan, so sad—but my confusion was too great. ‘‘Not now, I said sorrowfully.
“No. Have you forgotten already,” he said, “that it was you who just set me free—and now you want to make me a prisoner again?’
“Make you a prisoner...”
“Your prisoner, Carol.”
I heard the words, but at first they seemed meaningless. How could he be my prisoner? Marriage didn't bind you. It was a partnership, not a prison. And then, dimly, I began to see that to this man of all men, marriage might not mean what it meant to others.
“Don't look at me like that!” he begged suddenly, loudly. “God knows I don't want to go to war. If you want to, we can be married right away. Only—I'm asking you to give me a time of being entirely on my own. No strings—no responsibilities except to my job—to the Army. I need it—I'll be better for it, and I'll be a better soldier too. And in the long run you'll be happier, because when I come back after the war I'll be ready to help you build a real home, make a real marriage and not the makeshift we'd have if we married now.”
I couldn't answer, because I knew now that he was fighting for something that was important to him. I couldn't understand it—I never would, for it was something no one but a man was capable of understanding—but that made no difference. “Is it always so easy for you to guess what other people want?” No, it wasn’t, although I thought it was. I’d sailed through life, believing that the other people responded to the same thoughts and ideals as I, and in the same way.

ONCE I might have argued—told him that he was wrong before he went into the Army, would be better for us both. And I might have won, to the extent that he would have agreed to marry me now. Once more I would have had my own way.
Well, I didn’t want my own way, for I had learned that it was not, necessarily, the best.
“You’ve done so much for me,” Jim said when still I did not reply. “Can’t you do this one thing more—understand me, and let me go, so that I can help finish the job and come back and start a real life with you?”
Yes, Jim,” I said. “I can do that for you—and for myself too. As I was wrapping up my things before I went into the Army, though, I would be better for us both. And I might

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Do You Believe in Miracles?
Continued from page 33

"That isn't true at all. People come here to get well, didn't you know that?"

Perhaps it was because I talked to him like an adult, or perhaps he was just too weak to struggle any longer, but at any rate he lay back on his pillow and said doubtfully, "Honest? You're sure?"

"Of course I'm sure," I said. "I work here, so I ought to know."

He studied me for a long time. Somehow, I felt he would know if I were lying, so I had to force myself to believe that what I'd said was true. I said a fervent prayer. I prayed that the operation would be a success and he would recover.

Finally he smiled. "I like you."

He was still conscious, and quite serene, when they took him up to the operating room a few minutes later.

Well, the operation was a success, and he did recover. We got to be very good friends in the next few weeks. Robby and I, and one afternoon he said shyly:

"Remember how scared I was before they operated on me?""

"Oh, you were just a little nervous, Robby," I told him.

"No," he insisted, "I was scared. But then you talked to me and I wasn't scared no more. Because you said I'd get all better and I knew you wouldn't tell me anything that wasn't so."

That is what I mean by a miracle.

No, the miracle is not that Robby recovered when everyone had given him up. It was the part that faith had in his recovery. Because—for some reason—he had faith in me, he went to that operation quietly and happily, knowing it would make him well again.

It was faith that made Colin Kelly and the men on Wake Island and so many, many others offer their lives, gladly and freely—as faith in one's country and in one's God. All our mines and factories, all our ships and guns and airplanes, would not win the war without the faith of the men and women who drive them.

All this is what I learned from my work in the hospital—that there is meaning to this war, and that the people who keep their faith bright and untarnished will win it. The knowledge has brought me new strength and new hope for the future.

But probably I can't make other people feel this with mere words. Probably what happened to me is something that must be experienced to be fully grasped. And so I say to you—

Do as I did, and you'll discover what I mean. If you are young and without responsibilities, enroll in a training course for nurses; or if you cannot do that, become a nurses' aide. You will be stepping onto a battlefield just as truly as you would if you served overseas.

You will find comradeship there, and the feeling of completion that comes after a day's work. But there you might find in any war job. The real treasure you will discover is something quite different—something mystical and yet granite-firm. It is the certainty that with faith we will win this war.

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Continued from page 25

hundred dollars."
"And how much could you manage
to take out of your pay check every
week?"
"Mmm—fifteen, I think. Maybe
twenty."
"But that's only seven weeks!" I
exclaimed. "Maybe less. You aren't in
debt, are you?"
"Nope," he said proudly. "That's one
thing—I always pay up anything I
owe before I—before I do anything
else. You know," he added shyly,
"you're swell. You're like Myra. If I
had her here to help me, I'd never feel
like gambling. I don't suppose—you
wouldn't feel like helping me, would
you?"
"Why—of course I would," I said.
"But what could I do?"
"Just give me some of your time,
"he said eagerly. "Like today. There's
nothing for me to do between the
time I get up and four o'clock when
I go to work. I bum around downtown
and if I've got any money I go into the
Palace or the Lansing and pretty soon
I'm out five or ten dollars. If you'd just
eat lunch with me and sit and talk—"
"He broke off, and his face grew pink.
"This isn't a joke," he said, his voice
hurly. "I wouldn't want you to think
I was—well—"
He couldn't put it into words, but I
knew what he meant. "Of course," I
said. "Myra's the only girl that you're
interested in—just as my husband's
the only man for me. And it's nice that
we both understand that."

MAYBE it was that frank statement
of simple friendship that made me
feel I could tell Bill all about Andy
Mitchell—as if, somehow, I felt that
Bill had heard it too! Always, when
Bill came home, he wanted to know
everything I had done, all day long.
Usually I'd try to tell him nothing at
all. There couldn't be, when you lived
the kind of life I did. Tonight I made
quite a little story of Andy and his
trouble, not seeing the tight look that
was coming over Bill's face until at
last he interrupted me roughly:
"That's a lot of baloney!!"
I stopped in the middle of a word,
appalled at the angry scorn in his eyes.
"Don't tell me you fell for it!" he
went on. "He wants you to take his
mind off gambling so he can send for
his girl—some story!"
"But it's the truth!" I gasped.
"You're a big girl now, Terry—it's
time to stop believing in Santa Claus,"
Bill said. "He hasn't got a girl, not in
Pennsylvania, not anywhere. He's got
time on his hands, and he likes your
looks. That's all!"
"Oh, no, Bill," I protested. "You're
wrong! I know you are. He isn't that
kind—I could tell if he was."
The anger died out of Bill's face, but
he remained stubborn. "All right. Let's
pretend I am wrong about him. It
doesn't make any difference, because
whether I'm wrong or not, I wish you
wouldn't see any more of him."
"But Bill—I told him I would. And
he really isn't interested in me—not as
a girl. I'd like to help him—"
"Won't you do this for me?" Bill
asked. "Stop seeing him?"
He wasn't smiling. He was in deadly

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It means that much to you?"
He nodded. "It means that much to me."
I took a deep breath. "Then naturally I won't spend any more time with him," I said. No, I wouldn't let myself think that Bill was being unjust. I wouldn't resent this imposition of his will on mine. I loved him, and nothing else in the world was so important.

A bit, Terry," Bill said, holding me close. "I love you so."
It was as if he had echoed my own thoughts—but with a difference.
I had to see Andy the next day to explain, as well as I could, why I couldn't carry out my end of the bargain we'd made. I dreaded that explanation.
I went into the kitchen a little before noon, and he was there waiting for me, proudly arranging some breakfast pastry on a plate.
"See what I got?" he chuckled. "I may not be much of a cook, but I'm good at shopping."
I swallowed painfully. There was no use in putting it off.
"Andy,—I—I guess I'd better not fix your breakfast or spend any time with you, after all. You see, my—That is," I began again, making a miserable failure of the whole thing, "I thought it over, and it wouldn't look very good. Mrs. Galini gossips so, and—" My voice trailed away.
Andy had just taken the last piece of pastry out of the paper bag. "I get it," he said quietly. "I'm sorry, though."
"I'm sorry too, Andy," I said. There was an awkward silence, and I turned to the door. But I couldn't leave him like this. I added lamely, "If there's anything else I can do..."
He looked up, eagerly, but a little timidly too. "To tell the truth, there is. I had an idea last night—of course, maybe you wouldn't want to—"
"What was it?" I encouraged him.
"I thought—it would be a big help if you'd sort of be my banker. I'd turn over fifteen or twenty dollars to you every week and you'd keep it until there was enough to send Myra."
"Why—" I hesitated.
"All you'd have to do is take it from me every Saturday morning," he urged.
"You could open up a savings account, in your name so I couldn't get at it," I thought swiftly. "Surely Bill couldn't object to anything like this! As Andy said, I'd be seeing him only a few minutes once a week. I made up my mind. 'I'd be glad to do it,' I promised. 'I won't even have to start a savings account. I've got one of my own, and I'll put the money with it. Only—I hope you aren't always so willing to trust people you've just met."
"I gave me one of the quick, merry smiles that made him so likable. 'Don't worry,' he said. 'I don't. I'm just sure you—you seem like a person I can trust.'"
"Thank you, Andy," I said, and for one second a thought flitted through my mind—if only Bill could learn to trust me too!
"But it was all just as well, I tried to think when I left Andy and went back to my own room. Probably Mrs. Galini really would have gossiped, and things would have been unpleasant and tainted with sordidness... But the afternoon stretched ahead of me. If only there were someone to talk to! Not Andy necessarily; just some one friendly and about my own age. Or—if we could have a baby.
Delight stirred in me at the thought. A little baby, a boy with Bill's eyes, to take care of and to love.
I put the dream away. It was foolish even to consider it. Bill would never consent. One he had mentioned having a child, but he'd only laughed at me, tenderly but with unmistakable rejection of the idea. We'd only been married a few weeks—nobody knew what the future was going to be—the war made things too uncertain—time enough to think of babies when we were older. He had plenty of objections, all good and reasonable. But I found myself remembering, this afternoon, his precise words.
"We've got each other. Isn't that enough?"

AND of course it was. Only—I realized that while to me a baby meant completion and fulfillment of our love, to Bill it meant something very different. It meant that he would be sharing me.

I sighed, and went back to my magazine. And when Bill got home, the boredom of the afternoon—of all afternoon—was broken by his express price to pay for the happiness of being with him, seeing him smile, knowing he loved me. Anything was a small price for this happiness. Even neglecting to tell him that I had agreed to take care of Andy's money.

The next Saturday morning, bursting with pride, Andy turned over to me the first installment of twenty dollars, and I hurried down to deposit it before the bank closed. But the following—my day, although I waited for his knock on my door, I didn't see
Andy until mid-afternoon. He wouldn’t meet my eyes.

"I—I guess I slipped last night," he mumbled. "I had the feeling my luck was in. But—well, it wasn’t."

"Oh, Andy!" I said.

He raised his head so I could see his face, haggard with shame and weariness. "If won’t happen again."

The following Saturday he gave me fifteen dollars; it was all he could spare after paying back money he’d had to borrow the week before. I thought I saw in him a new determination, as if this saving of money had become something upon which his life depended—which, of course, it was.

THEN, on the next Tuesday, the whole flimsy little edifice of hopes Andy had built came tumble-down—He came to me with Myra’s letter as soon as he’d received it—a blotted, pitiful letter with the air-mail stamp on its envelope all askew. My eyes skimmed over it: "Mom died last night . . . only sick a couple of days . . . thought it was pneumonia . . . no money to pay for funeral . . . Can’t stand it here any longer Andy . . . please . . . money . . . send for me . . ."

"The poor little kid," Andy said. "She should have wired. People as poor as that don’t think of wiring. And anyway," he concluded bitterly, "what good would it have done her? I haven’t any money—just thirty-five dollars."

I felt so inadequate, faced with his trouble, wanting to help him. But all I could say was, "Can’t you borrow some? Aren’t there places—loan agencies?"

"There isn’t a good one in town—just outfits that never let you go, once they get their hooks into you. I don’t dare go to one," he said. "I just don’t dare. I know some fellows that did, and they’re still paying off. No—I might as well ask you, straight out. You said you had a savings account. Couldn’t you lend me the money?"

I had, honestly, forgotten all about the money I had in the bank, the two hundred dollars I’d saved and brought with me when I married Bill. I said,
rather dazedly, "Why—I don't know. How much would you need?"

"With my thirty-five, and another fifteen I think I can get from the Belson—a hundred and fifty. That'd make two hundred, enough for the funeral and pay Myra's fare out here."

If I still hesitated, it wasn't because I was afraid he wouldn't pay me back. Somehow, I was absolutely certain that he would. No, it was because the idea of being able to help him in this particular way was so new to me. New—and rather wonderful.

"It'd be a big help," he said humbly. "And you wouldn't have to worry about getting it back, I promise."

"Oh, no," I said. "I was just—" But there wasn't time to separate the peculiar mixture of pleasure and dismay I felt. "Of course you can have the money. I'll go and get it now."

He came with me and stood outside the bank while I got the money. It wasn't until I was handing him the little sheaf of bills that I found the reason for my dismay. What would Bill say if he ever found out?

He must never find out, that was all.

Well, I didn't have a chance to keep it very long.

What a terrible difference a few hours make in our lives, sometimes! If Bill had heard about the house only the night before, I couldn't have helped Andy, no matter how much I wanted to. Or if Myra's mother had died one day later—

BILL came home that evening in suppressed, gleeful excitement. He had something to show me, he said, but he wouldn't tell me what it was. We hurried through supper, and then we got into the car and drove to the edge of town, to a place that had been a farm once. Now one of its fields was dotted with little new boxlike houses, and at one of these, just like all the others, Bill stopped the car and waved his hand proudly. "It's ours if we want it," he announced.

We'd known about the houses for weeks, of course—everyone in town did—but Santa Margarita was so overcrowded that they had all been spoken for even before they were built. The only reason this one was available was that the man who had been going to take it had been transferred unexpectedly to another job. A friend of Bill's had told him about the house.

We danced through the tiny rooms, admiring them as if they'd been marble halls in a palace. The kitchen, with its white sink and three-burner gas stove ... the tiled bath, which would be all our own ... the living room and bedroom, gaily papered. "Bill," I almost sang, "it's the most beautiful place I ever saw. Can we afford it? What's the rent?"

Bill turned from a masculine appraisal of the window-frames. "Oh," he said as if he'd thought I knew, "it's not for rent. We'd have to buy it." Disappointment swept over me. "Buy it? Oh, Bill!"

"It's not so bad, really," he said. "After the down payment, we'd just go on paying like rent—and a cheaper rent than where we're living now. We'd have to buy furniture, but we could get it on credit. And if—if anything should happen so we had to leave I'm pretty sure we could at least as long as the Santa Margarita boom lasts. The only thing is that we'd have

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to use your savings for the down pay-
ment. He said it shilly, hating to ask
for my money.

I couldn’t speak. I tried to, but
I couldn’t. And of course he thought I
couldn’t. He was right, and gave up the money.
And he said in a hard voice, “If you don’t like
the idea… I told the agent we’d let him know by six o’clock tomorrow.”

He’s right—only thirty-five
hours. There went my last hope
that I might have a little time to see
Andy, get his help in raising some
money. I said that didn’t sound
like my own at all, “Let’s do it,
and talk about it.” For there was
nothing to do but tell him—only not how
big the money was. He knew we both
wanted and couldn’t have!

In silence we drove back to Speer
Street, parked the car, went into
the house and through the silly
knob door set in the beaverboard.

Automatically, Bill hung up his cap
and jacket, while I stood uncertainly
in the middle of the room, as if it were a
place that was strange to me. He

turned around. “What’s the matter, Terry?” he asked in bewilderment, “I
know you like the house. Is it the
money?”

“Yes,” I said. “It’s the money. I—
I haven’t got it.”

He still wasn’t angry or puzzled.
“What did you do with it?”

“I—loaned all I had, practically, to
Andy Mitchell. Today. To send to
his girl so she can come here.”

AND then his brows came
down over his eyes, his skin lost all its
color. To Andy Mitchell! You’ve been
sentimental again.

“No! Bill! Only for a minute or
two—I was helping him save his money
and then his girl’s mother died and
He wasn’t intending to; he didn’t
care, either, I realized in shocked
horror, that the money was gone, or
that before we could get it back some-
body would have bought the house.
I said with weak defiance, still hoping
he would see things straight:

“It’s my own money, Bill. I can do
what I like with it. And I know
Andy’ll pay it back—”

“Stop talking about the money!” he
shouted. “You could have thrown it into
the street, and I wouldn’t have cared
But you gave it to Mitchell and
that proves you’ve been seeing
him.”

He raised his hand, but he didn’t
strike me. He might have, if I hadn’t
already fallen across the bed, shaking
in the racking force of my sobs.

For a while I was standing over me,
wordless in his rage. Then I
heard the door click, and he was gone.

I don’t know how long I lay there.
I didn’t get up, because getting
up would mean I had to start living
again, moving around, doing things
making some sort of a decision. Yes,
I’m sure worse things must happen some time,
but what about? I couldn’t seem to think.
I couldn’t focus my thoughts on any-
thing but Bill’s face, pale and twisted with
rage, and his hands on the knob.

Finally I dragged myself off the
bed, washed my face with cold water
at the basin, lunched at my hair in an
corner. I thought now, to a decision to be made, but
what about? I couldn’t seem to think.
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I couldn’t focus my thoughts on any-
thing but Bill’s face, pale and twisted with
rage, and his hands on the knob.
whatever it was. If only I weren't so
red, and if things would seem real...
The next thing I knew Bill was
standing just inside the door. I was
so drugged with weariness to read
his expression: I only heard him say,
"It's late. We'd better get some sleep."
"Yes," I said. "Yes, Bill."
Without another word, we undressed,
shut the light off, went to bed. It
was exactly as if each of us had been
alone in the room. All the merciful
numbness suddenly fled from me, and
I lay awake, repeating over and over
in my thought, "I must make him be-
lieve me. And I must never let any-
thing like this happen again."
As if I'd spoken aloud, Bill said into
the darkness, "We've got to get out of
his place. I don't know why you told
me you weren't seeing Mitchell when
you were. I don't want to know—I
want to forget all about it. But I
can't go on, knowing you're in the same
house with him every afternoon."
I could have protested, I could have
old him he was being unreasonable,
only said, "But where else can we go?"

THERE'S still time to take that house
if you'll get the money back from
him. He couldn't have said it more
badly and unemotionally if he'd been
saying me to get carrots for dinner. But
he knew the coldness was all on the sur-
face, a thin shell that might burst and
the hot rage through. I hardly dared say, "How can I, Bill? I told
you he'd already sent it away."
His body beside me was tense and
nervous. "I don't care where he gets
it. He can borrow it from some-
body else, or wire his girl and tell her
to send it back—if," he said viciously,
"there really is a girl! But I'll tell
you one thing. I won't have him using
that money as an excuse to go on see-
ing you, no matter what else happens."
Yes, I could explain to Andy, and
he could go to one of the loan offices.
It wouldn't be pleasant, but afterwards
we'd move to our own place and we'd
forget that any of this had happened.

ALL right," I whispered. "I'll get
it back, Bill."
But it wasn't all right—because he
didn't turn and kiss me, didn't even
touch me in silent goodnight.
In the morning we didn't speak of the
house, the money, Andy Mitchell. We
hardly spoke of anything at all. It
was a relief when he'd gone to work. I
took the dishes across the hall into
the kitchen and washed them, hardly
hearing Mrs. Galini's good-humored
chatter. Then I went back to the room
and gave it a thorough cleaning.

Eleven o'clock. Andy would be up
now, perhaps in the kitchen awkwardly
fixing his breakfast. I would wait an-
other half hour. The half hour passed,
and so did another, and still I sat in the
old easy-chair by the window.
At one I saw him leave the house and
go briskly down the street, and I
didn't move, didn't call after him. This
was the decision I'd known, last night,
I had to make. And I'd made it.
Bill came home at five. There was
a question in his eyes when he entered
the room, but I would not answer it
until he'd put it into words.
"Well—did you get the money?"
I faced him. "No, Bill."
"Didn't you even ask for it?"
"I'm sorry, Bill"—just as before, in the same
voice that sounded so unnatural be-
cause I was trying to keep it steady.
There was pain in his face—pain and
anger. He was determined to hurt me
even if it meant hurting himself. "If
we don't leave this place together," he
said, "I'm going to leave it alone."
I thought I got that idea over to you."

Y OU did. And if you still feel that
way I—" I faltered a little there, but
forced myself to go on. "I can't stop
you. But you'll have to listen to me
first." I gripped the edge of the table
with both hands. I had to make him see.
"Bill—I've told you so many times
that you're the only person in the world
I could ever love. It didn't do any
good. You didn't believe me—you've
never believed me. I told you that's
ever come between us is your jealousy!
If you're so sure of that, why do you
show me things to be jealous about?" he flung at me.

"I don't have to give them to you. You
find them anyway. When we first
met here you said you didn't want
me going around town alone, even in
the daytime. That was jealousy. But
I stayed home and was bored, because
you neglected me. Then you even
snapped at poor Mrs. Galini, so I
couldn't find any pleasure in talking to
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her; and you wouldn't let me be friendly with Andy Mitchell.

"You were, though—friendly enough to give him money!"

"Whatever you think," I told him, "I kept my promise to you not to see him, except for just long enough every week to take part of his pay. I couldn't stop liking him as a friend, being sympathetic with him. I couldn't shut myself up in—...in a vacuum, not even for you. And I never will be able to. That's why I won't ask Andy to return the money."

"That may be very logical," he said, "but I don't get the connection."

"Bill!" I cried. "Can't you see how much easier it would be for me to get the money back from Andy—somewhere? How much easier than to say all this to you? But if I did, there'd be another time—and another—and another. And the worst time of all—for you, too—would be when you go into the Army and have to leave me—still jealous, still wondering if I—"

I couldn't go on. I turned away, buried my face in my two hands, hating to have him see the tears of defeat.

I heard him move. He was putting his jacket on, getting ready to walk out of the room and never come back—

BUT instead he was beside me, taking me gently in his arms, pressing my head against his cheek. "Terry, dear—" he was whispering so brokenly that I knew he too was close to tears. "What hell a guy can put somebody he loves through—if she lets him."

He smoothed my hair with his hand, clumsily but so comfortably. "And all the time he's putting himself through hell too, without having sense enough to stop it... Don't cry. Don't cry. It's all over now, and it won't ever happen again."

Convulsively, I held him close, couldn't stop crying though. It takes time to stop crying when you've gambled with the only thing in the world you love—and nearly lost it.

I fumbled in the pocket of my dress and pulled out a crumpled slip of paper, pushed it into one of Bill's hands. I heard him catch his breath. "What in—"

"It came just—just before you got home," I sobbed. "I was hoping it would, b—but for a while I didn't think it would do us—any good."

"But what is it?" Bill demanded.

"S-silly," I said. "Can't you read? It's a telegram money order, from my father. I wired him early this afternoon that we needed a hundred and fifty dollars, and—and he sent it."

"Well, I'll—" Bill breathed. "And you had this all the time? Oh—Terry!"

For an answer, I kissed him hard. Then I said, "If we hurry, there's still time to see the man and tell him we'll take the house..."

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Continued from page 21
to Tupper—he'd have been less than human if he hadn't sought the company of other people. Other women, too, perhaps. I didn't like that thought. No woman would. I didn't have one right not to like it. It had tortured me at first, but I'd learned to accept the pattern of living we'd set for ourselves, and I'd been driven unutterly threadbare and blindly furious, but with the years I'd come gradually not to think of it.
I lowered myself to the couch slowly, tensely, afraid that if I relaxed, the panic that threatened would break past my control and sweep me out to some chaotic place from which there'd be no returning. Tupper was my one reason for being, the one person in the world who loved me and needed me to whom I was truly important. If anything should happen to him, the thought pressed in, smothering me, weighing on my limbs and my mind and my heart. I tried to break past it, to force myself all through to Tupper, as I couldn't go myself, to give him the strength and the help that my hands couldn't give. But my brain refused the thought of Tupper sick and in danger and slid back to Tupper as he'd been yesterday, and a year ago, back to the beginning of him and to my first meeting John.

John had liked my lightness, my laughter, the fun I found in life, and the ease with which I made friends. It had fascinated him when he'd first come to Marshall to work for the aircraft company; it was his first awakening to the fact that there were other things in life besides work. We met at one of those monthly dances given for Marshall young people, and I'd liked the serious, probing look about him, and his strong, sensitive face. I'd liked the height of him, towering over the other men, and the sureness with which he said, when he first asked me to dance, "I warn you I'm going to be out in uprisings."
I'd laughed at him at that, too. In those days I laughed at almost everything. I was nineteen, and after my sister had died my parents had devoted their lives to seeing that I was protected from every kind of hurt, to giving me everything within reason that I wanted. They hadn't prepared me for anyone like John, who regarded sacrifice and hard work as a natural part of life, whose fixity of purpose was as firm as the rocks of his native Vermont.
We were married a month later. We went to the North Woods for our honey-moon, a delightful time of sunny days on the beach when we lay staring up at the patterns of leaves against the sky and coming to the conclusion that the best times in life were the all-night ones that closed like a curtain around us, shutting out everything but John and me and the wonder of our love. I thought that I learned to know

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ADND then, one night, John put an end to our quarreling and set the pattern of our lives as it would be for the next several years. I'd had a party at the house that night, and John came home shortly before midnight. He was sitting at his desk, staring silently, like a man in a daze, at several large sheets of stiff paper. I recognized them as plans, and I caved, too, that a full glass of liquid had been spilled on them, blurring the outlines and the tiny, exact printing.

My fear and remorse must have shown in my face, because although John's eyes as he looked at me were dull and tired, his voice was gentle. "Eve, if you knew the weeks of work it took us at the plant to get these things in shape... But don't blame yourself. I shouldn't have left them here. You didn't think to put them away, of course—

Quick anger drove every other feeling from me. His tone said so plainly that I was a silly, frivolous woman, no more to be trusted than a child, a burden to him. "Of course I didn't think to put them away!" I cried. "I'm glad that they're spoiled. I hope they're so wrecked they'll never be any good! I hate Marshall Aircraft, hate the job that's made you such a slave that we never have any fun together, so that living with you is like living with an automaton instead of a man. I hate it, and I wish I'd never married you!"

His face pinched tight, and his voice was deadly quiet. "Eve, do you mean that?"

"Yes I do..." The excitement died in and leaned over his shoulder, to ask, "Honey—May just called. She wants us to go to Crown Mill over the weekend with—"

John hung down his pencil.

Last weekend someone wanted us to go to the lake. Monday night we were invited to the Thompson's party. Wednesday they asked us over to your cousin's..."

I felt very calm as I backed away a little. "They invited us, all those people, I reminded him, "but we didn't go. John, I'm getting sick and tired of being cooped up here."

He got up to face me. "You'll just have to put up with it, Eve! Good Lord, girl, my work comes first. I have to do things in my own time, in my own way!

"Yes, it was our first quarrel, and it ended in my tears and John's tender-ness and in passion that was all the sweeter because we'd been angry with each other. But it didn't really end. It was resumed at intervals with increasing bitterness. I tried living John's way for a while, staying at home in the evenings—and sometimes alone, because he often worked late at the plant—with only a movie once a week for relaxation. I tried his way and fretted under it, and then I tried accepting invitations in the hope—rarely fulfilled—that he'd go with me. And I invited people to the house. He tolerated our company the first few times, and he made himself agreeable. After that he often stayed at work when I had a dinner or a party planned, and came home late, long after the people had gone, long after I'd cried myself to sleep.
out of me suddenly, and I was calm with the cold calm of complete defeat. "I mean it, John. You haven't been happy, and neither have I. Maybe you don't want to be happy except in your work, and I can't help you with that. I'd like a—I'd like to go away for a while."

His shoulders slumped, and the palms of his hands turned upward in a gesture of weary surrender. "You know best what you want—"

I turned and left him then, to run out of the room, up the stairs. I slammed the door of our bedroom behind me and locked it firmly, hoping John could hear the turning of the key. Without pausing, I pulled the big suitcase from the closet and began to put things into it.

My parents had moved to California shortly after I married John; I'd pay them a visit, I told myself—a long visit. It would be the easiest, most inconspicuous way for John and me to break the news of our divorce to Marshall.

Divorce. That was the first time I'd actually admitted the idea in a word, and it made me pause in my angry flying about the room. I sat down slowly on the edge of the bed, feeling a little sick. And then I remembered something which I had forgotten in the excitement of the party and our quarrel afterwards, something which would make a difference.

I'd have to see about it, tomorrow.

Slowly I removed the bag from the bed, left it, half packed on the floor. In the morning I'd go to see Dr. Gaines, I told myself. I undressed and went to bed, then, my plans still in a state of chaos. But I left the door locked.

Next morning I was dizzy and sick—so much so that I knew before I saw him what Dr. Gaines would tell me. I came home from the doctor's office, joy and fear warring in my mind. Joy—a miracle was taking place inside my body. Fear—how could I bring a child into a house where there was no harmony, where love had worn thin?

I was waiting for John when he came home that night. I'd had all day to think and hate him, and hate him again. It was his fault, I convinced myself, all of this. His fault that happiness had gone away from us for good. His fault that he had driven me to a nature to mine, that he couldn't advance half way to meet me, that he was reserved and distant. I didn't remember, then, that part of John in which was a fear of being rebuffed—like when you meet a person who doesn't offer to shake hands, but when you hold out your hand first, his comes to meet yours in a warm, firm grip.

I'd thought, during that long afternoon, of so many phrases in which to tell John what I had to tell him. But when I met his eyes all the words failed. "I wouldn't be here tonight," I told him, "but for something I found out today. I—I'm going to have a baby." John stood very still, looking at me intently, his face quite blank, until I decided that he hadn't heard me. And then his face softened, and he made a little, involuntary movement toward me. Then was when I should have held out my hand—an invitation to his to meet it. But the memory of last night's anger, today's feeling of that anger, was too strong.

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I was rejected. I didn't want to be accepted because I was going to be a mother.

"But Eve!" He moved toward me, one short step.

It wasn't only that I didn't want to back down, that I felt I'd gone too far to give in at the moment. That was partly it, but there was more to it than that. My mind was full of churning thoughts, all of them leading nowhere.

I had to have time to think, to make my peace with myself before I could make peace with John. I didn't consciously form the phrase in my mind, but it came out just the same—the final, irrevocable words—

"Please don't!"

John stopped as if he had been paralyzed in the middle of a step. His face was gray and cold, as if it had been cut roughly from stone.

I knew then that there was no turning back, and I knew that the break had been made at last, cleanly, finally. That was the end of our marriage, as surely as if we'd been divorced.

I learned to live under the same roof, after that, to talk naturally and amiably about every-day matters, about the coal supply and what to have for dinner. Wherever we planted the rosebushes. We learned to face people without giving the slightest indication that there was trouble between us.

When my mother died, by reason of her age and long acquaintance with the family, felt privileged to twinkle and to say roguishly, "A baby! My you'll have another real soon, so he'll have a playmate," we learned to smile and to lie politely and to agree that yes, we must have another child.

It wasn't easy. There were nights when I awoke in the dark, or in the queer gray light of early dawn, wanting my husband, wandering the mouth, hard and tender, on mine, wanting the sureness of his arms and all of the long, lean strength of him. There were nights when I learned to leave a sepulchral room to move restlessly around the house, when I fancied that he wanted me as I wanted him, and that I heard him call my name, and I lay still, fighting the impulse to go to him.

"Eve!" It was John's voice, really calling me, and I sat up abruptly on the couch, struggling in the half-doze, half-dream into which I'd fallen as I lay there waiting on the doctor to bring me news of Tupper. John stood in the doorway, and I tried to make out his face to hide it.

"Eve, what's happened? Where's Mrs. Sandstrom? It's midnight, and the house is all lighted.

"Tupper?" I began, and while I tried to find words to tell him, he read in my face what had happened and he turned and was gone up the stairs. I heard Miss Varick come out of Tupper's room, heard her voice and Dr. Gaines' deeper tones mingling with John's. In a few minutes John came down again, his face gray, walking blindly, as if in his sleep. He sat down in a chair opposite me, looking at nothing for a long while. Then, "You're home," as if he'd just realized the fact. He placed a hand on my shoulder.

"Yes!" It seemed years instead of yesterday since I'd left for Eleanor Snow's party. "I tried to call you in Pine City, but the hotel said you'd gone!"

"I was on my way home. I kept thinking of the boy here alone, and—"

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Then Dr. Gaines called softly from the landing, "Eve—John—if you come upstairs..."

Miss Varick let us into the dimly lighted room, once familiar, but now a place of shadows and strange whistling shapes. Tupper was awake; his bright eyes were upon their tiled corners as with a m register to "Both of you putting me to bed," he said clearly, in a pleased voice. "How funny!" John's eyes met mine for a moment, and he furrowed me to and I felt the same sickness I saw in him.

We had divided Tupper's time between us as much as possible, ever since we were boys. If John had taken him for a walk in the afternoon, I'd read to him at night. On Sunday mornings Tupper would come padding into my room like a milkman the day before and snuggle, while I bathed, in the warm hollow of my body had left under the quilt. He'd follow me downstairs until breakfast was started, and then, having been given a cracker or a piece of fruit, he'd trot back upstairs to supervise his father's shaving. We'd taken turns putting him to bed ever since discovering that he'd noticed that we both weren't with him. Tonight we knew that he had noticed, and John must have shared the shame I felt.

I SLEPT part of that night and I was up shortly after dawn, moving in a dream of fever that it was in part merciless. It numbed me, kept me from thinking, closed a hand around my heart and stearded it, leaving my own hands. I had my own frantic tasks to perform. I was aware of John's presence, a silent ghost of a man with tortured eyes. I really saw him only once that day, when I left for the yard to look for Mrs. Sandstrom in some town. Mrs. Sandstrom had and had forgotten to take from the line. John was sitting on the back of his steps, Tupper's hands walked before him, his hands closed over its handle and his head bowed on his hands. I turned noiselessly back into the house, my lips forming an unspoken prayer—"Oh, God, hear us!" And then an irrelevant thought came—John loved Tupper so; he's once loved me as much? Had I hurt him as much as he was being hurt now?

It was the waiting that was so dreadful, the silence, the waiting hand to cling to. Even now, I never want to watch another dawn. I didn't sleep at all Sunday night, and Monday morning I stood at the kitchen window to see the sun rise—sitting so fixedly at the sun rising, staring the sun rise, staring at it. I felt it the sun rise, seeing it way up the roofs over the neighborhood. Dr. Gaines came downstairs, and I had just said to myself, "Yes, I had been out there, the red half circle had become a full, orange ball in the sky, promising a bright day for everyone who had some reason to see beauty in it.

In Tupper's room there was the blunt shape of the oxygen tent, rolled aside now, and the tall, straight shape of John with his face of stone, and the all-white shape of Miss Varick.

And the little shape of Tupper on the bed, smaller, more weeky, with all his little-boy noise and laughter stilled. Tupper, with an old brown teddy bear in the corner of the room.

I dropped swiftly to my knees, to keep from falling and I felt rather than saw that John came to his knees, too.

He's so quiet. I thought. Tupper's so

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[Add more text here]
quiet, now. How many times have I told him not to make so much noise.
Oh, Tupper—wake up, wake up, Tupper! Call to me—slam the door! Run
down the stairs on your sturdy little legs, scratch the stairs with the nails in
your play shoes! Wake up this terrible, silent house—make it live again!

Suddenly his eyes moved slowly, heavily open. Tupper looked at John and at me.

"Hello," he said, and his voice was

The whole page reads as a natural text without the need for further processing. The content seems to be a mix of introductory sentences, a story, and some random thoughts or opinions. The text is not connected in a coherent manner, suggesting it might be a collection of unrelated thoughts or a fragment of a larger piece of writing that was interrupted or cut off.
“It doesn’t matter,” I answered, trying to believe it. I mustn’t let it matter. “Stop on the way downtown, if it’s more convenient for you.”

She stopped the car at the lovely old Prescott place, which had been closed for many years, its windows boarded over and only its garden, enclosed by a white board fence, tended. There were curtains at the windows now, and the garden was a shambles, its expensive plants ripped up to make room for a playground, its carefully pruned trees scarred with the marks of small, tough boots. But it was alive with children.

Louisa, after a glance at me, took the sled and the skates and disappeared into the house. I meant not to look at the children, but the voices and of their running feet drew me, and presently I turned my head to watch. Several larger boys and girls were playing baseball at the far end of the garden; closer to the fence—and to me—were the little ones. And there was one little boy with dark eyes, and with hair that grew in a peak on his forehead... .

Louisa was a long time in the house. When she came back, I was out of the car, kneeling by the fence. The little dark boy and a little blonde girl squatted on the other side, and our heads were bent over the serious business of building tepees of twigs with the fence rods and poles. “Eve—” called Louisa, and the little boy looked up, distress in his black eyes.

“Don’t go,” he begged. “You’re fun—”

Fun! As I got back into the car, I realized that I was crying, that the grief that had been too deep for tears had moved finally, and was coming to the surface. Louisa let me cry. She drove around the outskirts of town until my tears had stopped somewhat, and then, as she turned the car toward the school district, she began to talk about the nursery, naturally, as if nothing had happened. She told me how it had been started to help mothers who had to leave their children during the day, how the little children were left there early in the morning, and how of school age came in the afternoons after school was out. “We need toys,” she finished, “and games. We had quite a stock, but they get broken fast. And we need more help....

They needed help. The phrase repeated itself to me, over and over, accusingly. They needed help, and I had hands, and a brain to work with, and time, time I didn’t know how to fill.

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IT was a week before I could force myself to go to the nursery, but once I started, I went early and stayed late, and came home so tired that nothing mattered but going to bed and resting for the next day's work. Today I went to the nursery after I'd been there a day or two, and I asked him if he minded if I had Tupper's toys sent over. He listened politely, indulgently, until I mentioned Tupper's things, and then his mouth shut tight and his eyes became bleak and withdrawn. I didn't ask again about the toys. I felt that if John got some queer comfort out of seeing that they, at least, were still in the house—

The next morning the toys, all of them—the coaster wagon, the scooter, the games, the miniature two-wheeled bicycle of which Tupper had been so proud—were on the back porch, ready to be picked up. I looked at them for a long time, fingering the handle of the wagon, remembering John sitting here on the back steps that morning before Tupper died, holding tightly to the handle of the wagon, which was the only thing between him and the city. I didn't dare remember.

In the days after that I kept the fact that he had brought down the toys and left them for me, began to realize all my bustle of activity with the nursery was reaching our silent house to have its effect on John, too. The Christmas holidays were coming, and I welcomed the extra work. It was a crazy Christmas for me, one of the memories of other Christmases that would come crowding back with each carol played on the radio, with each brightly lighted tree on the other lawns on our street. I brought cloth home to make costumes for the Christmas pageant we'd planned for the children, working in the evenings because those days didn't last long. There was one night when the phone rang a half-dozen times in quick succession. I hung up after the last one. I was in another room, but standing beside me, John was standing behind me, a newspaper crushed in his fist, his face twisted in pain and anger. "What's going on?" he shouted. "Can't you get that business done during the day? There's no peace in this house with that infernal thing ringing like a—like a switchboard!"

I didn't know what to say to him, and while I tried to find words, my radio on the sun porch carolled happily, "It came upon the midnight clear that glorious song of old... With angels bending near the earth to touch their harps of gold..."

And that thing!" he said. "Good Lord, the least we could do is to keep the place decently quiet. The radio plays, and the 'phone rings, and people come to the door, making orders, and—we might as well be holding a carnival right here. We—Tupper liked Christmas carols. It was a cruel thing, something made me know it was right, just the same. It worked. He stopped shouting, and his grip on his paper loosened as he stared at me as if he couldn't be back the attack with War Bonds!

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November Radio MIRROR on Sale

Friday, October 8th

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Gas often seems to be at its worst during the night. Frequently it seems to work up into the chest and throat when one lies down, which makes one feel smothery and breathless in bed. Some people try to sleep sitting in a chair. Others keep rising out of bed to get the breath back. Try KONJOLA, the medicine which acts in 3 ways to help ease gas and sluggish digestion often promotes the accumulation of gas in one's intestinal tract. Bowel sluggishness may help to hold the gas inside to torment one with awful bloating. So KONJOLA not only contains Nature's herbs to help bring up gas from stomach, but also contains a special aid to digestion, and mildly helps to open constipated bowels and release gas. Many users write their thanks and gratitude for the satisfactory results it produces. So when you are bloated, "sick to your stomach"—when stomach expands, intestines swell way out, due to gas accumulating from slow digestion and sluggish bowels, try this medicine and see what relief it can give. Before you even get genuine KONJOLA Medicine, and take exactly as directed on the package. KONJOLA is sold by every druggist in America on a strict guarantee of money back if not completely satisfied with results from first bottle.

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You don’t need any experience in hair waving to apply a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave—the result will be a lovely, soft, professional-looking permanent that you will be so proud of! Charm-Kurl is easy and cool to use—and it is absolutely safe for every type of hair. It contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia—and requires no machines, dryers, heat or electric—It is marvelously simple and is “logo” for women and children alike.

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Over 2,000,000 women have used Charm-Kurl during the past year to give themselves a lovely, cool, machine-less wave in the privacy of their own homes. You, too, can do it yourself. Merely follow the simple, clear directions and you’ll be completely delighted with the result. Charm-Kurl is guaranteed to satisfy you as well as any $6.00 permanent you have ever had, or your money will be quickly refunded upon request.

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Mothers find Charm-Kurl perfect for the youngsters. It cannot possibly harm their fine, soft hair—and it is so cool, so convenient, and so easy to apply. Order an extra Charm-Kurl Kit for little daughter. She’ll be so happy.

**JOAN CARROLL**

Darling child star of RKO Radio’s “Pet Rock” Lorens is pictured above with her adorable Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

**ANN GILLIS**

Hollywood’s cute “teen-aged” star, with her stunning Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

**FAY MCKENZIE**

Starring in “Remembrance of Pearl Harbor,” lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave, pictured above.

**JUNE LANG**

Glamorous movie star praises Charm-Kurl. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

**Idea for Girls’ Hair**

Of course, Charm-Kurl is perfect for girls. It makes their hair look so lovely, fluffy, and soft.

**Ann Gillis**

Hollywood’s cute “teen-aged star,” with her stunning Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

**Fay McKenzie**

Starring in “Remembrance of Pearl Harbor,” lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave, pictured above.

**June Lang**

Glamorous movie star praises Charm-Kurl. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

**Users Praise Charm-Kurl**

**LASTED NINE MONTHS** “My last Charm-Kurl permanent lasted nine months and my hair is still very curly. I wouldn’t change a Charm-Kurl permanent for a $10 permanent.”

Miss Ruth Henry, Ohio

**MAKES HAIR LOOK NATURAL CURLY** “I would ten times rather have a Charm-Kurl permanent because it makes your hair look like natural curly, and soft.”

Carolyn Flees, Penn.

**DELIGHTED WITH RESULTS** “I am more than delighted with the results of my Charm-Kurl. It’s soft and bouncy and it was the most ‘painless’ permanent I ever had.”

Miss M. J. Milton, Utah

**PRETTIEST PERMANENT I EVER HAD** “I was delighted with my Charm-Kurl permanent. It left my hair soft and lovely and gave me the prettiest permanent I ever had regardless of cost.”

Miss Betty Moulthrop, Wash.

**Charm-Kurl Co., St. Paul, Minnesota**
Moments like this, lovely eyes can say more than any spoken words... Perhaps today, your hero is far from the things he loves most—you, home and the country he is fighting so bravely to protect. Yet you are always near him in his thoughts and in his dreams.

While he's away, he wants those eyes he adores to be bright and smiling. When he comes back to you, your eyes can be just as he pictured them in his fondest dreams. These days more than ever, millions of women are grateful for the soft, glorifying effect of Maybelline eye make-up. You will be grateful, too, once you see what a difference it makes!

**Maybelline**

**WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS**

Maybelline Solid-form Mascara makes lashes appear longer and lovelier. Black, Brown, Blue, 75c.

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Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil, with fine point, forms graceful, expressive brows. Black or Brown.

Maybelline Eye Shadow subtly accents color and brilliance of eyes. Blue, Brown, Blue-gray, Green, Violet, Gray.
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GOOD TOBACCO, YES ... THE RIGHT COMBINATION
OF THE WORLD'S BEST CIGARETTE TOBACCOS

It is not enough to buy the best cigarette tobacco, it's Chesterfield's right combination, or blend, of these tobaccos that makes them so much milder, cooler and definitely better-tasting.

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SMOKE CHESTERFIELDS AND FIND OUT HOW REALLY GOOD A CIGARETTE CAN BE
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Exciting Real Life Pictures—BIG SISTER and BREAKFAST AT SARDI'S
CAKE SHAMPOO ADDS LOVELY NATURAL APPEARING COLOR TO HAIR THAT IS...
STREAKED • DULL • GREY • FADED
GRAYING • AGING • BURNT • LIFELESS

This remarkable discovery, Tintz Cake Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, burnt, off-color hair a minute longer, for Tintz Cake Shampoo works gradually . . . each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, and easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Get this rich lathering shampoo, that gives fresh glowing color to your hair, today. In six lovely shades; Black, Dark, Medium, or Light Brown, Auburn (Titian) or Blonde. Only 50c (2 for $1.00)

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Take advantage of this introductory offer and mail your order today. On arrival of your package, just deposit 50c ($1 for 2) plus postage with postman and Shampoo-tint your own hair right in your own home. We are sure just one trial will convince you that here at last is the ideal hair tint. But if for any reason you aren't 100% satisfied, just return the wrapper in 7 days and your money will be refunded without question. Don't delay, order today!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY—SURE

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Canada Office: Dept. 1A 22 College St., Toronto, Ont.

Send one full size TINTZ CAKE SHAMPOO in shade checked below. On arrival, I will deposit 50c plus postage charges with postman, in guarantee that if I'm not entirely satisfied I can return empty wrapper in 7 days and you will refund my money.

☐ 1 CAKE 50c  ☐ 2 CAKES $1 (C.O.D. postage charges extra)

(Tintz pays postage if money with order)

Check shade: ☐ Blonde ☐ Black ☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Auburn (Titian) ☐ Dark Brown

NAME
Print plainly
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...
the whole world
loves a radiant smile!

Give your smile a winning sparkle
with the aid of Ipana and massage!

Chin up, Plain Girl! Glance at the
most popular girls in your crowd—
girls who win admiration, invite romance. Very few can claim real beauty. But they all know how to smile!

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a faint, half-hearted smile but a radiant smile—
the kind that gives you a magic charm.
Yes, smile—but remember, sparkling
teeth and your smile of beauty depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!
If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist! He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Just mas-
sage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circula-
tion increases in the gums, helping them to new firmness.

Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.

All eyes are upon the girl with a lovely, radiant smile! Help keep your smile sparkling with Ipana and massage.

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE

Product of
Bristol-Myers
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ON THE COVER—Dale Evans, singing star of the Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy show, NBC. Color Portrait by Tom Kelley

IRRESISTIBLE
as always

WE DEDICATE TO THE MARINES...

IRRESISTIBLE Candy Stripe Red LIPSTICK

Irresistible salutes the new woman...fresh, vital, confident...with Candy Stripe Red...a clear, high-hearted red destined for beauty-duty in the service or on the home front. Whip-tested through a secret process, Irresistible Lipsticks are easy to apply, non-drying, longer lasting...dependable source of beauty for today's woman power. Complete your make-up with Irresistible matching Rouge and Powder.

10c at all 10c stores

Whip Text TO STAY ON LONGER...S-M-O-T-H-E-R!
"This couldn’t mean ME!"

Kay: Jeppers, Peg—who does that sign mean? It can’t be me! Or is it? Bob has been making himself sort of scarce lately.
Peg: Look, Kay! I don’t want your romance to come to grief—so I’ll leap to the rescue. You bathe every morning, yes! But did you know that bath-freshness can vanish on the way to work? Well—it can!

Kay: You mean I am the office pest, Peg? Peg: Kay, any girl can slip up on charm—and not know it. But here’s an easy answer—every day, after every bath, use Mum.

I’ll see Bob at the company dance tonight. Now, with my bath to take care of past perspiration and Mum for the future, I’ll be nice to dance with all evening long!

Why let underarm odor hamper success? Guard charm—use Mum every day, after every bath! It’s quick—takes only 30 seconds to use Mum! It’s safe—Mum won’t irritate your skin, won’t injure fabrics.

It’s sure—Mum prevents underarm odor without stopping perspiration—protects your charm.

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe Mum is a dependable deodorant—ideal for this important purpose, too.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM—SAFETY GURU OF MILLIONS OF WOMEN

MUM—SAFETY GURU OF MILLIONS OF WOMEN

MUM—SAFETY GURU OF MILLIONS OF WOMEN

MUM—SAFETY GURU OF MILLIONS OF WOMEN
THE Bob Chester's have a brand new baby daughter. Bob's wife is a former dancer.

Rosemarie Lombardo, Guy's kid sister, has left the band to marry Lt. Henry Becker of the Army Air Corps.

Sammy Kaye solved the transportation problem very neatly the other day. After waiting two hours for a bus to take his orchestra from Atlantic City to New York, the bus and driver finally arrived, but the driver was in such a state of heat exhaustion that he couldn't go on. So Sammy, taking the wheel in his own hands, drove his men and the bus all the way to New York.

Hal McIntyre's band, now playing in New York's Hurricane restaurant and broadcasting over Mutual, just completed work in the new Columbia film, "Hey, Rookie." Another radio musical star signed for pictures is Ethel Smith, Hit Parade organist. She'll face the M-G-M cameras.

If you've wondered what has happened to those swell Glenn Miller singers, Paula Kelly and the Modernaires, they're busy playing Army camps.

Four members of Charlie Spivak's band solved the Hollywood housing shortage.

The lads, saxmen Henry Haupt and Frank Ludwig, trumpeter Dan Vanelli, and trombonist Frank D'Annolfo, pooled their resources and rented an elaborate Hollywood showplace containing 18 rooms and a swimming pool. Rental on the place, understood to be about $350 per month, when split four ways was not out of proportion to the cost of a family size apartment.

BY KEN ALDEN

The Los Angeles Symphony orchestra has blazed a trail many another top-flight concert organization might follow. They have named American-born Alfred Wallenstein as their new maestro. Wally will continue to conduct the Firestone NBC show, as it is planned to move the series to Hollywood.

A talented musical fellow to keep your eye on is Jimmy Lytell, clarinetist, whose band is currently heard on the Blue and NBC networks. Jimmy played with the original Dixieland Jazz Band when he was only thirteen. Later he joined the Memphis Five, another immortal pioneer swing band.

The networks' spirited battle for concert music has gone one step farther. Mutual has just signed the famed Cleveland Symphony conducted by Eric Leinsdorf. CBS now has the New York Philharmonic and Philadelphia, NBC its own highly-touted orchestra with Toscanini and Frank Black, and the Blue has Koussevitsky and the Boston.

When Paul Whiteman staged a radio reunion of the original Rhythm Boys—Bing Crosby, Al Rinker, and Harry Barris—Bing received $5,000, the other lads $250 apiece. But the generous Groaner insisted on dividing his earnings with his old friends. Barris is now a movie actor. Rinker produces the Bob Hawk quiz, Thanks to the Yanks.

NOTE THESE: One of Cleveland's best known orchestra leaders, Louis Rich, died last month. . . . Sonny Kendis, society maestro who won plaudits at the Stork Club, is enlarging his band to fifteen men and hopes to become a nationwide favorite. . . . Duke Ellington's newest find is Al Hibbler, blind romantic baritone . . . Composer of the new hit tune, "In the Blue of Evening" is orchestra leader D'Artega, now conducting an all-girl band. . . . Lt. Rudy Vallee plans to take his Coast Guard band on a Good Will tour of South America. . . . Lucy Monroe, now on a tour for the Treasury Department, took time out to count up how many times she has sung the national anthem. The count: 6,000 . . .

What happens to all those drafted musicians? Well, here's where a few have gone—to the Army Air Forces Band, under the baton and command of Captain Alf Heiberg. Among the tooters and blowers you'll find Sgt. Don Hammond, former tenor man with Tommy Dorsey, and Sg t. Harry Rantch, a Glenn Miller alumnus, who do the arranging for the band. Then, Sgt. Gordon Pullis and Corporal Freddie Vogelsang were respectively first trombonist and violinist in the Philadelphia Symphony. Other players from name bands are Sgt. Joe Stabile—from his brother Dick's band, Corporal Bruce Snyder, from Tommy Dorsey's, Pfc. Tris Hauer from Charlie Spivak's, Pfc. Gordon Lee Tanner from Sunny Dunham's, and Sgt. Bob Santomassino from Tony Pastor's orchestra.

Within the band made up of eight-eight men, from eighteen states there is a seventeen piece popular orchestra and, within that, a quintet, which the boys call "A Kernel of Corn." Under the expert leadership of Captain Heiberg, the band is always ready for a parade, a broadcast—or a dance.

Continued on page 16
In his diaper days he'll first appreciate its cool, antiseptic action to relieve chafing.

A few years later he'll learn about it when a little finger is cut or a little toe is skinned and Mother adds an additional kiss to "make it well".

Then, in his school days, he'll probably discover—and remember all through life—how useful Listerine Antiseptic often is in helping to halt a sore throat or head off a cold.

And, equally important, when he becomes "girl-conscious", he'll realize what a pal Listerine Antiseptic can be in keeping him in the good graces of his Lady Fair... how often it guards against offensive breath when non-systemic.

By the time he's twenty-one he'll be a lifelong member of a club that numbers millions... men and women who feel that home isn't quite home unless this safe antiseptic is handy to meet the countless little emergencies that so frequently arise. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Rest assured, however, that we will make every effort to see that it is always available in some size at your drug counter.

FOR COUNTLESS LITTLE EMERGENCIES

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
Dinah Shore heads her own half-hour variety show over CBS, Thursday nights at 9:30 P.M., EWT.

In case you missed Don Voorhees' appeal, we want to repeat it. Don would like to know what musical numbers the American people would like most to hear on a program to celebrate the final defeat of Hitler. He wants to get it ready ahead of time, so that when Victory comes, he will be prepared.

Here are some of the suggestions he's already received. Grace Moore thinks the program should have a medley of the national anthems of all the United Nations. Lily Pons wants to sing "The Marseillaise" and the "Star Spangled Banner." Jasha Heifetz has asked to be on the program to play "Hebrew Melody" and Schubert's "Ave Maria."

Listeners have also sent in their ideas. Some of them are, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," "When The Lights Go On Again," "God Bless America" and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." There's lots of room for everyone to contribute his ideas. How about it? Don is compiling suggestions at his office, 145 West 45 Street in New York City and when they're all in, he plans to have a committee of notables select the final program which they feel best expresses the wishes of the people of these United States.

Nashville, Tenn.—Lonie and Tomie Thompson, the Singing Range Riders of WSM's Grand Ole Opry, returned to the show recently following Thompson's discharge from the Army.

His service in World War II was the singing cowboy's second hitch as a soldier, the first was in France in 1918. Tomie is a Texan and his wife, Lonie, hails from Oakdale, La., near where the Thompsons were married on a Grand Ole Opry tent show stage in 1942. Fourteen days after the wedding Thompson was inducted into the Army for his second period of service.

After several weeks in a parachute ski outfit Tomie was injured and hospitalized. His second discharge followed some time later.

Thompson is a veteran cowpuncher and horse breaker, having served the government in the latter capacity in New Mexico in the days before he joined Uncle Sam's fighting men.

He worked in films for a while and shortly after Thompson was seriously injured in a rodeo spill at Salinas, Calif. This kept him out of the saddle for quite a while and it was during that time that he got the idea of joining the Grand Ole Opry.

Radio Row is mourning the death of its veteran entertainer, Frank Crumit. He and his wife, Julia Sanderson, were known to millions as "Sweethearts of the Air," and were the originators of the popular Battle of the Sexes program, on the air for more than twelve years. Listeners will long remember Frank Crumit and the songs he sang.

On September 10th, Elaine Carrington, writer of Pepper Young's Family, celebrated that program's 2,000th consecutive broadcast over one network for one sponsor.

Robert Young, star of the new CBS series, Passport for Adams, reads his lines to Walter Stewart.

Kate Smith's back on the air on Friday nights, after a country-wide tour of Servicemen's camps.

Probably, one of the reasons for the true to life quality in the script is the fact that Elaine gets a lot of her ideas from actual things that happen around her own home. In fact, so many things do seem to go on with her son and daughter that she has plenty of material for her other show, too—When a Girl Marries.

BOSTON, MASS.—From the Cradle of Liberty, historic Boston, comes a salute to all things American from popcorn to baseball, from old folk tunes to the more rhythmic music of Cole Porter on a new half-hour variety show. Thanks to America, from 5 to 5:30 p.m. every Sunday.

The hit Broadway show coming from Boston, it is aired over WNAC and the Yankee Network throughout New England, as well as in the Cleveland and Akron areas.

First, John Stanley, popular master of ceremonies, introduces the cast of forty-five performers, to the studio audience of close to 1,000 people.

The chorus of eight professionally trained voices consists of: John Metcalfe, Mutual's popular baritone; George Wheeler and Ruth Owens, of Yankee House Party and Army-Navy House Party shows; Elizabeth Golden, Katherine Deane, Edmond Boucheur, Wesley Coppestone and Robert Gibb.

A tuneful trio of singing sisters, Mary, Rita and Rosemary, offer popular songs of the day in their own rhythmic way. Natives of Lynn, Massachusetts, they are well-known in radio and theaters all over New England.

The orchestra of twenty-five pieces is led by Bobby Norris, who is no newcomer to New England, since he has been associated with musical broadcasts for many years. Ted Cole, featured tenor soloist, sings current love ballads each week. What makes Thanks to America different from the usual musical variety show are the inspiring stories of contemporary Americans on the home front which

Continued on page 8
TOUSHAY

THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION that guards hands even in hot, soapy water

What have these soft, smooth hands been doing all day?

Every day is maid's day out now—and there are meals to get, dishes to wash, undies to be tubbed. Before you tackle any soap-and-water task, always smooth on Toushay! It's a marvelous new beforehand lotion—guards lovely hands against the roughening, drying effects of hot, soapy water and helps to keep them soft, smooth, and white!

Volunteers are urgently needed for war work at the hospital—so you're helping out every afternoon! No place here for rough hands that catch on surgical gauze. But Toushay-guarded hands are smooth. Just see for yourself how this wonderfully creamy, fragrant lotion helps prevent dryness and roughness, instead of waiting until the damage is done.

Supper guests tonight? Let lush, flower-scented Toushay help you look glamorous. This new idea lotion does all the things other lotions do for you, plus its "beforehand" use. Try it as a powder base—or for all-over body rubs—or last-minute smoothing to arms, elbows, and throat. A generous-sized bottle costs little—lasts a long time. Ask for Toushay—the beforehand lotion—at your druggist's.
STARTLING DIFFERENCES IN BABY POWDERS!

Every mother wants the best for her baby... but many do not realize that today there are startling differences between various baby powders! Laboratory tests prove that Mennen baby powder is more antiseptic than others—hence protects baby’s skin better against diaper rash, prickly heat and other skin germs play a part. Tests also show that improved Mennen powder is smoother than others, thus guards skin better against painful chafing. (See photos at right.) Delicate new scent of Mennen powder keeps babies lovelier. You owe it to your baby to use the best powder on his skin—improved Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder. Best for baby, also best for you. Pharmacetical Division, The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco.

Greater smoothness of “hammerized” Mennen Baby Powder is proved above. Photos taken thru microscope compare leading baby powders. Mennen (extreme right) is smoother, finer, more uniform in texture, guards skin better against chafing. Use Mennen powder in diapers, and all over body.

Antiseptic superiority of Mennen Baby Powder is shown above in test by U. S. Gov’t method. Center of each round plate contains a different baby powder. Mennen powder (right) in dark brown around center of Mennen plate (right), germ growth has been prevented.

Even if you could keep baby in a safe, he would not be protected against harmful germs that are in the air everywhere. But you can give skin vital extra protection against germs by using Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder.

There’s a young boy of twelve who’s worth watching. His name is Skippy Homeier and you hear him daily on the radio in The Right to Happiness and, if you’re lucky enough to live nearby, you can see him nightly in the Broadway success “Tomorrow The World,” in which Skippy’s performance as a nasty Nazi-conditioned child brought raves from New York’s critics. Skippy’s real name George Vincent Homeier, Jr.—was one of those kids who could go to the movies or the theater and come home and act out what he had seen and heard—and do it well. At five he was sent to dancing school, not with a professional career in mind, but so he could learn poise and make friends easily. That’s what his mother thought.

When the family moved to New York, Skippy soon found himself auditioning for Madge Tucker—and he had a job on her Little Blue Playhouse. Mrs. Homeier then gave in to the inevitable, did a bit of scouting around on her own and pretty soon Skippy was one of the busiest juveniles around NBC. He’s played in such shows as Mary Marlin, Portia Faces Life, Cavalcade of America, The March of Time Against the Storm and many others.

In spite of his strenuous career, Skippy finds time to pursue the normal activities of a healthy American boy. His hobby is building model airplanes and he’s an ardent swimmer and diver. Like most other youngsters his age, he is heart and soul for winning the war. He is the president of the Children’s Section of the Ambijan Committee for the Relief of Russian Children. The organization sends necessities to the needy children of heroic Stalingrad and other Russian cities.

Skippy’s work is cut out for him. When “Tomorrow the World” finishes its successful run in New York, Skippy will be in Hollywood to fulfill an MGM contract. Not bad—for twelve!

Surprised to hear Fred Allen’s celebrated “Mrs. Nussbaum” on Jack Stidger, star of the Broadway show, “Angel Street,” replaced Madeleine Carroll on her CBS show.
Phil Hanna and Dyana Gayle are a popular singing team from the coast, on CBS’ Your Home-Front Reporter.

Benny’s show? Simple. Jack and Fred have forgotten their feud for long enough to catch the good-neighbor, lend-lease spirit. “John Doe” falls into the same category.

“John Doe” is played by John Brown, who was a jewelry salesman and an amateur actor, until 1934, when he first began getting parts on the Eddie Cantor and Fred Allen shows. Since then, Brown has been John Doe, the perpetual answerer of public opinion polls, a race track tout, a haughty vice-president, a typical Dodger fan, a gold brick salesman, or just a wise guy. In real life, Brown is a typical married man, in love with his wife and crazy about his two children.

Minnerva Pious—Mrs. Nussbaum—has been with Fred Allen for nearly all his ten years in radio. Min, as everyone in radio calls her, was born in Odessa, Russia, was brought to this country as a child and finished her education in Bridgeport, Connecticut. While she was still going to high school, she played in stock companies, every time they would give her a chance.

Since her advent in radio, the five foot, 108 pound voice mimic has played almost every type and kind of feminine role. She plays dumb stenos, dowagers, debutantes, secretaries, housewives, burlesque queens, gum chewing dames and more such. Chiefly, however, she has become famous as Mrs. Fansy Nussbaum and Mrs. Socrates Mulligan.

Versatile is the name for James Monks. Aside from his many and varied roles on Radio Reader’s Digest, he plays the villain in Our Gal Sunday, the valet in We Love and Learn, innumerable character parts in School of the Air, in addition to having worked in the movie, “How Green Was My Valley” and in “Joan of Paris.” During the long run of “The Eve of St. Mark” on Broadway, he shuttled between the stage door and the radio studios and between hops made recordings for the Treasury Department. One explanation for the demands for his services, of course, might be the fact that he can do thirty-three dialects—and well.

After all, radio people are show people. And show people are reputedly superstitious. So, add to your list of good luck

She Almost Missed Being a Mrs.

1 Poor girl—she was a spinster...and oh, so lonely! Romance had passed her by...for she looked old...though she really wasn’t! Her face powder added years to her age...caused its color was dead and lifeless...so her skin looked that way, too!

2 Then—lucky girl—she heard about the glamorous new youthful shades of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder...shades that are matched to the vibrant, glowing skin tones of youth! What a difference! What a thrill...for her and for you...because there’s a new shade of Cashmere Bouquet to bring out your allure...all the natural, young coloring in your complexion, no matter what your age!

3 And now—happy girl—she’s joyous and gay...for the man she loves, loves her...thanks to that smooth, downy, youthful look that Cashmere Bouquet Powder gives her! She’s found, as you will, that her lucky new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet is color-blended...never streaky! And it’s color-smooth...goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly for hours and hours!

4 Remember there’s a new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet that’s just right for you...color-harmonized to suit your skin-type perfectly! So, start today to bring out the natural youth and beauty in your complexion with Cashmere Bouquet! You’ll find it in a 10g or larger size at all cosmetic counters!
Skin look drab?

Does your powder "catch" on little face roughnesses?

"My 1-Minute Mask—
solves these complexion problems beautifully"

—says MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES

New York social leader, grandniece of the late Mrs. James Roosevelt.
"I've never known a treatment to brighten and soften my skin as quickly as the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream!"

Don't get panicky when your make-up goes on like sandpaper instead of velvet—and don't give up when specks of imbedded dirt refuse to be dislodged.

Do "re-style" your skin right away with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Just slip on a white coat of the Cream over your whole face except eyes. Leave Mask on for one full minute. Its "keratolytic" action will loosen and dissolve tiny roughnesses and stubborn dirt particles!

RESULTS—your face is softer ... smoother! It looks fresher and clearer—noticeably!
Your make-up goes on evenly and clings like goodness knows what—makes your skin look finer-textured!

"A heavenly powder base, too!"

"I 're-style' my complexion 3 or 4 times a week with a 1-Minute Mask," Mrs. Forbes says. "And daily, before each make-up, I slick on a film of the Cream for powder base. It takes make-up so smoothly!"

OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE... Help shorten the war—take a job! In many areas, women are urgently needed to fill the home-front jobs of fighting men. Check your local Help Wanted ads for specific needs in your area. Then get advice from the local United States Employment Service.

Now there's a glass shortage! When you buy one BIG jar of Pond's instead of several small ones, you save glass now needed for food jars.

They're Lonie and Tommie Thompson, the Singing Range Riders of WSM's Grand Ole Opry in Nashville, Tenn.

gestures—Joan Davis kisses her script in plain sight of the studio audience to bring her luck... Ralph Edwards, Truth or Consequences emcee, lifts up the announcer's trouser leg and tickles him, while waiting for the engineer's signal... Jay—Mr. District Attorney—Jostyn tears off a corner of his script... Olivio, the boy yodeler, knocks three times on his guitar... And Woody Herman pats the head of his nearest musician.

Trudy Erwin, Bing Crosby's NBC singing partner, who has herself made more than 300 appearances at the various desert camps in and around California, has a few tips for the gals who plan to set out to entertain or dance with the soldiers.

First—make sure you arrive looking your best. After any long ride, stop a mile or so away and freshen up—if possible, change your costume.

Second—never refer to any other branch of the service. Each man likes to think his own is the best.

Third—at hospitals, be a real cheerer-upper. Disregard anaesthetic odors and don't shudder and discuss misfortunes. By no means express pity.

Fourth—don't talk about the war. Talk about the Dodgers—and anything and everything else.

Fifth—be a good sport. If you're invited for a ride in a tank, don't hesitate. Go into the nearest tent provided for dressing and change into overalls. Even if you get black and blue marks from the tank ride, its worth it.

If you've seen the movie, "The Human Comedy," you'll be bound to remember Van Johnson's powerful portrayal of Marcus MacAuley, the small town soldier boy who never lost faith in his country.

Five years ago, this same Van Johnson was an unknown—and typically struggling—young actor in a small stock company in New York. At about that same time, Bob Novak, now director of the Manhattan at Midnight shows, was just putting out feelers as a director. Novak spotted Van and decided right away that here was genius that shouldn't be allowed to go to waste. And, as Novak's career as a director moved ahead apace, Van Johnson got the breaks that were coming to him and, with Novak's coaching, made good use of them.

It's small wonder that Bob Novak takes such personal delight in Van's rise on the cinema horizon.
Frank Hummert, producer of Manhattan Merry-Go-Round among other shows, is well known for his ability to pick a song that will be a hit. He doesn’t do so badly in picking a voice that will make the songs hits, either.

Several years ago, he happened to hear a voice in a church quartet in East Orange, New Jersey—and he liked it very much indeed. Investigation revealed that the voice belonged to a young lady named Marian McManus, who had come east from California to compete in the National Federation of Music Clubs auditions—and had flunked out!

Mr. Hummert still liked his own judgment best and gave her a spot on one of his big musical shows. He went on liking her voice to the extent of featuring her on three shows.

Incidentally—Marian, busy as she is these days, still finds time to sing every Sunday in the East Orange church quartet.

NEWS NOTES FROM HITHER AND YON. Martha Stewart has gone to Hollywood and Bea Wain is back on Your Hit Parade, while her hubby Capt. Andre Baruch runs a Army radio station in North Africa... Perry Como, tall, dark and handsome, is threatening to replace Frank Sinatra as the swoon king... Sgt. Gene Autry is off the airwaves for the duration. He’s gone out on active duty... With the departure of Neil Reid, trombonist, Woody Herman has given the last member of his original band to the armed services... Latest on Dinah Shore—that girl’s always in the news—is that she has added to her titles “The Girl We Wish Would Come To Dinner,” given to her at the ninth annual Butlers’ and Maids’ Ball... Since March, 1943, Alec Templeton has never once repeated any piece of music, any impression, or any gag he has ever used on his program... So, Vera Vague has finally landed her man! Barbara Jo Allen—that’s her in real life—married Norman Morrell, former production manager of the Bob Hope insanities... Incidentally, have you been listening to the Blue Network’s Swing Shift Frolics on Saturdays from noon to 12:30? Lots of opportunities for war workers with talents hidden behind their overalls... There are lots of things to listen to—keep listening. More next month.

Mary, Rita and Rosemary sing the popular songs of the day on Thanks to America over the Yankee Network.

**NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT which safely**
**STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men’s shirts.
2. Prevents odor. Safely stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days.
3. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

**39¢ a jar**
(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)
At any store which sells toilet goods

**ARRID**

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT
LEADING A Double LIFE?

Discover Tangee's Satin-Finish Lipsticks!
— says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

Most of you are "racing the clock" these days... somehow finding time for new wartime duties in addition to your regular activities. That is the big reason, I'm sure, why so many women have welcomed our new LONG-LASTING Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks.

For here are lipsticks that, once on, stay on! An exclusive SATIN-FINISH brings your lips a satin-y smoothness that defies both time and weather. Neither too moist nor too dry—but just right—your Tangee Lipstick will actually seem to smooth itself on to your lips... holding its true and glowing color for hours and hours.

If you have been longing for just such a lipstick, I urge you to ask for "Tangee." And, for best results, wear your Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick together with the matching rouge and Tangee's UN-powdery Face Powder.

NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED... a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.

TANGEE RED-RED... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... is always most flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL... "Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blushing rose.

BEAUTY—glory of woman...
LIBERTY—glory of nations...
Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Dale Evans sings on Edgar Bergen's show, but what's just as important is that she composes songs, plays the piano and has a swell idea for a new radio show for servicemen.

SLEEK and sophisticated, isn't she—our cover girl this month? The paradoxical thing about her is that she's not what she appears to be, or even sounds like. At heart, this singer of slick "champagne" ditties, is a simple girl with strong leanings toward the outdoor life, which tendencies she comes by naturally.

Dale Evans was born in Uvalde, Texas, which means the wide open spaces, back in 1917. She went to school in Italy, Texas, and later in Memphis, Tennessee, where she was graduated from the Central High School. There was nothing startling about her childhood, no big display of talent, or extraordinary ability.

After her graduation, Dale got a job as a stenographer for an insurance company in Dallas, Texas. Which started everything. It seems this company sponsored a radio program on one of the local stations and, one day, when Dale's boss heard her humming around the office, he suggested she might go on the program. Dale auditioned—and she was on. In a little while, she got another spot, too, as featured singer on an early morning "cheer-up" show on WFAA in Dallas.

But Dallas didn't seem to hold enough opportunities. So, Dale packed up and went to try her luck in Chicago. Luck was good. She got a job singing with Herman Waldman's orchestra and then went to Los Angeles to sing with Anson Weeks' band at the famous Cocoaanut Grove. After that engagement was over, she toured the country in vaudeville with Anson Weeks, finally landing back in Chicago, where she was starred in various shows over WBBM.

In 1941, she signed a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox studios and has lived in Hollywood ever since, broadcasting from there. What spare time she has from her picture and radio work, she devotes to traveling to Army camps and entertaining the service-men. Already, she has been voted an Honorary Captain in the Air Force for her work.
Since she started on her career as a singer, lots of new and hidden talents have cropped up in her. En route to one of the Army camps, Dale composed a song to keep from being bored on the train. It turned out so well that she’s kept at song writing ever since. You’ve heard some of her songs—for instance—“I’m In Love With A Guy Who Flies In The Sky” and “My Heart Is Down Texas Way.” She also plays the piano—in fact, one of her earlier ambitions was to become a piano teacher. Now, of all things, she’s studying tap dancing, because she’s discovered that there seems to be a shortage of dancers for the Army camps and the boys always enjoy them so much.

You’d think that her movie assignments, her rehearsals and performances on the Edgar Bergen—Charlie McCarthy Show, and her trips to the camps would be enough for one small girl. But no. The wheels in Dale’s pretty head keep going around and she has now become an “idea” woman, too. She’s worked out an idea for a radio show that will soon be hitting the airwaves. It’s an audience participation show for the men in the services, a show in which girl singers will do request numbers for the sweethearts, mothers and wives of men writing in to the program. She plans to use “Goodnight Sweetheart” as the theme song. The idea has been okayed by the War Department.

Listening to her on NBC, Sunday evenings, as she sings with Ray Noble’s orchestra—Ray, by the way, says she’s a “musician’s singer,” having perfect pitch and voice control—her voice creates a picture of a smooth young lady in, perhaps, clinging gowns that could come only from the smartest Fifth Avenue shops. Which is the way she looks when she’s working. At home, however, she’s more likely to be reverting to her real type, knocking around in a pair of slacks, her hair tied up in a bright bandana and, maybe, beating up a batch of flapjacks for her husband.

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3 ways to tell a Fib

(From any other tampon)

Only FIBS* of all tampons give you all three

1. FIBS ARE QUILTED

... for more comfort, greater safety in internal protection—that’s why, with Fibs, there’s no danger of cotton particles clinging to any delicate membranes. And quilting controls expansion ... so Fibs don’t stretch out to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

2. FIBS HAVE ROUNDED ENDS

... smooth, gently tapered ends—for easy insertion! Unlike any leading tampon you’ve ever tried. Your own eyes tell you that Fibs must be easier to use! Furthermore, you’ll like the comfortable, just-right size of Fibs ... they’re not too large, not too tiny.

3. FIBS - THE KOTEX TAMPON

... a name you know, a tampon you can trust. Only brand made of Cellucotton*, the soft, fast absorbent that’s used in Kotex and demanded by many famous hospitals! In Fibs, as in Kotex, there’s no compromise with quality...you get protection as safe and sure as modern science can make it.

The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protection

(T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)
Some of life's most wonderful moments come in the late autumn and early winter—when we put away summer prints and cottons to don new fall suits or slim black numbers. However, to get the most out of our fall and autumn wardrobe we must be ready for it. Hips and tummies that bulge, arms that are overweight and bumps on the knees and neck are not fair to our clothes—or to us! Furthermore we do not have to endure them.

To Reduce Your Tummy—Take a lie-back position on your bed. Place your arms beneath your head. Breathe in hard enough to pull your stomach in. Until it hurts! Until it hurts back and front! Breathe out. Your tummy should protrude as you do this. Breathe in again. Pull in again. Breathe out and let out. Do this twelve times, night and morning. Make sure it hurts every time too. Otherwise it will be an utter waste of time.

Your Hips—Lie down on the floor and face the ceiling. Fold your arms across your chest. Raise your feet and shoulders about four inches from the floor. Roll, turning on your hips, to the left—so far to the left that you face the floor. Return, turning on your hips, to your starting position. Proceed in the same way to the right. To the left, to the right—turning on your hips always, keeping feet and shoulders off the floor.

Arms—Stretch out your arms. Shake them. Shake them until they hurt.

Knee Bumps—Place your hand on the outside of your right knee for support. At the same time press the flesh inward. Apply a firm circular motion with your other hand. Begin inside your leg and work up from your knee.

Give each knee this work-out for five minutes a day—and rejoice at the end of six days or two weeks!

A Bump on the Neck—Lie on your bed—face down. Ask someone to beat the bump on your neck for three or four minutes. Have them keep their hands in a vertical position and spread their fingers so only their little fingers strike your flesh. When your flesh is soft and warm have your "masseuse" fingers start between your shoulder blades and—with a circular motion—push your flesh up towards the left shoulder and up towards the right shoulder. Over and over, every day.

Now then, do you want to feel better than you have in a long time and, at the same time, increase your grace and your physical poise?

Lie on your back. Flat! Hold a large book or some other object that is about the same width as your shoulders and weights about three pounds in both hands. (As you become conditioned to this exercise increase the weight of this object to twelve pounds.) Bring your arms to the floor behind your head. Then bring your arms and your legs towards the center of your body—at the same time! Move them stiffly! Move them slowly! Return to your starting position. Repeat this exercise six times a day at first and, gradually, increase it to twelve times a day.

This routine, especially popular on radio row, does things—the right things—for your stomach, chest, back, hips and thighs.

Be Beauty Wiser

S. R., McKeesport, Pa.—Liquid leg make-up will—to a great extent—disguise the protruding veins in your legs. The exercise we recommend for reducing legs and, at the same time, making them shapely isn't an easy exercise. But it is efficacious ... Kneel. Keep your chest up, your head up, your shoulders back. Place your hands on your hips. Bring your heels together. Keep them together. Bend backward—slowly! The farther back you bend the more you will tense your legs which incidentally should press against the floor—and the more good the exercise will do them.

Josephine M., Milwaukee, Wis.—Lemon juice and Tartar Salts will brighten blonde hair. Use the juice strained, of course—of two lemons and one tablespoon of Tartar Salts to a quart of hot water. Have your hair thoroughly wet when you apply this mixture. Rinse it well. Air dry your hair if you can, in the sun.

Helen T., Northampton, Mass.—A simple exercise rejuvenates the throat. Now bend your head back as far as possible—until you feel the strain. Now then, move your head in a wide circle. Make six slow circles moving your head first to the left and six circles moving your head first to the left. Cream your neck faithfully every night—to build up the neck tissues.

Alice M. O., the Heights, N. Y.—Epsom Salts provide a remarkable facial. Fill one bowl with warm water and another bowl with icy cold water. Dip in and out alternately. Put two tablespoons of Epsom Salts into each bowl of water. Let them dissolve. Apply a cloth dipped in the warm Epsom Salts to your face and neck. Do this six times. Apply a cloth dipped into the cold Epsom Salts to your face and neck about twelve times. Pat your face dry. Do not use an Epsom Salts facial more than once or twice a week.
Your lovely, lustrous hair is sure
to make him fall for your allure!

No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous... and yet so easy to manage!

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap,
yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

“Shes gorgeous—she has the loveliest hair!”
That's the kind of thing men say about the girl who keeps her locks sparkling with highlights, gleaming with lustre.
So don't let soap or soap shampoos rob your hair of its shining beauty.

Instead, use SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo... how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!
And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange... right after shampooing!

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed! And remember, Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.
So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

The suit is a winter favorite. It's warm and you can vary it with dickey's and blouses—and wear it under a topcoat all winter long! The smartest hair-dos are simple and practical—with their beauty more than ever dependent on the shining smoothness only Special Drene can give!

Soap film dulls lustre—rebs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!
They said she couldn’t do it, but Ina Ray Hutton proved them wrong. Above, she makes a striking appearance before her all-man orchestra.

They said I couldn’t,” Ina says defiantly, “organize a band of men who are tops in the field. It took me nine months to show ‘em.”

Ina doesn’t attribute her success to lady luck.

“Their idea,” she challenges.

Ina will tell you it wasn’t only like that: a musical merger of sex appeal and solid rhythm. In the early days when Ina had an all-girl band, her troupe tried to make up for musical deficiencies with novelties. Ina not only led the band, but did cartwheels, tap dances and “practically everything else.”

The music-wise jitterbugs tired of the novelties, demanded a band that played real swing.

“I knew it couldn’t last,” she admits, “there’s a limit to how far a girl band can go. The girls couldn’t improvise or train themselves to swing tempo.”

So in 1940 she broke up the distaff side orchestra and replaced them with men.

Ina says she is twenty-five. Her family came to New York when Ina was twelve. Gus Edwards, the star-maker, heard of her talents soon had the girl singing and dancing in his vaudeville unit. Then came similar tasks in George White’s Melody Revue and the Ziegfeld Follies. The school authorities were completely fooled.

“I was thirteen and looked seventeen,” Ina said laughingly.

Her mother accompanied her everywhere, helped teach her piano and music. A far-sighted booking agent with a flair for the unusual, suggested the band-leading idea and Ina agreed to try it. The girl band clicked overnight and then faded when the novelty wore off.

A girl bandleader has to meet one problem the men never have to worry about. At the beginning Ina usually had to summon the management’s strong-arm squad for physical support, when one of the men who had come to dance stayed to pester.

“Now,” she says confidently, “I just fluff ‘em off. If you ignore the fresh guys you can nip in the bud whatever they’re thinking.”

Ina has never been married and has no intention of taking the plunge while her career is on the ascendancy.

“I have plenty of time to settle down.”

However, friends tell me that the blonde bandleader does have several dates and they’re usually with musicians.

Ina is a very lucky girl. She eats ravenously but never gains an ounce. She recently turned down an attractive movie offer because it meant solo work.

“It was too tough organizing this band and I’m not going to sacrifice it now for anything,” she explained.

Latest addition to the band is a girl trio—the Kim Loo Sisters. These three Chinese-American girls never saw the Good Earth country. They’re from Minneapolis where their parents run the Nankin restaurant.

Many radio fans confuse Ina Ray with movie star Betty Hutton and singer Marian Hutton who was formerly with Glenn Miller’s band. Ina Ray is not related to them nor to heiress Barbara Hutton. About the latter Ina says, “No, I’m not related to her but I sure would like to be Cary Grant’s sister-in-law.”

ALL THIS AND HUTTON TOO

Ina Ray Hutton, the Betty Grable of the bandstand, possesses certain obvious advantages over her celebrated male colleagues. When she wears one of her 300 tight-fitting evening dresses, and gives the delicate downbeat, Harry James and Benny Goodman must concede defeat. Her deep blue eyes are more than a match for the swooning stares of admirers on the dance floor and her honey blonde hair and 103 well-proportioned pounds earn the envy of the girls in the room.

But Ina Ray Hutton is that rare combination of beauty and brains. Having batted a band for nine years, she has learned from bitter experience that physical appeal is not enough. It’s still the music that wins audiences.

Currently, the Hutton band is on a tour that will culminate in Hollywood for a picture contract. The band usually gets about $5,000 a week.
Hats on to MAZOLA!

RATION-WISE WOMEN appreciate the unique value of Mazola in their war-time food budgets. Fine for frying, excellent for shortening, delicious for salads, Mazola works wonders in saving precious points. Try these recipes...to prove that Mazola is as superior for frying and shortening as it is for making fresh, delicious salad dressings.

FRIED CHICKEN—tender, golden brown, digestible — Use 2½ to 3½ lb. chickens, cut into pieces. Wash and dry. Dredge each chicken thoroughly in large bowl containing mixture of 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Pour Mazola into heavy frying pan to depth of 1 inch. When hot, add chicken and brown both sides (uncovered). Reduce heat to low, cover closely and continue cooking. Turn frequently until done—40 to 60 min.

PIE CRUST— that "melts in your mouth"— for apple, fresh fruit, berry or any pie:

2 cups sifted flour ½ teaspoon salt ⅛ cup Mazola
Cold water to moisten (about ¼ cup)
Sift together flour and salt. Mix in Mazola lightly with fork or pastry blender. Add water, a little at a time, and work lightly with a fork. (The dough should be soft.) Roll out at once on floured board. Makes top and bottom crust for one 9-inch pie, or two 9-inch pastry shells.

FRENCH DRESSING — quick and easy to make; delicious with all salads.

⅛ teaspoon salt ¼ teaspoon pepper 1 teaspoon paprika 1 teaspoon sugar ⅜ cup Mazola ⅛ cup vinegar ⅛ teaspoon dry mustard
Measure all ingredients into mixing bowl or glass jar. Beat with rotary beater or shake to mix thoroughly. Shake or beat just before serving. Makes 1 cup dressing.

MAZOLA IS AS GOOD AND DELICIOUS TO EAT AS THE GOLDEN CORN FROM WHICH IT COMES

Mazola is a pure vegetable oil — all food value. It contains no moisture, no air, no animal fat. When you use Mazola for frying, for shortening, and for salads, you save butter, you need no other solid fats, you make fresh, delicious salad dressings at low cost.

The economy of Mazola has little to do with its popularity. The purity and quality of Mazola are paramount in appealing to particular people. All grocers sell Mazola in crystal-clear bottles protected by sealed outer cartons.

CORN PRODUCTS SALES COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Wear your Alluring Alix-Styled Shade of the
New Jergens Face Powder

YOUR LOOK-ALIVE LOOK
You need a new kind of beauty today—have that look-alive look or you lack allure. And the shades of the New Jergens Face Powder were styled by Alix, famous fashion designer and color genius, to bring your skin a young, alive tone. Her dresses made even plain women smart. Her shade for you can set hearts a-spin with your fresh loveliness!

YOUR VELVET-SKIN CHEEK
Yes! That Dream-Boy in uniform will be yours for keeps when he sees your new complexion. Here’s why: the texture of fragrant Jergens Powder is velvetized—by an exclusive process. Result—it makes your skin look smoother, finer, more flawless (it helps hide tiny skin faults). Wear your perfect Jergens shade today—see him stop, look and adore!

CHOOSE YOUR SHADE
Peach Bloom (for fair or medium skin)—to give a colorful, dewy look.
Rachel (for creamy-fair skin)—to give clear, striking glamour. Naturelle (for blonde-fair skin)—to give fragile, delicate beauty. Brunette (for medium or dark-toned skin)—to give dramatic, radiant allure. Dark Rachel (for medium or dark-toned skin)—to give a tawny, vivacious look.

Big Boudoir Box $1.00 . . . Try-it sizes 25¢, 10¢.
At his touch my whole body suddenly recoiled. Every nerve was jangling.

It was cool, that kiss, cool and quick. She tried to read Dave's face, hoping to find some clue there to his thoughts. What—or who—had come between them?

It was half-past five, and everything was ready. The house didn't have a speck of dust even in the darkest corner, all the slipcovers had been washed and ironed, the table in the tiny dining room was set for three with our good silver and china. There was a cold bottle of beer in the ice-box, and beside the stove, waiting to be broiled, was the thick, tender steak for which I'd been hoarding ration joints throughout the last two weeks.

Dickie had been scrubbed within an inch of his young life, and he was too busy keeping his vigil at the window to be in any danger of getting dirty again. And I was wearing a dress of soft blue wool—not a new dress, an old one, one that Dave had always liked. I'd looked at myself in the mirror, long and critically, wanting to be quite sure that his first sight of me after such a long time would please him. The woman in the glass looked back at me—a woman with smooth, soft brown hair and an oval face, one whose widely-spaced blue eyes were filled with a quiet, certain happiness, a woman who was sure of her place in the world and in the heart of the man she loved.

Eight years, I thought. Eight years of marriage, and not all eight of them lumped together had been as long as these six little months we'd been apart. Never a quarrel, never a time of boredom or irritation, never a moment of doubting the other's love. I've been blessed, I gave humble thanks, truly blessed. I have a home, a son, a husband—everything in the world that a woman needs.

Dickie shouted from the front room: "Mommy! Mommy, he's here! Come quick!" And I jumped up from the dressing table and ran, with an eagerness as great, as youthful, as Dickie's own.

I stood in the doorway while Dickie tore yelping down the walk to the curb where Dave was getting out of his mud-splattered car. Our embrace,
Dave’s homecoming—kiss—they mustn’t be spoiled by the glances, amused or envious, of the neighbors. So, waiting there, I saw him whole—saw the sparks struck from his sandy hair by the late-afternoon sun, the muscles in his bared forearms as he swept Dickie up, the deliciousness of his jaw.

“Hello, Laurie.”

“Hello, Dave,” I said softly, and lifted my lips for his kiss. It was cool, that kiss, cool and quick. But of course, I said to myself, laughing at my own disappointment. This is no time for loneliness, not with Dickie dancing around us in seven-year-old hysteria, asking a thousand questions and not waiting for the answer to a single one.

He let me go and looked around him and released his breath in a long sigh. “It’s swell to be home again. You don’t know how good the place looks since you left,” I told him, and for a minute I thought I might have to blink back the tears. He gave my arm a quick squeeze and turned away—as if he, too, had felt himself coming dangerously close to emotion. “It’s hot and dusty,” he said. “Can I have a shower?”

“Of course,” I said. “There’s lots of hot water. You go on and I’ll have dinner ready when you’re finished.”

He was gone, with Dickie following him. For a minute I didn’t move. I stood there, feeling disappointment heavy and dull inside me. Then I shook myself. I was being foolish—very foolish. I had looked forward to this moment of his homecoming for so long that unconsciously I’d expected it to be all one rosy ecstasy of delight. Naturally, it couldn’t be that way. Dave was tired after the long drive from River Run, tired from six months of hard work and harder living. Coming back into this house must be, for him, like coming back into a world he’d almost forgotten. He would need time to adjust himself, relax, forget the job he’d just finished.

Putting the steak into the broiler, I tried to imagine what it must have been like, there at River Run. Hot, of course, and dusty. When the dam was finished there would be plenty of water to lay the dust, but just now—And Dave had sent me a snapshot of the town near the dam site. It had looked ugly, thrown-together, crowded. No wonder he acted as if he could hardly believe he was home.

There hadn’t been any real need for him to take the River Run job. He was a boss, a good one, specializing in building the forms into which concrete is poured, and there was plenty of work for him here, close to home. But the dam was an emergency project, badly needed to provide more electric power for the Union Plants below River Run, and he felt he should go. It was his way of helping to win the war, and encouraging him to go, making the economies that were necessary after the move, was mine.

Still...it was good to know that his part of building the dam was done, and that he could relax. Good to know that he wasn’t here splashing at this very moment in the shower, even if—and I felt a frown pucker the skin between my eyes—he wasn’t singing “When Irish Eyes are Smiling” in his usual discordant way.

The steak was on the table, the potatoes mashed and the creamed cauliflower smoking in its casserole, when Dave came in. The bath and change of clothes had erased some of the weariness from his face, but not all, and he stood just inside the dining-room door hesitantly, as if he weren’t quite sure he had a right there.

“Everything’s ready,” I said. “Dickie, go and get the beer out of the ice-box, please.”

Commonplace words, natural words—but they rang false, as false as the ease with which Dave sat down and began to eat. Something was wrong, terribly wrong. With every passing minute I knew it more surely. I asked him about his trip home, about the job, and he answered my questions, but there was no life in anything we said, no taste to the food we ate. Even Dickie felt the uneasiness in the atmosphere. His torrent of questions and comments had dried up, and he ate quickly, darting little puzzled, timid glances at us both from his plate.

I tried to read Dave’s face, hoping to find some clue there to his thoughts, but this business of groping, of guessing, was too new to me. I’d never had to do it before, and I was like someone trying to play a game for the first time—clumsy, awkward, vexed. With one difference. This was no game. This was serious.

Dickie finished his apple pie and slid off his chair. “Mommy, can I go out and play a while?” he asked. I nodded, and then we were alone, sitting opposite on each side of the table. I put my hands out of sight, on my lap, and clasped them together, tightly.

Dave’s eyes met mine. I knew those eyes so well—large, frayed all around with tiny lines of laughter, alert—And I’d never seen them like this. For now the mask that he’d tried so hard to keep over them was down, and what it had hidden was sadness.

“T’ll see you, Laurie,” he said.

“T’ll see you, Laurie,” he said.

My fingers, twined together under the edge of the table, were numb, but I forced myself to speak steadily. “Yes, Dave. I guessed there was something—wrong.”

He drew the corners of his mouth down, wryly. “You could see, could
looked at another woman—never even thought of it. And then, all at once—it was as if some other fellow got control of me, told me what to do. That’s the only way I can explain it. Laurie,” he pushed his chair back with a sudden rasping sound and stood up, “Laurie, don’t look at me like that!”

I shuddered. Some of my strength came back, and I pressed the palm of one hand against my forehead, feeling the skin clammy under my touch. Nausea gathered in the pit of my stomach, rose and beat in my throat, and to conquer it I spoke, saying anything, the first words that came to my lips.

“I’m sorry . . . . I didn’t know I was looking at you any way in particular . . . . I didn’t know . . . .” Somehow, I found myself on my feet, moving blindly toward the door—not knowing where I was going, just impelled to get away from this room where such a terrible thing had happened to me.

But he followed. He wouldn’t let me take my hurt away and nurse it. “Laurie! Please forgive me! Please see it the way it was—a mistake, something I shouldn’t have done, something I’m sorry for. Don’t hate me!”

It was impossible not to answer that cry of agony, impossible not to know that his suffering was as great as mine. I stopped where I was. Hate him? No, of course not. I could never hate Dave, not even if he’d beaten me. And I did know that everything had happened exactly as he’d told it. He hadn’t meant to be unfaithful; he despised himself now for having been. But there my thoughts stopped. After that, there was nothing but emotion, the feeling of hurt, the nausea.

“If you’ll give me time—let me alone for a little while,” I murmured through stiff lips. “I’ll try to understand.”

He caught his breath as if to speak—then let it slowly go. “All right, dear,” he said, and turning, went into the living-room.

I looked around me—at the pattern of ivy on the wall, at the ornamental glass shelf and its knick-knacks hanging in the window, the table with its dishes and remains of food. Impossible that they should still be here, all these familiar things! Impossible that there should still be dishes to wash, food to put away, Dickie to call in from play and put to bed! Everything else had changed—why not my home, my duties?

But as I began to pick up the dishes I knew a kind of comfort. Perhaps there had not been such a tremendous change. I clung, suddenly, to the thought that at least Dave had been honest. Was a (Continued on page 71)
Dave's homecoming kiss—they mustn't be talking about—now made me envious of the neighbors. So, waiting there, I saw him whole—saw the sparkles struck from his sandy hair by the late afternoon sun, the muscles in his bared forearms as he swept Dickie up, the dear silence of his jaw.

"Hello, Laurie."

"Hello, Dave," I said softly, and lifted my lips for his kiss. It was cool, that kiss, cool and quick. But of course, I said to myself, laughing at my own disappointment. This is no time for love-making, not with Dickie dashing around us in seven-year-old hysteria, asking a thousand questions and not waiting for the answer to a single one. He let me go and looked around him and released his breath in a long sigh.

"It's swell to be home again. You don't know how good the place looks."

"This is the first time it's looked right since you left," I told him, and for a minute I thought I might have to blink back the tears. He gave me arm a quick squeeze and turned away—as if he, too, had felt himself coming dangerously close to emotion.

"I'm hot and dirty," he said. "Can I have a shower?"

"Of course," I said. "There's lots of hot water. You go on and I'll have dinner ready when you're finished."

He went on, with Dickie following him. For a minute I didn't move. I stood looking at the impression of this moment for that long unaccountably I'd expected to be all one rosy ecstasy of delight. Naturally, it couldn't be that way. Dave was tired after the long drive from River Run, tired from six months of hard work and harder living. Coming back into this house must be, for him, like coming back into a world he'd almost forgotten. He would need time to adjust himself, relax, forget the job he'd just finished. And Dave had sent me a snapshot of the town near the dam site. It had looked ugly, thrown-together, crowded. No wonder he acted as if he could hardly believe he was home.

There hadn't been any real need for Dave to take the River Run job. He was a better man than that, and I think I was just as surprised as he was to be offered the job. There was concrete in point, and there was work for him here, close to patient and quiet pond. But the dam was another thing, seriously badly needed to provide more electric power for the war plants below. Dave didn't feel he should be away from the war, and encouraging the building of the dam was rec- making, administering, that was. After the move, was inevitable.

... it was good to know that his pride in building the dam was done. To win and to have him home. Good to hear him speaking so comfortably, often—even if—and I felt a frown of some spoil and pucker the skin between my eyebrows. The Irish Eyes are Smiling in his usual disdernant way.

The steak was on the table, the plates, the forks, the glasses, the dishes. There was no food in anything we said, no taste to the food we ate. Even Dickie felt the uneasiness in the atmosphere. His torrent of questions and comments had died up, and he ate quickly, darting little puzzled, timid glances at us both from his plate.

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Dave's eyes met mine. I knew those eyes so well—large, far away all the time, with little lines of laughter, and me. I'd never seen them like this. For was the mask that he'd tried so hard to keep over them was down, and what it had hidden was sadness.

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He drew the corners of his mouth down, wryly. "You could see, could
THOUGHT I knew myself. I thought that I, Jane Dillon, was the person I understood best in all the world. I carried a picture of this Jane in my mind, and it was the picture of a woman who wanted certain things of life, and knew how to get them. There are two kinds of women, I had decided—those who are made for love and those who are made to work. I was one of those who had been made for work. And I was content.

Then, one crisp autumn afternoon, I learned that I wasn't the sort of person I had believed I was. I was someone quite different.

But the moment when I met the real Jane Dillon isn't the beginning of my story—in fact, it's very nearly the end. The beginning—well, it could be almost anyplace, but the best starting-point is the evening my sister Diana brought Lieutenant Jim Miles to meet me, saying shyly, "Jane—this is Jim."

I took one quick look at him, and warm, incredulous hope flooded through me. I hadn't dared to believe before—I still didn't quite dare—but perhaps he really was the man I'd longed to see standing here, in our shabby old living room, holding Diana's hand in his.

I hardly glanced at his uniform, or at the single bar on each of his shoulder-tabs. I knew about these—Diana had told me. What I wanted to see was the level honesty of his brown eyes, the width and firmness and quiet humor of his mouth, the decision in his movements. And—yes, they were all there, these signposts to his character. They were all there, to say he could make Diana happy, that he could control her, guide her. If she loved him...but she did, she'd told me she did, and wasn't that love shining in her eyes now?

This wasn't the time to remember that there had been other occasions when Diana had looked like this—just as adoring, just as rapt. Particularly, this wasn't the time to remember Tommy Lester. Diana was a year older now. She was almost eighteen, and if she hadn't yet fully learned that love
All the world seemed to stop.

Jane looked at the beautiful diamond, felt the pressure of Jim's fingers, and knew she was in love. But Jim was not hers. The ring was for Diana.

is more than a game—why Jim Miles could teach her.

I held out my hand to him. "I'm very happy to know you," I said. And then, deliberately, I added, "But I really feel as if I know you already—Diana has talked so much about you."

"Has she?" he asked, and smiled. "I was afraid she forgot all about me the minute I was out of sight."

Diana touched his arm. "You know I wouldn't do that," she said softly, looking up at him from under her long lashes—a look to make any man's heart skip a beat. Even I, who had seen it before, couldn't believe that this time it wasn't real.

We sat down to dinner then, the dinner I had prepared so carefully, fruit cup and the first roast we'd had since rationing began and tender, buttery squash, green salad and homemade ice cream. Usually we ate much earlier; just before Dad left for his work on the night shift at the factory, but tonight it was late enough to light the candles Diana had bought at the dime store. Their soft glow centered on the three of us at the table, didn't go far enough to show him the brown, old-fashioned wallpaper, the scarred kitchen door, the patch on the ceiling where rainwater had seeped through from Diana's window above, left open one night when she rushed out on a date.

Not that he'd have cared about these things. I realized that now. He came from a home like this himself—one that was a little run-down, very much lived-in. A happier home, perhaps. Ours hadn't been happy in seven years, not since the night of Mother's death.

I longed for her again now, as I'd longed for her so often before. She had been like Diana, and she would have understood her so much better than I. She would always have known what to do—and I so often did not.

It wasn't Diana's fault that she had a face like a merry angel's, a mouth made for laughter and kisses, a body that danced even when she only walked across the room. All her life she'd been courted, admired, loved—
I knew that I, Jane Dillon, was the person I understood best in all the world. I carried a picture of this Jane in my mind, and it was the picture of a woman who wanted certain things of life, and knew how to get them. There were two kinds of women, I had decided—those who are made for love and those who are made to work. I was one of those who had been made for work. And I was content.

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what wonder was it if she had no sense of responsibility, no defenses against the impulses that swept her first this way, then that, like a leaf in the wind? Dad hadn’t been able to help me with her, because Mother’s death had left him utterly shattered. It had been all he could do to keep on living; he hadn’t wanted to, very much. Slowly, so slowly, he’d made a kind of peace with his loss, so that he was able to work and provide the money that kept us all going, but the father I’d known until I was sixteen disappeared completely when Mother died. In his place there finally emerged a man who lived in his memories—a kind and gentle man, but one who often seemed not to be there even when you were talking to him. For the last two years he’d been foreman on the night shift at the factory, and that—working at night, sleeping through much of the day—had taken him even farther away from Diana and me.

No, Dad couldn’t help. He’d backed me up, passively, in the one big crisis of Diana’s life so far, but I was the one who’d made the decisions, taken the responsibility.

That had been almost a year ago, when Diana and Tommy Lester had wanted to be married.

It was ridiculous, of course. Tommy was only a year older than Diana—eighteen, at the time, to her seventeen. He was a gangling, bright-eyed boy with a devil-may-care charm about him and not a thought in the world beyond marrying Diana and getting into the Air Corps. There were tears, threats of an elopement, passionate scenes in which Diana accused me of trying to ruin her life—and then Tommy was on his way to an Army air school in Florida and Diana was red-eyed and sulky for a week or so. Only for that long. She got over it, as I’d known she would. She found other boys, other thrills, other good times. Tommy and she corresponded—I saw the envelopes sometimes—but less and less often as the months went by.

And now she was in love with Lieutenant Jim Miles—but this time I wouldn’t stand in the way of her marriage. This time I would foster it, because Jim was the kind of man who could make her happy—and because I was tired, desperately tired.

“You’ve got a head on your shoulders, Jane,” Dad had always said. “I never worry about you, or about Diana when you’re taking care of her.”

A hand on my shoulders... Yes, a plain head, serviceable and neat, useful but certainly not ornamental. All right. I’d accepted, long ago, the fact that Diana had all the looks of the family. But I was twenty-three years old, and I wanted a chance to use that so-efficient head for myself, for my own life. I wanted freedom from worrying about Diana. There was a place in the world for me; I knew exactly where it was; and I wanted to take it.

I was grateful to Jim Miles. Grateful for his good looks, because without them he would never have attracted Diana. Grateful for the way he watched her, so tenderly smiling, because that meant he would love and cherish her. Grateful even that he was a lieutenant, because that meant he could be with her wherever he was stationed until he went overseas.

He hadn’t proposed—not yet. He was the kind who would show himself to a girl’s family before he said anything. But he would. He must.

We were very gay throughout that dinner. Jim told us about his life at camp, about some of the friends he’d made there, the work he did.

“It’s funny,” he said, sobering a little. “When I went into the Army I didn’t expect to like it. I only joined up out of a sense of duty. Now that I’m in it—well, I wouldn’t want any other kind of life.”

“I know how you feel,” I told him. “Dedicated—to a job, a good job. Part of a team. That’s why I—” I stopped suddenly blushing, but Diana laughed.

“Jane wants to join the WACS,” she said, “but she can’t, because she thinks she has to stay home and look out for me.”

I was conscious of his eyes on me, intent and grave. He did understand! He didn’t think it odd, as Diana did, that I should want that clean discipline, that willing forgetfulness of self. He knew my need, because it was in him too.

“The WACS are doing a fine job,” he said quietly. “I think you’d make a good one.”

“Thank you,” I answered. “I’m very anxious to join.” And then I laughed, lightly, and leaned over to touch Diana’s hand. I knew what I was doing. I was telling him, in all but so many words, that I expected him to ask Diana to marry him. I said, “And maybe it won’t be so very long before I can.” I gave it just the right inflection of merriment, the right note of questioning.

He understood, and so did Diana. I could tell that from their embarrassed
laughter, the flush that came to their checks, the way Jim covered Diana's other hand with his.

At that moment, as if to settle matters, the telephone rang. Diana jumped up to answer it, but it was for Jim. We heard his voice in the hall, curt and brief, and then he came back into the dining-room.

THAT was the O. D. at camp," he said. "Orders just came through—I'd been expecting them, but not so soon. I'm being transferred to the administration school in Kansas."

"Jim!" Diana cried. "When?"

"In a week."

In silence, he moved to stand behind Diana's chair, touching her shoulders. "It's not much time, is it?" he asked.

"Do—you think it's long enough to arrange a wedding?... That is, if you'll take me for a husband, and Jane will take me for a brother-in-law?"

Diana's little face was radiant. "Oh, Jim!" she breathed. "Of course it is—and of course I will, and—and of course Jane will, too."

He bent over her, laughing—and hurriedly I slipped away, out of the room. It had happened, I thought, it had happened! Thanks to—to what? When the telephone call came and he knew he would be leaving in a week, would he have asked Diana to marry him, even without my pointed hint? Or—

Well, it didn't matter. Perhaps I had speeded things up a little, but the important thing was that they were in love, and they were going to be happy, and I was going to be free.

I began to plan. Only a week—probably a day or so less than that, to give them time for a honeymoon of sorts. Diana would want a church wedding; her romantic heart had always hungered for one. That made everything more difficult, but we'd manage, we'd manage somehow. The bridal gown and veil would have to be bought ready-made... it was a good thing Diana was a perfect fourteen. I'd be the bridesmaid, and Dad would give her away.

Then I remembered something that seemed a good omen. Diana's birthday was Tuesday—just five days away. It would be ideal to have the wedding then.

I poured it all out for them, a little while later, when they came from the dining room, and they listened approvingly. Diana laughed and said, "Isn't it lovely!" Here we'd hardly thought of when or how we'd be married, and she has it all worked out." It seemed to me that her voice grew a little shrill. "Darling, you're a wonderful organizer."

"I've had to learn to be," I said, a little husky. A girl who'd been keeping house when other girls her age were learning to dance and flirt—a girl whose face was undistinguished, plain—just what was there in life for her but efficiency, the ability to get things done?

And I did get things done in the next four days. I reserved the church, and ordered a cake and a punch-bowl and things to put in it. I made up a list of Diana's friends, and telephoned them all because there wasn't time to mail invitations. I cleaned the house thoroughly, so it would look nice when we all came back to it after the ceremony. I talked to Dad...

He and Jim met on Dad's night off, Saturday, and they seemed to get on well together. I'd been sure they would, because Jim was Dad's kind of man, the kind of man Dad himself had been. They were old, and left and Diana had gone with him as far as the bus-line to camp, Dad and I sat together, companionably, over coffee in the kitchen. It had been a long time since we'd talked to each other as freely, as intimately, as this. There hadn't been time, I supposed. Or perhaps Dad hadn't wanted to.

He listened, nodding in understanding agreement, while I told him what I wanted to do after Diana was married. "Yes," he said, "it's time you got out and tried your wings, Janie, and if this is what you want, we mustn't worry about me. We'll sell the house, or rent it, and I'll take a room at Mrs. O'Hara's until after the war. I'll be fine there."

He reached for the coffee-pot and poured himself another cup. "And now that Diana's settled—he's a nice young fellow. I like him. Only—" He hesitated.

"Only what, Dad?"

"You're sure she loves him?" He raised his eyes, and I was surprised to see, all at once, how keen and blue they still were.

"Oh, she's crazy about him, Dad!" I exclaimed.

"Mmm—that wasn't exactly what I meant," he murmured. "Diana's pretty much of a youngster yet, Jane. I know she's excited and happy, but I just wondered—maybe it's the idea of marrying a soldier, an officer, to the hurry and bustle... the business of going away and living at an Army camp... all that."

I laughed. "It's partly that, of course. But she loved him before it all started—(Continued on page 83)
what wonder was it if she had no sense of responsibility, no defenses against the impulses that swept her first this way, then that, like a leaf in the wind?

Dad hadn't been able to help me with her, because Mother's death had left him utterly shattered. It had been all he could do to keep on living. And he hadn't wanted to, very much. Slowly, so slowly, he'd made a kind of peace with his loss, so that he was able to work and provide the money that kept us all going, but the father I'd known until I was sixteen disappeared completely when Mother died. In his place there finally emerged a man who lived in his memories—a kind and gentle man, but one who often seemed not to be there even when you were talking to him. For the last two years he'd been foreman on the night shift at the factory, and that—working at night, sleeping through much of the day—had taken him even farther away from Diana and me.

No, Dad couldn't help. He'd backed me up, passively, in the big crisis of Diana's life so far, but I was the one who'd made the decisions, taken the responsibility.

Tommy, however, had been almost a year ago, when Diana and Tommy Lester had wanted to be married to each other.

It was ridiculous, of course. Tommy was only a year older than Diana—eighteen, at the time, to her seventeen. He was a gangling, bright-eyed boy with a devil-with-a-curl charm about him and not a thought in the world beyond marrying Diana and getting into the Air Corps. There were tears, threats of an elopement, passionate scenes in which Diana accused me of trying to ruin her life—and then Tommy was on his way to an Army air school in Florida. She had been utterly sick and sulky for a week or so. Only for that long. She got over it, as I'd known she would. She found other boys, other thrills, other good times.

Tommy and she corresponded—I saw the envelopes sometimes—but less and less often as the months went by. And now she was in love with Lieutenant Jim Miles—but this time I wouldn't stand in the way of her marriage. This time I would foster it, because Jim was the kind of man who could make her happy, not because I was tired, desperately tired.

"You've got a head on your shoulders, Diana," Dad had always said. "I never worry about you, or about Diana when you're taking care of her."

A head on my shoulders... Yes, a plain head, serviceable and neat, useful but certainly not ornamental. All

The clerk's voice came from far away: "It fits the young lady perfectly," I heard him say.

right. I'd accepted, long ago, the fact that Diana had all the looks of the family. But I was twenty-three years old, and I wanted a chance to use that so-efficient head for myself, for my own life. I wanted things, owning up to Diana. There was a place in the world for me, I knew exactly where it was; and I wanted to take it.

I was grateful to Jim Miles. Grateful for his good looks, because without them he would never have attracted me. Grateful for the way he watched her, so tenderly smiling, because that meant he would love and cherish her. Grateful even that he was a lieutenant, because that meant he could be with her wherever he was stationed until he went overseas.

He hadn't proposed—not yet. He was the kind who would show himself to a girl's family before he said anything. But he would. He must.

We were very good throughout that dinner. Jim told us about his life at camp, about some of his friends who'd made it there, the work he did.

"I've never been so other..." When I went into the room, he didn't expect to like it. I only joined up out of a sense of duty. Now that I'm in it—I—" I stopped suddenly blushing, but Diana laughed.

"Jade wants to join the WACS," she said, "but she can't, because she thinks she has to stay home and look out for me."

I was conscious of his eyes on me, intent and grave. He did understand my intent and grave. He did understand, I think it odd, as Diana did, that I should want that clean discipline, that willful freedom of self. He knew my need, because it was in him too.

"The WACS are doing a fine job," he said quietly. "I think you'd like a good one.

"Thank you," I answered. "I'm very anxious to join." And then I laughed, lightly, and leaned over to touch Diana's hand. I knew what was being done. I was telling him, but so many words, that it expected him to ask Diana to marry him. I said, "And maybe it won't be so very long before I can." I gave it just the inflection of merriment, the right note of questioning.

He understood, and so did Diana. I could tell that from their embarrassed laughter, the flush that came to their cheeks, the way Jim covered Diana's other hand with his.

At that moment, as it so settled matters, the telephone rang. Diana jumped up to answer it, but it was for Jim. He spread his voice in the hall, curtly, briefly, and then he came back into the dining-room.

"That was the O. D. at camp," he said. "Orders just came through—I've been expecting them, but not now. I'm being transferred to the administration school in Kansas."

"Jim? Diana cried. "When?"

"In a week."

In silence, he moved to stand behind Diana's chair, touching her shoulders. "It's not much time, is it?" he asked. "Do—do you think it's long enough to arrange a wedding?"

That is, if you'll take me for a husband, and Diana, I mean. "Let's be quite sure, before I can," he said. "I gave it just the right note of questioning.

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At that moment, as it so settled matters, the telephone rang. Diana jumped up to answer it, but it was for Jim. He spread his voice in the hall, curtly, briefly, and then he came back into the dining-room.

Then I remembered something that seemed a good omen. Diana's birthday was next Wednesday—just five days away. It would be ideal to have the wedding then.

I feared it all out for them, a little while later, when they came from the dining-room, and they listened approvingly. Diana laughed and said, "Isn't Jane marvelous? Here we'd hardly thought of when or how we'd be married, and she has it all worked out."

"It seemed to me that her voice grew a little shrill. "Dining, you're a wonderful organizer.

"What have I had to learn to be," I said, a little hurt. A girl who's been keeping house when other girls her age were learning to dance and flirt—a girl whose face was undistinguished, plain—what was there in life for her but efficiency, the ability to get things done?

And I did get things done in the next four days. I reserved the church, and ordered a cake and a punch—both things to put in it. I made up a list of Diana's friends, and telephoned them all because there wasn't time to mail invitations. I cleaned the house thoroughly, so it would look nice when we all came back to it after the ceremony. I talked to Dad.

He and Jim met on Dad's night off, Saturday, and they seemed to get on well together. I'd been sure they would, because Jim was Dad's kind of man, the kind of man Dad himself had been years ago. Jim had been head waiter and Diana had gone with him as fast as the bus-line to camp, Dad and Mrs. O'Hara were together, companionably, over coffee in the kitchen. It had been a long time since they talked to each other as freely, intimately, as this. There hadn't been time to be supposed. Or perhaps Dad hadn't wanted to.

He listened, nodding in understanding agreement, while I told him what I wanted. When I wanted to be married was after Diana was married. "Yes," he said, "it's time you grew up and tried your wings, Janie, and if this is what you want... You won't worry about me. Well sell the house on credit or rent it, and I'll take a room at Mrs. O'Hara's until the war. I'll be fine there.

He reached for the coffee-pot and said, "And a credit to you!" and I knew that Diana's settled—she's a nice young fellow, I like him. Only—He hesitated."

"Only what, Dad?"

"I don't know, maybe he loves her?"

He raised his eyes, and I was surprised to see, at all once, how keen and blue his eyes were.

"Oh, she's crazy about him, Dad!"

"Mm—mm—that wasn't exactly what I meant," he murmured. "It was only that it was a pretty good reason, I know she's excited and happy, but I just can't believe it. The other thing is marrying a soldier, an officer..."

The hurry and bustle of their wedding was over before I could think of all the things that needed doing, and I was living at an Army camp—"all that.

But I was partly that, of course. But she loved him after all—(Continued on page 83)
I

R NT it funny how you can want something all your life, hope for it, yearn for it, dream about it, and then, when your hopes are realized, when your dreams come true, you get—well, I don't know how to put it, exactly, but you get too much all at once?

That's the way it was with me. For the first eighteen years of my life I was lonely. I wanted companionship, and—yes, I wanted a boy friend all my own. You see, I didn't have the chance that most girls have to meet boys and go out with them. I didn't go to high school with other boys and girls. I didn't have a brother who brought home his friends, or a sister who brought home hers. I didn't have any family at all, or any friends, outside St. Mary's Academy, which is just a fancy name for a very strict orphan asylum.

So I was lonely—lonely in a way you girls who have lived a normal, happy home life have never even imagined being. And then, suddenly, when I was eighteen, my whole life changed. I went out into the world outside St. Mary's walls, to make my own way. And I found, in a short space of time, not one man of my own, but two, Paul and Jim—I, so innocent and unworldly, so badly equipped to meet on his own grounds even one man! First there was Paul, and the way I met him seemed to me like the fulfillment of the dreams I'd always had, the dreams that had been intensified when I saw and answered the ad posted on the bulletin board at St. Mary's, under Jobs For Seniors.

Wanted: Waitresses at Ocean View House, Sea Cliff. Liberal time off amid beautiful surroundings.

That little notice had given me new dreams—of myself as the center of a laughing group of young people in bright bathing suits shouting and dashes in and out of the rushing surf, like you see in the ads in magazines. The new dreams were shattered on the hardness of reality when I got the job and found out how different it was from what I had imagined. I was just learning how rigid social barriers were in Sea Cliff, I was just feeling the first shock of bitter disillusionment, when I met Paul.

He came into the dining room of Ocean View House one night with an elderly lady who had that silver-and-ice look that I'd learned, even in my brief career as a waitress, meant I must be on my toes every second.

Paul didn't say anything then, of course. He didn't need to—I could tell that he liked me from the way he looked at me all the time during dinner, while I moved about the table waiting on them. His eyes were deep brown, shadowed by thick black lashes beneath straight black brows. His hair was black, too, and curly, but brushed down into a neat, shining cap on his well-shaped head. Everything about him was neat and orderly, his brown linen suit fitting perfectly over his compact, stocky body, his tie the exact shade of green, as his socks and the border of the handkerchief that emerged in a sharp little triangle from his pocket. He looked so nice!

I thought, when he and his mother got up and left the room, that he was just like the other figments of my dreams, that he had come and was gone, and that was the end of it. With a little sigh, I began to clear their table. Then, as I lifted his plate, I caught the flicker of a five dollar bill.

My heart fell. I didn't want money from him. I didn't want him to feel sorry for the poor little waitress—it was romance I wanted and life, and adventure, not sympathy. But gradually, as I finished up my work, I figured it out. After all, he had seen me as a waitress, and he knew that waitresses live on tips, and that tips were seldom as big as the one he had left. He must have wanted me to realize that he was interested in me. A big tip was the only way he had of leaving that message for me. So that five dollar bill was romance, after all!

By the time I was through working I was sure that I had understood him right. I slipped quickly out of my uniform and peered into the mirror in my hot little room up under the roof. I'd never thought much of my face. It was so small, so pale, the cheekbones so prominent, making great hollows

A Theater of Today Drama

Adapted from an original radio play by Cameron Hawley, entitled, "The Musical Marions," heard Saturdays at noon on CBS.
"We were laughing so hard we had to stop playing. "I never had such a good time in all my life," I told Jim happily.

from which my blue eyes had always stared out wistfully, forlornly at a world which seemed to give the simple things I longed for to everyone else but me. But tonight I didn't look pale. Excitement had brought with it a glow of color to my cheeks, a new brightness to my eyes. The ash blond hair that had seemed so dull above the black of my school uniforms was now transformed under the little, glancing electric bulb into a burnished gold. Why—I was pretty!

Every night of the week I'd gone straight to bed after work, too tired to think of anything, even food. But tonight my feet seemed to dance in anticipation. I put on the only pretty dress I owned—or had ever owned—the white, one in which I'd graduated from the senior class a few months before. It had old-fashioned embroidery around the neck and sleeves with blue ribbon run through it. I'd thought it the most wonderful dress in the world when it was made; but now it seemed childish and sleazy after the beautiful, simple gowns I'd seen on the girls who came to Ocean View House. But it was the best I had, and nothing could spoil the wonderful sense of anticipation I had as I ran down the narrow stairs to the employees' entrance of the inn.

I saw the shadow there, deepening the shade of the arbor, and I knew who the shadow would be.

"You're Sally Granger," Paul said. "Why—how did you know that?" It seemed such a miracle, just that he knew my name.

He had a nice, easy laugh, as if he really liked laughing. "Oh, I have ways of finding out important things like that," he told me. "I'm Paul Starrett." "I know." And then I blurted out, "I asked one of the other girls."

Then I couldn't say anything more. I just stood there like a little wooden figure, feeling the importance of the moment like a physical shock, as tangible as my hair hanging free of its confining pins for the first time, softly moving over my shoulders in the breeze from the sea.

But Paul didn't seem to care that I was silent. He tucked my hand into the crook of his arm, and we turned down toward the shore. "Let's walk down here, where we can get acquainted," he said.

"I'd like that," I told him honestly. It was sweet, after a long, hard day with the smell of hot food all about me, to walk along the cool, fragrant road under the trees that opened now and again to give a glimpse of the shining waters of the bay.

"You're lovely," said Paul, very seriously. "You're the loveliest thing I've ever seen."

Nobody had ever said anything like that to me before. This was the stuff of which my dreams had been made—summer, and a lovely place, and a man
beside me in the falling darkness, saying the things I'd only imagined that men could say to me. Somehow, just these few minutes with Paul were beginning to make up for all the years of loneliness, all the years of living my life in a uniform, regulated by the clanging of a brassy bell, finding my only joy in long hours of practicing at the piano, and trying to find in it a sort of queer substitute for the warmth and the gaiety I needed . . . and the love. I wanted to tell Paul about it, to make him understand.

"I've always lived at St. Mary's Academy——" I began.

His smile warmed. "So that's it," he said. "I knew there was something different about you. Something quiet and—and ladylike. Not like these other girls around here."

He had been thinking about me, then, speculating, figuring me out, setting me apart from other girls! "I'll tell you how I knew," he said, his eyes laughing down at me. "You blushed. I haven't seen a girl blush in ages." He was laughing, but it was a kindly, warm laugh, because I was blushing again.

And then he stopped me, right there by the edge of the road, near a big rock. He put his hand on my cheek, very lightly, and let his fingers trail down it, and on my neck. I hardly breathed. I was afraid—not so much of what he might do, but of what I might do, because I suddenly felt that this was dangerous, that I should run away.

Desperately, I tried to turn the conversation away from me, to safer ground. "Tell me," I said breathlessly, "tell me something about you—I don't know anything about you at all."

This time his laughter had a ring of pride in it. "Most people around here know about my family," he answered easily. "We own Northeastern Fireworks factory over at Raven's Point."

"Where they make munitions?" I asked, awed. From the bus window I'd seen the gleaming new barbed wire wound intricately on poles for miles and miles, guarding acres of small buildings which produced the dangerous materials of war.

He nodded. "We certainly do. Under government contracts. That plant has made a difference in this town since the time it was a two-by-four shop where my dad made lady crackers and sparklers."

"Do you run it?" I asked. "You, yourself?"

"Naturally, I took over when Dad died. Mother made quite a fuss over some of what she called my 'young ideas', but now that she sees what a fine job we're doing she doesn't have a word to say about them any more." "Doesn't it make you feel wonderful to know that you're helping win the war?" I asked. "You are—even more than if you were fighting."

"Wonderful!" He grinned. "Yes, it seems wonderful, pretty girl. And the figures on our books look wonderful, too. We're really making money, and that's a pretty good feeling too."

He turned to me a little, and put his hand on my arm. "I've got a pretty good feeling right now," he said, and his voice was lower, softer. His hands moved up to my shoulders. "A feeling—like this."

And then he kissed me. It's hard to find words to tell you what that kiss did to me. I'd never even known the most casual, careless touch of a man's hand, before. When Paul's lips touched mine, lightly at first, then hard, I felt something that was like fright, only far more overwhelming. I was suddenly burning hot, and every fiber of my body went weak and limp. I trembled against the strength of Paul's arm, holding me to him.

Paul was staring down at me. Very slowly, he said, "Tell me something, Sally. Have you ever been kissed before?"

I shook my head, half ashamed.

He made a little sound with his lips, like a whispered whistle, and I couldn't tell whether he was angry or amused. After a moment he released me, and we turned back toward the hotel, walking faster than we had before.

There must be something I can say, I thought wildly, but I was horribly tongue-tied, frightened to death that Paul would think me nothing but a silly, uninteresting little school girl. He didn't say a word until we were within a hundred yards of the inn. Then he slowed his pace, and stopped me once more with his hand on my arm.

"Sally—will you listen while I tell you something? There are a lot of fellows around here—young fellows up for the summer with nothing much to do and too much money to spend—who wouldn't understand a girl like you. You'll have to watch your step, and be very careful not to get into something you can't get out of. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes!" I didn't really, but I was so grateful that he cared enough about
me to bother about my welfare!
He smiled again, a very impudent, cock-sure little smile, then. "Maybe
you'd better avoid any trouble by not
going out with anyone but me. How's
that?"
"That—" How could I tell him?
"That's—wonderful!"
"All right. It's settled then." He
sobered again. "Another thing—there's
no place in the world like a resort town
for gossip. What people don't know
they can't talk about—that's logical,
isn't it? So just you leave everything
to me. Don't talk about going out with
me to the other girls, and I'll take my
time breaking you to Mother. She has
a lot of funny, old-fashioned ideas, and
I don't want her upset right now. It
just happens that there's a lot going on
at the plant at the moment that's in a
very delicate state of expansion, and I
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saying no spells. You see, she wants
me to go with what she calls the best
people, and all that, and right now I
have to toe the mark and keep her
happy. But you leave it to me, and
everything will be all right."
"I see," I told him. I didn't see at
all, but I was happy enough just trying
to realize that Paul wanted me to be
his girl without bothering about any-
thing else.
I stood in the shadow of the arbor
watching him go, drinking in great
breaths of the fragrant night air. My
dreams had all come true. I wouldn't
be lonely any more, ever!
The thought of Paul and our evening
walks together, our kisses by the old
rock on Cove Road—those were the
things I lived for all that summer. I
didn't mind the work, the hot, crowded
dining room, the people calling me
from all directions at once. I knew
that I'd see Paul afterwards, for each
evening was a repetition of our first
evening together. I loved to walk
slowly beside him, to get him to talk
about the plant, which seemed so far-
removed, so much more exciting, than
anything I'd known before. I didn't
understand all he told me about the
Army and Navy officers who controlled
the contracts, or about the constant
surveillance of the government inspec-
tors, but it all sounded terribly exciting.
"Oh, I wish I could work there," I
told him one night late in the summer.
"I—I hate my job!"
Paul only laughed and kissed me.
When he kissed me I could forget the
way the months went by with every-
thing unchanged between us, with our
meeting only on the sly while he took
the other girls—the resort crowd—to
plays at the little theater, or out danc-
ing.
But when he wasn't kissing me, I
grew more and more impatient. Per-
haps I was growing up, realizing that
all of life can't be just kisses and walks
in the moonlight. Labor Day came and
went, and then there were only a few
late vacationers in the hotel dining
room, and regulars like Paul and his
mother, who ate there every Thurs-
day, their cook's night out.
The Thursday after Labor Day, I
tried again. "Paul," I told him, "the
summer's over. What are we going to
do about us?"
"Tis?" He smiled that impudent
smile, and for the first time I didn't
thrill to it.
"Yes, Paul."
"What about us? I like us just as
we are—and like us better all the time.
Don't you?"

I TRIED to return his smile. "Of
course I do—you know I do. But—
why can't we go out together like other
people?" I hated to be the one to put
it into words, but someone had to say
it. I couldn't go on like this. "I want
to—oh, just go to the movies with you,
and stop at the drugstore for a soda
afterwards, and—"
He looked down at me very gravely.
"Sally, I thought you understood. I
thought you were my sweet, under-
standing girl—the girl who wanted to
help me get ahead, the girl who was
willing to sacrifice a little now to make
way for better things later. I've told
you over and over that I don't dare let
Mother know about us just yet. I run
the plant, Sally, but it's Mother who
owns the controlling interest. If I
don't do as she wants me to, she might
even make me get out and hire a new
manager. Why, it would shake the
whole plant up, honey! It'd probably
mean a terrible slow-up in production.
You wouldn't want that?"
I heard my own voice, very small,
answering him. "Of course not."
"Be patient, then." He held me very
close to him again. "Trust me, Sally—
just trust me a little longer and every-
thing will be all right. I told you that."
But even in his arms, my mind was
made up. I'd thought about it for a
long time, and now I knew what I was
going to do.
The next morning I presented myself
at the gate of Northeastern Fireworks
Company. I knew that I was going to
get myself a job, if I could—but I
didn't know what else was waiting for
me inside that (Continued on page 61)
beside me in the falling darkness, saying—
thing. Then he could say to me. Somewhere, just
the music, then two minutes, but a
ning to make up for all the years of loneliness, all the years of living
in a tower remote, the running of a brass key, finding my
only joy in long hours of practicing at the
, and there was a sort of queer substitute for the warm
and the garden I needed, and the
love. I wanted to tell Paul about this, to make him understand.

"I've also been advanced at St. Mary's Academy—" I began.

His smile warmed. "So that's it," he said. "I knew there was something
the other on my arm, and
good feeling right now," he said, and
his voice was lower, softer. He wrinkled
up to my shoulders. "A feeling—

Then and then he kissed me.

It's hard to find words to tell you
what that kiss did to me. I'd never
known the most casual, careless
thing of a man's hand, before. When
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was like fright, only far more over-
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impudent little smile, then. "Maybe
you'd better avoid any trouble by not
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"That's wonderful!"

"All right. It's settled then."
I blushed again. "Another thing—there's
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me to go with what she calls the best
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I stood in the shadow of the arbor
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nights had all come true. I wouldn't
be lonely any more, ever.

The thought of Paul and our evening
walks together, our kisses by the old
rock on Cove Road—these were
the things I lived for all summer,
that didn't mind the work, the hot,
crowded dining room, the people calling
me "Missie"—these were the things
of the automobile had all come true. I
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Big Sister

See them as they really are—all the people who play an important part in the life of Ruth Wayne, one of Radio’s most lovable heroines

BIG SISTER, as she is better known, is Mrs. Ruth Wayne of Glen Falls. Her husband, Dr. John Wayne, has recently been officially reported killed in the South Pacific campaign. Ruth is active in war work, is serving as a trained nurse and she devotes her spare time to knitting for the Red Cross. As her nickname implies, she’s a big sister to all who know her. At the moment, Ruth has consented to marry Dr. Reed Bannister who was her husband’s friend and professional associate. (Played by Marjorie Anderson)

REED BANNISTER has been in love with Ruth for a long time. Reed is a doctor who came to Glen Falls some three or four years ago where he went into practice with Ruth’s husband, Dr. John Wayne. Shortly after the outbreak of the war, he went on a medical mission to England with John. He was injured while there and because of this he was rejected by the War Department and has remained in Glen Falls conducting a private practice. Before John Wayne left he asked Reed to look out for his wife if anything happened to him. (Played by David Gothard)

The serial, Big Sister, is heard daily, from Monday through Friday, at 12:15 P.M., EWT, over the Columbia Network.
DORIS MONET is the young wife of Peter Monet. He is intensely jealous, particularly because Doris, before they were married, told him she was at one time in love with another man. The man was Reed Bannister, although Peter does not know this. She had been Reed's office nurse in another town and had left his employ when she found that he did not return her love. Now, in coming to Glen Falls, she has met him again and at present is torn emotionally because of her unhappy marriage, her old love for Reed and the knowledge that he is about to marry Ruth Wayne.

(Played by Joan Tompkins)

FRANK WAYNE is the brother of Ruth Wayne's missing husband. He arrived unexpectedly in Glen Falls about a year ago and up to that time no one was aware of his existence, as John had never spoken of him. The reason for John's silence concerning Frank was that Frank, through unscrupulous manipulation, succeeded in getting his hands on John's legacy, left him at the death of his father. Frank spent this money and never repaid John. He is conscienceless, suave, malicious and attractive and is the cause of a lot of the troubles that have beset Ruth since she has learned of her husband's death.

(Played by Eric Dressler)
NEDDIE EVANS is Ruth's seventeen-year-old brother, who goes to high school. He is a typical young American, interested in doing his share in the war effort, and is active in the crop corps. His attempt to enlist in the Navy was unsuccessful because of a physical defect. Recently, Neddie had his heart broken through the unhappy termination of an adolescent love affair.

(Played by Michael O'Day)
ERIC RAMSEY is the son of a prominent American painter. But, because of trouble between his father and mother, Eric has been highly emotional, nervous and excitable and had suffered a complete nervous breakdown prior to the time he came to Glen Falls. His physical condition has prevented him from joining the Army which he has resented very much. Diane gave him a new outlook on life and the news that she expects a baby in the fall, has changed his attitude completely. He is now preparing for an exhibition of his paintings which is to be given by his father in New York. (Played by Dick Widmark)

DIANE CARVELL RAMSEY is the foster daughter of Dr. Carvell, an old family practitioner of Glen Falls. Dr. Carvell had previously been in love with Diane's mother but she had married another man and Dr. Carvell welcomed the opportunity of raising the little girl when she became an orphan. Diane is strongly attached to Dr. Carvell, but she is a self-willed, highly emotional young woman. At one time she was very much in love with Reed Bannister. However, about six months ago, she married, after an ardent and exciting courtship, a young artist named Eric Ramsey who came to town a short time before. (Played by Elspeth Eric)
To dream with courage

These are the golden days she had always dreamed about—for Nadine had faith in her man, Walter Cassel

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

He COULD feel her eyes upon him, challenging, laughing. He determined he would not look up. In the same minute, however, he was staring across the choir loft at her.

He had another girl and he told her so, as they stood outside the church later, after choir practice.

"Can I help it," she asked, "if my father insists I be interested in you? You wouldn't have me be disobedient, or would you?"

He took mental inventory of her. Compared to his girl he found her lacking in attraction—an undeveloped school-girl in pleated skirt and sport socks . . .

"I don't believe your father told you to be interested in me," he said.

"He did—really?" she insisted. "He said, 'Nadine, why can't you take up with someone like Walter Cassel? He has good sense. He's practical!' Those were his very words. Cross my heart, Walter! He liked you the minute I introduced him to you the other night at the vocal studio. And he doesn't like the high-school kids I go with. He complains they drive like fools!"

Walter lived in Council Bluffs, Iowa. Nadine lived in Dundee, a suburb of Omaha, Nebraska. However, like everyone thereabouts Walter knew Nadine's father, founder and owner of the successful Blackburn flour mills, by reputation. He was flattered at first to have this man's approval. The more he thought about it, however, the more irked he became by the adjectives Nadine had quoted her father using to describe him and the more convinced he was that Nadine, repeating these adjectives, had been mocking.

A week later they were rehearsing in the studio. While the basso and the contralto, who also was pianist, were working on a musical phrase which gave them trouble, Walter and Nadine wandered into the hallway.

"I told my father how I've tried and tried to lure you," she announced. "But without success! Usually, I must say, I don't find it so difficult to make a boy care." She danced toward him and her eyes laughed.

"I'll teach her a lesson," he thought. His arms closed around her. His mouth dropped on hers. When he let her go again she was trembling.

They stood there under a spell.

"Ready!" called the pianist. "Ready!" boomed the basso. They scarcely heard. "Let me take you home," he whispered.

She shook her head. "A boy's coming for me . . ."

"I'll follow in my car—get rid of him! It was a command.

"Another boy's waiting home for me." Her words dragged reluctantly.

"Get rid of him too! I'll park down the block and wait!"

Thus began their incredible magic. Afterward to be complete they must be within reach of each other's hand. To say goodbye even for a little while filled them with deep loneliness.

"It won't last," Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn told each other. Then, sensing the deep poignancy between Walter and Nadine they changed their tune. Angrily they said, "Don't be ridiculous! You're little more than children. What do you know about the responsibilities of marriage!"

Nadine's answer never varied. "I love him so," she always said.

One Saturday night, living up to his reputation as a man of action, Mr. Blackburn drove Nadine to the girls' school where Walter was playing the trumpet in a dance band. During intermission Walter joined them outside.

"I want you kids to be sensible," Mr. Blackburn told them. "I want you to put the idea of marriage out of your heads—for the present anyway . . . I want you to give yourselves a chance to get your emotional bearings and discover a few of the other boys and girls who still inhabit this planet . . ."

It was midsummer. The trees were in full leaf. In the soft dark sky the moon was a big gold lantern and the stars were bright spangles. There was the cry of crickets. Occasionally, inside the school, someone struck a chord on the piano, beat a drum, or blew upon a horn . . .

Walter's hand went seeking Nadine's. He had to (Continued on page 81)
In every woman's life there are some moments when her heart is given eyes to read the unreadable, when it has ears to hear the unspoken word, when it uncovers surely, in one revealing instant, the hidden things her mind learns later. Such a moment marked my meeting with Randall Preston.

A room full of people separated us. Beside me was Aunt Kay, who was giving the party to introduce me to the young people of Amity. We were laughing at a story one of the young men had told, and I didn't see the door open, nor did I hear the late-comer enter. I didn't know what made me look suddenly toward the door, nor what wiped the laughter from my lips and from my eyes, as if to make way for something far more important. What happened then happened quickly, in the second it took him to shut the door, before Aunt Kay went forward to greet him.

He stood with his hat in his hand, and there were drops of rain on his gray gabardine coat, and he was smiling a little, as if the fringe of our laughter had brushed him. Part of that moment's miracle was that although he was a stranger, I knew him suddenly, more intimately than those others who were his friends knew him. I saw that his smile was an echo, and I looked past it into his eyes. There was something young and hungry in them, and something old, too, that leashed the hunger and him.

The other half of the miracle was that he knew me, as I knew him. He nodded once, gravely, affirmatively, without taking his eyes from my face, as if he'd found in me the answer to an old question, as if I were a story he'd heard often and had never believed, a story which had finally been proved true.

Aunt Kay drew him toward me. "Janet, this is Randall—Rand Preston. Rand—my niece, Janet Taylor. She's come to live in Amity."

"I'm glad," he said, and his smile apologized for the inadequacy of his words.

One of the other men asked me to dance, and the evening was half over before I spoke to Rand again. But his eyes followed me when I danced, when I helped Aunt Kay, wherever I went. After supper I went upstairs to repair my make-up, and when I came down again, Rand was at the foot of the stairs, quite frankly waiting for me. He took my hand to help me down the last few steps. "It's stuffy in here, don't you think?" he said.

Without question I followed him while he led me through the front hall out to the porch. "Is it too damp for you?" he asked. "Or too cold?"

The rain which had started earlier in the evening was coming down in earnest now, flowing off the porch roof in shimmering curtains which closed the two of us in an intimate world of our own. "No," I answered, "I like it."

"You like a lot of things, don't you? You like living."

The envy in his voice startled me. "Why—doesn't everyone?"

He seemed not to have heard me. He spoke as if to himself. "You were laughing when I came in tonight. I'd never heard such happy laughter. It made me want to laugh, too. And I watched you while you danced and talked—you fairly sparked happiness, from the top of that bright, reddish head of yours to the ruffly thing-umbos on your skirt. And your smile—"

He reached out suddenly and laid a finger on my cheek at the corner of my mouth, lightly, as he'd touch something rare and infinitely precious.

His touch unsettled me, set my heart to thudding, shook my voice. "I am happy," I said. "Everything has been wonderful since I came to live with Aunt Kay. And only today I got word that one of my best friends is safe in England—" I stopped wondering why I'd started to tell Rand Preston about David Humphries. Certainly he wouldn't be interested in a person he'd never met and never would meet. But he seemed to be waiting for me to continue.

"David's nineteen, now," I said.
"I've tricked you. I've let you think that I could be happy with you. I've gambled your happiness for the sake of my own—" Those were the heartbreaking things he told her on their wedding night!

I was too choked with happiness, with a kind of shattering wonder at what had happened, to do more than nod my acceptance.

When I was getting ready for bed that night, Aunt Kay came into my room. "Did you have a good time, Janet?"

"Wonderful—"

She caught my tone, saw my shining eyes, and smiled. "That good? I noticed that Rand Preston paid you a lot of attention."

I turned back to the mirror to hide the thrill the mere mention of his name gave me. Is it unusual for him to pay attention to a girl?"

"Rather." She was serious now, and I could feel her eyes studying me. "He hasn't looked at a woman since his wife died five years ago."

I felt chilled, and my hand shook as I picked up my brush. When I spoke, I tried to sound casual. For some reason, I didn't want Aunt Kay to know that Rand hadn't told me about his wife. "What was she like?"

I asked.

"Agnes Preston?" My aunt thought a minute. "She looked like Rand, a little. She had the same white skin, that never burns and never tans. Her hair was as black as his, except that hers was straight. Her eyes were gray, while those dark blue eyes of Rand's have set every girl in town dreaming, at some time or another, of becoming the second Mrs. Preston. Not that it did any of them any good."

I cleared my throat. "Do you mean that he's—that he's still in love with his wife?"

"With the memory of her," Aunt Kay corrected. "I don't know, my dear. They had been married only a little while when they came here to live, and a few months later, she died. He never mentions her, but I know that after David had gone and my mother died—"

I'd had the feeling that Rand wasn't listening to me, that he was watching the movement of my lips without actually hearing me. But now his expression quickened, and he repeated, "Your mother died—"

I nodded. "Last winter. That's why I came to live with Aunt Kay."

"Then you know what it is, too—to lose someone you love—" He stopped abruptly, and I sensed that he regretted having spoken.

"I suppose everyone does, sometime," I said, and I added quickly, "Shouldn't we go inside? It seems rude to stay away from the party."

He gave himself a little shake and took my arm, holding me back a moment at the door. "This party," he said, smiling into my eyes, "—I was very glad of it when I first came, and saw you. Now I'm anxious for it to be over and for tomorrow to come so that I can see you alone."

"We grew up together. He was an only child, and so was I. My father died when I was small, and Mother worked to support us until I was old enough to support myself. I spent most of my time when I wasn't in school at the Humphries house. He's in the Army now, and hearing from him was more than hearing from just a friend—it seemed to bridge the gap between my old life in Halcott and my new life here in Amity. Everything in Halcott seemed to stop
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"I'm glad," he said, and his eyes lingered for the inappropriacy of his words.

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When I come down, Rand was at the foot of the stairs, quite frankly waiting for me. 

"I've tricked you. I've let you think that I could be happy with you. I've gambled your happiness for the sake of my own—"

Those were the heartbreaking things he told her on their wedding night!

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I cleared my throat. "Do you mean that his wife died five years ago?"

"Yes, she died five years ago."

"And you think that Rand had a hand in her death?"

"I think I know what that was, and I think I can prove it."

I was startled. "You think you can prove it?"

"Yes, I think so."

I turned back to the mirror. "I've tricked you. I've let you think that I could be happy with you. I've gambled your happiness for the sake of my own—"

Those were the heartwrenching things he told her on their wedding night!
he adored her while she was alive. There was a special reason for it, I think," she added thoughtfully. "I believe that Rand had been seriously ill before he met her—paralysis, I think. He was sick a long time, and the effects lingered—that's undoubtedly the reason why he's not in the Army. He must have loved Agnes all the more because she clung to him, depended upon him, as he'd had to depend upon others. She was a slender, delicate thing—too delicate to live."

AUNT KAY crossed over to me, put her hands on my shoulders. "We all love Rand, Janet," she said softly. "There are some people who are more capable of loving than others, just as some people are unusually strong, or unusually intelligent. Rand, I think, is one of those who loves deeply, completely, if he loves at all. That ability to care is a wonderful thing, but it could hurt him, too; it could make it much harder for him to forget his loss. And Janet, whatever you do, remember that there's no rival as formidable as a dead rival—if she still lives in a man's heart."

I saw Rand often in the next few weeks, and in time I almost forgot the story Aunt Kay had told me. I forgot that he was eight years older than I, and that in those years he had loved another woman and had suffered from the loss of her. I forgot it in the eagerness of his eyes when he saw me, of his arms that reached out to me, in the quick, hard way his lips—lips that were strong, sharply cut, but almost too sensitive for a man's—sought mine. I don't remember when we first said we loved each other. Saying it wasn't important. We had known that we belonged together from the very beginning.

If there was a shadow on his heart, he never let me see it. There were a few nights when he neither called nor came to see me, but the next evening he would be doubly happy that I was with him, doubly anxious to please me. Once he broke a date, but he gave me a valid excuse—that he had to work late—and the next day he left the office early to take me driving.

We didn't take our usual road that afternoon, toward the country or toward the lake. Instead, Rand turned into one of the newer suburbs and drove through the streets slowly, aimlessly—I thought. "Would you like to see my house?" he asked suddenly.

The unexpectedness of the question and the tautness of his voice startled me, but I tried to answer naturally. "Of course, Rand."

He turned a corner, stopped the car, and pointed across the street. "There it is." An English cottage, wide and low, sheltered by several magnificent old elms, stood toward the back of a beautifully-kept lawn.

"It's beautiful, Rand."

His voice was still taut, and he appeared, as if he'd rehearsed a speech many times and was determined to get it said aloud. "You know, I suppose, that I was married, and that my wife died."

He was trying too hard to sound as if it no longer mattered. I did my best to help him. "I could hardly help knowing, in a town the size of Amity."

But my lightness fell flat, and I knew that I couldn't go on any longer without being sure how he felt about those years of his life in which I'd had no part. "Rand," I began, "don't you think—"

In one of those moments of insight which often told each of us what the other was thinking, he must have guessed what I was about to say. He turned the switch and started the car. "That's all past," he said.

"But, Rand——"

"It's all past," he insisted. "Let's drive."

A week later when he asked me to marry him, I accepted. Perhaps I wouldn't have been strong enough to refuse him under any circumstances, but I felt that he had as much as promised me that the past would not come between us. The kind of wedding he wanted reassured me, a regular wedding with everyone we knew in Amity present, with me in a white dress and a white veil, as if there had been no other marriage and no other bride for Rand. And in the kiss he gave me after the ceremony there was something of finality and something of a salute—as if he had come home at last, after a long, lonely journey.

Rand was quiet during the drive to the inn at which we were to spend our honeymoon, but he held my hand most of the way, and I took his silence to be a sign of the same deep, sweet contentment which filled me. It was late when we reached the inn. A sleepy porter admitted us, checked our reservations, and led us up the curving staircase to our room. I unpacked our bags while Rand went downstairs to put the car away, and then I picked up my overnight case and retired to the little curtained alcove off the bedroom. Rand had been pleased to see me in the white satin and the veil of traditional bridal clothes; now I wanted to appear before him in the gown Aunt Kay had made for me, in the swirling skirt of white chiffon and the fragile lace bodice, in the filmy, full-sleeved negligee. I heard Rand come in, and I hurried to my dressing, expecting at any moment to hear him call out to me. When I had given my hair a quick brushing so that it hung soft and shining to my shoulders, I stepped out into the room.

Rand was standing at the window, his back toward me. I crossed softly over to him, put my hands on his shoulders. "Rand——"

Without speaking, without turning,
he reached back his arm and pulled me to him, holding me close and hard against him—desperately hard. I was conscious suddenly of the thin layers of cloth which covered me, defensively aware of my body as I had never been aware of it in all of the time Rand had courted me, in all of the times I had rested securely in his arms. At that moment it was if a stranger had touched me in my near-nakedness.

Then he turned his head and looked down at me, and I saw his face in the lamplight. I'd heard of people going to pieces, but I'd never realized that the phrase could be literally true. Rand wasn't Rand any longer; he was distorted pieces of himself—tortured eyes, twisted mouth, hands that held me hurtlingly hard and then pushed me roughly away. His voice wasn't Rand's voice; it was a ragged thing, torn out of him and flung at me. "Now do you see what I am, Janet? Do you see what a wreck of a husband you've got?"

I couldn't answer. My throat felt paralyzed, my head as numb as if it had been struck hard, against a stone wall.

"I'm a great pretender," he cried harshly. "I walk around like other men. I go to work, and to dinner, and to parties. I see others laughing and talking, and I laugh and talk with them. And it's pretense, every motion I make, every sound—"

"You made love to me. Was that a pretense, too?" The question asked itself.

The fierceness left him, and he looked like Rand again—miserable, ashamed, but Rand. "No, Janet," he said humbly, "that wasn't pretense. From the very first I wanted you. You were a whole person, a happy person. There was a glow about you that warmed even me. Then I fell in love with you. I don't know when. At times it seems I'd always loved you. I do love you, Janet, but—" His voice hardened, and he put out his hand and stepped back, as if to keep me from going to him. "You must understand that I've tricked you. I've let you think that I could be happy with you. Perhaps I can. But I'm not sure; I've gambled your happiness for the sake of my own—"

I didn't see him leave the room. My eyes were wide open, and I wasn't crying, but I stared blindly at nothing, at the nothing that was left of everything I'd thought I had. I felt a great hurt and a great humiliation, and a kind of shamed loathing of myself. I felt the soft stuff of my gown, saw its filmy folds, and I wanted to tear it from me, to rip the frail cloth shred from shred. And I would have torn it, if I hadn't remembered the loving care Aunt Kay had put into the making of it, the hundreds of tiny, patient stitches she'd taken.

The thought of her gave me what I needed then, the things Aunt Kay herself was—sanity and common sense. I began to think, to really think about Rand instead of myself and my hurt. He loved me. He'd said he loved me, even while he put me from him. And more, I felt that he loved me—the thing that had drawn us together from the start was stronger than any words could affirm or deny. He'd admitted that he'd gambled with my happiness, but without him I'd never have known the highest happiness, the miracle of being with him. Loving him, I had to be big enough to gamble, too.

I went to the window and saw a dark figure (Continued on page 56)
There was a special reason for it, I think," she added thoughtfully. "I believe that Rand had been seriously ill before he met her—paralyzingly, I think. He was sick a long time, and the effects lingered—that's undoubtedly the reason why he's not in the Army. He must have loved Agnes all the more because she clung to him, depended upon him, as he'd had to depend upon others. She was a slender, delicate thing—too delicate to live.

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"Of course, Rand." He turned a corner, stopped the car, and pointed across the street. "There it is." An English cottage, wide and sheltered by several magnificent old elms, stood toward the back of a beautifully-kept lawn. "It's beautiful, Rand." He built it for my wife." His voice was still taut, and he spoke doggedly, as if he'd rehearsed a speech many times and was determined to get it said aloud. "You know, I suppose, that I was married, and that my wife died."

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"It's all past," he insisted. "Let's drive on.

A week later when he asked me to marry him, I accepted. Perhaps I wouldn't have had the courage to refuse him under any circumstances, but I felt that he had as much as promised me that the past would not come between us. The kind of wedding he wanted disturbed me, a regular wedding with vows, but we knew in Amity present, with me in a white dress and a white veil, as there had been no other marriage and no other bride for Rand. And in the kiss he gave me after the ceremony there was something of finality and something of a command. If he had come home, at last, after a long, lonely journey.

Rand was quiet during the drive to the house, and the way I spent our honeymoon, but he held my hand most of the time, and took me to the back of the house where the door led us to the spider port him and let us up the curving staircase to our room. I unpacked our bags while Rand went downstairs to put the car away, and I picked up my overnight case and retired to the little contained alcove off the bedroom. Rand had been pleased to see me in the white satin and the veil of traditional bridal clothes, the silken skirt of white chiffon and the fragile lace bodice, in the filmy full-sleeved negligee I had worn, come in, and I hurried to my dressing, expecting at any moment to hear him call out to me. When I had given up brushing so that it hurt, and shining to my shoulders stepped out into the room.

Rand was standing at the window, his back toward me, I crossed slowly, put my hands on his shoulders. "Rand—"

Without speaking, without turning, he reached back his arm and pulled me to him, holding me close and hard against him—desperately hard. I was conscious suddenly of the thin layers of flesh which covered me, defensively aware of my body as I had never been before of all in it of all the time Rand had courted me, in all times I had rested securely in his arms. At that moment it was as if a stranger had dashed me in my near-nakedness.

Then he turned his head and looked down at me, and I saw his face in the lamplight. I'd heard of people going to pieces, but I'd never realized that the phrase could be literally true. Rand wasn't Rand any longer; he was twisted pieces of himself—tortured eyes, twisted mouth, hands that held me desperately hard and then pushed roughly away. His voice wasn't Rand's voice; it was a ragged thing, out of him and flung at me. "Now do you see what I am, Janet? Do you feel it like a wreck of a husband you've got?"

I couldn't answer. My throat felt dry, my eyes were wide as if it had been struck hard, against a stone shoulders. "Rand—" I cried, but I stared blindly at nothing, at the nothing that was left of everything I'd thought I had. I felt a great hurt and a great humiliation, and a kind of shamed loathing of myself. I felt the soft stuff of my gown, saw its filmy folds, and I wanted to tear it from me, to rip the frail cloth shred from shred. And I would have torn it, if I hadn't remembered the loving care Aunt Kay had put into making it, of the hundreds of tiny, patient stitches she'd taken.

The thought of her gave me what I needed them, the things Aunt Kay herself was—sanity and common sense. I began to think, to really think about Rand instead of myself and my hurt. He loved me. He'd said he loved me, even while he put me from him. And more, I felt that he loved me— the thing that had drawn us together from the start was stronger than words could affirm or deny. He'd admitted that he'd gambled with my happiness, but without him I'd never have known it, and the miracle of being with him. Loving him, I had to be big enough to love him all too.

I went to the window and saw a dark figure (Continued on page 56)
No other

Happiness had come to her at last, and yet Allie knew that she must run away from this wonderful world she had just found. Could she never escape the shame of the past?

HAVE you ever known what it is to be afraid?

Not physical fear—fear of injury or of death—but mental fear, anguish that makes you shrink from contact with everyone, that makes you afraid to go out on the streets because you must face your neighbors, that keeps your eyes forever cast down to the ground, that makes your soul sick, and your very heart cringe?

If you have known that dreadful fear, you know what I felt during those long months after Terry went away, and again during those dreadfully long months when I lived alone at Pine Ridge Farm, outside the little town of Fleetwood. If you have known that fear, and have conquered it, if you have found a haven in the peace and security of a happy, normal existence once more, how you must thank heaven each day of your life for that deliverance!

Security, you must have learned as I did, is a state of mind, not of body. You can be poor and alone, and still be secure. You can be rich and famous, and still have no security. It, like the fear itself which steals precious security away, is within you. If you can't search your mind and your heart and find it there, you will find it nowhere. You will be a craven coward, a wretched, frightened, fleeing thing, as I was—as I was the day I locked the door of Pine Ridge Farm behind me, leaned panting against it, and swore that I would never face the world outside again.

That was a dreadful day, but the days that followed it were worse. You've seen pictures that are out of focus, blurred and distorted—well, that's the way my life was then. I know now that it was wrong of me to shut myself away from the world like that—the worst possible thing I could have done to myself. I suppose I knew it even then. But I couldn't help it.

And remembering made those long, lonely days worse. Of course, I didn't actually keep my promise to myself that I would never face the world outside again, but I kept to it as nearly as I could. My work as a dressmaker was gone. The dark little house was called Pine Ridge Farm, but I had neither the interest nor the knowledge to farm the land that surrounded it. Only once a week did I venture out, and then only to bicycle to Fleetwood for supplies—a trip I made as hastily as I could, and as inconspicuously. I couldn't read; I couldn't sew—I couldn't keep my mind on those commonplace, everyday things. I hardly even bothered to do anything about the house—just washed the few dishes I used, the few clothes I wore, and let the dust and the dirt pile up. What was there, then, to fill the days but remembering?

Most of the time I sat by the window, staring out, watching with uncaring eyes the winter change almost imperceptibly to spring. It was safe to sit by the window; very few people passed along the lonely road which ran by the farm, and when someone did I could shrink back out of sight behind the curtains. But that seldom happened; there was little to disturb me. I didn't want to remember, but I couldn't help it. So much had happened. The fear had been with me so long; even during those happy days in Fleetwood, before I ran away to the farm, it had been gathering over my head like storm clouds, ever since, long ago, I had met and loved and married and lost Terry Cassis.

It was in my home town of Marston—far away from Fleetwood and Pine Ridge Farm—that I met Terry. I was a typical small
can I love
town girl, just out of high school, going on weiner roasts and dancing on Saturday nights with the other young people my age, singing soprano solos in the choir on Sunday, helping the neighbor who had taken over Mother’s dressmaking business when Mother died the year before.

Terry was the most romantic thing that had happened to sleepy little Marston since I was born, and certainly he was a more romantic thing than I had ever expected to happen to me. He was a small, dark, compactly fashioned man, with warm brown eyes and skin that was like gold. Even now I can see him clearly, and then, at Pine Ridge, when I had nothing to do but remember, the memory of him burned like fire. Terry had slipped into Marston like a shadow! No one knew where he came from, why he was there, what he did for a living that was good enough to buy him his beautifully tailored suits, the long, gray car he drove, the diamond ring that twinkled on his dark hand.

He was well-versed in the ways of making love, too, Terry was. Beautiful phrases came easily to his lips, phrases which in anyone else would have been almost funny, but which fitted so well with Terry’s foreign softness of speech, the liquidity of his voice, the effortless ease with which he moved, the heady, hot excitement of his laughter. Do you wonder that I fell in love with a man who told me that my lips were the very shape of kisses, that my hands were fashioned to hold a heart between them? Do you wonder that I, eighteen years old, never one day away from Marston and the things Marston stood for, fell in love with Terry and cried a breathless, “Oh, yes—yes!” when he asked me to marry him?

We would stay on in Marston, Terry had told me. We would build a little stone house on the hill above the river, and live there forever. But we didn’t. The little house was just plans on paper, our marriage was still in its infancy, when two more strangers came to Marston. Two strangers with official papers they presented to Sheriff Granger. Then the sheriff and the two strangers took Terry away. I didn’t know the whole story until later—until it was all over town that Allie Barnes had married a Chicago gangster, that Federal agents had arrested him and taken him back for trial. That he had chosen Marston as a hiding place, had used me as a part of his scheme for dropping out of sight.

I didn’t believe it—I mean that literally. My mind absolutely refused to credit what my eyes and ears told me. As I have said, I could believe a story like that about almost anyone else, but not about Terry—not Terry of the soft voice, the gentle hands, the wonderful words to tell me of his love and the lingering caresses to demonstrate it! Not my Terry—those hands could have never held a gun that shot to go death, those lazy, dreamer’s eyes could never have been hard and cruel and calculating. I couldn’t believe it.

But I had to, at last, because it was true. And then love and hate, so closely akin, tore me apart. I was like two women, one of them ashamed and sick and angry because she had married a man who was a public enemy, a killer, and the other half of me lying lonely, terrified in the long, dark nights, remembering her lover. I had to remember him that way. No matter what he had been to the rest of the world, to me Terry had been gentle and kind.

You can imagine how tongues wagged in Marston! Nothing like this had ever happened before, or was likely ever to happen again. And I, walking about the streets, was a constant reminder to everyone of what had occurred. We held to that together. I got so I hated to go out, hated to hear what people had to say to me. There was a great deal of difference of opinion in Marston about Terry and me. Some of the men gave me what I suppose I was meant to interpret as worldly, knowing looks. Some of them, men and women with, clucked their tongues and began their gossip with, “Well, I declare I don’t see how a woman could live with a man like that and not know. Sometimes I wonder if Allie Barnes didn’t know him for what he was all along!” Some of them just passed me by, their eyes averted. And some, worst of all, nearly wept over me. “Poor, dear Allie! Poor child. You must come along home with me and have a cup of tea and tell me all about it!”

I couldn’t stand it. I tried staying in my room, but that was awful. That was too lonely; I felt as if the walls were moving in to crush me. I knew that if I talked to these people who were my friends I’d scream at them all the things pent up in my heart. And everything in Marston was a reminder of Terry—all the good and the bad of Terry. There on the hill above the river was the gapping hole that was all that had materialized of our little stone house. There was the movie house on Main Street where we’d held hands in the dark, and the little tavern on the outskirts of town where
Happiness had come to her at last, and yet Allie knew that she must run away from this wonderful world she had just found. Could she never escape the shame of the past?

Have you ever known what it is to be afraid? Not physical fear—fear of injury or death—but mental fear, the anguish that makes you shrink from contact with everyone, that makes you afraid to put on the streets because you must face your neighbors, that keeps your eyes forever cast down to the ground, that makes your soul sick, and your very heart cringe?

If you have known that dreadful fear, you know what I felt during those long months after Perry went away, and again during those dreadful months when I lived alone at Pine Ridge Farm, outside the little town of Fleetwood. If you have known that fear, and have conquered it, if you have found a haven in the peace and security of a happy, normal existence once more, how you must thank heaven each day of your life for that deliverance!

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It was in my home town of Marston—far away from Fleetwood and Pine Ridge Farm—that I met Terry. I was a typical small town girl, just out of high school, going on沃尔ter's soirees and dancing on Saturday nights with the other young people my age, singing sopranos solos in the choir on Sunday, helping the neighbor who had taken over Mother's dressmaking business when Mother died the year before.

Terry was the most romantic thing that had happened to sleepy little Marston since I was born, and I suppose it was a more romantic thing than I had ever expected to happen to me. He was a small, dark, constantly nervous man, with warm brown eyes and smile that was like a gold. Even now I can see him clearly, and make out the two lines beneath his eyes, which he could never have had a gun that spoke of death, those lazy features could never have been hard and cruel and calculating I couldn't believe it.

But I had to, at last, because it was true. And then love and hate, so closely akin, tore me apart. I was like two women, one of them ashamed and sick and angry because she had married a man who was a public enemy, a killer, and the other half of me lying lonely, terrified in the long, dark nights, remembering her lover. I had to remember him the way. No matter what he had been to the rest of the world, to me Terry had been gentle and kind.

You can imagine how tongues wagged in Marston! Nothing like this had ever happened before, or was likely ever to happen again. Walking down streets, was a constant reminder to everyone that something had occurred. I got so that I hated to go out, hated to hear what people had to say to me. There was a new climate of difference of opinion in Marston about Terry and me. Some of the men gave me what I supposed to interpret as worldly, knowing looks. Some of them, men and women, changed their usual salutations and began go with.

"Well, I declare I don't see how a woman could live with a man like that and not know. Sometimes I wonder if Allie didn't know him for what he was all along!" Some of them just passed me, their eyes avoiding. And some, with a nearly wept over me, "Poor, dear Allie! Poor child. You must come along home with me and have a cup of tea and tell me all about it!"

I couldn't stand it. I tried staying in my room, but that was awful. That was too lonely; I felt as if the walls were moving in to crush me. And then if I talked to those people who were my friends, I'd see in their eyes all the things pent up in my heart. And everything in Marston was a reminder of Terry—all the agents had bad of Terry. There on the hill above the river was the gate and then all that had materialized of our little stone house. There was the movie home on Main Street where we'd held hands in the dark, and the little tavern on the outskirts of town where...
we’d danced to the juke box on Saturday nights.

I knew at last that I would have to go away. On the day that Terry was sentenced to life imprisonment I crept out of the house, to meet someone who wanted to see who I was. I didn’t have much money, but I knew I’d manage somehow. It didn’t matter what happened to me then, how I lived—just so that I got far, far away from Marston and everything that Marston meant to me!

FLEETWOOD was like heaven. The streets were wide and cool and shady, and the rows of houses had a welcoming look. If people bothered to look at me at all, it was with a friendly smile.

I found a room almost at once with Mrs. Lambert, whose son was Rev. Paul Lambert, the United Chapel minister. I liked them both on sight. Mrs. Lambert was a motherly sort of person with snowy white hair and small, plump hands that made fine little gestures when she talked. Her son was going to be plump, too, when he got a bit older, and his twinkling, kindly blue eyes were duplicates of hers. They were my first friends in Fleetwood, Paul and Mrs. Lambert, and they were my only ones. I was shy of making friends with strangers, now.

But it seemed as if my luck had really changed. Mrs. Lambert took me to see old Aunt Ella Eames, as everyone in town called her. Aunt Ella Eames lives on the edge of town in a lonely little brown house called Pine Ridge Farm, and she had been Fleetwood’s only dressmaker for years. Now she was old, and nearly ready to retire, and she was more than happy to welcome a capable assistant who could gradually take over the work.

Two weeks later I moved out to Pine Ridge Farm with Aunt Ella, and soon I found that I could sing again in time to the swift, busy humming of my sewing machine.

I worked very hard, because I soon found out that you can’t work and brood at the same time. It was a little lonely at Pine Ridge Farm, especially in the evenings, because Aunt Ella seldom went out and few people came except those who wanted a fitting or those who were going to discuss whether a brown worsted dress or a blue serge would be more practical for little Susan, or if it was worth while making over Pa’s winter suit for little Judith.

To everyone who seemed to care I told the story I had so carefully rehearsed on my way to Fleetwood—the story of how I’d married my childhood sweetheart, how he had died, how I had felt that in my grief I couldn’t bear my home town any longer. It was pure fiction, but I felt justified—I would have felt justified in doing almost anything that would help me to escape the past. I know now that I should have told the truth, but I hated the truth so, I was so ashamed of it!

I was happy in Fleetwood. The days flowed along in a smooth, even course. I had work to do that I liked, and even if I was shy of making friends, everyone was pleasant and friendly. I got so that I went to church sometimes on Sundays—Paul’s church—and I even began to wonder if they’d let me join the choir. I knew I had a nice voice, and I’d loved singing in the choir at home.

About five months after I came to Fleetwood Aunt Ella Eames decided to move to a nearby town to live with a grandson, to look after her children while he and his wife worked in the defense plant. And I took over Aunt Ella’s tiny home, and her business.

I knew that I could manage the small rent Aunt Ella asked, and now I felt secure enough here to let myself take root and enjoy my days here. I had gotten Terry by then, both the pleasure and the pain of him. I remembered him only when it was forcibly brought to my attention that I was a woman set apart from other wholesome visitor beside me, dredging the very thinking of what might happen. Those times were almost like—well, like a rehearsal for the later days when I was alone by the window at Pine Ridge Farm, yearning to go back to the everyday world, and not daring to.

But as time wore on my fears grew less and less until they almost vanished. And with their going, I realized that I had come to love that place. I was terribly lonely—lonely, but still a little cautious, a little shy, a little afraid of being rebuffed. I wanted to hold out my hand in friendship, but I didn’t quite dare. What I needed was someone to extend a hand to me, wholeheartedly, first. I needed a real friend. And then maybe, even, I admitted to myself sometimes, a man friend, too.

I had come to that stage—the stage of wanting companionship—when Lee and Derek Lester came to Fleetwood.

I met Lee first. I had walked in to the farm store one day by chance, because my bicycle tires needed air and I hadn’t the energy to pump them. I was coming home, my arms full of bundles, when an ancient carooted at me and then pulled over. There was a girl at the wheel—a sunny-haired, sun-smiling girl I’d never seen before.

"Hello!" she called. "Want a lift? You've got a lot to carry."

Oh, it sounded so good, that friendly voice! So good that before I stopped to think about it I was in the car before I knew it.

"You live in the little brown house, don't you?" she asked. "I've seen you out in back a couple of times. I'm Lee Lester. My brother Derek and I have rented the old Macalister farm next to yours. We just moved in last week, and Derek's working like a Trojan to be ready in time to get a crop in. Do you farm that place all by yourself?"

I shook my head. "No—I just live there. I'm a dressmaker."

Lee's smile broadened. "Oh, then maybe you'd give me some advice. I'm absolute rookie in getting free advice out of everyone, because we're trying so hard to make a go of the farm, and I do want to help Derek. He was invalided out of the Army, and he has to get his start all over again. You see, I'm trying to fix the house up little by little, and there are all kinds of things—but I'm an awful dull at sewing. Of course if you're too busy..."

She let her voice trail away in a question mark.

I knew then just how lonely I really had been. Suddenly Pine Ridge Farm, which had seemed a haven of refuge, was a dungeon, a place where I was imprisoned. I could have fun out of life again—and I wanted it so badly!

"Of course," I told her. "Of course—I'd love to help you. I'll tell you what you do—" I put my portable sewing machine in the car, and when you let me off, and take it home. Then I'll come around after supper and help you—or tomorrow if you'd rather."

Lee hesitated for a moment. "Have you any plans for supper or—company coming?" or (Continued on page 90)
SIXTY or more invited women guests come each morning to Sardi's famous restaurant in Hollywood, are given beautiful corsages at the door, and are ushered in to enjoy a delicious breakfast. Then they sit back to relax and take part in a fun-filled program. This is the program you hear at 9:30 A.M., PWT and 11:00 A.M., EWT, every Monday through Friday, over the Blue Network.

Breakfast at Sardi's started out on a Los Angeles independent station January 13, 1941. It proved so popular that the Blue Network purchased the show nine months later.

The show has no script. It's all informal and gay. Tom Breneman, the Master of Ceremonies, who originated the idea, just takes the mike and wanders around the room, letting his and his guests' remarks fall where they may. In the beginning, in order to get women audiences that early in the morning, Tom Breneman used to pick them up in cars and bring them to the studios. Now, the demand for invitations to the broadcasts is so great that there are always thousands of unfilled ticket requests. Every once in a while there are servicemen parties at Sardi's when each serviceman present is given five dollars.

Each morning, the oldest woman is presented with an orchid ... a prize is awarded to the woman with the screwiest hat. Part of the fun is Tom Breneman trying on the different guests' hats ... each morning Breneman reads the Good Neighbor letters while the program is on the air, saluting women who have been good neighbors in different communities around the country. Orchids are air-expressed to the writers of the best letters ... each morning Breneman selects some visitor to whom he presents a sterling silver "Wishing Ring" ... sometimes if you're the tallest you'll get a prize ... sometimes if you're the fattest. It's a lot of spur-of-the-moment fun and it makes for an entertaining morning.

Take a peek at what goes on behind the scenes of radio's most hilarious morning show. Here are pictures of the impromptu incidents which up to now you have only imagined.
Above—soldier's day at Sardi's and Private James O'Connor helps Tom distribute dollars to the doughboys.

Above right—the little lady who is in her late eighties gets her first orchid and a big kiss from Breneman.

Bobby, the Filipino busboy who helps Breneman.

Below, Tom discusses Hollywood glamour with Columnist Erskine Johnson.

Above—who’s fatter, Mrs. Fox or Mrs. Fair? Tom finds out. Below—here’s a man who turned up at the party uninvited.
Above—one of those rewty hats. Belongs Evelyn Schwartz. "Who is the taller, Mrs. DeLong or her daughter?" Tom asks.

Unexpected happening—Marine Jack Martin pops the question to pretty sweetheart Dona Bowen.

Left—visitor Kay Kyser receives the wishing ring and makes his wish for Victory.

Below left—good neighbor orchids. Tom is assisted by Arnell Olson in selecting the prize good neighbor letters.

Below—this lucky lady won a make-up kit which is awarded each morning on the broadcast of Breakfast at Sardi’s.
Words by
GLADYS SHELLEY
Moderato
Refrain

Music by
TED MOSSMAN

Copyright 1940 by Chappell & Co., Inc., Copyright assigned 1942 to Ted Mossman
Here's the song you've heard Paul Lavalle feature on his program, the Chamber of Music Society of Lower Basin Street, heard Sundays over the Blue Network.

We stroll the park, And watch the passing crowd,

The lovers in the dark, And we're so happy, time flies by,

We realize and sigh, It's twelve P.

We kiss goodnight.

At six P. night.
I was so terribly lonely when Jim went overseas! During the day I was busy with my job as receptionist for two doctors, but the long evenings were hard to fill. Of course, I went out sometimes. I went out with Alec Holden, one of the doctors for whom I worked. One night, when we had a blackout, he made passionate love to me; then I realized I had made a mistake. My friend, Avis Brooks, happened in and saved what might have become an embarrassing situation. It didn't take long for Alec to transfer his attentions to blonde and flirtatious Avis. The very next day, Avis decided it would be the best thing for the both of us to live together and she moved in. Soon after, I discovered that she had fallen foolishly in love with Dr. Holden even though I warned her what would happen if she became involved with a man like Alec.

I was wrapped up in my friendship with Carl Haggard who I met at the USO Canteen. I was attracted to him because of his resemblance to Jim. I was seeing Carl steadily since he was staying at the Ruells', my in-laws, while on furlough. After helping me stop Cissie and Teddy from eloping, he had fitted right into the family, and they were happy to let him have Jim's old room. I should have known that Carl was falling in love with me—I should have known the day he left to go back to camp and kissed me goodbye. But I was too upset to think of anything else but my worries about Avis, whose affair with Alec had progressed to the point of her wanting to write to her husband, Jack, for a divorce. We had a bitter argument and Avis packed her bag and left the apartment.

When Carl called the next morning from camp to say he had a one-day pass and asked if I wanted to see him, I almost cried with relief. I had to see him to tell him my troubles. And yet, when he came, I didn't know where to begin. "I shouldn't burden you with my problems," I said. "It isn't fair." "Anything that concerns you, concerns me, too," he said. "I love you, Connie." His eyes held mine as he pulled me to him. I tried to fight his sweet and tender kiss. But the answering urgency was too great, too strong.

Shocked, I drew back from the heady sweetness of that kiss. What was happening to me? It was like climbing a giddy mountain peak, higher and higher, lured by what is strange and dangerous, until suddenly you can no longer find a landmark and your familiar earth is out of sight. "You mustn't... you mustn't!" The whispered words were a plea to myself as well as to Carl, and he knew it. Gently, his hand urgent against my throat, he turned my face up to his. "We must," he murmured. "We can't help it..."

We can't help it. For a moment I gave myself up to it, forgetful of anything except the insistence of my own desire. Strong arms around me, a lover's lips on mine... it had been so long, so long. Only... this wasn't Jim!

This time I did pull away. I was trembling. Blindly I crossed the room,
When a woman is lonely, she's like a patient with no resistance to disease—that's what the kind old doctor told her.
Was this why Connie let Carl Haggard fall in love with her?

"I'm not going to tell Mom, if that's what you're worried about," Cissie cried as she rushed out.

of reach, trying to quiet the response that still cried out to him.
Carl watched me. "Don't try to fight it, Connie. You love me. You know you do."
"But I don't know!" I cried. "I'm all mixed up—I don't know anything. Just—please don't touch me. Don't kiss me again, I beg of you."
"Is it Jim?" he said finally. I nodded, unable to speak. "I'm not trying to make love to an-

other man's wife behind his back. I'm in love with you, you—you've filled my life since that night at the canteen. I knew you were married and I tried to forget you. But when you got me the room at the Ruells', and I saw you every day, I knew it was fate and there was no use trying to forget. You love me, too. Maybe your words can deny it—but your kiss can't."
"I can't be sure," I whispered brokenly. "I—I'm scared. There's always been—just Jim."
"But these things happen, Connie—"
"Oh, don't! I tell you, I'm not sure. And I've got to be. Please go, Carl."
"You mean go and not come back, is that what you want?"
It was as if he were torturing me. "I don't know what I want with you standing there looking at me," I cried hysterically. "You've got to give me time to think, to decide. You've got to go!"
His face tightened angrily and I knew he, too, was suffering. Without a word he picked up his cap and started for the door. One word from me would stop him, bring him back. I couldn't say it.
"Okay, I'll go. But when you do make up your mind what you want, make it up for good. I won't go through this any more."
Then he was gone, out into the bright Sunday sunshine that looked so calm and peaceful.
There was no calm or peace for me that afternoon. The apartment was suddenly unbearable, as if the walls were imprisoning me as closely as the confusion of my thoughts. I threw on a light wrap, hurried down the stairs, and began to walk—as if I'd been driven to escape.
"Jim?" I whispered. "Jim?" I longed to summon him there beside me, walking our well-known streets, that I might sort out all this confusion and be sure again that I loved only him. But he wouldn't come.
Then I realized a strange and frightening thing. Not only couldn't I see him there—I couldn't see him at all! Anywhere. I knew his eyes were bright blue. I knew what his hair looked like when the sun was on it, and that he was exactly six feet tall. But I couldn't put them all together; I couldn't remember his face. Jim had become, quite (Continued on page 73)
Have you tried using sour cream as a substitute for whipped cream in your desserts? As a starter, treat your family to this delicious banana rice pudding.

**For the Sweet Tooth**

**Apricot Walnut Whip**

- **1 1/2 cups** cold cooked apricot pulp
- **1/4 cup** chopped walnut meats
- **1 1/2 tsp.** almond extract

Add sugar to apricot pulp which should be fairly firm rather than juicy, then add nut meats. Add sour cream and flavoring and stir until well blended. Serve cold in parfait glasses. If leftover whip tends to dry out, stir in more sour cream, a little at a time, until mixture reaches the desired consistency.

**Banana Rice Pudding (illustrated)**

- **2 cups** cold cooked rice
- **3 medium bananas**
- **1/2 tsp.** nutmeg
- **1 cup** sour cream

Maraschino cherries (optional)

Pack rice tightly into measuring cup to measure. Chop very small two of the bananas (there should be a generous cupful of the prepared fruit). Combine rice, banana, nutmeg and sour cream and mix thoroughly. Pile lightly into parfait glasses and chill for at least one hour. Serve garnished with banana slices and maraschino cherries. Fresh peaches, cherries, strawberries or other berries may be used in place of bananas and unless they are very sweet they should be sprinkled with sugar, after chopping, and allowed to stand for an hour or so before being combined with the other ingredients. Well drained crushed pineapple and shredded coconut are additional variations.

**Apple Nut Crunch**

1 cup sugar  
1 heaping tbl. flour  
1 tsp. baking powder  
1 egg  
1 apple  
3/4 cup chopped walnut meats  
Sour cream

Combine dry ingredients and beat in egg. Peel apple, chop small and add with nuts to flour and egg mixture. Mix thoroughly and spread thin on buttered baking pan. Cook in 350 degree oven until apple is tender and mixture begins to brown and harden around the edges. Cool thoroughly. Crumble between the palms of the hands or with a rolling pin to form coarse crumbs. Measure crumbs, add an equal quantity of sour cream and mix well. A teaspoon vanilla extract or a quarter teaspoon ground mace, nutmeg or cinnamon may be added with the sour cream if desired. The crumbs will keep well after baking, but the dessert should be eaten soon after the cream is added, otherwise the crumbs will lose their crispness.

**Chocolate Crumb Dessert**

4 ounces sweet chocolate  
4 tbs. hot water  
3/4 cup cake crumbs  
3/4 cup chopped chocolate  
1/2 cup chopped nut meats  
3/4 cup sour cream  
1 tsp. vanilla

Combine chocolate and water in top of double boiler and stir over low heat until chocolate is melted. Cool thoroughly. Fold in cake crumbs, nuts, cream and vanilla. Pile into serving glasses and chill before serving.

Sour cream cookies are easy to make and economical too since they require neither eggs nor shortening.

**Sour Cream Cookies**

3 cups flour  
1 cup sugar  
1 cup sour cream  
1 tsp. vanilla  
Pinch of salt  
1 tsp. soda

Sift together flour, salt and soda. Blend sour cream, sugar and vanilla. Add flour a little at a time to cream mixture, beating well after each addition. When dough can be handled easily, chill thoroughly. Roll thin, cut into desired shapes and bake on buttered cookie sheet in hot oven until brown—six to eight minutes.

By Kate Smith

Radio Mirror’s Food Counselor

Listen to Kate Smith’s daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, at 8:00 EWT.
GIRL WITH A VOICE...

If you're up on what it takes to make a dramatic soprano, you'll know that Eileen Farrell, at twenty-three, is something special. And other singers know it. Laurence Tibbett, who has never met Eileen, has nevertheless taken the trouble to phone in and congratulate her on her singing. Ditto Elia Kazan. Besides, Gladys Swarthout, who has also never met her, was the one who suggested Eileen be hired to take her place on the Family Hour during the summer.

Maybe Eileen's background has something to do with her fine voice and quick rise to success. She is the youngest of three children in a musical family. Way back—before there was an Eileen Farrell, at all—her mother and father were appearing in vaudeville and on the concert circuits as the O'Farrells, singing together. Came the family, and the O'Farrells settled down in Storrs, Connecticut, and father went to work at the University of Connecticut, teaching dramatics and music and mother set herself up as a vocal coach.

In spite of this musical atmosphere, however, it was some time before Eileen could make up her mind whether she really wanted to be a singer, or whether she preferred being an artist. The singing was taken care of, so, after she was graduated from High School, Eileen went to the Vesper George Art School in Boston, seriously intent on learning all she could about painting.

It wasn't until mma forced the issue that Eileen made up her mind. Her mother took her to sing for Merle Alcock, the Metropolitan Opera star who had been coaching by Mrs. O'Farrell, Alcock impressed Eileen with the fact that her voice was much too good to waste on an art career. Whereupon Eileen gave up her classes at art school, moved to New York and settled down to singing in earnest.

Not that success came immediately, or easily. Eileen studied and worked and looked for a job, but it wasn't until after she had auditioned for CBS executives six times that she was finally given her solo sustaining show on Thursday nights. After that the letters and phone calls began to pour in and Eileen was all set. Right now Eileen's the lovely voice you hear on the American Melody hour on CBS, Tuesdays at 7:30 P.M., EWT.

In her short, but extremely active young life, Eileen has managed to learn Italian, German and Spanish fluently—all for the sake of her art. Her repertory is no slouch, either. Oddly enough, although she was born right here in the United States, she speaks with a very slight but a melodious brogue.
That's Dick Kollmar, familiar to you as Michael, from the movie "Breakfast at Tiffany's." Dick is heard daily at 11:30 A.M., EWT, over CBS. He's branching out, now, back to his first love—the theater. And with his production of "Early To Bed," a new hit on Broadway, of which Dick is producer, director and leading man, he's earned himself the distinction of being Broadway's youngest producer.

Dick was born in Ridgewood, New Jersey, and all through his elementary and high school days, his mind was set on a musical career. However, a year at the Yale Drama Workshop, which was then conducted by Professor George Pierce Baker (who seems to have had a tremendous influence on several of our outstanding playwrights and directors, by the way), changed Dick's mind. Music was out and acting was in.

Like all the other students at the Workshop, Dick's time was not devoted entirely to acting. He had to study directing, staging and lighting. He spent more time studying at Columbia University and at Tusculum University in Greenville, Tennessee, but the directing-producing bug had already been planted in his mind.

His first professional acting job was in a summer theater at Whitefield, New Hampshire. After that experience, he moved in to New York and tackled Broadway, as what potential actor doesn't? But Dick was young and handsome—and lucky. For several seasons, he moved from hit to hit: "Knickerbocker Holiday," "Too Many Girls" and "Crazy With The Heat," and in between time on the radio. He was also featured in Bill Bachelor, Myrr and Marge, Aunt Jenny, Claudia and David, Pretty Kitty Kelly and many other shows.

Then his old ambition came back and he found himself being co-producer of the hit musical "By Jupiter," the singing-dancing version of the old Broadway and motion picture hit, "The Warrior's Husbands," in which Katherine Hepburn first attracted attention.

His new hit, "Early To Bed," is the first production he's bossed completely. Of course, like most producers and directors, he's got a pet idea that he wants to put across one of these days. He wants to produce a fantasy—something on the order of Masterlinck's "Blue Bird"—although he's almost positive he'll lose his shirt on the venture, knowing that artistic productions are usually more soul satisfying for the "artist" than anything else.

Dick is married to Dorothy Kilgallen, the New York columnist, and they have two children. They met after Dorothy had given him several good mentions in her column—which is always a nice way to start a romance.

"Now that we're married, though," Dick says jokingly, "I never get a mention at all. As far as Dorothy's column is concerned, there might well not be any Richard Kolmar."
THESE ENGAGED GIRLS ARE ALL WAR WORKERS!

You are needed too!

**ANNE NISSEN**—handles explosives in a big munitions plant. This was Anne's first job. She has been promoted step by step, and has become a "job-instructor," training other girls.

**MARTHA MONTGOMERY**—an accredited first-aider, is especially interested in wartime care of small children. Proper care for children of working mothers is one of the most vitally important home-front war jobs, and one in which understanding workers are urgently needed.

**PHYLIS GRAY**—tests tensile strength of fabric for parachute bags, tents, uniforms! She went straight from college into war industry, working for a big Textile Company.

**MURIEL LUNGER**—is gravely serious about her war job at Bendix where she tests altimeters for planes. Muriel's mother has a war job at Bendix, too—on the assembly line.

**ROSEMARIE HEAVEY**—is one of the new airline girls affectionately dubbed "hangar helpers." They work in 8-hour shifts—in jobs that only men were filling a year ago.

**Any job that frees a man is a war job... find yours today!**

Slim and pretty Anne Nissen, engaged to Larry Van Orden (now in the Army), sums it up like this: "I couldn't have Larry do all the fighting, I wanted to do my share."... so she took the job a man left behind!

What are you doing?

Right now there are hundreds of different war jobs for women and girls—especially necessary home-front jobs that need to be filled because the men who held them are now with our armed forces.

Women and girls must take their places. Many areas need women in all kinds of civilian jobs—in stores, offices, restaurants, plants, laundries, in transportation, in community services.

Experience is not necessary. Hundreds of thousands of girls and women who never dreamed of working before are stepping into these jobs every day.

There's a war job for you, too!

Look through the Help Wanted section of your paper for needs in your area. Then get advice from your local United States Employment Service. They will gladly help you find the job you are suited to serve in. America at war needs women at work. Apply for your war job now!

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**Typical of so many gallant American girls and women today...**

These girls have given up personal ambition so as to back up their fighting men. But they are none the less feminine for all their efficiency. Keeping lovely is very much a part of their everyday living—on their jobs, and off!

And Pond's Cold Cream is their favorite way to help keep their faces feeding and looking clean—fresh, smooth and soft.

As Phylis Gray says—"A war job doesn't leave much time for fussy beauty care—so it means a lot to have a luscious, soft-smooth cream like Pond's to help keep your face bright and fresh and soft to touch."

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**The More Women at Work — The Sooner We'll Win**
HE GOT MAD...

And then, John J. Anthony decided to do something about it. He's been doing it ever since.

Born in New York City in 1896, John J. Anthony had the normal childhood of a New York boy. It gave him a keen insight, even while he was very young, into the troubles inherent in economic insecurity. He was a good student and his first ambition was to be a lawyer.

He set out after that goal, but right from the beginning he saw very sharply that sometimes laws as they existed were more hindrance than help in really solving problems for people in need. He was particularly interested in the marriage and divorce laws, which seemed to him to be lacking in understanding and frequently unfair.

His search for knowledge and means for remedying these evils was insatiable. He studied psychology, both here and abroad, and the further he delved the more sure he became that many of the problems in society had their cause in marital disturbances. He made up his mind to do what he could.

As a result of a return from Europe, he opened the first Marital Relations Institute in the United States.

Through this Institute, he fought for marital reform, exhaustively surveying the country giving lectures, suggesting new legislation, and aiding in the reconciliation of marriages that were going on by force, as well as giving advice to young people contemplating marriage.

The Institute was operated like a modern hospital—because Anthony felt it concerned itself with the health of our social life. People who could afford to pay for the services were charged fees, others received attention in the special clinic which was an important part of the Institute.

Today, more than a dozen years after he started out on his crusade, many states have modified their marital laws and more are on the way to doing so. The importance of preparing young people for the responsibilities of marriage has also become clearer and many universities now have courses on marital relations.

He finds his work on the Good Will Hour, heard Sundays at 10:00 P.M. EWT, over the Blue Network, rich and rewarding. During the six years the program has been running, he's reviewed more than 9,000 cases and has secured employment for over a thousand people. He feels that his program is a further proof that people are aware of another one and always willing to help—if they know what needs to be done and where they are needed most.

For those who have never seen him and to whom his voice might create the illusion that he's an old, wise man—Anthony is a slight, dark haired, dark eyed man with what might seem like a detached air, but is in reality only his ability to remain objective so that his mind can really be clear in analyzing and giving advice in each case.

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**THURSDAY**

- 8:00: Texas Jim
- 8:10: NBC
- 8:20: Everything Goes
- 8:30: The Sophisticators
- 8:45: This Life Is Mine
- 9:00: Sing Along
- 9:10: NBC: Robert St. John
- 9:20: NBC: Valiant Lady
- 9:30: NBC: Rachel Manning-Newton
- 9:45: NBC: Lore Lawton
- 10:00: NBC: Kitty Foyle
- 10:10: NBC: The Open Door
- 10:20: NBC: Honeymoon Hill
- 10:30: NBC: My Triumphant Heart
- 10:45: NBC: Help Mate
- 11:00: NBC: Bachelor's Children
- 11:15: NBC: A Woman of America
- 11:30: NBC: Breakfast Club
- 11:45: NBC: Sing Along
- 12:00: NBC: Robert St. John

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**FRIDAY**

- 8:30: Texas Jim
- 8:35: NBC: Breakfast Club
- 8:45: Everything Goes
- 10:15: NBC: Chaplin Singers
- 10:30: NBC: Trucktown Mine
- 10:45: NBC: Sing Along
- 11:15: NBC: Robert St. John
- 11:30: NBC: Valiant Lady
- 11:45: NBC: Rachel Manning-Newton
- 12:00: NBC: Kitty Foyle
- 12:15: NBC: The Open Door
- 12:30: NBC: Honeymoon Hill
- 12:45: NBC: Everything Goes
- 12:55: NBC: Help Mate
- 1:15: NBC: Bachelor's Children
- 1:30: NBC: A Woman of America
- 1:45: NBC: Breakfast Club
- 2:00: NBC: Sing Along
- 2:15: NBC: Robert St. John
- 2:30: NBC: Valiant Lady
- 2:45: NBC: Rachel Manning-Newton
- 3:00: NBC: Kitty Foyle
- 3:15: NBC: The Open Door
- 3:30: NBC: Honeymoon Hill
- 3:45: NBC: Everything Goes
- 4:00: NBC: Help Mate
- 4:15: NBC: Bachelor's Children
- 4:30: NBC: A Woman of America
- 4:45: NBC: Breakfast Club
- 5:00: NBC: Sing Along
- 5:15: NBC: Robert St. John
- 5:30: NBC: Valiant Lady
- 5:45: NBC: Rachel Manning-Newton
- 6:00: NBC: Kitty Foyle
- 6:15: NBC: The Open Door
- 6:30: NBC: Honeymoon Hill
- 6:45: NBC: Everything Goes
- 7:00: NBC: Help Mate
- 7:15: NBC: Bachelor's Children
- 7:30: NBC: A Woman of America
- 7:45: NBC: Breakfast Club
"for a skin that's T.N.T.—try my* W.B.N.C."

PAULETTE GODDARD CO-STARRING IN "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

says Paulette Goddard:


*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap."

Tonight, try Paulette's W.B.N.C. First, cleanse your skin with Woodbury Cold Cream. Then, smooth on more cream. Pat gently—tissue off again. Let a trace remain on your skin all night.

Your complexion is left exquisitely softer and smoother; tiny dry-skin lines are less apparent—thanks to 4 special softening, smoothing ingredients. There is also an ingredient that acts constantly to purify the cream in the jar, helping protect against germs from dust—germs which might cause blemishes. No other cream at any price has this fifth ingredient!

Tonight, and every night, take the W.B.N.C. with Woodbury Cold Cream. Every morning, see your lovelier look! . . . and see men pay attention.

Over 1000 women tested Woodbury Cold Cream against highest priced creams. The majority definitely preferred Woodbury. Big jars $1.25, 75¢. Also 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

—the complete beauty cream—
Love Is a Living Thing

Continued from page 39

outlined against the white bench on the hotel lawn. I called him, and he came slowly, appearing deeply, and began to move toward the porch.

He came in with his head bowed, came straight toward me, and then in a quick movement, but he was kneeling beside my chair, hiding his face in my lap. "Oh, Janet—"

"Rand—" My hand lay lightly on his head; my fingers smoothed the short, roughly curling blonde hair. "Rand—what happened tonight, a little while ago—was it because you felt that in marrying me, you were being unfaithful to Agnes? I felt him stiffen at the name, but I was glad I'd spoken it.

After a moment he said, "I don't know. Perhaps it was. It must have been. I don't like to admit it."

"I'm glad you did, Rand." I cradled his face in my hands, tilting it so that I could see him. I'd not know where I stand, now. And I'm willing to take a chance, too, Rand. If you want me—"

He held me tight. "Let me finish. Half rising, he closed his arms around me, pressed his face against my breast. "Want you—Janet darling, I need you so . . ."

I WISHED afterward that he hadn't said that—that he needed me. The thought of his needing me at the same time, spoiling a little of the happiness of those first weeks after we'd moved into the English cottage where Agnes had been so happy, the Red Cross, the happy, I think, for a while. He seemed almost relieved that I'd taken my rightful place in his home, as if he'd been some sort of a black, hair, that I wouldn't, and he responded in the little ways a woman appreciates. He made me feel important and necessary.

Sometimes, when he held me in his arms, that shadiness, sharpness, cut mouth of his sought mine, I felt too necessary. His lips pressed too hard; his arms held me too tightly—they clung. I think he needed me, of course, as every woman wants the man she loves to need her—but she also needs the assurance that she would be loved, and cherished even if she were no practical good to him. Little things happened, unimportant in themselves, but significant enough to shake my faith in myself and in my marriage. It was hot in Amity that summer, and one sultry evening I asked Rand to take me riding down the road to Hollywood. I'd heard about, a wonderfully cool, shady drive that wound between the river and the hills, into the heart of the woods. Rand agreed without hesitation, and we went riding that evening. But when we reached the River Road, he slowed the car without turning it from the highway. "We shouldn't really go down there, Janet. It's rocky traveling, and hard on the tires."

I didn't get very insistent. He was making excuses. I knew, and I knew just as surely that the Cold River Road had been a favorite drive of Agnes'. Rand didn't speak of the comfort, go on the pie crust table beside her chair in the living room. I suggested something bright—field flowers, perhaps. Rand brought home white roses. I thanked him for them, although they weren't what I'd wanted. They weren't my flowers at all. They belonged to another woman, a woman as fragile as Agnes herself, and now her own petals. After that he brought over home quite often—white roses.

I could have overlooked those incidents and others of the same kind, if the most anguished and more or less out of engagements he himself had made—dates with our friends. The excuses he gave were flimsy—that he didn't care to go to the Warners that evening, for instance Edith and Howard Warren had been his best friends for years. Or he would say that he was tired, and then if we did stay at home, he wouldn't go to bed early. I would leave him still sitting in the living room with his papers or a book, and he would sit there, taking a last glance at the evening paper before he started for the poker session. I returned home around one o'clock, feeling as though the poker game would not break up until much later. But there was a light in the house, a dim light in the living room, some sort of a inexplicable fear made me approach the house by the lawn instead of by the walk, made me peer through the living room window.

RAND's coat and hat were as they had been when I'd left him in his deep chair. There was a curious stillness about him, as if he'd been sitting in the same position for hours, his pipe and the white roses beside him, looking at something. I would be hours, sometimes, before he came upstairs.

I didn't understand. By his own admission Rand had wanted me enough to take me riding the day he had been humbly grateful when I agreed to stay with him. Now, as the months went by we were growing further apart, his head turned, himself away from me to the point where he openly resented my attempts to talk to him, 'to draw him out.'
All over America people today are asking questions. They are wondering about the kind of products they will be able to buy after the war.

What will the new automobiles be like? Will synthetic tires really outlast our cars? What new miracles can we look for in radio, television, home refrigeration and air conditioning?

But you don’t have to wait until the war is over to enjoy perfection in one of the good things of life. Today, in Schlitz, you are truly drinking the beer of tomorrow.

Keeping a step ahead is traditional at Schlitz. Those well informed on brewing know that for nearly 100 years Schlitz has pioneered almost every major advancement in the American brewing art.

And most important of all, Schlitz now brings you just the kiss of the hops—all of the delicate flavor, none of the bitterness. That famous flavor found only in Schlitz tells you that you don’t have to wait until after the war to enjoy your post-war beer. The beer of tomorrow is here today!
self in your grief, protected yourself with it, protected yourself from living. You nursed it, and let it grow until, when you wanted to escape it, it was too strong for you. You asked me to help—and then you resented my help; you resented me. I don't want you to reach out and pull me plump out of your own grief. I don't want any affection between us based on a morbid bond of sorrow.

The hysteria died out of me, leaving me without strength to go on. I rose shakily, walked around Rand toward the stairs. Rand pivoted, following me with his eyes. I stopped there. I don't know, I don't think, I don't want to help me. I don't want any affection between us based on a morbid bond of sorrow.

Then I went swiftly up the stairs to my room, and I locked the door.

I READ and re-read the words before I understood. Halcott and anyone in it had slipped far back into my past. And then, when I did understand, David was the only thing I could face. I couldn't face anyone else. I didn't need Aunt Kay's advice. I knew what I had to do. Rand was beyond my help, and our marriage was beyond saving.

When the doorbell rang, when the postman handed me a letter and a package, I signed for them automatically. I sat down on the couch and studied the return address stupidly, unseeingly—who was Mrs. John Humphries in a town called Halcott? The envelope was addressed as follows:

David was killed in action on August 27th. I think he would have wanted me to have these snapshot now, rather than mere memories of the time you children played together . . .

I dropped the letter and the package on my lap. I stared at the envelope. I didn't immediately recognize in him—jealousy. "You know," I answered dully. "I told you about David last week. He was a childhood friend, a very dear friend. There was nothing—"

"Nothing! And you've been crying—"

I choked off, shaking my head mutely. I wasn't yet ready to talk to Rand about himself, and how else could I tell him that it was my misery over him that had brought on this how of David's death? I would grieve over David for his own sake—later. It would be a penalty of grief, a terrible thing to be in, but it would be a thing I could bear with.

Rand pivoted, and I was mad in bewilderment, and I felt my tears start again. Rand's expression changed. His mouth twisted with some emotion I couldn't name. "I'm glad," he said, "I'm glad that he's not in a light that terrified me. I bent over to clear my eyes. He wiped them were to take me in his arms. His voice, broken, compassionated, was more tenderly intoned than I'd ever heard it. "And so he's dead . . . Janet, dearest, you mustn't cry. Let me help you. I know what it is when someone you love goes . . ."

I pulled myself upright, out of his reach, pushed him roughly away. "You don't understand!" I sobbed, "I'm still crying, and I'm already skidding hysterically, but my words were clear and hard—the truth as I saw it. "You'll show me nothing, Rand—not your way. I won't have it. I'd be ashamed of it, as I'm ashamed of you. You've wrapped yourself in your grief, protected yourself with it, protected yourself from living. You nursed it, and let it grow until, when you wanted to escape it, it was too strong for you. You asked me to help—and then you resented my help; you resented me. I don't want you to reach out and pull me plump out of your own grief. I don't want any affection between us based on a morbid bond of sorrow."

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Then I went swiftly up the stairs to my room, and I locked the door.
Don't Worry
ABOUT VITAMINS AND MINERALS

3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person All the Extra Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use!

Millions of people today know how important it is to take extra vitamins and minerals. So we want to emphasize this point: Ovaltine is one of the richest sources of vitamins and minerals in the world.

In fact, if you just drink two glasses of Ovaltine a day—and eat three average-good meals including fruit juice—you get all the vitamins and minerals you need. All you can profitably use for health, according to experts—unless you're really sick and should be under a doctor's care.

So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give you all the extra vitamins and minerals you can use—along with its many other well-known benefits. Just follow this recipe for better health . . .

3 GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING

Authorities say you can't completely trust "good" meals to supply all the vitamins and minerals you need for good health—even with careful meal-planning because shipping, storing and cooking reduce the vitamin-mineral values of food. So rely on 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day for all the extra vitamins and minerals you need!
Ladies' Only
$3.25

LADIES'

Ideal for Sports-Leisure
Here's a sturdy "he-man's" jacket of a thousand and one uses that will keep pace with the fastest tempo of your busy day. Cut for real comfort—of "Span-Ray"—magically flexible, water-repellent and shape-retaining as well as warm. Snappy yoked back. Genuine leather buttons for looks and wear. Grand, deep, saddle pockets. Split sides—so stride along as you will. You'll live in it from dawn 'til night. Choose Camel Tan with the following choice of harmonizing colors: Forest Green, Harbor Blue, or Luggage Brown. Check your size from 34 to 50 on the order coupon to the right.

MEN'S

You'll Love It!
Take this jacket for carefree ease—and for that certain poise which being "in the know" on style gives you! That new low hipline is a "flash" from the fashion front. Perky shoulders! Suave yoke! You will adore its smart distinctive lines...you will always enjoy its caressing warmth. It's tailored of favorite Span-Ray, justly popular for its wear...for its beauty! It will be your prop and mainstay, season in, season out. Select yours from one of these season's latest shades: Liberty Blue, Camel Tan, Teal Green, or Stop Red. Sizes 12 to 20.

Send No Money—Rush This Coupon!

I\LLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 1862, 500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Gentlemen: Send me the SPUN-RAY Jackets indicated below. C.O.D. I must be fully satisfied with my purchase or will return within 10 days for refund.

Name ___________________________ Please write

Address __________________________

City ____________________________ State ____________________________ plainly

LADY'S JACKET Sale Price, $1.75

Check color wanted

Combination Price for 1 Man's and 1 Lady's Jacket BOTH only 9.75

MAN'S JACKET Sale Price, 9.95

Check color wanted

CHECK SIZE WANTED

LADY'S 32, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52

MAN'S 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44

MY TOTAL PURCHASE AMOUNTS TO: $ ____________________________ C. O. D. ______
gate. I didn’t know that Jim was there. I was so frightened and excited that I could hardly explain my way to the guard at the gate, hardly tell the personnel man what I thought I could do. “Waiting on tables doesn’t quite prepare you for the work we’re thinking of,” he told me. “It calls for unusual manual dexterity.”

“Manual dexterity,” I repeated the words dully. Then I said suddenly, “You mean—well with your hands. Would piano playing help?”

His tired face brightened. “How well can you play?”

I told him but he hardly let me finish. He sent a guard to fix me up with a temporary badge and take me to the Fuze Assembly Department.

I don’t remember walking there, I was walking in a rosy haze. But I remember meeting the foreman. He was tall and as I looked at him bending over a table explaining something to one of the girls I had to laugh. It seemed funny that a foreman should have a lock of hair sticking up from the crown of his head. Then he had straightened with a swift gesture and was looking down at me, as if one steady long look of his gray-green eyes would take me all in completely.

THAT was the way I met Jim Marion. He took my card, glanced at it and said, “That looks like the Jim I knew—” as if he was fitting my name to me. And he nodded as if it suited him. “Okay, Sally, let’s hear you run through a Rachmaninoff symphony, please.”

I wasn’t nervous as I took my place. I knew I could do better than I’d ever done at anything before.

“Now, listen to his conductor—” His big hand darted to a box and brought back a little cylinder only an eighth of an inch high “—and place it in this fuzer body.”

I did what he said, my hands following his, my ears straining to take in every word as I watched for the meaning of his strange phrases. “Screw it down hand-tight.” Over the correct round with the left hand, place fuzer in the tighter fixture, and with the right hand pull down the handle that lowers the chuck onto the fuzer body. When the chuck makes contact, leave it there momentarily.”

Even when he explained why it must not stay too long, how it contained a high explosive—lead azide and tetryl—and how the spinning set up a friction which made heat, I wasn’t too concerned I staved too long,” he told me seriously, “and the whole round might go.”

It wasn’t that I didn’t understand the magnitude of his words. I did. But his voice inspired confidence. I knew I could take my part in that terrific responsibility. I picked up fuzer, connoisseur and completed the second round. Then a third, a fourth, and a fifth.

“Say, I’m supposed to teach you this operation,” he said, laughing to my shoulder. “Do you want to lose me my job?”

I laughed, too, but I didn’t stop. I went on assembling fuzes. I had never felt so good in my life.

When the first day’s shift was over I won’t say I wasn’t tired. But I was glowing with a sense of accomplish-
When we were introduced, we shook hands—and he didn't let go! He said some silly little thing about soft, pretty hands—meaning mine. Well, anyway, that's how it began, as romance often does—holding hands.

The House of Campana takes Pride in Presenting their New Campana Cream Balm Containing Lanolin

Created by Campana Skin Scientists, and Tested and Approved by Hundreds of Women. A Creamy, Non-Sticky, Softening Hand Lotion to Help Prevent Skin Dryness and Roughness. Contains Lanolin, the Material Most Nearly Duplicating the Functions of the Natural Oils of the Skin.

Campana Cream Balm

You can distinguish the new Campana Cream Balm by its pure white color and distinctive yellow and white carton. Sold by drug, department and dime stores in 10c, 25c, 50c and $1.00 bottles. Campana Laboratories also produce the Original CAMPA N LA O L I N in the green and white package.
"I use Dura-Gloss"

So you like my fingernails—lots of people say they’re pretty. I use Dura-Gloss on them. I used to go in for fancy nail polishes that cost 50¢ or even a dollar. Then I found how simple it is to get a bottle of Dura-Gloss for 10¢. And the results were more than I had hoped for—I think my fingernails are more beautiful than ever before. I use Dura-Gloss continuously, and all the Dura-Gloss preparations for the nails.

(Note: Dura-Gloss contains Crystallyne to make it wear longer without “peeling.”)

DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH

Copr. 1943, Lorr Laboratories - Paterson, N. J.
Founded by E. T. Reynolds
Continued from page 62

Walking from the Change House to my department the next morning, I was more scared than I had been the first day. Something was going to happen. Something bad.

When I got to my place, it did. Jim was standing there. He said, "I was waiting for you."

He said, "I'm recommending you for my job. You're so good now that I figure I can get away to enlist."

"Enlist??" I couldn't do anything but echo him in that sick, still way. "Yep. Ground crew. I don't know when I'll be going, but we'd better get you trained.

We were together all that day and the next. We had to be, while I learned my job, but it wasn't any fun. Yet there wasn't a thing I could do about it. And what on earth did I want to do? It was perfectly simple: everybody had to say goodbye these days to friends going off to war. That was all he had been to me—a friend.

But the factory was a different place after he left. The new orders were swamping us. The management kept calling for more speed. We couldn't possibly produce enough to meet the deadline on the schedule.

"Paul, shouldn't you let some of the orders go to a bigger company?" I asked him.

"That's my worry, baby," he said. "Yours begin and end with fuzes, assembly, and I mean just that. His eyes narrowed. "Look, honey, I have enough of these headaches at the plant. Let's leave them there, okay?"

"I'm sorry," I told him dubiously.

One day in November, thinking of the concert I was going to hear, I forgot and left my badge on my discarded work jumper. The guard at the gate would not let me out without it, though he knew me perfectly. I ran back, fuming at my carelessness, afraid I'd be late. Passing the store-room, which was connected by a covered passageway to our department, I saw a light and heard the scraping sound of a heavy box being shoved across the floor. I looked in the door and saw Gus Steichen, a grumpy old man who had spent his life working as gardener on the Starrett estate and had lately been given a job as porter at the plant. He was on his knees in the right-hand near corner of the store-room, unpacking one of the boxes that had been stamped with the Government's symbol of approval.

"What are you doing?" I asked him. He shrugged. "Boss's orders."

There was no use questioning him. I would ask Paul.

But we were late, and Paul had to drive fast. He wasn't in good humor. After half an hour of music, my small problem was lost in the wonder of the soaring strings and I didn't think of it again, till weeks later.

It was nearly Christmas and I guess I was purposely walking slowly past the Marion house, maybe peering in, trying to see if they had a Christmas tree trying to guess whether Jim would be coming home for Christmas. I heard the sound of "Holy Night" being played softly on the violin, and I stopped, my throat suddenly tight with tears. At that moment the door opened and Cal exploded out of the house, barely missing me. "Excuse me—Oh, Sally!" He grabbed me by the arm. "Look, Mom wants you!"

I hesitated. Paul was waiting for me in the bar of the Ocean View House.

"Come on in," Cal urged. "It's something Jim wrote—"

Mom gave me a sweet smile, but I saw the worry lines around her eyes. She gave Cal a little push. "Get along son, and be sure to get home soon the library closes." She shut the door on his inquisitive face.

"Did Jim—send a message to me?" I asked, suddenly breathless.

"No. Or rather, he did. I mean, he didn't say so, but I know—" She went to the old secretary desk in the corner and fumbled in a cubbyhole. "Maybe he's getting a case of war nerves," she said with an apologetic smile. "But when things like this are going on, I can't help thinking it might be my boy next, and I have to do something—"

My heart stopped. What danger was threatening Jim?

She brought back the letter, which looked soft and worn from handling. She handed it to me and pointed.

"... It's not that I can't take such sights. I expect to see plenty of guys get theirs before I'm through. Dave's number just came

Continued on page 66

WHAT RUTH LEARNED AT COLLEGE

RUTH: "But, Mother, nearly all the girls in my dorm are using Tampax now. It's not considered new any more; it's just a regular thing.

MOTHER: "Well, I'll admit it has a lot of advantages, especially the quick changing, now that restrooms are so crowded... You ask a doctor invented it?"

RUTH: "Yes, and it has been adopted by millions of women all over the world—in Asia, Australia, Africa, Europe and the Americas. I'm really enthusiastic, you see!"

MOTHER: "I give in! If you can cure a sensitive girl like you of self-consciousness and make you light-hearted at that time of the month, I'm for Tampax!"

Tampax is a form of monthly sanitary protection based on the principle of internal absorption, long known to doctors and now available for women generally. Made of pure long-fiber surgical cotton, firmly stitched and exceedingly absorbent. It comes compressed to small size in dainty applicators. No belts, pins or pads. No odor. No bulging or chafing. Wearer cannot feel it. Hands need not touch it.


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TAMPAX INCORPORATED

Palmers, Mass.

Please send me a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or order to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

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Johnny Gart puts his French poodle, "Brandy," to work at the CBS studio during a rehearsal for his show, The Johnny Gart Trio, daily at 3:30 P.M.
Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder!

1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
2...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
3...it clings perfectly...really stays on

You'll discover how perfect a face powder can be when you try this famous powder created by Max Factor Hollywood. You'll like the color harmony shade for your type...it will accent your natural beauty, whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead. You'll like the superfine texture because it creates such a beautiful satin-smooth make-up. And, you'll like the way it stays on and looks lovely for extra hours. Try Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder today...one dollar.

Max Factor Hollywood Color Harmony Make-Up
...Face Powder, Rouge and Tru-Color Lipstick
up a little ahead of schedule. And I can't explain it away by saying how much I thought of Dave, either. The fact is, I didn't, and it may sound crazy, but the reason I can't get this off my mind is that Dave was shooting an Orli-liklon 25 when it was rescued. That hits pretty close to home, as you can imagine. I can't shake the idea that it might have been a defective job or fuse assembly that made that shell go off while it was still in the gun. It could have been, all right. And don't tell me there are plenty of other shops it might have come from in Nebraska. Northeast. I know that. But just the same I keep thinking I might have saved Dave if I'd stayed home on the job instead of going haywire and rushing off to shoulder a gun.

I didn't read any more. That was his message to me, and it was an accusation. He might not have meant it that way, but that's how I had to accept it. It was my fault he had gone "haywire." I knew it now, I couldn't avoid facing it. And now I had his job. If any defective shells were coming out of my department, it was my responsibility.

"I had the feeling he'd want you to know," Mom said softly. "Jim's proud, he'd never write to you himself. But I think he figured I'd tell you this. And you'll do what you can. I can tell him that, can't I?"

I NODDED. My mind was suddenly very busy. A memory that had been lost came up again in my mind. I was seeing a picture of Gus Steichen kneeling in the corner where the accepted lots were stored.

I guess I'd been shying away from the idea of investigating behind Paul's back. But that was silly. The whole thing was perfectly all right. Any other idea would be unthinkable.

The next night, half an hour after quitting time, I went back to our building, walked in quietly and went to the store-room door. I opened the safety lock without a sound and peered into the dim light where the management thought no one was there. But then I saw a flashlight glow out suddenly in the left-hand back corner. It was Gus, as before, kneeling by a box. But this time he was not unpacking approved boxes. He was packing into a box labelled with a rejected lot number.

I waited, forcing myself to keep quiet and simply watch. Half a dozen times I had to stop myself from shouting indignant questions. And then he moved back and forth doing deliberate, senseless things. Or they seemed senseless to me. I thought he had gone crazy. I wanted to think so. Because after a while I made sense that I didn't want to recognize.

But I remembered Dave, who had been Jim's friend. I had to stay and understand why he was packing rejected rounds in boxes that bore the approved stamp and were addressed for shipment, and then marking the good rounds in the rejected boxes.

I would have to risk Paul's anger. Perhaps he did not know that this was going on. I had to meet him, a hundred questions on my lips.

I did not wait a minute to plunge into what I had to say. "Paul, come out and take a walk," I begged him. I'd try to explain.

He took one look at me, gulped his drink, and followed me outside.

"Paul, I've got to know what's behind this, I have. That's why I'm switching the lots in the store-room."

He jerked his head angrily. "Look, I told you your job ends with fuse assemblies. That's all to you of them afterward is strictly not your business."

"Well, I'm making it mine," I said excitedly. "I can't help it if you fire me. If it's true that the rejected lots are being sent out under stamps by the government for approval, and the good ones sent through to be re-inspected and appraised?"

Paul said with a brusque laugh, "Your face is going to be pretty red when I answer that one. And I bet it'll make you keep your nose out of other people's business from now on."

I hardly heard him. I was waiting for my answer. He went on, his tone perfectly easy and light. "There's been a lot of government specifications. Now are you satisfied?"

He was right, I blushed. I felt as foolish as every woman feels when she has been suspicious of her man and found an innocent explanation of her doubts. And I should have felt a wonderful relief. I would have, if he'd just left it that way.

"And about time, too," he said with sudden vehemence. "Those specifications are fantastic, and the inspectors just try to be finicky. The government likes nothing better than to wind us up in so much red tape that we can never get anything done, and then call us for being behind schedule. If they'd just keep those Boys Scouts out of our operations we'd be able to produce twice as much."

I said hesitantly, "But they're necessary, aren't they? I mean, they can't take chances on things like munitions, can they?"

HE whirled on me furiously. "Look. Which would you rather have—a secretary that could type one letter a day, or one who could type fifty and get most of them right?"

I wanted to scream out, "But typing letters isn't making bullets! One misspelling in a letter doesn't kill a human being!"

But I didn't dare. His strange disproportionate fury made it impossible for me to talk to him. I felt as if I were with a stranger, a man with dark, alien secrets that shut him off from me. I was afraid. I wasn't afraid because of what he might do, but because of the truth that lay behind his angry words.

The next morning I went to work reluctantly. Always before, no matter what happened the night before, I used to go work eager to start another shift. But today I was going to do something that violated all the unwritten rules of our plant.

I had been as chilling and non-committal as anyone else to the Government inspectors. It is a constant and unpleasant experience to watch everything you do. But today the first thing I did was to call one into the cubicle where I kept my records.

I asked him to stay a story of his

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$150.00 in War Bonds Buys a Parachute

Continued on page 68
Keep a high, bright polish on your Disposition!

Keep a smooth brow turned to the world! These are no days for jitters and jumpy nerves.

Watch the girls who shine now. Wearing brave smiles and bright colors. Lending helping hands and smart young heads to the business of winning the war. On the job every minute of every month, too.

They have a hundred little secrets to help them stay busy and beautiful. And one is Modess! So heavenly soft, so wonderfully safe—but, well, read for yourself why these three lasses like Modess best:

“I’m following in Grandpa’s footsteps! He was a ship-builder right here in Maine. Pretty strenuous work for a girl, I guess. But I’m crazy about it—and never miss a minute since I switched to Modess! Gives me such swell extra protection, I don’t worry about accidents. Take it from me—Modess is really safer!”

3 out of 4 women voted Modess softer in a recent test. That’s because it’s made with a special soft spun filler—very different from layer-type napkins. But it costs no more!

“I’ve got a day nursery in my home! So many mothers in my neighborhood are working in war plants, I thought I’d help out. But believe me, I’d be a wreck some days if it weren’t for Modess’ marvelous downy comfort! It’s so much softer—it really keeps me going!”

3 out of 4 women voted Modess softer in a recent test. That’s because it’s made with a special soft spun filler—very different from layer-type napkins. But it costs no more!

“I’ve got to sell like sixty—since our store’s under-manned with salesclerks and overcrowded with customers. So with 90,000,000 eyes on me (or so it seems anyhow) I’m plenty glad Modess fits so smoothly. That soft pad just shapes perfectly to your body!”

MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, oversize napkins unnecessary. In boxes of 12 sanitary napkins, or Bargain Box of 36.

MODESS JUNIOR is for those requiring a slightly narrower napkin. In boxes of 12.
Continued from page 66

And the latest specifications? "Latest?" he gave me a curious look as he took the mimeographed sheet from his pocket. "It's the one we've been working on all year."

I looked at the date. He was right, it was nearly a year old.

I said faintly, "I was wondering if they might not ease them up a bit."

"Not a chance," he said positively. "Safety's safety and you can't change that by writing things down on paper."

I could see how he welcomed the chance to express himself. "Safety's got to be built into munitions and we're here to see it is."

I waved away his lecture. "That's all, I see," I tried to smile at him.

But I knew what I had to do. Knowing it all day, looking ahead and planning, didn't make it any easier. I never had done anything so physically difficult as lifting each foot, one after another, up the steps of the building in the city that housed the FBI. Staring my errand to the girl at the desk was like speaking out of a throat packed with dry sawdust. If she had delayed me, placed any obstacles in my way, I would have run from the place. But when I told my business, the doors began to open, leading straight to the chief.

He made it as easy for me as possible, though he could have had no idea what I was doing to my own life. He seemed to understand how hard it was for me to place those two carefully labeled shells on his desk. "This came out of the box addressed for shipping, with the stamp of approval on it," I told him, pointing to the defective one. "And this I saw repacked into a box labeled with a rejected lot number. Those 'rejected' lots have been sent through for re-inspection."

The chief picked up the shells and gave me a grave look. "I'll send them to Washington tonight for examination by the experts," he said. "Now we'll draft an affidavit for you to swear out and send along with it."

When that ordeal was over I sighed deeply. "Now am I through?" I asked him. "Can I go—away?"

He shook his head. "If you're going to help us, you'll stay right here on the job as if nothing had happened. And when the time comes, we'll be counting on you to come through."

I thought it had been hard before. But imagine working through those next five days, going out with Paul at night, speaking to him and his mother as I were the girl who would marry him in June. It was almost a relief, after the endless suspense, when the call came to go to Paul's office.

Well, it didn't take long. The questions were asked and answered. I looked into the face of the man I had promised to marry and I said words that made him a traitor to his country. And then I was free.

**DD** I say free? What tragic irony was in that word for me! I, who had come to Sea Cliff with the dream of making friends, of finding love, was leaving it with nothing—no one. The man who had almost been my husband hated me now, as he waited for his trial, and none of the people I had met with him had ever been more than acquaintances. The friendship of the Marions I had forfeited long ago.

But I did go to see Mum that night before I left, late though it was. I wanted her to know what happened at the factory before she read a garbled account in the papers. "Tell Jim the Government's taken over, so he can be sure they'll never get any other premature from the Puget Assembly Department of Northeastern," That's all I told her. I didn't tell her I was going. I didn't dare, for then she'd guess how miserable I felt.

I went to the city, took a room at the YWCA, got a job in a small precision instrument company working. My spare time I filled with music, taking a course at the Conservatory.

It was hard, at first. But after a while I began to understand that loneliness has a beauty all its own. Something good about this kind, something clean and strong. I had tested myself, I had proved I could serve my country, I could face the life I had hated. And now I didn't hate it any more. There was something wonderful about the city and its music. When I remembered Paul and Jim; though I would never see him again I could admit to myself at last, that I loved him.

But as I went open, he whirled and his hand went up to take off his cap. I knew then.

"Oh, I had known before, too, I could, I must take the sound of the broad shoulders, the queer, swift way he had of turning, that was like the way no one else had ever moved; but when I saw the sandy hair sticking up in a war-lock at the crown, I had to laugh.

And then I was laughing and crying, blinded by tears, so that I stumbled and went down the great stone steps if he had not reached out with one of his quick, sure motions, and caught me in his arms.

I lay there, and we did not even talk, for—oh, I don't know how long, maybe seconds, maybe minutes, till we realized that other people were around us, coming out of the building. And even then we did not talk, we just started walking through the streets, not caring where we went."

I learned that I had been trying to get a furlough since his mother had sent him my message with the clippings from the newspapers. This was the first he had had.

**NO** later we talked of that. But now we sat in the restaurant eating a little supper, passing things good about this kind, something clean and strong. And I had tested myself, I had proved I could serve my country, I could face the life I had hated. And now I didn't hate it any more. There was something wonderful about the city and its music. When I remembered Paul and Jim; though I would never see him again I could admit to myself at last, that I loved him.

But by the time we had to stop trying to joke about it, We had to talk about our plans for getting married. I went south with him when his leave was over. For a while I worked in an airplane factory near his camp; then I had to take a leave of absence. I'm waiting now to go into the hospital to have my little harpist. Maybe he'll turn out to be a violinist, like his dad.

**Ginger Rogers and her husband, Private Jack Briggs of the Marines, had a wonderful time before, after and on Groucho Marx's radio show. Before the broadcast they went for a jeep ride. Left to right, Fay McKenzie, Groucho, Ginger, Briggs.**
...shucks! you don’t know the half of it!

Gosh... I was mad the first day our grocer told Mother he didn’t have any Karo Syrup for me. I just couldn’t understand it.

Every year the farmers grow billions of bushels of good American corn. So what’s the matter with the Karo people? If they got corn, big factories and plenty of glass bottles, why can’t I get Karo? That’s what I was askin’.

Well, you know what I found out?

The big Karo plants are still trying to keep up with demand. But the Army and Navy and millions of American folks at home keep calling for more and more Karo. The Karo people tell me that they can’t step up Karo production any further without tamperin’ with quality... and they just won’t do that. They say they gotta keep faith with doctors, mothers, us babies... and everybody.

Now, we little folks don’t eat much Karo, but we must have it to help us grow big and strong. So the Karo people are askin’ the grocers of America to “have a heart”... and always reserve a supply of Karo ‘specially for us babies. And the grocers are doin’ it... ain’t that swell?

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y.

IMPORTANT TO DOCTORS
(To Mothers, Too):
Mothers who cannot buy Karo for their babies are invited to write us (post card) giving name and address of favorite grocer. We will take steps promptly to supply these grocers with Karo for babies.

BECAUSE THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY, THERE NEVER CAN BE A "SUBSTITUTE" FOR KARO
JOAN FONTAINE, UNDER CONTRACT TO DAVID O. SELZNICK, SOON TO APPEAR IN TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION, "JANE EYRE"

How You can have her American Beauty Skin-Tone

Joan Fontaine advises—

"If your skin is like mine—neither blonde-fair nor brunette-dark, then be careful to choose face powder that gives a fresh, warm glow. Otherwise your skin may look dull." Wear Woodbury Windsor Rose. This lovely shade of Woodbury Powder is expertly blended to give your skin the exciting, luscious, alive American Beauty look.

Who wouldn't love you?

Big moments for you when you wear your Woodbury shade! Hollywood film directors helped select them—that's why Woodbury shades are so glamorizing. They're made by the Color Control process—that's why they give that clearer, younger, so-smooth look. Get your shade today.

Boxes, $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

Make Dreams come True

Wear Your Woodbury Shade

Joan Fontaine's shade, Windsor Rose—gives an American Beauty skin-tone.
Hedy Lamarr's shade, new Rachel—gives a stunning Ivory skin-tone.
Veronica Lake's shade, new Natural—gives an exquisite Cameo skin-tone.
Lana Turner's shade, new Champagne Rachel—gives a dazzling Honey skin-tone.
Dorothy Lamour's shade, Brunette—gives a luscious Tropic skin-tone.

NEW!

Matched Make-up

Now with your $1 box of Woodbury Powder you also get matching shades of Woodbury lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost! A glamorizing set—$1.
Homecoming

Continued from page 21

sin? I looked, I knew that I owed it to Dave to meet him half way, to grant him the forgiveness he'd asked for.

I wanted to forgive him. I wanted our life together to be as it had always been. As it had always been! Bitter laughter fluttered in my breast, because the idea reminded me of my thoughts just before Dave's return.

That same secure happiness—had been a delusion.

I made myself think about the movements of my hands and body. Turn on the hot water again, pour some powder... scrape the dishes... take three steps to the ice-box, four to the stove. The clock said seven-thirty; when I'd finished, and I went through the dining room to the front door. Dickie was playing with some other children a little way up the street; I stepped out onto the porch and after a minute he glanced over and saw me, and came trotting in, in obedience to my gesture.

"Come in and talk to Daddy awhile, Dickie," I said quietly. "Then it'll be time for bed."

Why I wanted to see them together, Dave and Dickie, I could not have told. It might have been an obscure need to find some evidence that nothing had changed, and if that was so, I found it.

For Dave's face lit up in a smile as Dickie ran in, and in a moment he had Dickie on his knees beside him, telling him an exciting story about the dam which I was sure had never happened. It was exactly like any night before, before he could be in that room.

If there had been anyone to pass the open doorway and look in at us he would have said to himself, Here is a happy family.

And, as we always had, Dave and I went together into Dickie's room when his bedtime came, a very good night. He lay looking up at us from those eyes that were so like his father's, and he smiled sleepily.

"You'll have a good night, Dad?"

"You bet I am, old man," Dave answered, his voice husky.

Dickie snuggled deeper into the pillow, brought the words, "I'm glad you're home, too."

When we'd tiptoed out and closed the door, Dave turned to me. "Thanks," he said, "Thanks, Laurie, for bringing him in to me. I knew you meant you'd—you'd forgiven me."

I looked startled. I hadn't thought things out like that—bringing Dickie to me. Giving him his half-hour together, had seemed necessary, that was all. But perhaps he was right—perhaps without knowing it I had already come to the point of forgiveness.

"Forgiven you?" I said. "Why, I—"

I got no farther. His arms were around me, gripping me tight.

There are things your muscles do for themselves. If your hand touches scorching metal it snatches itself away. If you are alight, your arms fling themselves out to protect you, instinctively, automatically. It was that way now. At his touch my whole body recoiled from mine. Cold, living, outside of me, I felt I had to let him go.

He dropped his arms. His face went pale under the tan. "I'm sorry," he said. "I guess you haven't forgiven me after all." Quickly he turned and left, and a moment later I heard the front door close.

I began to tremble so that I could hardly stand, and supporting myself against the wall I crept to a chair and sank into it. I was living over again, over and over, the few seconds when disgust and repulsion had exploded in me like a bomb.

After a long while I got up and went to bed, but I didn't sleep. I lay stiff and unrelished, waiting for Dave to come home. When at last he did, it was so quietly that I hardly heard him—for he did not come into the room. The linen-closet door clicked open and shut again, and a few minutes later there was the faint creak of springs from the living room couch.

Then—as swiftly as a match flame is blown out—my heart was still.

The blue, misty light of the autumn dawn filled the room when I woke up. Beside me the other bed was neat and untouched, and I looked at it, thinking, "That is where Dave should be."

But I knew I could not ask him to occupy it. Not now. Not yet.

I slipped out of bed and put on a robe and slippers, went out of the room and along the hall as silently as a ghost. Dave was asleep on the couch under the covers, unmoving, the blanket pulled up crookedly around his shoulders. I could be glad that the couch was long and comfortable, glad he'd found some rest.

While I watched, his eyes opened. He saw me, and began to smile—but then memory returned, and his face darkened exactly as if a shadow had passed over it, a shadow that was followed in quick contrast by the sun-light of hope. "Laurie?" he whispered. It forced me to destroy the hope, but I had to. I said hastily, "I wanted to see you before Dickie got up. I wanted to talk to you, Dave—I do forgive you, truly, but I can't—let you touch me—kiss me. It's not that I won't... I can't. Maybe, if you'll wait— give me time—I'll try."

He shook his head, "Of course I'll wait," he said helpfully. "What else can I do?"

Nothing, I thought in pity for us both.

S o we settled into a way of life that wasn't living. On the surface, while Dickie was present, we were just as we'd always been, but when we were alone a pall of silence, thick and heavy, settled down upon us. Each night Dave slept on the couch, and each morning he was up, putting away the blankets, before Dickie was awake.

I began to wonder, that first day after Dave's return, what she had been like.

Cheap, of course. She had worn flashy clothes, with bright lights on, and she used a cloying perfume. Her voice was loud and shrill, and she laughed too much and too often. These things about her. But was she tall or short, blonde or brunette? What did she want from life, what made her go with a man she met one night in a bar, she who dreams except those of lust? Oh, how did she do it?

And because I hated her, I couldn't forget her. She was there in the evenings, after Dickie had gone to bed. The house was crammed with people in the room, while Dave sat in his chair with a book and I tried to sew, and if I looked up it seemed that I could see her standing in the background, laughing and shouting. I knew why she laughed. It was because she had taken from me something that was valuable to her, but I, the most precious thing in life to me—Dave's love.

The days passed, grouped themselves into weeks—one, two, three. Not once did the thought come to me that I could relax his air of grave courtesy.

One morning I caught sight of myself, unexpectedly, in the mirror—and stopped, I was twenty-nine, and my eyes were dull and my lips slack. The life had gone out of me. And that evening I saw that the same thing had happened to Dave. There was a droop in the shoulders that had been so erect and proud.

In a panic, I knew that I was destroying us both. This walking death would—must—end.

We had just finished supper, and Dickie was outside. I said impulsively, "Dave... Dave..."

And the new note in my voice startled him, startled him so much that his hand went to the side. Wordlessly, I turned to him, and he gathered me into his arms.

But it was useless. He felt the quiver that passed through me.

He pushed me away, violently.

"What do you want me to do?" he cried desperately, "I can't tell you again— I can't— I can't think of any new way to tell you I love you. What can I do?"

"I don't know," I sobbed, "I don't want to be like the others—I want to be like we were before, but I can't. Whenever you touch me, I—I think of you with her, and I—Oh, why did you do it!"

There, I had said it—said the thing I had never even thought, the thing
I would not let myself think.

"I told you because I had to," he said tightly. "Because we've loved each other for eight years and in all that time there's never been anything about me you haven't known. God knows I've had I was wrong—but somehow I still can't be sorry I told you. Not even," he added so low I could hardly hear, "not even if this is the finish."

The finish. Yes, I knew what he meant.

"I'll leave tomorrow morning," he said after a moment, "while Dickie's in school. I'd rather not have to pretend in front of him any more. You can tell him I left in a hurry for an out-of-town job. At least that way, we've decided what's the best thing to be done. I'll get a room in the city and let you know where I am."

He stopped, as if he'd run out of words, and out of energy to say them. Suddenly, I felt that he mustn't go—that if he left this house our last hope of being happy again would go.

"No, Dave—don't go!" I cried. "Stay a little while longer. Maybe—I mean, you can't mean—"

Then, briefly, I saw anger rise in him. "Stay!" he said with dreadful contempt. "You do want to see me squirm, don't you?" Almost as if he was hopeless again, dead in spirit.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that. But I can't stay. Living here with you, wanting things the way they used to be, knowing it's my fault they aren't—no, Laurie, I can't take it any more."

That was our last word. The rest of the evening was like all that." I lay late in the bed, gentle. In the fireplace were shredded, black ashes that hadn't been there the day before, and they told me the story of unhappy love.

With a pang of sorrow, I thought—"If this were a motion-picture, I suppose we'd all know about both love Dickie so much." But in real life, things didn't work out so conveniently. All the love in the world won't help a child if his parents aren't happy together. There was only one thing we could do for Dickie now, and I made a silent resolve to do it. If Dave and I were to live apart, I would see that Dickie spent as much time as possible with his father—no matter how lonely it made me.

Last night, on the end, and tonight it marked the end of the evening too, because outside Dickie's closed door Dave said quietly, "I'm trying to figure it out for myself."

And I knew, or thought I knew, that this was his way of saying he had finished talking.

I went to bed, but not to sleep. This was the way things ended, then. Not with a violent quarrel, not in anger, but softly, wearily, like a clock running down. The tears came under and soaked into the pillow. They were tears for the loneliness I saw ahead, tears for the happiness we'd lost.

I finally drifted off with added half-sleep, in which I still seemed to be talking to Dave, going endlessly and fruitlessly over the same arguments. And then in the night, I woke to the silence that comes after the shutting of a door. I got out of bed and hurried into the living room, but before I entered it I knew what I would find—blankets folded neatly on the couch, the hall light left dimly burning, the lamp that I'd been keeping there... a note propped up against a table lamp.

"Goodbyes are pretty awful, and I couldn't have taken this to you and be on my way as soon as it's light. I've been thinking about Dickie, and I've decided it would be better for both of us. It's hell on a kid, especially one as sensitive as him, to have his affections yanked back and forth from one partner to another. And if it's that's our own business, but we can't make Dickie suffer for it, and he would if he spent part of his time with you. You may not mean it, but I know that as time went on we'd each start trying to keep him from caring too much for the other. And that might not be the way to fight our own battle."

"So I'm turning my share of him over to you. You're still young enough to take care of him, and I know you will be able to make him happy and bring him up to be a man. You needn't worry about money—I want you to keep the house, and I'll arrange for you to get whatever you need. And if you decide you want a divorce, that will be okay with me, too. I guess I'll always love you, but if we can't make a go of it, we can't, and that's all they are.

DAVE must not do this. Giving up Dickie was the greatest sacrifice he could make, because he adored Dickie, Dickie was his life. If he had been a little less clear in his own thinking, then I would not have thought of asking him never to see his son again.

I began to cry—I, who had thought the night before that I was shedding the last tear I possessed. But perhaps this was a special store of tears, a reservoir which couldn't be drained off for myself alone. I put them away. Last night, I had wept solely for myself—my own unhappiness, my own sense of shame. Now I wept for Dave. I hungered for Dave, and there was to be no more—he had washed away in one healing flood the last trace of repulsion I felt for him. Lovely sunlight came in at the window, and the clock said seventy-three. I went to Dickie's room.

"Time to get up, Dickie. I am sure he is under the tasseled coat—he and because I was so happy, because I had to see it at once, even though he was still half-asleep and over.
Suddenly, just a person I'd once known. It hadn't been Carl's kiss that had made him go away, I knew now. That had been happening for a long time. I walked faster.

I'd once turned to Carl because he'd reminded me of Jim. Now he reminded me of no one but himself, and I could still feel his kiss, still hear him say you've filled my life.'

When I turned home again, hours later, only one thing was certain: I couldn't see Carl again until I knew better what was in my heart. It was too dangerous.

A messenger boy met me at my door, with a note. It read, simply: "Please send the rest of my things with this messenger, Avis." That was all.

So the break was final then. As I packed the rest of the lovely dresses, the filmy lingerie, I knew how much I'd counted on her coming back. She'd come in, gay and light-hearted as ever, and say, "I'm sorry. It was all a silly mistake. Let's pick up where we left off and forget it." Now she was gone for good, and I felt deserted.

The next day I confronted Alec Holden in his private office. I'd waited until his patients were gone and his nurse out of earshot.

"It's none of my business," I blurted, "but I think I have a right to know. Are you in love with Avis?"

"Why, Connie." He gave a light, amused laugh that infuriated me. "I'm flattered at your interest. I thought you didn't like me any more."

"It's Avis I'm interested in. Look, Alec—if you really love her, then I'll admit I'm wrong and apologize from the bottom of my heart. But I've an idea you're just playing and I've come to beg you to consider what you're playing with. You know she's crazy about you. She's willing to give up Jack for you. And I can't bear to see her hurt."

"Your concern for Avis does you credit, dear." His eyes were mocking. "I didn't know you were such good friends. In fact, from what she said, I'd gathered there had been a quarrel—"

The blood heated my cheeks. So she'd told him we quarreled because I was jealous! "Let's get this straight," I said furiously, "I think you're cheap and conceited and a chaser. But I was through me you met Avis and on account of me you saw her again. I feel responsible."

He pushed back his chair and stood up. He was really angry. "And I feel you're making a meddling fool of yourself! What Avis and I do or feel is our affair, none of yours. If she didn't make that clear to you last night, then I will now. Have I?"

I made myself stand perfectly still when I longed to strike out at that superior, self-assured face. "Yes, you have," I said quietly. "But please remember that if you hurt her, I'll make you regret it."

As I closed the door, tears of mortification stung my eyes. I'd made a mess of it. I'd come, out of some misguided attempt to help Avis. Instead, I'd done it all wrong. I'd made a fool of myself and an enemy of Alec Holden.

I hurried down the hall to Dr. Rudd's office. I was going to give up.

soldier's wife
continued from page 49

be kind to your
"pin-up" girl

This isn't a treatise on the care and feeding of infants. It's just a suggestion for keeping your baby's clothes cleaner and sweeter—with less work.

Try washing her first garments with Fels-Naptha Soap. You won't have to rub your knuckles raw to remove stains. There won't be any tell-tale, acrid odor. This grand mild soap, combined with active naptha, makes every garment snowy white and fragrant clean.

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my job. I couldn't stay here any longer.

The old doctor looked tired and harassed. He was the senior physician in the suite of offices and, although all the doctors paid my salary, it was Dr. Rudd who had hired me five years ago. He had always seemed more counsellor and friend than boss.

"Leave!" He passed a hand wearily over his eyes. "I've got no right to try to change your mind, but we do need you desperately. We're all overworked as it is, and you'd be devilishly hard to replace. You've got tact and sympathy and—is it a question of more money, Connie?"

NO, Dr. Rudd. Not that I couldn't use it but—well, I'm not very happy these days and I thought a change of job might pick me up and sort of straighten things out for me.

"You young wives left alone. I know," And he looked at me with such wise understanding that I wondered just how much of the truth he did know. "When a person's lonely like you are now, he's like a patient with no resistance to disease. All sorts of things hit you—emotions, people, new experiences. I wonder if you've kept yourself busy enough?"

"Why yes," I said, half defensively. "I've tried and my apartment and the USO and—and—"

"You've kept your time occupied pretty well. But what about your spirit? Sometimes people rush around and do things just to fill up the emptiness in themselves instead of figuring out they've got to give, not get, to be happy. It's always seemed to me one of the troubles with the world is that everybody is so all-fired concerned with his own grievances, his spirit just up and died on him . . . There, I didn't mean to get wound up and give a lecture."

"And he grinned heartwarmingly, as if at himself. "Speaking of doing things. I've been meaning to ask you if you'd take a nurse's aide course at the hospital. We're terribly short of nurses, and you'd be really valuable."

"I--I don't think so, Dr. Rudd. I mean, I'm pretty busy—" I faltered guiltily. Was I one of the people who did things just to fill up the empty spaces? "I'll think it over." I hurried on, "And meantime, since you're so rushed at the office, I'll postpone leaving for a while, at least until you can get somebody else."

"Good! You won't be sorry."

But I was. As I went home, I reproached myself angrily for my promise to stay on. It was all very well for Dr. Rudd to talk of things the spirit. He wasn't a girl, alone, confused, and feeling—what did I feel?

All I knew was that I thought of Carl Haggard, I longed to be with him, and the fear he might soon be transferred—and out of my life—made that longing almost unendurable.

And Jim remained silent. The newspapers were full of the fighting in his war-theater, and the old fears were growing at me all the time, even when I thought of Carl. I avoided seeing Mom as much as possible. In our effort to avoid talking of our mutual anxiety, we only made the other more nervous, more worried.

One night I was feeling especially dispirited, when Cissie came. She seemed subdued and I sensed, in the lackadaisical way she answered my questions, that she had something on her mind.

WHY haven't you been over lately?" she said finally. "Mom's quite hurt about it."

"Because I thought with all of us so anxious about Jim, my coming would just make it worse. You know how it would be: we'd sit there and try to make conversation, all the time knowing what the other was really thinking about—and yet not able to talk about that, either . . . But I don't like her being hurt. I'll call her up."

Her answer was almost too casual. "It wouldn't have anything to do with Carl Haggard? Would it?"

"With Carl?" I felt a stab of premonition. "What do you mean?"

"We—ell—I saw Dr. Holden on the street today and he invited me to have a soda and he asked me a lot of questions about you and Carl. The way he asked them, I got to thinking how Carl seemed to like all of us but he liked you the best. And a boy from camp told me he was in town one Sunday night long ago but he didn't call us up. And I just wondered if maybe he'd fallen in love with you and you were sort of embarrassed—or something."

Then for the first time she looked directly at me, with the candid, demanding eyes of youth. "Has he?"

I felt myself blushing furiously, uncontrollably. I tried to say "Of course not!" and pass it off. But under that clear searching gaze, I couldn't. The
memory of that Sunday was still too
dose. I could only look back at her
helplessly, feeling everything re-
lected in my face.

"I see." She got up and her young
mouth twisted bitterly. "It looks as if
you liked his being in love with you,
too. When I think," she cried accus-
ingly, "of the way you two preached
to Teddy and me about serving our
country and being noble by not getting
married yet, and all the time you
were carrying on behind our backs—
You ought to be ashamed! With Jim
out there, maybe wounded or dead—"

"Cissie! It isn't that way at all.
Listen to me—" But what could I say
to make her understand?

I TRIED to stop her headlong rush to
the door, but she was too quick. "I'm
not going to tell Mom, if that's what
you're worried about," she flung back.

Alec had planted his malicious seeds
deeper well. After all my
struggle to play fair with everybody,
all the battle I'd fought against long-
ing for Carl, to be accused of 'carrying
on' behind their backs—it was too
much! Why struggle any longer? Why
not, like Avis, take life as it came and
let the chips fall where they would?

Before I went to bed that night, I
wrote a long letter to Carl. I told him
I wanted to see him Saturday if he
could come.

Even when I saw him, I tried to be
honest. "Don't misunderstand," I told
him gently. "I still don't know—about
you and me. I'm still all mixed up. But
does that have to keep us from loving
each other? Can't we go on being
friends as we used to be?"

I felt the granite-like hardness in
him that I'd come up against once
before. "You mean I'm to be on pro-
bation, is that it? I can go on seeing
you but I can't make love to you till
you make up your mind?"

"Oh, don't," I cried. "It's not that
black-and-white. You want me to say
'Yes' or 'No' right off, and I can't. But
I seem to have lost all my friends lately
and—I need you, Carl. I hoped our
friendship meant enough to you so
that you'd be willing to—to have it
this way."

"All right," he said at last. "Half a
loaf's better than none when a guy's
starving. And that's what I've been
doing—for you, Connie."

So we had our half a loaf. It was
a dangerous game, I knew, but by
now I was reckless of danger. I gave
up my job at the USO so that Sat-
urday evenings would be free, and
every minute Carl could manage to get
away we spent together. We danced.
We talked. We laughed. Over it all
hung the thought he might be trans-
ferred any day, and that quickened
each hour together into a new aware-
ness of each other.

I put him off when he tried to talk
seriously of the future. And I evaded
all but the most fleeting caresses.
Sometimes he was angry or hurt but
I could always talk him out of it.
And for myself, I no longer tried to
think. I was beyond that now, taking
each day as it came.

Until the one that I won't ever for-
get, as long as I live.

I'd come hurrying home, late from
work, to dress for a date with Carl.
When I unlocked the door, my rush
was checked as if by invisible wires.

Avis Brooks was sitting on the couch.
She tried to smile, and it was like
a pale imitation of her old one. "I still
had my key so—I just walked in. Do
you mind?"

"I'm so glad," I said sincerely. "I—
I've wanted to see you."

"I know. I've been a fool and I
came to tell you so." She shifted so
that the light fell on her face, and I
was shocked at the change in it. The
white skin that had been so lustrous
was drawn tightly, and there were
dark smudges under her eyes. And in
them was an expression I'd seen some-
times in patients—hysteria, tightly
held in check. "I was afraid you'd
never speak to me again, after the way
I acted, but—oh, Connie, I need your
forgiveness now. I'm in trouble—"

She put out her hand in a groping
gesture, and I hurried to her. "Don't
talk about forgiveness. All that's over
with now," I consoled. "Tell me what
the trouble is."

YOUR'E being wonderful, Con . . .
I don't deserve it. Maybe you won't
feel this way when you know. It's—
Alec."

"What about Alec?" I asked sharply.

"—I—I think he's trying to get out of
marrying me. I mean, he knows I've
asked for a divorce on account of
him and now—well, he won't commit
himself to anything definite. He acts—
Avis' lips quivered—as if he didn't
love me any more."

Mentally, I killed Alec Holden sev-
eral times over. There was no satisfac-
tion in the fact he'd behaved as I
thought he would. "Forget Alec,
 honey. He's not worth shedding a
single tear over. You don't really love
him, and if you and Jack—"
Something in her bleak eyes stopped me. "It's not that simple," she said slowly. "You see—I'm going to have a baby.

The blood seemed to drain from my body, leaving me icy cold. I stared at her, the words sounding over and over in the silence. Avis turned from me and beat her clenched fists against her knee. In mute, despairing protest more eloquent than any words. "Oh God," she moaned. "Oh God."

"Does he know?"

She nodded. "You see, he couldn't marry me now anyway—I'm only half divorced. But that's not the worst of it. I don't think he wants to marry me—ever. He's promised to look after me till the baby's born—I could go away somewhere—but then—Oh, Connie, I've tried to talk to him a thousand times about our future. He just dodges. You've got to help me!"

"Anything, Avis. But what can I do?"

"Help me make him realize, if someone like you knows, then he'd have to listen, he'd see he can't just drop me—" There was a rising note of hysteria in her voice now, and her eyes were overbright. "I told him to come here for me tonight. When he comes, you've got to talk to him—there's no one else I can turn to and I'm desperate... Sometimes I think I—I could kill myself!!"

I CHAFED her cold hands, thinking frantically. "Of course I will." But what could I say? What could I do? Alec Holden hated me and I was the last person he'd listen to—if he could be made to listen to anybody.

The doorbell rang, and Avis started violently.

"It's probably Carl," I said.

"Don't let him in! I can't see anybody now—can't you tell him to come back later?"

"Hush, dear. I'll fix it."

I slipped out into the hall and closed the door after me. "What's the matter—" Carl began.

"It's Avis Brooks," I whispered.

"She's in terrible trouble and I've got to help her. Could you go and wait for me somewhere—just for a little while?" I put my hand on his arm.

"I wouldn't ask you, Carl, but it's really important."

"I can wait in the drugstore on the corner," he said slowly. "But—are you sure I can't do anything?"

"I'm afraid nobody can... I'll come as soon as possible."

I went back to Avis and as we waited for Alec, I tried to quiet her. When Alec came, he lacked his usual self-assurance. He looked suspicious and uneasy, but he tried to pass it off. "Well, this is like old times," he said with an attempt at lightness. "I'm glad you girls have made up. Ready to go, Avis?"

"Not just yet." She was trying hard to steady the tremor in her voice and I found myself praying, O, Lord, don't let her cry. Let her be poised and sure like she used to be. "I asked you to meet me here because I want to talk to you—about our future."

He looked quickly from her to me and back again. "This is hardly the time or place for that, my dear," he said, and I knew he was angry.
"There never is a time or place for you, is there?" Avis cried. "Well, you're going to listen now and you're going to answer me! What about after my baby comes—are we going to get married or not? I've got to know—"

The words broke shrilly.

"Really, Avis! You still are married. And I can't see what conceivable interest Connie can have in this ridiculous scene—"

"I'm Avis' friend," I broke in. "I'm not going to stand by and see her life wrecked. She's given up everything for you, and it's only fair to know what you intend to do about it!"

Alec's face was white with rage.

"This is as nice a little frame-up as I've ever seen. But you needn't think you're going to high-pressure me into anything—"

Avis' scream cut him off.

It was a paralyzing sound—a scream of pain, of terror, of desperation. It froze me where I stood and in that one second, like in a crazy nightmare, I saw her rushing toward the open window. Under her frenzied blow, the half-screen gave way. I can still hear the sharp clatter of it as it hit the street, three stories below, and still see, simultaneously, Avis' knee on the sill and her wild, distraught face.

Alec and I moved at the same time. She struggled against us savagely for a moment. "Let me alone . . . let me do it . . . I want to die . . ."

And then, suddenly, she collapsed, an inert heap in Alec's arms.

He carried her to the couch. Sweat glistened on his face and he was trembling, but his hands were sure and professional as he bent over her. In a moment, he straightened.

"Please get her coat. I'm going to take her to the hospital!"

She gave a little groan as we wrapped her in the coat. "Let me come." I said. "When she comes—"

"It's better not," he said quietly. "I'll call you—later."

I watched him carry that still unconscious figure down the stairs, and it was like seeing people in a dream. I found I was so weak I couldn't stand. I sank down on the couch.

It was as if an explosion had rocked my world. It swept the foundations from under my feet, and I knew suddenly how precarious those foundations had been. For I knew with awful clarity that Avis, in her own tragedy, had somehow held the mirror up to me; in the exaggerated, distorted reflection, I saw the image of my own life as it might be, as it could be.

Unchecked emotions, "living for the moment," had driven her as far as she had come tonight. How far would I be driven?

Suddenly, I wanted Jim.

The things that had obscured him had been shattered, too, leaving only him. I reached out to him—but he was there. No longer a vague figure in the background of memory, but alive and real and my own. It looked up. Unheard, Carl was standing there. I had forgotten him.

"What on earth—" he demanded. I stared at him dazedly. "I got worried waiting for you and started back up here. Just as I was crossing the street, I heard a woman scream—and the next minute something fell from your window and it looked like somebody..."
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was trying to jump. When I got to the downstairs door, Alec Holden came tearing out carrying Avis. I yelled to him but he didn't hear—"

"Avis," I said quietly, "just tried to kill herself."

I told him the whole story then, from the beginning, and he heard me through with shock and anger.

"Holden ought to be horsewhipped," he said grimly. "And I'd like to be the guy who does it. He ought to be made to pay—"

"I think he is paying—some any-way. I saw his face when he realized what she was trying to do.

You must have gone through plenty yourself." He looked at me anxiously. "How do you feel, darling? Are you all right?"

"Yes. I haven't been so all right in a long time."

And as honestly as I could, I told him what I felt. I told him there was only Jim, for me. "It's as if poor Avis had shown me how far away I'd gotten from my real self. And so," I finished, "Under the circumstances, it would be better if we didn't see so much of each other."

He stared at me, and for a moment I thought he was going to laugh.

Then he shook his head incredulously. "I wouldn't have believed it. Do you actually think you can keep me danging around for weeks and then just say, 'Run along now, little boy—I've changed my mind?' Do you honestly think you can get away with that?"

"But Carl—" I felt bewildered. "You knew I wasn't sure. It was with that understanding—"

"You knew I was in love with you. And you whistled me back, when you needed me. Just because you got lonely... and things went badly for you, you let me keep on seeing you, giving me hope. By God, you've used me as much as Holden did Avis—a filler-in for your own unhappiness."

"I didn't! I told you frankly—"

Again he cut me off. "Maybe you can jerk some people around like a cat on a string. But you're not going to get away with it."

I pressed my fingers against my aching temples. This was fantastic! Then I took a deep breath. "I'm sorry," I said quietly, "if you've misunderstood and if I've hurt you. But let's not quarrel now. You'll be leaving Camp Jackson soon and we probably won't see each other again for a long, long time. Can we part with fine memories of each other instead of bitterness? I can bear for you to remember me—with with hate."

This time he did laugh—shortly, bitterly. "That's what I was going to tell you tonight. I'm not leaving Jackson—since I've been ordered to help with new troops—I got the orders today. Oh, no, Connie, you're not rid of me as easily as that. I want you—and I'm going to have you!"

And for the first time I sensed an implacable will beneath that quiet strength, a granite hardness in that determination. For, at first time I felt afraid of Carl Haggard.

Connie, sick with despair, realizes that her mistake, of its kind, is as great as Avis'. Can she rescue her love for Jim from this trap?" Read the thrilling final instalment of "Soldier's Wife" in the December issue of Radio Mirror.

$19.36 Buys a Trench Mortar Shell

BUY WAR BONDS
Use FRESH and stay fresher!

- See how effectively FRESH stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty, greasy or sticky. Spreads smoothly—vanishes quickly. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

Make your own test! If you don't agree that FRESH is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.

Three sizes—50¢—25¢—10¢

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR
WATERMELON FOR CHRISTMAS

There is a method of preserving a whole watermelon—I've been told it really works—which I am going to try this fall. You simply put paraffin on the stem and wax the whole melon...and you can have watermelon at Christmas-time!—Nancy Craig, The Woman of Tomorrow, Blue Network.

TO TEST YOUR MAGIC

When you're laundering curtains, don't iron the rod for the rod. You will find it easier to insert the rod and make the curtains hang straight.—Isabel Manning Hewson's Morning Market Basket, Blue Network.

TEACHING CHILDREN TOLERANCE

To prevent development of prejudice, I know a mother who makes a habit of taking her two children into the various foreign quarters of New York City. They hear different languages, eat different food, talk to the waiter and gain a little feeling for another people. In our own home we follow the custom of inviting people of different races and creeds to visit us. The children then have the opportunity for a positive and pleasant association with people they might otherwise fear and distrust. Instead of lecturing them on tolerance we try to give them the opportunity to express it.—Dr. Ernest G. Osborne, Teachers College.

FOR REVENGE IN THE SPRING

I finally stopped the rabbits from invading my garden—and eating up rows of beans, peas and cabbage—by treating the pillers to a dose of Epsom Salts. I made a solution of a half a cupful to a gallon of water, and sprinkled that on the plants.—Chuck Worcester, Garden Gate Program, CBS.

WHAT WILL THEY THINK UP NEXT?

Scrambling an egg without removing it from the shell is an achievement recently patented. A needle with two flat metal springs is inserted through the shell, the springs spread, and rotation does the scrambling.—Adventures In Science, CBS.

WHIPPING UNWHIPPABLE CREAM

Sprinkle one teaspoon gelatine over 4 teaspoonfuls of cold water and let stand for a few minutes. Use one cup of light cream. Take 3 tablespoons out to scald...add to the gelatine and stir until dissolved. Add the remainder of the cup of cream, mix well and chill in the refrigerator for 2½ hours or longer. If possible, chill in the bowl to be used for whipping. Beat with rotary egg beater for 4 or 5 minutes.—Mystery Chef, Blue Network.

WORTH KNOWING

A little lemon juice squeezed over avocados after they are once cut, will prevent their turning dark.—Isabel Manning Hewson, The Blue Network.

SAVE TIME

Instead of cutting baking power biscuits in rounds, cut them in squares—new shape and saves time in handling the dough.—The Morning Market Basket, The Blue Network.

BREAKING 'EM IN

If you're trying out new shoes at home to make sure they're comfortable, slip a pair of men's socks over them. This way, you can walk about in them.—The Morning Market Basket, The Blue Network.

New "Brunette" powder
styled for more glamour—smoother finish...lovelier "glow"!

Give your Brunette complexion new heart-stirring appeal with Pond's softly radiant Dreamflower "Brunette." It's a truly inspired blend! Subtle beige to match your skin—make it look fine-textured and smooth. Then the sweetest suspicion of wild rose to brighten your coloring—play up the sparkle of your eyes and the scarlet of your lips!

"The rosy-beige softness of Pond's Dreamflower 'Brunette' is just right for my complexion," says Mrs. Victor du Pont III, beautiful member of Wilmington's leading family. "It blends in perfectly, never looks powdery—and gives just the smooth, fresh look that I want."

Pond's Dreamflower Powder

SIX LOVELY SHADES

BRUNETTE—rosy-beige
NATURAL—creamy shell-pink
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ROSE CREAM—delicate peach
DUSK ROSE—deep, glowing
DARK RACHEL—rich, golden

Pond's "LIPS" —stay on longer!

Goes on divinely—stays put! 5 superb shades. Cute little green-and-cream plastic case; only 10¢!

Or go ultra-feminine with "Lips" new BIG swivel case— for 49¢!
To Dream with Courage
Continued from page 35

Nadine's voice came over the wire. "Walter: I had to call you... I love you... I always will, Walter. Come past church after Young People's meeting tomorrow," she whispered. "I have to go now, Walter... Someone might hear me..."

He was driving through the streets of Dundee the next day waiting until Young People's meeting would be out when he met the Blackburns. They honked at him to clear the center of the road where he was ambling along at a low speed. However, abreast of him, recognizing him, they smiled pleasantly and called "Hello Walter..." He felt guilty because he was about to meet Nadine.

When he reached the church he saw a boy and Nadine knew, "I want you to do something for me," he told him. "I want you to drive Nadine out to that real-estate development outside the town. I'll be waiting there." He was apprehensive now about waiting at the church lest the Blackburns come by and see him.

Half an hour later when Nadine pulled up in that boy's car and, thanking him over her shoulder and flew to Walter, he thought his heart must burst with joy and pride. "I promised Dad nothing," she began at once. "He did frighten me into a kind of numbness temporarily though—and you misunderstood—I know..."

She clung to him. "Never leave me again..."

He rested her head on his shoulder.

"You'll never be sorry," he promised. He sounded as completely solid as her father first had said he was. They planned to telephone their families from Logan, Iowa, the nearest county seat where a license could be secured. But, increasingly alarmed that they might be overtaken before they established legal right to each other, they stopped at an intermediate town to call their homes. They just got married," they lied, one after the other.

"I'll have it annulled," Mr. Blackburn stormed.

Walter's uncle was more philosophical. "If it must be it must be."

In their hearts, Nadine and Walter were married then. The ceremony—when the venerable justice of the peace opened his parlor for business and marshaled in his wife and four children for witnesses, when they lied about their ages, when Walter slipped the white gold wedding ring he had bought, with the few dollars he had left after buying gas for the trip home—was for them a mere formality. They needed no ritual to unite them.

Family pride on the part of Walter's uncle proved their salvation. He told them not to worry about their marriage being annulled, that Mr. Blackburn would achieve this only over his dead body. And he gave Walter a job in his sign shop. "I can't pay you much," he said, "but added to what you can earn with your trumpet you can manage..."

They managed beautifully. It didn't matter they had to count pennies, more carefully than ever after John Walter...
See these nice, soft hands?

Fighting the War in the kitchen sink!

Using HINDS before and after work protects my hands against grime and chapping. A Honey of a lotion!

Uncle Sam needs more women working. Apply: U.S. Employment Service.

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Photo below shows results of test. Hand at left did not use Hinds before dipping into dirty oil. Grime still clings to it, even after soapy-water washing. Hand at right used Hinds before dipping into same oil. But see how clean it washes up, Whiter-looking!

Before work—smooth on Hinds hand lotion to help protect your hands against drying effects of rough work, soapy water, and ground-in grime.

After work—and every wash-up—use Hinds again. Even one application makes hands feel more comfortable, look smoother. Actually benefits skin abused by work or weather.

At all toilet-goods counters

HINDS for HANDS at home and in factory!

Junior arrived. Joy, trouble, weariness—whatever happened to them—brought them closer.

It took the depression to uproot them.

"I'll have to let you go," Walter's uncle told him. Instead of new signs going up, old signs were coming down. The flour mills, however, continued to prosper. And Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn convinced by John Walter Junior among other things, that Walter and Nadine had known what they were about when they had defied them urged Walter to bring his family to their big house on the hill and go to work in the mills.

When Nadine and Walter had been with the Blackburns several months Walter found Nadine giggling in their room. "Just heard Dad boasting to our dinner guests about you," she said.

"He's forgotten he ever tried to separate us, ever threatened to have our blessed state of matrimony annulled."

He took her within his arms and her arms flew around his neck.

"You've never been sorry?"

"I've never been sorry... That's more I never expect to be—even when you go to New York and I stay behind. That's not going to be fun at all. But we've got to do it. You must have your chance to sing—and be heard by the right people so...

The baby who's on the way will postpone that expedition for a year or two," he told her.

She wiggled out of his arms and looked at him squarely. "Nothing is going to postpone that expedition," she insisted. "If only it didn't cost so much to travel!

"When the time comes," he said, "I know a way I can get to New York free. A fellow down at the freight yards has been telling me how I can travel as a chaperon to steers..."

"In cattle cars?" Her voice rose in horror.

"What difference," she asked, "as long as I get there?"

Late on a December night about a year later, Walter went away. Nadine drove him down to the freight yards.

Whether or not their families approved of their enterprise, they didn't know. They suspected there were reservations. Everyone, however, had been too stunned by the last minute announcement to demur.


The stars were bright in the winter sky. The cattle cars were dark silhouettes on the siding.

Not once did he turn around. They had planned it all before. His only luggage was a brief case of music. The one hundred dollars he had to keep him until he could make his voice heard in the big city, he carried for safe keeping in his shoe.

Nine months Nadine worked and waited for Walter to send for her and the children. But when it was over it wasn't too long. For always she had her dreams of the days ahead...when she would sit in a red velvet chair in the Metropolitan Opera House listening to Walter sing...when they would settle comfortably in a big house in the country and Walter would commute to the city to star on his radio show, Calling America, heard over CBS, Sunday evenings at 8:30 P.M. EWT...when there would be another baby and, if it were a girl, they would call her Nancy...And like all good dreams dreamed with courage, her dreams came true.
I Take Thee
Continued from page 25
before he asked her to marry him. She told me she did."
"She's forgotten all about Tommy Lester?"
"I'm sure she has," I said. "I don't think they even write to each other any more."
Dad stirred his coffee thoughtfully. "I expect you're right," he said finally, almost in relief. "I just thought I'd mention it."
I looked at him with loving pity. Poor Dad!—ne felt that he should take more interest in his daughters' lives, but they weren't real to him. Nothing was real to him except memory, the past.
We went upstairs arm in arm, and at the door to my room he kissed me goodnight.
The hours raced by, swallowing up Sunday, Sunday night, Monday morning. At noon Monday the telephone rang, and when I answered it I heard Jim chuckle with relief.
"I'm glad it's you," he said. "I need your advice. I want to get Diana a—well, a sort of combined birthday and wedding present. Any suggestions as to what she'd like?"
"Why—I don't know," I said. "Let me think a minute."
"Something really nice—suitable to the occasion." He laughed.

It came to me then—the one thing that Diana would like more than anything else. "A ring," I said, "a diamond ring, Jim. That wouldn't be too expensive, would it?"
"It's perfect," he agreed enthusiastically. "I was a fool not to think of it myself—but this is the first time I've ever been engaged, lady! Just one more favor—would you help me pick one out? I could get away for about an hour this afternoon and meet you in town."
"Of course," I said, although I was in the midst of ironing curtains. "I'd love to."
"About two, then, at—Where's the best place?"
"Herz's, I guess."
"Meet you there," he promised, and rang off in a hurry.
I went back to my work, but somehow I hardly saw the white curtains as the hot iron slid over them. It was fun, having a wedding in the family, planning and preparing. For seven years I had schooled myself not to feel emotions—to accept life as it was, without pleasure or pain, to do what had to be done quickly and well, without fuss. But today I felt a singing joy bubbling up inside me. I didn't know why, I only knew it was there."
Up in my own room, I looked discontentedly at the row of clothes hanging in the closet. For the first time, they seemed dull, mousy. A trip to help Jim buy an engagement-birth-day-wedding present for Diana deserved something bright and festive—something, in short, that I didn't have. Finally I selected my blue plaid suit. It was tailored and severe, but it was the best I possessed.
Jim was already in front of the jewelry store when I got off the bus.
"I guess I'm an awful coward," he said, "but it scares me to death to think of picking out a diamond ring by myself. It's swell of you to help me out."
"Do you think I'd miss the chance?" I laughed as we entered the store.
"What woman would?"

There is something about the appetizing fragrance and delicious flavor of Dole Pineapple Products that's different from all other fruits. Although there is less available for civilians now, when war is over you will again be able to enjoy in plenty the healthfulness and refreshment of exotic

DOLE
HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PRODUCTS
Cover Girl tells—"How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor (and save up to 50%)"

says alluring PAT BOYD

"We must be glamorous"

"Even under the tropic heat of photographer's 1000-watt lights I have to look exquisite!" Cover Girl Pat Boyd says. "What's more, I simply can't risk injury to the expensive clothes I model in. So believe me, it was a load off my mind when I found a deodorant that even under the most arduous conditions, really did the job—Oderono Cream!"

"The point is, Oderono Cream contains a really effective perspiration-stopper. It simply closes the tiny sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 3 days. "Oderono Cream is safe, too. For both skin and clothes. Even after shaving it is non-irritating—it contains emollients that are actually soothing. And for delicate fabrics, I've proved that Oderono Cream won't rot them. I just follow directions and use it as often as I like.

"And think of it! Velvety, fragrant Oderono Cream gives you up to 21 more applications for 39¢ than other leading deodorants creams. What a saving!"

"So to every girl who'd like to be 'Cover-Girl glamorous'...here's my heartfelt advice: Use Oderono Cream. You'll be delighted, I know."

A middle-aged clerk showed us rings against a black-velvet padded. Stones in plain gold Tiffany settings, old-fashioned and quaint; square, sophisticated diamonds in platinum; one huge one set off with lozenge-snaped rubies.

I heard myself exclaiming softly over each new delight the clerk brought out, I felt resin in my fingers when they held the tiny, exquisite things—and part of me stood aside in amazement. Was this Jane Dillon—quiet, self-contained Jane going into raptures over a tray-full of expensive baubles? It was really rather silly, considering that no one ever buy one of them for me! "I can't decide," Jim said when we'd narrowed the field down to two possibilities—one plain gold ring with a medium-sized, brilliantly white stone, that covered a diamond and three pearls in a more elaborate setting. "Which do you think?"

Involuntarily, my finger went to touch the plain ring. If I had stopped to think, I would have known Diana would prefer the other, but the one I chose was so pure, so perfect, I couldn't resist. "Try it on!" Jim urged. "Just to see how it looks. Here!" He picked it up, and before I could protest he had slipped it onto the third finger of my left hand.

The world seemed to stop turning. I stood there, looking down at the ring, seeing its cold, hard fingers against mine, and I knew I was in love. It should have been me he was giving this ring to, with all the love it symbolized.

THIS was the reason for my tremulous anticipation while I dressed to meet him—the reason for the way I had yearned over the rings on the counter! I had been in love and—poor innocent, untaught fool!—I hadn't even known it until the chance touch of his hand woke me.

I wanted to raise my eyes and let him see in them what I was feeling—let him be shocked, as I was, by the terror of that knowledge. But I heard the clerk's voice, coming from far away:

"It fits the young lady perfectly.

"Let's take it, then," Jim said briskly—why, he was the same as a moment ago, he didn't know that the heavens had shivered and cracked and the earth turned its reverence, held out his hand for the ring, and woodenly I took it off and dropped it into his palm.

We waited for the clerk to put the ring into a box, and Jim said, "I'll give it to her tonight. She doesn't suspect anything?"

"No," I said. "She—she wasn't even in the house when you telephoned. One of her friends was giving a luncheon for her.

"Did she say you were working home, too?

"Yes," I said mockingly. "Has it ever occurred to you how much you pamper your little sister?—Very poor training for the future bride of a second lieutenant who's just spent practically his life savings."

$150 in War Bonds

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ACCOMPONDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE! Take Kurb tablets only as directed on the package and see how Kurb can help you!
I made myself speak lightly. "She'll learn to do things for herself. It's surprising how much you learn if you have to." Oh, yes. You learn to pull on your gloves, and to look casually around you, and to do everything to hide the fact that inside you're shaking with despair.

The clerk came back and gave Jim the box. Then we were outside, and Jim said, "I still have a few minutes before I'm due at camp. How about a soda or a cup of tea?"

"No, I—I've got to hurry home. There's so much to do." Why did I say that, when all I wanted was to sit across a table from him?

"All right, then. I'll see you at the house tonight." And flicking the brim of his cap with his finger-tips, giving me a quick smile, he was gone.

But I knew that I'd make it my business to be out when he came, bringing Diana her ring.

It was funny, funny, funny. Laugh, Jane, laugh until the tears roll down your cheeks! You wanted to find a husband for Diana, a husband exactly like Jim Miles, and one came along and you did everything you could to get him engaged and married to her in a hurry. You edged him into a proposal, and thought you were so clever when you did it. But now you're in love with him yourself. You, who were so sure you weren't interested in loving or being loved—you, so reserved and efficient. It is funny, isn't it? Then why don't you laugh?

WEDNESDAY afternoon at three o'clock—day after tomorrow—forty-eight hours. Thank heaven it was such a short time. For that long, at least, I could hide what I was feeling. I could go about, keeping busy, making everyone think I was the old Jane and then, after the ceremony, it would be all over. Nothing would matter any more. They'd be married, and they'd go away, and the thing would be finished, over and done with.

Until then, don't let anyone guess, don't let anyone know.

I made an excuse to go out that evening, and didn't come home until late.

Tuesday morning, Diana showed me her ring—holding her hand out, turning it a little so the light caught and was they brim again. "It is most beautiful thing I ever saw!" she sang. "I've always wanted one, and now I have it!"

I made myself smile, agree, admire, but I was glad when one could say, "Better get down to the beauty parlor, Diana. The appointment's for ten o'clock, you know."

Arrangements, telephone calls, deliveries—the day was mercifully full. But that evening, after supper, it was suddenly empty. Everything had been done, every detail had been thought of. There was nothing left but to sit in the living room, wishing I had negated task. Diana too was at loose ends. Jim had managed to arrange for a three-day furlough, but tonight he was busy with last-minute work at camp, and wouldn't be around to see her. She drifted about, picking up a magazine and dropping it again, inspecting her already-perfect nails, making inconsequential remarks, until I wanted to scream at her.

When the telephone rang, she rushed into the hall to answer it. If I'd tried

HE'S HAD 4 SHIPS SUNK UNDER HIM... YET

He sails again Tonight

FOUR times torpedoes have sunk his ships. He has seen his shipmates die... has felt the icy waters of the North Atlantic close around him... has known the despair of little men alone on a frail raft in the vast ocean. Yet—he sails again.

He and hundreds of thousands like him in every branch of our armed forces—your son and mine, the redhead who lived down the street—are going back for more, facing death again and yet again!

We've got to dig down again—deeper—buy more War Bonds to keep him fighting. We can't fail him now when the battle spreads, intensifies—and victory is more than a hope and a prayer.

Think what more you can do without—big things and little luxuries—to buy more Bonds!... Remember back to when you were a kid and saved every penny to buy a bicycle or an air rifle or a big present for Mother. Recapture that childish fervor now—when the stake is our sons' lives and the survival of everything we hold dear.

Right now figure out how you can save more money for more War Bonds. It can be done, it MUST be done by everyone! And—later—those dollars you've flung into the fight will come back to you, with interest. They'll bring you the things you've gone without now, possessions you've longed for, security, the rewards of Victory in a world at peace.

Keep on Buying War Bonds

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Have you no trouble with your own music? Do you get confused when you try to play your own music? Do you think it's hard to learn to play music? If so, you need our new Handy-Helper Tags. They help you to play your own music easily and efficiently.

Embarrassing Wet Underarms

How to Control Them—Be Truly Fastidious and Save Clothes, too!

Are you horrified at any underarm dampness and odor? Are you appalled at armhole staining and clothes damage?

If you are willing to take a little extra care to be sure of not offending—you will welcome the scientific perspiration control of Liquid Odonoro. Liquid Odonoro was first used by a physician 30 years ago to keep his hands dry when operating.

A clear, clean odorless liquid—it simply closes the tiny underarm sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 5 days. If you need it more often, you use it more often—daily if necessary to bring quick relief from all perspiration embarrassment.

When your underarm is kept dry, you won't "offend," you won't stain and ruin expensive clothes. Today, especially, you want your clothes to last. You can depend on Liquid Odonoro for real "clothes-insurance."

Don't waste time with disappointing half-measures. Start using Liquid Odonoro. It's the fastest way to control perspiration, perspiration odor, staining and clothes damage. Thousands of fastidious women think it's the nicest way, too.... it leaves no trace of grease on your skin or your clothes, has no "product odor" itself. You will find Liquid Odonoro at any cosmetic counter in two strengths—Regular and Instant.

$5.20 buys a Bombardier Kit

BUY WAR BONDS
Tommy’s shoulders lost, suddenly, some of their squareness. “Okay,” he said. “If you say so—I know you’ve always done your best for Diana.” For just an instant, I saw the tussle-headed, bright-eyed boy who had squired Diana to her high-school dances. Then he was the soldier again. “Goodbye,” he said. “Thanks.” He turned quickly and went out the door. I’ve always done your best for Diana,” the words rang in my ears as I closed the door behind him. He was right. I had—I had.

“Jane—” I whirled. Diana stood on the stairs above me, her face pale in the dim light. She came down a few steps, and I saw in amazement that she was fully dressed, and in the same clothes she had worn the night before. “That was Tommy,” she said before I’d had a chance to recover. And then she seemed to trip—she came down the rest of the steps in a rush and collapsed in a crumpled, sobbing heap at my feet.

“Jane—it can’t—now that I’ve seen Tommy again, I can’t—can’t marry Jim. I don’t love him. I love Tommy—I always will. Oh, Jane, I’m so unhappy! I wish I were dead! I’ve sat up in my room all night, thinking things over, and I know I—I love Tommy.”

Tears choked her, and she pounded with clenched fists on the shabby carpeting of the stairs. I bent down, trying to comfort her, but even as I touched her shoulders I knew I couldn’t do anything. Once I could have found the right words, the sensible words—once I could have been brisk and cool and matter-of-fact. But today I was weak too. All my strength had been left behind me somewhere—perhaps in the jewelry store where Jim had slipped Diana’s ring onto my finger. I stammered, “Diana—dear—you mustn’t. It’s too bad Tommy had to come home just now, but if he hadn’t you’d never have thought of him—”

Diana twisted herself around, con-

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**Back the Attack with War Bonds**

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**Royledge paper SHELVING**

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**War Effort**

Yes, every bit of war-vital material you can save speeds Victory. Now see what this modern, durable, colorful shelving saves for your Uncle:

- **TACKS**... and tacks are steel! Royledge clings flat as you lay it; needs no fastening.

- **SOAP**... and soap contains fat! Royledge is a “double-edge,” strong paper shelving that needs no laundering.

- **FABRICS**... many fabrics used for shelving are war-essential.

**MONEY**... at 6c for a whole 9-ft. package of Royledge, many a penny can be saved for war stamps.

Now, more than ever, Royledge is your thriftiest household buy. Remember, we need millions for defense... and not one cent should go for tribute to waste!

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vulsively, to face me. Her eyes were blazing.

"Don't talk to me!" she shrieked.

"It's your fault all this has happened! If you'd let Tommy and me be married when we wanted to we'd be happy now!"

"You were too young!" I defended myself—I, who had never found it necessary to defend myself before. Tommy always treated that himself, just now. He said he knew I'd always done my best for you.

"Your best!" she flung at me. "Your best! It's always been you, you, you. You decided I shouldn't marry Tommy, you decided it would be a good idea for me to marry Jim. Oh, I know I'm silly, sometimes, and impulsive. I think I want one thing one day, and the next I want something else. I ought to know it—you've done enough to teach me that's the sort of person I am. But I'm me! If I want to make a mistake, I have a right to! I've got a life—but you've never let me live it!

I fell back, stricken by the accusation in her eyes. She, too, was a judge now. Like Tommy, she had judged me and found me guilty. For she was right—she knew it.

"I— I was wrong," I said, and my voice didn't sound like my own voice at all. "I'm sorry, Diana."

SHE didn't answer, but after a moment, still crying, she took my hand and pressed it, as if to tell me wordlessly that she forgave me. I sank down beside her on the lowest step, and held her in my arms. Finally she stirred.

"I guess I'll have to see Jim," she murmured, "and tell him I'm a— a silly little idiot that doesn't know her own mind." She caught her breath. "Oh, Jane, I don't know how—I don't know what to tell him. It's such a terrible mess!"

I patted her shoulder. This, at least, I could do. "I'll tell him. I'll tell him. Don't you worry— you go find Tommy, and make your peace with him."

"Oh, would you?" she cried.

"Jane, you're an angel. I'm so sorry I said those terrible things to you."

I smiled wryly.

"Maybe they needed to be said."

When Diana had gone I sat down at the telephone and dialled Jim's office at the camp with shaking fingers. This would be the hardest task I had ever set myself. To tell him, to watch his face, wanting to comfort him and knowing that I could not, because I knew from me would be the last thing he desired—this would be torture. But it had to be done.

Lieutenant Miles was not in his office. They thought he was with Captain Tom in the Breeding Field, but I could leave a message. "Ask him to call Miss Dillon, please," I said. "The minute he comes in. It's—it's terribly important."

Then there was nothing to do, nothing but pace the floor and rehearse ways of telling him, rehearse them and discard them because all the language there were no words that would not hurt. The clock kept ticking, ticking. Once I had urged those flying minutes on their way, now I longed to stop them. For suppose I couldn't reach him—suppose he came to the church, to face the curious, whispering people we'd invited to see him marry Diana?

I HADN'T thought of that. They would all have to be telephoned, told that the wedding wouldn't take place. But I couldn't use the phone now, while waiting for Jim's call.

It rang, and before it had stopped I had the receiver to my ear, the hook, was saying huskily, "Hello?"

"Diana?" Jim's voice was normal, unconcerned. "Did you call me?"

"What?" he asked. "What's it?" he demanded. "What's the matter?"

"— I don't know how to tell you."

I clenched my hands, praying for a way to help him. "Jim, she—she can't marry you. She doesn't love you."

He stood stock-still, his face expressionless, as if I were talking in a foreign language he didn't know.

"You mustn't blame her, too much," I hurried on. "It was my fault. A year ago she was in love with a boy. They wanted to be married, but I wouldn't let them. He went into the Army, and I thought she had forgotten him. Perhaps she had—because she really thought she loved you, Jim, until last night. But Tommy came back, you see, I was right.

Still he didn't move, still his face was puzzled, puzzling for some meaning in what I said.

"It was my fault—" he said softly, "Jim, I'm so sorry, so horribly sorry . . ."

"You're crying," he said suddenly. "Don't
De Li whispered. "I can't help it," I sobbed. "When I think that what's happened has been my fault, I can't help it."

"But that's the funny thing about it," he said wonderingly. "I don't feel anything. I can't quite understand it myself. I suppose I should be mad, or at least disappointed, but I'm not."

She's such a sweet, funny little kid," he went on, half to himself. "I liked to kiss her, liked to hold her in my arms. I—I couldn't help wanting to marry her. But I guess all the time I knew she wasn't my kind. I guess I knew, even if I wouldn't admit it, that our marriage probably wouldn't last much longer than the war. I can't imagine Diana standing in the door of a cute little bungalow, waving to me every morning when I left for work."

He raised his head and looked at me—a long, clear look. "It wouldn't have worked, would it?" he said, "Not possibly. Marrying Diana would be an adventure, and I'm not quite the type for adventuring. I want someone who'll work with me, as well as play—someone who'd even be willing to sit down occasionally, just sit quietly, without talking." He paused, and laughed a little at himself. "In fact—somebody like you."

I turned my head aside, sharply, thinking I heard sarcasm in his words. "Don't," I whispered.

INSTANTLY, misunderstanding me, he was apologizing. "I'm a fool—I say things just the way they come into my head. I know you don't care anything for me. I wish you did—I wish I'd met you first.

I pressed a handkerchief to my quivering lips. It couldn't be true—he didn't mean it. But the last barrier broke in me then, and I knew it was true. I was a woman, and desirable. There could be love for me!

"It's not too late now," I said, and the catch in my voice was both sob and a laugh.

"Jane!" He took me, and turned me so he could see my face. "Jane, dearest!"

His kisses were sweet on my tears. But somehow, he let me go and shouted: "What're we waiting for? We promised people a wedding today, and we've got to deliver. Maybe we'll give 'em a double one, if Diana and What's-his-name are willing!"

The next three hours are nothing but one vast jumble in my memory—one meeting frenzy of finding Diana and Tommy, getting new licenses, explaining to Dad, talking to a minister, fixing up a wedding, putting all our guests on the train, and the church. The minutes were blurred.

"One moment, though, is very clear. It was when we came out of the church, into the sunshine, and I looked up into Jim's laughing eyes and heard him say, "Hello, Mrs. Miles." Mrs. Miles. I was glad that there was no longer a Jane Dillon. She'd been so wrong. Why, she had actually believed that there were two kinds of women, the ones made for love and the ones made for work! She hadn't known what I knew now—that there is only one kind of woman, the kind to whom love and work are equal joys.
No Other Can I Love

Continued from page 42

Company coming! I suppose Lee wondered a little why I laughed. "No, No. I've no company coming."

"Then do have supper with us! I've a big pot of lamb stew, and I'll make dumplings—Derek loves dumplings." I felt as if I had come quickly from a dark cellar to the sunshine outside with no intermediate period to accustom my eyes to the brightness. "I—I don't think I'd better."

But Lee isn't the sort to be put off easily. "Nonsense—don't think for a moment you're imposing on us. Why, it's you who are doing me a favor. Please come! You'll like my brother."

Lee was right—I liked her brother. I liked him from the moment he came out of the house and across the yard to the car to carry in the groceries Lee had bought in town and the sewing machine which we had picked up at my house. Derek was long and lean and loosely fastened together. The sun had lightened his hair and darkened his face over many years, and his eyes were very blue and very merry. He treated me as a friend as easily and as naturally as Lee had.

Oh, that was a wonderful evening! I suppose you would have thought it uneventful—just getting supper on the table and eating it and washing dishes and making beds. But to me it was heaven. It was so good to talk and laugh just as if nothing were wrong, to settle down afterwards to sewing with Lee, while Derek stretched out in a big chair and smoked his pipe and read the papers Lee had brought from town. It was so good to have Derek walk home with me across the fields later in the quiet darkness, to hear him say, "We're lucky to have found a friend like you living so close by," to have him touch my shoulder in a brief, comradeship goodnight before he turned away, to know, as I got ready for bed, that I would see Lee and Derek again tomorrow.

That wonderful evening marked the beginning of a new life for me. It was as if I had come alive again, as if I'd got well after a long sickness. Lee and I finished the curtains and hung them. Derek found time to come to my house and turn over a little plot of ground out in back so that I could plant a vegetable garden. I helped Lee make a dress, and showed her how to turn the cuffs of Derek's shirts when they were worn. I ran back and forth across the fields until there was a path worn from my door to theirs.

Through Lee and Derek I learned really to know, at last, the people of Fleetwood. I suppose it was because the Lesters were strangers, too, that made it easy—we all got acquainted together. Lee was a friendly, sparkling little person, no one could help liking her, and she made friends so easily. Derek, although he was quiet and a little reserved, was a master right into the spirit of every gathering, too, once the ice was broken.

I told Lee about wanting to join the choir, and she solved the whole thing by saying, simply, "Why, let's join there!" That made me laugh, because Lee had a voice like a sparrow, but it was happy, friendly laughter. So we joined the choir, and it wasn't long before Mrs. Sparks, the organist and choir leader, was asking me to do...
soprano solo parts, just as I had done so long ago in Marston.

Lee and I joined the Junior Guild, too, and that was fun—meeting for lunch every Wednesday in the Guild Hall, sewing, listening to the weekly book review, chatting with the young women of Fleck Street. Oh, if I'd lived there all my life. Oh, I was so grateful—I liked Lee and Derek so much.

No, that's wrong. I liked Lee so much, I loved Derek.

I knew it almost at once, I think, although I wouldn't let myself believe it. I kept telling myself that it was just that I had been so long cut off from the friendship of any man that I was mistaking my own reciprocal friendship for love. But I couldn't make myself believe it. You can't be in love, my mind told me. You don't dare be, you haven't the right to be. But my heart knew the answer—I loved Derek.

Half-sweet, half-bitter, loving Derek was. When I was with him I rode high in the sky on clouds of pure happiness, but when I was alone I came down to earth again, remembering that I had a secret hidden from him.

I didn't think of Terry as my husband any more; I had washed my heart and my soul clean of him—but in the eyes of the world, in the eyes of God, he was still my husband. I hadn't any right to love Derek. But it didn't really matter, I told myself. If Lee and Derek found out my secret, they'd stop seeing me, and that would be the end of that. For I didn't enough faith in myself, enough faith in the goodness of life, to believe that Derek might be falling in love with me, too.

The fears began to come back again a little now—at night, when I lay in bed and had time to remember. And now, too, I knew what the vague yearning was that had been in my heart all these months. I knew what it was that could make the fears go away forever. I wanted the joyful security of a man's love.

I lay very still one night, thinking of those things, idly watching the pattern that the moonlight made pouring in from the window. I thought how wonderful it would be to whisper into the shadows, all the darker in contrast to the path of the moon, "Darkest, are you awake?" and have the answer come, "Yes, I'm awake," and a hand go out to meet mine. My mind drifted hazily between waking and sleeping. And suddenly I heard a low whistle outside my window.

Even as I told myself I must be mistaken, it came again. Cautionly, I slipped out of bed, to the window. There, in a pool of moonlight, Derek stood.

"Come on out," he whispered.

I was barefoot when I went out to him, because I couldn't find my slippers in the dark, and an old sweatshirt housecoat covered my serviceable pajamas. Derek might well have been wearing satin and lace the way I felt. I was suddenly proud, confident, sure of myself—supremely happy.

"Derek! Here I am."

MOTHER!

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R A P - I - D O L S H A M P O O
O I L T I N T

91
He didn't say a word. He just opened his arms to me, and I crept into them, with a wonderful home-at-last feeling. For a long time we stood very still, listening to the beating of each other's hearts. And then Derek said, shyly, hatingly, "I got to thinking about you, tonight in bed, and all at once I knew why. I knew I was in love with you, and there didn't seem to be any reason why I shouldn't come over and tell you. And ask you if—if you love me, too. Do you love me, Aliie?"

There couldn't be any hesitation in answers that false shyness.

"Yes—oh, yes, Derek, I love you, too!"

His arms tightened about me and I raised my lips to meet his in a long, hard kiss as real, as genuine, as truth. Then he let me go, and I saw in his eyes the same strange wonder, the enchantment that I knew in mine.

"I—I'll go."

"I don't think I'd better—stay any longer. Come over in the morning—early—and we'll tell Lee."

I felt my way back, my bed in the dark. This was very I'd been born. No foolishness of liquid voice and insinuating caresses, no nonsense about lips the shape of kisses and hands to hold a heart real. Lee was almost as happy as I was, next morning. And I was happy—I hadn't even going to let myself think about what happened, for a little while. I knew, of course, that I must tell Derek about Terry, but somehow now I had faith, faith discovered last night, in Derek's arms. I was sure that Derek would understand, that he would be patient and kind while I could somehow arrange to divorce Terry, that he would wait for me, that we would be happy together soon.

LEE was getting ready to go into town for supplies when I got there in the morning, and she met me at the door, her eyes dancing.

"Aliie—Aliie, I'm so glad. Derek didn't intend to tell me, but I caught him coming in last night, so he had to. It's wonderful—now I'll have a sister, too!" She threw her arms around me and gave me a quick, impulsive squeeze. "I was going to ask you to ride into town with me, but I suspect you'd rather stay here with Derek."

"Derek didn't get much work done that morning. Most of the time we sat in the old lawn swing under the elm tree out in back and talked. Our words were slow and very like the gentle movement of the swing, warm and glowing, like the sun that smiled on us. We talked about the future, and most of the sentences began, 'After we're married.'"

I knew that I must tell Derek about Terry, and about all that had happened to me of my own free will, before I found out some other way. I knew all that, and yet I shrank from beginning. How do you tell a story like that? You can't just say, "Dearcest, I am already married—to a gangster." Not when the sun is shining and the birds are singing and your lover is dreaming along with you, you can't.

I'd wait a little, I told myself. I'd wait until the proper moment presented itself—some time in the darkness, when the moon might hide my face. I'd wait until tonight, when the moon would bless us as it had last night, and Derek would understand.

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POLICE KILL GANGSTER
IN RECAPTURE ATTEMPT
Terry Cassis dies ...

I didn't read any more. Terry was dead. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered at all. I went back to my chair by the window, to take up my vigil endessly, endlessly looking out at nothing, alone with my memories. In the endless days that followed I

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And at last he went away.
Things happened fast then. First Janie Briggs' mother called; "About Janie's coat—I won't be bringing her in for a fitting this afternoon. In fact, I believe it's far enough advanced so that she can try it on herself. I'll ask Mr. Briggs to pick it up on his way home from work tonight.'

Then Mrs. Chambers came to the door. 'I've got that piece of blue crepe I left with you yesterday. I've decided not to have the dress made up right now.'

I had to go to the store for groceries next morning. Ann Baxter and Mrs. Sparks were there—but they immediately became too engrossed in the price of eggs to realize that I had come into the store. On the way home a group of little boys giggled and whispered as the girl gave me a wistful look and hurried into her house.

That finished it. I went home, too sick for tears, too tired to feel any real pain. I went to the chair by the window and I sat there like a dead person, staring with unseeing eyes straight ahead of me. I was a woman apart, I would stay here forever. I would live out my life here. I would never have to see people, endure their laughter or their dark looks or their sympathetic or their averted eyes.

After a while Paul Lambert came to the door, and like Derek yesterday, he called to me when I didn't answer his knock.

"Allie—open the door. I have something I want to show you."

I couldn't hear to see him. "No," I called. "No—go away."

There was silence outside the door for a moment and then he said, quietly, "All right—but I'll be back, Allie, if you've had a little time to get back yourself. And I'm leaving what I wanted to show you here on the steps."

When I was sure he was gone, I looked outside. What he had wanted to show me was a paper—another edition of that Chicago tabloid. This time the headlines screamed a new message:

"POLICE KILL GANGSTER IN RECAPTURE ATTEMPT" Terry Cassis dies ...
tried to convince myself that the interlude with Lee and Derek had never been, that I had never gone happily across the fields to true Leslies', that Derek had never held me in his arms, pressed his mouth, hard and gentle at once, against mine. I tried to tell myself that I had only dreamed that happiness. I forced myself to a routine of loneliness and silence, of hurried, almost furtive trips to town, of solitary makeshift meals, of nights when I slept only because staying awake was intolerable, of long hours spent by the window, looking out at nothing, remembering.

No one ever came to the house, now, except Paul Lambert. It was his duty as a minister, I told myself, to keep trying, but I never let him in, I always kept him very still and preted to be away. And that's the way I lived—almost as if I were just living because I hadn't the energy to die.

And then one day it happened. I rode into Fleetwood for supplies that day, stood at the counters with my eyes down, seeing no one, getting my packages as quickly as possible, and carrying out of each store. As I put the last purchase into the carrier of my bicycle, I felt a hand on my arm.

I turned to face Derek. "Allie," he said very gently, "I want to talk to you.

I DIDN'T want to talk to him. I had covered my hurt with a film of half-alive dullness—I didn't want it to quicken into agony again. My very heart wept to see him standing there, so tall and so infinitely dear to me, with the touch of my hand and as far away as the stars.

"No," I cried—"No! We talked about love and marriage and the future and we can't talk about those any more. We couldn't have those things, Derek—I was a fool to even think about them. I've got to think of my life—"

His hand was like a band of steel about my wrist. Anger—and some thing worse, contempt—had replaced the gentleness in his face, had made his words into a lie. "You're right, Allie, you're a fool. And we haven't anything to talk about. We can't talk of love and of marriage, certainly. I wouldn't mind marrying a gangster's wife, because I know the whole story now—but I could never marry a coward. I could never marry a woman who couldn't hold her head high, who couldn't meet the eyes of the world, who couldn't give the gossip back as good as they gave. I wouldn't ever marry a woman who felt that running away, hiding, it was the only way out—"

I wrenched my wrist free of his grasp. It was true, all of it, and I had known all along that it was true, but I didn't want to hear it. Hearing it in words only made it worse.

I started home fast, but by the end of the ride I was going very slowly, I was thinking. And that was a new sensation—I had never stopped to think, really. I had just remembered, and agonized.

By habit I went to the chair by the window when I got home. I sat very straight in it, as I had not sat before. I sat very still, and I searched the corners of my heart and my mind, scouring them to find a point on which Derek could not rightfully have called me coward.

$375 Buys Two Depth Bombs
BUY WAR BONDS
I was so preoccupied that I really didn't hear the doorbell until it had rung insistently several times. And then, so preoccupied was I, I turned around and answered it, as anyone would have done, instead of sitting in silence, waiting for the intruder to get tired and go away.

It was Paul Lambert. I invited him in, and he followed me into the living room. Some instinct made me avoid the chair in front of the window. I sank down on the old davenport, and Paul sat across from me.

"You wanted to talk to me, Paul? What about it, then?"

He looked him, disregarding the accumulated dust of months. "This is a nice place, Allie. I've always liked having to hit a place of my own. If I decide to move out of town somewhere. Gives you a feeling of permanence to own a piece of land." He leaned back and smiled. "Well—here's what I wanted to talk to you about. I want to sing at a bazaar the Junior Guild's planning. Now wait a minute—don't say no right off. It's for you, Allie. We're trying to raise funds to start a day nursery for the children of mothers who work in the war plant over at Buxton. I thought I'd ask you if you'd be willing to sing a few songs with the youngsters and sing a couple of songs on the program in the evening."

JUST as if I hadn't been away! Just as if I'd sung my soprano solo in church as usual last Sunday! "But Paul—" I began.

"I've been through on as if he hadn't heard. "We've missed you in church, Allie," he said quietly. "The choir needs your voice, and the Guild can always use your hand at their club. Better come back next Sunday."

"Paul," I cried—"Paul, how can I?"

He looked me straight in the eye. "Why not? Better come in to choir practice tomorrow night, and you can run over whatever numbers you choose for the bazaar with Mrs. Sparta. You can find your book and sopranos for one stone. Can we expect you?"

"But Paul—"

He got up from his chair. "I can't sit around. I've got to do something."

I knew that Paul Lambert had talked to them, probably, but I knew, too, that they wouldn't take me back unless they really wanted me. And they did. And I marched into the vestry with my head high.

It was bad. I knew that it would be. But not nearly as bad as I thought. Paul was there, although he seldom attended choir practice, and that helped. And when I heard my voice soaring high above the others, when I saw my dear mistress nodding approval, I knew.

And it was. I made myself go to Guild the next day, too, and I sewed doggedly and patiently until one by one, old friends came back to me. I knew that Paul Lambert had talked to them, probably, but I knew, too, that they wouldn't take me back unless they really wanted me. And they did. And I marched into the vestry with my head high.

The bazaar was Saturday night, and that was harder than the other meetings with people, because I knew that perhaps Leo and Derek would be there. I heard again, on my way into the town, the scorching voice of Derek, saying, "I wouldn't even marry a woman who did that."

But they weren't in the Guild Hall when I got there, nor did they come by the fishpond. And then it was time for the program.

I WASN'T nervous. I had always liked to sing better than I liked to do anything else. Singing now, to all of these people I hadn't seen for so long, was wonderful.

I sang a group of old songs, Danny Boy, I Can't Help My Love, Leave Thee. And it was while I sang the last one that I saw Derek—saw him in time to sing it just for him.

Thou hast this soul of mine
Dear one, believe.

Derek was waiting for me as I stepped down off the platform, applause sounding in my ears. I was excited. Yes, it was wonderful.

He held out his hand to me. "Do you have to go back to the fishpond?"

I almost laughed. No—it's closed. The pond is bare and all gone home.

"Then come outside. I want to talk to you."

He pulled me along behind him, out the door, into the yard that was bare and all gone home. A hedge had been run through, the bracken, and a few bushes, sending out their heady scent.

"Allie—do you remember what it was you said the other day? About the things we could talk about. I mean?"

I remembered. "Love—and marriage—"

"I faltered. "Oh, Derek—oh, don't!"

His mouth was just as I remembered it on mine—hard and gentle.

$150.00 in War Bonds buys a Parachute.
Softer, smoother Skin... it's Yours with just One Cake of Camay!

- Does it seem like a miracle—that your skin can be fresher, clearer, softer—with just one cake, your very first cake of Camay? It can—that's our promise to you—if you'll make this one simple change! Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

For skin specialists advise a Mild-Soap Diet! Yes—they know the kind of MILD cleansing Camay gives you can make your skin softer, smoother with just one cake! You see, Camay is wonderfully mild... so MILD it cleanses the skin gently, thoroughly... without irritation. So change to proper MILD cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! Day-by-day... with that one cake of Camay... your skin will look lovelier, fresher, smoother.

Mild Camay cleanses skin without irritation!

Mrs. Robert J. Zipse of Maplewood, N.J., says, "Camay's mildness suits my skin! It's easy—with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet to have that 'so fresh and dewy look' that goes with romance."

2 minutes a day—to softer skin

GO ON THE CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Mild Soap—to cleanse skin without irritation. So take 2 minutes a day with Camay. All you do is this:

Cream Camay on—over face, nose, chin. Rinse warm. If your skin is oily, add a cold splash. See your skin look lovelier... day-by-day.

THE MILDEST EVER!

"Do your Bit—be a Soap Saver! Between latherings, keep your Camay in a DRY soap dish! Wet dishes waste soap!
Smart war co-eds choose their favorite Cutex nail shades

**Dolores Conor**, Duke '44, taking the Accelerated Program and a C.O.C. in the wheel of victory—says: "For excitement give me Cutex Black Red! It's tops in smartness. Yet I don't have to pay a luxury price for it."

**Diana Haucke**, Syracuse '44, toughens up for her pre-med course, plus lab, First Aid and airdraid defense! Says: "I'll take Cutex OFF DUTY—it's so smart and subtracts only 10 cents from my wartime college budget."

**Anne Burkhart**, University of Texas '45, voted Sweetheart of its Engineering School, helps serve her country in the air. "I choose Cutex ALERT," she says. "It's so gay and flattering and goes with everything I own."

**Jean Brooks**, Hospital Aide and Junior at Northwestern University, says: "I adore Cutex YOUNG RED... swell color, goes on fast, stays on—and on! Really, it's wonderful."

**Nan Whedon**, Stanford University '44, active in the land army—really makes hay! Says: "Every minute must count. That's why I love Cutex YOUNG RED... swell color, goes on fast, stays on—and on! Really, it's wonderful."

**Elizabeth Duffy**, Missouri '46, is a Hostess Captain at the University's canteen for service. "In it, my hands look well-groomed and feminine no matter how busy I am."

Save your Cutex bottle tops and brushes. They may be scarce.

only 10c (plus tax)

More Women choose Cutex than any other nail polish in the world
Thanksgiving-a story of a great love
One girl loves a soldier . . .
one loves a sailor . . . one loves
a lad in the Marines. But, they all
adore the gift which says,
"You're first in my heart."

Typical of the gorgeous
Evening in Paris gift sets.
Set illustrated sells at
$2.95 plus tax.

Evening in Paris BOURJOS

Evening in Paris gift sets to thrill her heart . . . and priced to suit every pocketbook . . . $1.00 to $15.00 (all prices plus tax)
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...
the world applauds
a lovely smile!

Life can be brighter when your smile is right. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

Be light-hearted, Plain Girl—and smile! The best things in life don’t always go to the girl who is prettiest. You can be a winner. You can find fun—and romance too, if your smile is right!

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a hesitant smile, timid and self-conscious—but a warm, flashing smile that makes heads turn, hearts beat faster. But remember, a smile like that depends largely on firm, healthy gums.

Don’t ignore “pink tooth brush”!
If your tooth brush “shows pink,” see your dentist! He may tell you that your gums have become sensitive because they’ve been denied natural exercise by today’s soft foods. And, as so many dentists do, he may suggest “the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, is designed to aid the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. Circulation increases in the gums, helping them to new firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile.

Start today with IPANA and MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

She’s sitting pretty—the girl with the bright, flashing smile! Let Ipana and massage help keep your smile sparkling!
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ON THE COVER—Non Grey, of NBC's Those We Love. Color Portrait by Tom Kelley

IRRESISTIBLE

We dedicate to the NAVY NURSES CORPS

IRRESISTIBLE Ruby Red LIPSTICK

Salute to the beauty power of America's women power...to that alert, luminous look so superbly emphasized by the deep, glowing tone of Irresistible's Ruby Red Lipstick. WHIP-TEXT through a secret process, Irresistible Lipsticks are easy to apply, non-drying, longer-lasting. Destined to make you look your best while you're doing your best for your country. Complete your make-up with Irresistible's matching rouge and face powder.

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Complete Home PERMANENT WAVE KIT

New Easy Home Way Curls and Waves Hair to Lovely Beauty and Allure

...ONLY 59c...

MAIL COUPON NOW!

MONEY SAVING KIT
There is a simple, easy way to permanent wave the charm and loveliness of curls and waves into your hair. Mail the coupon, let the amazing new CHARML-KURL. Home Permanent Wave Kit save you money by giving you a real honest-to-goodness machineless permanent wave right in your own home. We have certainly made it easy for you to have lovely curled and waved hair by bringing you CHARML-KURL on this wonderful 59c offer. But the next step is up to you.

Each Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit Contains:
- everything you need—shampoo, 40 curlers, and wave set—nothing else to buy. Be smart—be thrifty—treat yourself to a CHARML-KURL Permanent Wave without delay.

WONDERFUL, TOO, FOR CHILDREN'S HAIR
Thousands of delighted mothers cheer CHARML-KURL, Permanent Wave Kit because it is easy to use, so economical and long-lasting. Positively cannot harm children's fine, soft hair. If you're a thrifty mother, you'll order an extra Kit for your daughter. She'll be overjoyed.

CHARM-KURL Way...

This Simple Easy Charm-Kurl Way...

Yes, it's true! You can give your hair a wonderful new cool, machineless permanent wave at home, thanks to CHARML-KURL. It is as easy as putting your hair up in curlers. All you need do is mail the coupon. Then CHARML-KURL your hair. See for yourself how remarkably lovely your hair looks, curled and waved in the latest adorable fashions. And, most important, CHARML-KURL, complete, is yours for only 59c.

THOUSANDS USE CHARML-KURL
Make This Easy Test...
CHARML-KURL is guaranteed to satisfy you as well as any permanent wave costing as much as $5.00—or your money back for the asking. CHARML-KURL cleans and softens the hair, washes out dirt and loose dandruff scales, leaves the hair luxuriously soft and easy to manage. CHARML-KURL is safe. Contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia. There is nothing finer for bleached, dried, or gray hair.

Mail the coupon. If C.O.D., pay 59c plus postage on arrival. Save by sending remittance with coupon—and we pay postage Test CHARML-KURL yourself. See how lovely your hair will be, permanent waved at home the CHARML-KURL way. Remember, if you aren't positively delighted beyond words, your money will be refunded, on request. With a guarantee like this, you can't lose. Now, today, mail the coupon and know the joy of glamorous curls and waves within a few short hours.

CHARML-KURL is the largest selling Home Permanent Wave Kit in America. There is no need to pay more than 59c.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

CHARML-KURL CO., DEPT. C1 2459 UNIVERSITY AVE., ST. PAUL, MINN.
Dolly Dawn, who used to sing with George Hall's band and then inherited the baton from George, will soon be the bride of a Navy lieutenant.

Frank Sinatra has made a cash settlement with Tommy Dorsey releasing the bandleader from any financial interest in the swooner. That leaves Frank with only 678 other managers.

All radio row mourns the loss of that ace of sweetanglers, Frank Crum-it. He died of a heart attack at the age of 53. Frank and Julia Sanderson lived a perfect marriage and set a standard all entertainers might well follow.

Gracie Fields has brought back from England a trunkful of new tunes that have been favorites of the A. E. F. stationed in the British Isles.

Chuck Foster is now a member of our armed forces but his dance band carries on under the leadership of Harry Lewis.

Lou Bring, west coast musical director for RCA-Victor, is the proud daddy of a baby boy. His wife is the former Frances Hunt, one-time singer with Benny Goodman's band.

Another musical blessed event rings out for Perry Botkin, Bing Crosby's able guitarist. Perry is the father of a new baby daughter.

Ben Bernie, recovering from a serious illness, is a shadow of his former self.

Sammy Kaye and his orchestra will arrive in Hollywood some time in December to work on their new film, "Song of the Open Road."

Talk about versatility, Paul Lavalle, conductor of the "Basin Street" swing-bake, adds another commercial, this time fronting a Stradivarius orchestra. The orchestra will be made up of priceless Stradivari strings, playing light classical music.

SPIKE THAT RHYTHM: Spike Jones, the lanky, curly-haired Californian who made "Der Fuehrer's Face" spin on countless thousands of juke boxes, is slightly peeved at those few misguided radio fans who mistakenly dub his City Slickers a corny hill-billy band.

We're a subtle burlesque of all corny, hill-billy bands," Spike insists. "Why, some of our best swing musicians are our biggest rooters." Spike, who not only resembles Red Skelton, but an ad lib oral bout can probably out-gag the carrot-topped comic, points out that Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman and other swing stars love to hear his band rib the dead-pan sweet orchestras with such curious instruments as tuned cowbells, washboards, auto horns, hiccup-o-phones, sneez-o-phones, and that favorite outdoor Stradivarius—the guitarlet.

Spike has made his satirical syncopators a money making proposition. Royalties are still pouring in from "Der Fuehrer's Face" records, and a seven-year MGM contract, a regular role on the Bob Burns NBC series, and a recently concluded vaudeville tour have all helped give the 31-year-old leader a tidy bank account and a lavish Beverly Hills home.

Spike conceived his silly symphony when he wearied of playing routine popular music with some of radio's top orchestras.

"I like playing this way because it pays good dough. That's all I'm in this racket for and when it stops paying dividends I'll do something else," he says candidly.

At first Spike had to convince a lot

Continued on page 89
Behold! he sees what no human eye has glimpsed since the beginning of time

He might have stepped from the frame of a Rembrandt painting, this bewigged figure of a man so patiently making lenses and squinting through them.

Night after night, like a child with a new toy, Antony van Leeuwenhoek, seventeenth century Dutch shopkeeper, hurried home to place anything and everything under his microscope: the brain of a fly, rain water, a hair, pepper, a cow's eye, scrapings from his teeth.

Then one day, behold! he sees what no human eye has glimpsed since the beginning of time. Fantastic "little animals", thousands of them to a pin-point, dart and squirm as he gazes.

Not for an instant did he suspect any of them as foes of mankind, as possible destroyers of health and life. But the enemy had at last been sighted. Man had taken his first faltering step in the war on germs.

Nearly two hundred years were to pass before the second step, a giant stride, was taken by Pasteur. He devoted his life to seeking out the microbes which he believed to be the cause of disease. In turn, his work inspired Lister to use carbolic acid in combating the almost inevitable gangrene which then followed surgery.

Soon Lister's fame as "the father of antisepic surgery" spread across the Atlantic. No wonder that when a new, non-caustic, non-poisonous antiseptic and germicide was discovered in St. Louis, its sponsors named it Listerine, in his honor.

Today the shining bottle and amber color of Listerine Antiseptic are as familiar to millions of people as the face of a long trusted friend. In more than sixty years of service in the fight on infection, it has day after day proved deadly to germs but harmless to tissue...well meriting its almost universal citation as "the safe antiseptic and germicide."

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**Listerine Antiseptic**
in service more than sixty years

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in some size.
Tell me another

Says Kleenex*

And win a 125 war bond

For each statement we publish on why you

Like Kleenex tissues better than

Any other brand. Address:

Kleenex 99 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois

One and Only!

There's only one Kleenex! Just let anyone try
to tell me any other
tissue is "just as good".

(from a letter by G. J. S., Waltham, Mass.)

Reduce absenteeism

Every minute counts!

Authorities say that 1/2 of all work time lost
in war industries from illness is due
to the common cold. So use Kleenex
when sniffles start—to help keep
your cold from spreading to others!

(From a letter by R. D., Lowell, Mass.)

Also included:

Blows in the night!

When you reach for a Kleenex Tissue, during
colds, there's no fumbling in the dark! Unlike
other brands, Kleenex has that handy box that
serves up "just one" double tissue at a time.

(from a letter by G. J. S., Waltham, Mass.)

For you amateur musicians—Have you ever heard of Donald Voorhees' offer of prizes totalling $2000 in War Bonds to amateur musical groups making the most significant contribution to the war effort by means of music? Contact your local branch of the National Federation of Music Clubs for details. The contest is being carried out in cooperation with them. Mrs. Guy Patterson, the president of the Federation, has announced that the contest runs from September 1st to April 1st and that awards will be given only for public amateur performances within those specific dates.

Leigh White, CBS war correspondent, who was wounded while covering the fighting in Greece, is the only radio representative among a dozen newspapermen now attending Harvard University as a result of being awarded Nieman Fellowships to devote a year's study to post-war problems.

White was shot in the legs when Nazi flyers strafed a train carrying correspondents from Belgrade to Athens in April, 1941.

Anyone who has illusions about the glamorous life of a radio actress had better hark to Marie Greene a moment.

"An easy life!" she snaps. "Do you know I get up earlier than any stenographer, salesgirl or housewife? I'm up every morning at six to be at the studio for rehearsal before the nine o'clock show of 'Everything Goes.' We put in five hours of rehearsal—and get ten minutes on the air! And what about all these camp shows and traveling to them—and studying—and taking dramatic lessons—and—answering mail?"

Apparently one of the best ways to overcome the problems of food rationing is to be an after dinner speaker. Harry Hershfield, the creator of the famous comic strip "Abie Kabbible" and joke expert on "Can You Top This?" rarely has to figure out how to stretch his ration points. For more than a decade he has been America's number one after dinner speaker and has consistently averaged about 300 dinners a year. And—he gets paid for speaking. It's an idea.

When you send in for those tickets for a radio show, be sure you're prepared to have your illusions shattered. You're accustomed to hearing voices and imagining what the actors look like. You may be surprised.

You may find lovely Inge Adams playing a small boy. You'll hear a baby crying, but you'll see a grown woman, Madeline Pierce, doing it. You'll discover that Raymond, your host on creepy "Inner Sanctum," is a kindly soul with a gentle face and James Monks, who specializes in decrepit old men roles, is young and handsome.

Since the war, too, the need for realism in radio has increased the demand for actors versatile in many dialects and languages. It's become a big field and has its specialists. Jackon Beck, on the "Man Behind The Gun" show, is a master of 57 dialects; James Monks can do 33; Luis Van Rooten, 38; and Stefan Schnabel, son of the famous pianist Artur Schnabel and most often heard as a sadistic Nazi these days, can do 45. One of the most amazing dialecticians—and this term applies to serious drama, not the fun-making kind of accent—is twelve-year-old Alastair Kyle, who plays Dickie in "Portia Faces Life." After listening once to the sound of the genuine original accent, he can reproduce it perfectly and, to date, has mastered French, German, Polish, Japanese, Chinese (and they are different, these two), Russian and Italian.

Continued on page 8
Sh-h! These lovely hands are leading a double life!

**Daytime**, you're washing dishes—doing all the extra little home-front chores. But remember—Toushay, smoothed on beforehand, guards hands even in hot, soapy water! Toushay's made to a special formula. Helps prevent dryness and roughness instead of waiting till damage is done. Helps keep busy hands looking as soft and party-pretty as ever!

Spare time, you're needed for all sorts of essential "war jobs"—work that may be hard on soft, white hands. But always guard them the new beforehand way—with Toushay! Use this new-idea lotion before every soap-and-water task. Notice how lush and creamy it is—what mmm, heavenly fragrance it has.

Nighttime's your glamour time—and Toushay'll help you look your loveliest! Use this velvety "beforehand" lotion all the other ways you'd use a lotion, too—to soften chapped hands, rough elbows and knees—as a powder base, or for a soothing all-over body rub! Toushay's inexpensive—so rich a few drops go a long way. Ask for it at your druggist's—today.
DUE AT THE CANTEEN right now! No time to change. Well, this blouse will have to work two shifts today, too. Thanks, Linit, for keeping it so clean and fresh through a long, hard day.

THAT'S A PRETTY COMPLIMENT! sailor; but I'll have you know it's sixteen weary hours since I "stepped out of that band-box."

LITTLE GAL, YOU'VE HAD A BUSY DAY! But that dainty, frilly apron is still good for another evening's grind. It must have been starched with Linit, too.

LINNY serves at the canteen by three

Linny says: To stand the strain of strenuous days your clothes need Linit. This modern starch penetrates the fabric—protects the fibres. Makes anything washable look better — longer.

All grocers sell Linit

Continued from page 6

Eddie Cantor's done it again. Not satisfied with living on his past exploits and puffing out his chest as the discoverer of Deanna Durbin and Bobby Breen, he comes up, now, with Nora Lou Martin, something new in red-headed glamour. Eddie had to listen to his new vocalist only once before signing her up. She's from Portland, Oregon, where she was known as a singer of Western ballads.

Barbara Lee, lovely dark-haired, green-eyed vocalist on NBC's "Mirth and Madness" program, spent seventeen years learning how to be a dancer — so she could become a singer. Up to the moment when, at twenty-one, a friend dared her to enter a resort's amateur contest as a singer, Barbara was busy perfecting her spins and high kicks and bends.

The contest did it, however. She won it and turned to singing lessons. Not much later, she joined Bill Clifford's orchestra at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel in San Francisco and soon after that she was busily at work at the NBC studios in the Bay City.

In spite of getting her start as a singer in a night club and looking glamorous to the tips of her eyelashes, Barbara lives no gay night life routine. She keeps to-bed-with-the-chickens hours, because she lives on her wartime chicken farm and does a great many of the daily chores herself. And she prefers it like that.

* * *

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—If you were fifteen years old, could sing two songs all the way through without missing any of the words, could play three chords on the "gitter," and had a hankering to go on the radio, you still wouldn't expect to just walk into the nearest broadcasting station and be put right on the air—would you? WBT's newest star, "Victory Cowboy" Fred Kirby, had that very thing happen to him.

It was a hot July afternoon in 1929, when a boy and a man strolled purposefully down the main street in Columbia, South Carolina. The boy was Fred Kirby, tow-headed, tanned and lanky; the man, Fred's Uncle Bob. Under Fred's arm was a guitar. They were holding "try-outs" that day up at the radio station "studio" in the
This Little Wallflower Bloomed Last Night

Imagine! Just yesterday she was a lonely wallflower! No man ever picked her, for she looked old... though she wasn't really... but it's looks that count! And 'twas all her face powder's fault... for its color was dead and lifeless... which made her skin look faded... and added years to her age!

But then—oh, lucky day—she tried the glamorous new youthful shades of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder... shades that are matched to the vibrant, glowing skin tones of youth in full bloom! How thrilled she was! And how thrilled you'll be... because there's a new shade of Cashmere Bouquet to bring out the allure... all the natural, young coloring in your complexion... no matter what your age!

So, what happened? You guessed it! Now she's loved, as a fair flower should be... thanks to that smooth, kissable, youthful look that Cashmere Bouquet Powder gives her! And she's found, as you will, that her lucky new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet is color-blended... never streaky! It's color-smooth, too... goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly for hours on end!

And you'll find there's a new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet that's just right for you... color-harmonized to suit your skin-type perfectly! Let Cashmere Bouquet bring out all the natural youth and beauty in your complexion! Don't delay... you'll find it in 10¢ or larger sizes at cosmetic counters everywhere!

Attractive Elaine Kent plays Madge Harte on Stella Dallas and Sylvia Powers on Just Plain Bill over NBC hotel annex, and Uncle Bob thought Fred's singing would sound mighty good over the radio.

When they arrived at the radio station, the program director, young Charlie Crutchfield, showed Fred into the studio and said, "Go ahead and sing, son." Half a song later, Fred was scheduled for a regular program every week. It was only a few days later when the fan letters began to pour in. Fred was in radio to stay.

Fred Kirby was born in Charlotte, third from the top of a family of nine children. By the time he was ten years old his love of music had already made itself felt. Fred's Uncle Bob taught the youngster a couple of songs and a few guitar chords he needed to accompany himself. That's how the Victory Cowboy got started in his singing career.

Fred delights in telling about those early radio experiences. Just before going "on the air," the announcer-control operator would say, "Fred, just keep on singing. I'm going down for a sandwich." Kirby is certain there must have been times when the sandwich stretched into a full course meal. Those were the times when Fred would sing every song he knew and then would have to start over again. His programs were anywhere from 15 to 40 minutes long, and he'd never know when starting a program just how long it would run. (Programs were not divided into 15-minute blocks then as they are today.)

When he was nineteen, Fred went to WBT. As his fame increased, distant pastures began to look greener, wanderlust crept in—and Fred trekked to WLW Cincinnati where he continued to gain popularity as a singer, and became the "Friendly Philosopher." Then he went to WLS Chicago and in addition became a Prairie Farmer favorite, and later to KMOX St. Louis.

It was while Fred was featured over KMOX that he earned the coveted title, "Victory Cowboy." Over the radio and on personal appearances throughout the St. Louis area, Fred Kirby sold almost a million dollars worth of war bonds and stamps. Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau awarded him a special Citation of Merit. At the same time, the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce proclaimed Kirby the country's number...
Satisfaction or your money back.

"CHIC" PERMANENT WAVE HOME KITS include everything you need for beautiful, long-lasting hair curls and waves. "CHIC" is safe to use for women and children. No experience needed, no machine, no electricity or driers. Just follow simple illustrated directions included with every package."CHIC" Home Kit Complete $9.90.

ON SALE AT DRUG, VARIETY AND DEPARTMENT STORES.

NOW! MUSIC LESSONS for less than 7¢ a day!

THOUSANDS have learned to play this quick, easy short-cut way, right at home—AND YOU CAN, TOO!

IF YOU spend only a half hour of your spare time each day following the instructions, you, too, should be able to play simple melodies sooner than you ever dreamed possible. With this modern U.S. School method you learn to play by playing. You need no special talent.

PRINT AND PICTURE METHOD
You learn to play real tunes almost from the start. But you can't go wrong. Because first you are told how to do a thing by the simple printed instructions. Then a picture shows you how. Finally you do it yourself and hear how it sounds. And sooner than you ever expected you'll be playing almost any popular piece by note. And just think, you can take lessons on any instrument you select, for less than 7¢ a day! That includes everything.

SEND FOR FREE PROOF
If you really want to learn music mail the coupon for Free "Print and Picture" Sample and Illustrated Booklet. See for yourself how easy and pleasant it is to learn to play this quick, money-saving way. Check the instrument you want to play. U.S. School of Music, 39612 Brame-Wick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.

WHICH INSTRUMENT DO YOU WANT TO LEARN TO PLAY?

PREFERS HOME STUDY METHOD
I have taken lessons from a private instructor, but grew tired of long hours of practice and discontinued my study. After studying your course for only 30 minutes daily, I am now playing for my own use.

Name __________________________________________
Address ___________________________________________
City __________________ State _______________________

SAVE 2¢—Strick Coupon on penny post card.

FREE PRINT AND PICTURE SAMPLE
U. S. School of Music, 39612 Brame-Wick Bldg., N. Y. 10, N. Y.
Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play instrument checked below. Do you have instrument? ________
Drums Bass Drum Cymbals Snare Drum Sticks Accordion Trumpet Ukulele Piano Saxophone Trombone Violin Mandolin Tuba Band

Name ___________________________________________
Address ___________________________________________
City __________________ State _______________________

Spar's Doris Springer, formerly of NBC, and Frances Gulliver learn the ropes from a reserve cadet of Uncle Sam's Coast Guard Academy.

one "Victory Cowboy" and publicly presented him with a signed and sealed "Victory Cowboy" certificate of achievement.

That was six months ago. On July 19th (fourteen years to the day since Fred first walked into that radio studio down in South Carolina) Charles Crutchfield (that's the same man who announced Fred's first program; he has been WBT's program manager for nearly ten years and master of ceremonies on WBT's popular Briarhopper program for almost that long) informed WBT's listeners that Fred Kirby, the Victory Cowboy, was back "home," that he would be heard on the Briarhopper program every day (4:30 to 5:00 PM EWT, except Sundays). He is also heard regularly on the Dixie Farm Club and the Dixie Jamboree—CBS Dixie Network features which originate from the studios of WBT.

And Fred is carrying on with his Victory Cowboy war bond sales campaign. He appears regularly before churches and schools through the WBT area—the only qualification for admission being the purchase of a war stamp or bond, which the purchaser keeps, of course. Kirby reports, "Business is good!" his sales already promise to break his St. Louis record.

Off the air, Fred is just as charming and pleasant as he is on the air. His friendliness is genuine; his friends, legion. His one hobby is his family: his wife and two charming daughters, one ten, the other just two.

Did you happen to catch Bill Stern's story recently about a young German tennis star named Mary Losch? Mary once played Benito Mussolini in a tennis match and was beating him. Benito, who was never a very good loser, had a fit of temper and heaved his racquet toward her. It bounced and broke Mary's wrist. She had to give up tennis. However, that no longer is the former tennis star. She has since become a famous actress—and her name is Marlene Dietrich.

If you like the new streamlined "March of Time," credit goes to Adrian Peter Samish. It was his idea to create the first newspaper of the air and bring to the microphone not only people who
You're stealing my husband!

1. It was a terrible thing to say—to my best friend. But I couldn't understand why Paul had become so indifferent—so cold to me. And when I saw him being nice to Eileen, I guess I lost my head...

2. Instead of getting mad, Eileen simply said, "You're upset and imagining things. Let's talk this over sensibly." Then I sobbed out the whole sad story—suspicions, fears, the trouble between Paul and me. "Darling," she said, "it may be your fault. There's one neglect most husbands can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene."

3. "The doctor I work for," Eileen went on, "advises Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene." Then she told me how Lysol solution cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes, and won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the directions," she said. "It's so easy. You know, thousands of modern women use Lysol for this purpose."

4. Paul and I are so happy now. Eileen was right about Lysol. I've learned that it's easy and economical to use—and it works. But I still blush when I think how unjustly I accused Eileen—and how grand she was to me!

Ed Gardner visits What's New on the Blue and gets Don Ameche's signature on his famous Duffy's Tavern apron.

THE ARMED FORCES AND RADIO: Fred Feibel, CBS organist for 14 years, has answered the call... Woody Herman keeps busy writing to the seven men who left him to join the band that will lick the enemy... Joan Davis is no "pin up" girl, but the crew of the USS Lynx have chosen her "Ship's Mother!" That's something... Paul Taubman, whose nimble fingers provided the musical background of the "Story of Mary Marlin," is now carrying a gun... For some reason pianists seem to make the best draft bets. Raymond Scott is now using his third pianist this year and the Grand Ole Opry program has lost three ivory magicians in as many months... Horace Heidt and Frankie Carle are the only two left of Heidt's original crew... Ben Alexander, actor on "Eyes Aloft" and "The Great Gildersleeve," is Lt. Alexander (I.G.), in the United States Navy... And boys will grow up to draft age. Dickie Jones has replaced Norman Tokar, who himself replaced Erra Stone as Henry in the "Aldrich Family"... Sammy Kaye reports that some of the toughest U.S. Marines are poetry lovers. Sammy says he's received countless letters from Marines in the Southwest Pacific, asking him to read their favorite poems—and they're mostly in the romantic vein.

make news on the political and war fronts, but men and women in the field of drama, music and fiction. Samish has combined the important factors of personal appearances of newsworthy figures and the technique of dramatizing news events.

Quick-witted, handsome Adrian Samish has had a spectacular rise from office boy to one of radio's highest paid producers. At 33, he is a veteran of stage, screen and radio.

Born in New York, Samish started working as an office boy in 1929 for Broadway producer Chester Erskine. He advanced rapidly to play reader, assistant stage manager and assistant director. Then he launched himself as a producer, turning out such hits as "The Last Mile" and "Subway Express." Radio and Hollywood assignments came after that.

Extensive travel throughout Europe, South America and Mexico has given him an excellent background for interpreting the news of a world at war.
Fanny Brice is by way of being an art collector. Did you know that? She had done some painting herself but after she started playing Baby Snooks, she developed an interest in children's activities, which led to her making a collection of children's paintings. Known as the Baby Snooks collection, it has already been exhibited at the Los Angeles County Museum and in Seattle. Other plans will get their chance. The collection numbers almost a hundred pieces, done by children of varying ages and different nationalities. Many of them are from countries now overrun by Hitler and portray a peaceful life that Europe won't know again until the Allies are victorious.

It's no new thing for radio performers to devote a major part of their time off the air to doing morale work for the men in the Services and for war workers. They all do it and they all deserve a big hand for what they have accomplished.

You'd be surprised, however, by the number of radio actors who not only do that but work regularly in war plants besides. There are three in the cast of the "Carnation Contented" show. Bert Kessler, a tenor with the chorus in his daytime hours, puts in 62 night hours weekly as a set-up man in a factory which manufactures small control parts for engines. Dean Reed, another tenor, operates a punch press 40 night hours a week. And Walter Preissing, a member of the orchestra, works an eight hour shift, six nights a week on a drill press. None of these three had ever even been inside of a factory before.

John Nesbitt, whose radio and screen forte is telling odd stories about strange people, is a pretty odd fellow himself. The star of "Passing Parade" has a passion as deep and abiding as Crosby's love of horses. Nesbitt likes building new houses.

Until the war caught up with him, John built one house after another. He was a one man housing relief project. No sooner had he finished and moved into one with his wife and three-year-old son, than he began planning the next.

His latest—and one which will have to satisfy him for the duration of the war, passion or no passion—is a really modern house in all senses. Built of red plywood, with brick floors, a roof of shed material and a copious use of glass, it used little, if any, material that is on the priority lists. One living room wall is a sliding glass panel, which can be pushed back completely and permits the Nesbitts to take their sun baths right in the parlor. Besides the living room, there is also a master bedroom, a large kitchen, a dining alcove and Nesbitt's study. Michael, John's young son, has quarters of his own built separately from the house proper, in a little house that can be used as a guest house when necessary.

Oddly enough, since moving into this house, Nesbitt hasn't started making plans for his next one. Mrs. Nesbitt isn't quite sure whether he has finally satisfied, or whether the war is holding him in check.

We like the reply sent to a contract-minded movie company by Millard Lampell, who has done scripts for "Man Behind the Gun," "Green Valley, U.S.A." and many others. He simply wired back, "Sorry. Firm I'm with now needs me. Pvt. Millard Lampell, USAF." Gossip and Stuff: Maestro Arturo Toscanini is having his innings. Italian prisoners of war now in American internment camps are getting reading matter from his library—mostly books which Mussolini once ordered burned in Italy . . . Joel Kupperman, youngest of the "Quiz Kids," is now in Hollywood for picture work. He announced that he was happy to find the people out there were Americans. Wonder who told him what about the film colony? . . . Marilyn Day, lovely 17-year-old rhythm songstress, is also in Hollywood with a seven-year contract with Universal in her young hands . . . "Fats" Waller, king of boogie woogie, loves Strauss waltzes . . . Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street reports 1,000 more requests for tickets each week than can be handled . . . Kate Smith, who has been broadcasting for fourteen years, has never had a program series on any other network than CBS. No other star has ever been affiliated with one network for such a length of time . . . NBC has set up a post-war television planning committee, so they’ll be all set to go into action when the war ends. May they be ready to start the very day the war does end—and may that day be soon . . . With which deep-felt hope, we’ll leave you until next month. Good listening.
A TUMULTUOUS NOVEL THAT BARES THE SOULS OF
3 WOMEN IN LOVE

THIS IS LEDA
Beautiful, ambitious, Leda determined to make up for an unhappy childhood by marrying into wealth and power. She succeeded; but then another man came along who made her triumph a mockery!

THIS IS BETSY
Happy-go-lucky, fun-loving Betsy brought tears to her heart as a musical genius. She listened to his playing before she wanted her to, but she only waited for the music to stop and the kisses to begin!

THIS IS MAIZIE
Blonde, popular, Maizie could have all the boy friends she wanted. But she chose a clandestine affair with a philandering lawyer and a fateful tangle of both their lives!

YOURS FREE with Dollar Book Club Membership—this dramatic, outspoken novel that has provoked more excitement and discussion than any other American novel in recent years.

“The Prodigal Women” is the story of three unforgettable girls and the men they loved. Leda March is the sensitive, unhappy daughter of an insignificant branch of a great Boston family. Not until the arrival in her town of the carefree, bhapazart, Jekyll family from the South does Leda begin to understand what companionship really is. The two Jekyll girls, blonde, popular Maizie, and the hoydenish Betsy, change the entire current of Leda’s life, and the lives of the three girls from schooldays on become inextricably woven together.

Maizie marries first. Her marriage to Lambert Ruid, magnetic, profane, philandering artist, becomes a living hell from which she cannot cut herself loose, even when it threatens her sanity and her life. Leda, determined and ambitious, walks open-eyed into a loveless marriage with a wealthy and socially prominent young Boston physician, not knowing to her, as the years go by, is her realization that she wants Maizie’s husband with a madness she never knew before. And Betsy, the youngest, carefree and loving a good time, is first snared by the dancing feet of the erotic, jazz-mad Oren Garth. After the heartbreak of this affair, she meets Heeter Connolly, tempestuous, brooding New York journalist, and with him achieves a kind of earthly happiness that is denied the other girls.

“The Prodigal Women” cuts deep into the human heart. Its characters are living, breathing personalities, whose every action and word you will follow with breathless suspense. Although this novel sells in the publisher’s edition for $3, you may have a copy free if you join the Dollar Book Club now.

DOLLAR BOOK CLUB MEMBERSHIP IS FREE!
—and this 3 best-seller illustrates

THE PRODIGAL WOMEN
by NANCY HALE

The amazing bargains it brings you!

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Upon receipt of the attached coupon you will be sent a FREE copy of THE PRODIGAL WOMEN. With this book will come the current issue of the DOLLAR BOOK CLUB BULLETIN, which is sent exclusively to members of the Club. This Bulletin describes the month’s selection and reviews thirty other books (in the original publishers’ bindings) which are available to members at only $1.00 each. If, after reading the Bulletin you do not wish to purchase the next month’s selection for $1.00, you may notify the Club any time within two weeks, so that the book will not be sent you. You may request an alternate selection if it is desired. This postal-order mail method has been of great help to members during these days of curtailed spending. Every purchase from your Club is charged to your account—there are no extra transaction costs.

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When you see THE PRODIGAL WOMEN and consider that this free book is typical of the values you will receive for only $1.00, you will realize the value of free membership in this popular Club. Don’t miss this wonderful offer. Mail the coupon now.

MAIL THIS COUPON
FREE: "The Prodigal Women"
Doubleday One Dollar Book Club,
Dept. 12 M.W.G., Garden City, New York.

Please enroll me free for one year as a Dollar Book Club subscriber and send me at once THE PRODIGAL WOMEN FREE! With this book will come my first issue of the free monthly Club magazine called "The Bulletin," describing the one-dollar bargain book for the following month and several other alternate bargains which are sold for $1.00 each to members only. Each month I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish the following month’s selection and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the alternate 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 during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. And I pay nothing except $1.00 for each selection received, plus a few cents handling and shipping costs.

Mr. Mrs. Miss

ST. & NO. CITY STATE

OCCUPATION AGE

If under 21, slightly higher in Canada: 195 Bond St., Toronto
beauty
suspicion
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and
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of
two
lemons
(strained,
of
course!).
Rub
this
over
your
hair—thoroughly—
after
the
final
rinse.

Charlotte J., Louisville, Ky.: Cosmetics
are offered in less elaborate containers
these days but this should not be re-
garded as a sign of changed quality.
In almost every instance the products
are not impaired in any way.

Dorothy M., Huntington, N. Y.: It is
advisable, when having a permanent
wave, to have the curls which are
brushed by your coat collar—and any
tangles which may cause punish-
ment—put in tighter. If you will do
this your permanent wave will be
more permanent and more satisfac-
tory at all times.

Mary B., Albany, N. Y.: Do not use
mascara on your lower lashes and your
eyes, less confined, will appear larger.

frequent shampoos, with green soap.
Simmer an ounce of tincture of green
soap in half a pint of cold water until
the soap dissolves. Strain this through
cheesecloth and allow it to cool. The
soft jelly which will form will be suf-
ficient for two shampoos.

Dry hair benefits from a castile soap
shampoo. Shave a bar of castile soap
into three quarts of hot water. Let this
simmer until the soap dissolves. Strain
through cheesecloth. Add a half pint
of alcohol. Pour a shampoo use three
parts of hot water to one part of the
jelly which the soap, water and alco-
hol forms when cool. When the hair
and scalp are exceedingly dry rub them
thoroughly with warm olive oil the
night before the shampoo and wrap
the hair in a piece of old linen so the
oil will not stain the bedding.

"But I couldn’t possibly persuade my
daughter to do all those things," we
have heard distracted mothers moan. "I
have trouble just getting her to take
a bath and clean her teeth and fix her
hair . . ."

That may be! However, if you will
share this beauty routine with your
daughter you will find she will enjoy
playing at being "grown-up" and that
soon enough they will become a habit.
Incidentally, by sharing this routine
with your daughter you’ll be lovelier,
too.

Be Beauty Wiser

H. T., Sacramento, Calif.: The dry
pimples which you complain about on
your upper arms will respond to olive
oil and soap. Rub your arms with the
olive oil and allow it to remain about
fifteen minutes. Then wash your arms
with a brush and soap and water. The
heavier the lather and the stiffer the
brush the more effective it will be. Do
this every day and in about two weeks
you will find the dry pimples have
disappeared.

Nancy R., Boise, Idaho: Massage your
feet when they grow over-tired. Rub
curl cream into them. Spend five min-
utes or more doing this. Remove the
cream with cleansing tissues. Then
apply hot and cold towels. Half a
doz en hot towels first, then half a
doz en cold towels. Last—but decid-
ely not least—lie down for a few minutes
and rest your feet on a pillow; so they
will be higher than your body.

Rena N., St. Albans, Vt.: Blonde hair
is stronger after a lemon shampoo. Use
half a pint of cold water and the juice
of two lemons (strained, of course!).
Rub this over your hair—thoroughly—
after the final rinse.

Mary B., Albany, N. Y.: Do not use
mascara on your lower lashes and your
eyes, less confined, will appear larger.
Her eyes, her lips—beyond compare!
But lovelier still, her shining hair!

No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!

A memory-making hair-do—to make him carry in his heart a lovely picture of you—no matter where he may go! But don't expect to get the same unforgettable results unless your hair itself has the shining smoothness of this girl's hair! Before styling, hers was washed with Special Drene.

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

There's more enchantment for a man in lovely shining hair, beautifully done, than in any new hat or dress!

So guard the precious beauty of your hair—don't let soap or soap shampoos rob it of its glorious natural lustre!

Instead, use SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo...how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange...right after shampooing.

Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember...Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Soap film dull lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap-shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene with Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble
Curb them each month with...

**Kurb**

He does the work of three men, sells War Bonds like mad and then relaxes by staging entertainments for servicemen.

**Which Deodorant wins your vote?**

- CREAM?
- POWDER?
- LIQUID?

For ordinary use, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for your purpose—important to you and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

**Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins**

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a powder is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin in absorption.

**Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins**

There's one powder created especially for this purpose—QUEST® POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex® Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unassented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your sure way to avoid offending. Many months' supply, only 35c.

**QUEST POWDER**

The Kotex Deodorant

**ED SULLIVAN ENTERTAINS**

ONE of these days, when the war is over, Ed Sullivan is going to take a rest. He'll deserve it. He deserves it, now.

For the duration, however, he'll go on trying to do the work of at least three men and, at odd moments, being thankful that his early interest in sports was active as well as a matter of business. Besides writing his regular Broadway column for the New York Daily News and planning and preparing his radio broadcast, Ed Sullivan Entertains, Monday, 7:15 P.M., EWT, over CBS, he's always in the midst of organizing and staging one or another gala all-star benefit show. Nevertheless, he finds time to make personal appearances at Canteens, Army Camps, Bond rallies and Service Clubs, sometimes three in one day.

Ed is a real New Yorker, born in Harlem in 1910. When his twin brother Daniel died, the family moved to Port Chester, a small town near New York City. Ed went to St. Mary's Parochial School there and later to the Port Chester High School, where he won twelve letters in sports and captained the championship baseball team in the Westchester County Interscholastic League.

Ed owes more than his present good physical condition—road, straight shoulders, solid frame and incredible energy—to this early training. He also owes it his first job—sports editor on the Port Chester Daily Item.

In 1920, he went to work in New York City as a sports writer on the New York Evening Mail. After twelve years as a sports writer, during which time he moved from the Evening Mail to The World, The Morning Telegraph, and, finally, to the Graphic, he became a Broadway columnist.

It was as a Broadway columnist that Sullivan found himself launched in vaudeville and radio. His earliest vaudeville shows grew out of his interest in young performers he had seen in the night clubs he covered, who, he felt, deserved a break. Some of the people who got their real chance in the theater through Sullivan are Eleanor Powell, Ella Logan, the Ritz Brothers and Ray and Grace MacDonald. He's still never too busy to listen to, or watch, some youngster and give his advice and, more often than not, his help.

The contacts he made in this work made him the natural choice for staging the huge charity all-star shows with which the public associates his name. That he was the right one is evidenced by the financial successes they have been—his show at Madison Square Garden for the Army Emergency Relief grossed $226,500, breaking all existing records for a one-nighter. Then, he broke his own record by piling up $249,000 with the Madison Square Garden show he staged for the American Red Cross.

Ed feels that his most important contribution to radio was introducing Jack Benny to the air waves. That was in May 1932, on his CBS program. Since that time, Ed has been responsible for the radio debuts of such celebrities as George M. Cohan, Jack Pearl—who later became the Baron Munchausen—Florenz Eggeling, Jimmy Durante, Jack Haley and Irving Berlin.

His present program is a delight in informality and intimate chatter. That's the way it sounds. Actually, it takes days of preparation. Ed interviews each of his guests days in advance, and then incorporates the highlights of their careers in the scripts which sound so spontaneous coming over the air to you.

Ed's mail is voluminous, but it can't be called strictly fan mail. A large part of it seems to come from people who have written songs and want to know how to get them published. "Everybody seems to write songs these days," Ed says. "It's one of those secret ambitions, I guess."

He is married—as he said, "Variety would call my wife a non-pro—" and the Sullivans have a twelve-year-old daughter.
Could any gift mean more to the girl who receives it than a genuine Lane Cedar Hope Chest? Could any other gift express so beautifully for the man who sends it those intimate things of the heart that can't be said?

But that is not all. There are many practical reasons why a genuine Lane is the gift of gifts from a man to the girl he loves.

Only LANE CEDAR CHESTS have all these MOTH PROTECTION Features

Built of 34-inch aromatic red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations, Lane Hope Chests combine age-old romantic tradition with nature's own moth-destroyer—the aromatic aroma of red cedar. No other wood has that aroma. No other wood possesses its power to destroy moths. And Lane Hope Chests are the only pressure-treated, aroma-tight red cedar chests in all the world. That's why the moth protection of a Lane is sure. That's why it is guaranteed by a free insurance policy, written by one of the world's largest insurance companies.


A portion of our production is devoted to the manufacture of aircraft plywood and parts, Lend-Lease panels, and molded plywood boat parts.

Warworkers, too, are starting their future homes in LANE CEDAR HOPE CHESTS

B U Y  W A R  B O N D S

Lane Christmas Special

$39.50

STOP MOTH SABOTAGE
with a LANE Cedar Chest!

Wacs, Waves, Spurs, Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, Warworkers! Don't let your woolens become a part of America's estimated $200,000,000.00 annual loss from moth sabotaged. Woolens are vital war materials. Put them in the safe-keeping of a LANE Cedar Chest.

TO MEN AND WOMEN IN THE ARMED SERVICES
If you want to send a LANE Cedar Hope Chest to a certain someone and you don't know the Lane dealer's name in the community, write to the Lane factory. The LANE chest of your choice will be delivered in accordance to your wishes. We will assume the responsibility of attending to that important detail for you.
Create flattering new beauty
... IN JUST A FEW SECONDS

EVELYN KEYES
in Columbia’s
“THERE’S SOMETHING
ABOUT A SOLDIER”

★ It creates a lovely new complexion

★ It helps conceal tiny complexion faults

★ It stays on for hours without re-powdering

Yes, just a few seconds to make up... and you’ll be thrilled with the touch of glamour Pan-Cake Make-Up gives to your natural beauty. Created originally for Technicolor pictures by Max Factor Hollywood, Pan-Cake Make-Up is now the favored fashion with millions of girls and women.

Pan-Cake * Make-Up
ORIGINATED BY MAX FACTOR* HOLLYWOOD
I looked down into the sleepy little face, feeling tenderness stirring in my heart for the first time since Ray left me.

She needed him—needed his kisses, his laughter, his love. But Ray walked out of Penny's life and she was all alone, her secret locked in her heart.

I SUPPOSE you can always find excuses for yourself when you've done something you know is wrong. You have to, I guess, to be able to look yourself in the eye, afterwards, to be able to face your own conscience. I can find excuses for what I did to Ray. I can say that I didn't know what I was doing, that I was inexperienced, so blinded by what I had that I didn't realize what I was losing; but that would be a lie. I did know—I knew on that spring afternoon when Ray gave up his hopes for the future, and on the stormy night more than a year later, when he told me what was in his weary heart.

Or I can say that I was only what people—first my parents and then Ray—made me. But that's a shoddy, comfortless excuse. You can't be much of a person to begin with if love and tenderness can twist you into something hateful.

And so it happened, and I didn't raise my hand to stop it. Maybe there was some shame, deep within me. But if there was, I found a way of transforming it into something much more satisfying in those days—something that could be called resentment, defiance, self-pity. A shabby garment for my soul to wear in place of love's rich brocade.

I was born in the big frame house on Whittier Street, in Malverne. In a way, that house is almost the evil genius of my life. It was a good house. There wasn't a better one on Whittier Street, Papa used to say, and in those days that meant there wasn't a better one in all Malverne. When the wind swept in off the Illinois prairie, the house met it without a quiver, and when the garden in back wilted in the heat, the high-ceilinged rooms were duskily cool.

But it killed my father and mother, that house did. They built it when they were first married, when Papa was young and sure that he was going...
to be a success, and when they both were planning on having a big family. Papa was a watchmaker and jeweler, and in those days, early in the century, he took it as a matter of course that eventually he'd have his own store on Main Street. He never did. On the day he died, suddenly, at his work-bench, he was still working for Marberry and Son.

Their dreams of having a big family, too—they were just dreams. There were two boys born before me, but they died when they were babies, and after the Mak, and Mama never went on. We lived together in the big house, Papa, Mama, and me. And The Mortgage.

When I was a little girl, I used to think that The Mortgage was a man with fierce black whiskers who might come any day and take the house away from us. Later, of course, I learned what it really was, but I'm not so sure my childhood impression wasn't the right one.

What made them go on, those two people, struggling to pay for a house that was too big, too hard to heat, too top-heavy with taxes, too expensive in every way? I think I know. It was a symbol to them. It was their place in the world. Papa might come home at night with his eyes red-rimmed and streaming from peering all day at his delicate work, and Mama might get a job clerking in Ross's department store at Christmas time, to get money for a few presents—but as long as they had the house, they could hold their heads up among their neighbors. We were the Clays, who lived in that lovely big house on Whittier Street.

We were all fiercely proud of the house. It was a burden, but Mama and Papa loved it. Even I loved it, for I realized only dimly that it and its demands were the reasons I couldn't have ice-skates when all the other children did, couldn't jingle a few coins in my purse to spend on Saturday afternoons, couldn't have a dress that was bought in a store instead of painfully fitted and sewed by Mama at home.

I loved it, I guess, because Papa and Mama did, and they loved it, next to me, because it was their one possession.

Well, I grew up there, in that atmosphere of never enough money to go around. I graduated from high school—a slight, slender girl with wide, inquiring brown eyes and hair that I could wear in a long bob because it was softly heavy and a little waved—and went to work as an office nurse for Dr. Ray Adamson. I was eighteen, and I knew Dr. Adamson had hired me simply because I was the prettiest thing he'd ever seen. I knew it because one afternoon he told me so.

He was like that—impulsive, frank, gay. I'd never known anyone like him, and he puzzled and fascinated me. He was young, only a year out of medical school, and as handsome as any girl's secret dreams, with dark hair and skin and a wide, delighted smile that seemed to invite you to share with him the vast joke which was the world. He worked like a fiend, and loved it—but, on the other hand, when there were no patients in the waiting room he'd come into it, throw himself down into a chair and cock his long legs up on another one, and talk nonsense until someone came in or I made him go out on a call.

In less than a year he'd built up a very good practice in Malverne, and it was still growing, but he didn't seem to care at all how much money he made.

"I'll cure 'em—if I can," he said. "And you collect 'em, Penny—if you can." I usually did, and the money went into the bank. I'm sure he never knew how much he had there. Every now and then he'd remark seriously, "I really ought to save. Someday I want to give up general practice and specialize." Then, the next day, he'd go out and buy an expensive new piece of surgical equipment, and be as thrilled with it as a little boy with a
new toy.

If I scolded him, he'd grin and throw his arm around my shoulders. "You're right," he'd say. "Tell me, how can anyone as beautiful as you be so practical?"

I couldn't take him seriously, not even when he began asking me to go out with him at night. I never knew whether he was playing or not—never until a night when the moon hung like a ripe pumpkin in the sky, and he parked the car on a little bluff a few miles from town and turned to me, his black eyes sparkling.

"Let's get married, Penny," he said. "Let's get married so we can always be together and I can think about something else besides you, for a change."

"Married?" I gasped. "You mean you really— Don't joke, Ray. Please.

"I'm not joking," he told me. "Oh, I know I kid around a lot, but that's because I'd rather laugh than pull a long face. And I can't see why marriage shouldn't be fun. Do you?"

"No, but— Do you love me, Ray?"

I'd been so careful to keep reminding myself that he didn't, I still couldn't quite believe he did.

This time there wasn't even a trace of laughter in his voice. "I love you so much I want to touch you every minute. So much that I can't imagine anything in the world better than hearing you say you love me, too."

Wonderingly, I listened, feeling a strange mixture of tenderness and joy. He was so big and strong and brilliant—and he loved me! It was beautiful, being loved. It was like perfume, like wine, like sun on your skin. It was like being given the world for a present.

So—"I love you too, Ray," I said.

But we weren't married as soon as we planned, because only two weeks later they brought Papa home from the store, dead. Just that summer he'd made the last payment on the house. It was as if buying it had been his lifework and, once it was accomplished, his heart had stopped beating.

Mama didn't cry, after the funeral, but she changed. Nothing seemed to matter a great deal to her—nothing but the house. I think, in some strange way, that being in the house made her feel Papa was still with her. She used to sit in the living room, not reading or sewing, just looking about her with a kind of quiet pride. And she insisted on keeping it as spotlessly clean as ever, doing most of the work during the day, when I was working at the office and couldn't help her. I kept my job, of course, because my salary was about all we had to live on.

Ray was sweet and considerate all through that difficult time. I knew he was anxious to talk about our own future, but he didn't press me. Finally, about a month after Papa's death, I knew what I wanted to do. I told him, late one afternoon in the office, after the last patient had gone.

"I can't leave my mother, Ray," I said.

"She's so alone now—I just couldn't, Ray. Would you mind very much if we all three lived together in the big house, after we're married?"

He considered it, an unaccustomed little frown creasing his forehead. "Wouldn't she be more comfortable if we fixed up an apartment for her—somewhere all her own?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" I said. "I couldn't ask her to leave the house. It means so much to her, more than we can imagine. And it's plenty big enough for all three of us. If we wanted to, we could fix it up so it was more modern, and it would still be cheaper than buying and furnishing a place of our own."

"Yes, that's true," he admitted. "Except that I wouldn't buy a house—we'll probably want to leave Malverne in a few years," he added carelessly. He looked into my serious face, and suddenly his own lightened. "heck, darling, we'll live anywhere you want to. On a bench in the park, if you say so. Just as long as you think you and your mother can hit it off together, with you being Mrs. Adamson—that's all I care about.

I was in his arms, held close to his big, muscular body, feeling its assurance, its protectiveness. I loved him. But a part of my love was the knowledge that he would always give me what I wanted. A part of my love was a sense of power.

We were married, quietly, in January, 1936, and we spent our honeymoon in Chicago and returned to live in the big house on Whittier Street. At first, it was the same house I'd always known, but that spring it underwent a transformation. We started out modestly, planning on new wallpaper throughout and a different, more graceful front door. But while we were at it, it seemed foolish not to modernize the kitchen and bathroom, and then we decided to have another bathroom downstairs, and the new front door would have looked too dreadfully new if we hadn't gone ahead and remodeled the whole side (Continued on page 69)
He got down beside her, and I think he said something to her, but I don't remember. I was too busy trying to silence the roaring in my ear.

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Mama didn't cry. After the funeral, she didn't even seem to feel she had to make a great deal to her—she just went on as if the house, in some strange way, belonged to her. She just--I don't feel Papa was still with her. She used to take everybody into her world, as ever, doing most of the work during the day, when she was working at the office and couldn't help her. I kept my job, of course, because my salary was about all we had to live on.

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It was a strange day that Dave and I drove to Stanford to be married, a rainy September day, tart with fall, sweet with passing summer. The countryside was a desolate gray, split by the shining wet ribbon of highway; while the sky above us was low and threatening, always over the next hill it was high and brightly silver.

It was symbolic, I thought—the dark earth was our present, troubled by the war which Dave was helping to fight; the future was the bright patch of sky toward which we drove.

Dave took his hand from the wheel to lay it briefly on mine. "Everything all right?" he asked for the half-dozen time.

I made a quick mental review of the few preparations I'd had time for between his six o'clock call and his coming, at seven, to pick me up. My mother was out of town visiting friends and I had left her a note, explaining that since Dave had just two free days before he had to report back to the Air Transport Command, we were going to use them for our long-delayed wedding. I had wired my office, which wouldn't open until nine, to the effect that I wouldn't be at work for a day or two. I had put on the new blue suit and the tiny matching hat I had been saving for Dave's next visit home, never daring to hope that it would be my wedding dress; I had packed the cut velvet robe and the sheer underthings I'd bought in the year since he had given me my ring.

I rested my head against the back of the seat. "What could possibly be wrong?" I murmured happily.

He flashed me a ruefully humorous glance. "You know me, Marianne. I never count on anything—except you."

My hand tightened on his. I fixed my eyes on the bright patch of sky ahead of us, not wanting him to see what an achievement his words meant, how hard it had been to win the confidence he had in me. Perhaps, if he had known, he wouldn't have under-stood. Dave was afraid of nothing; he was never hesitant. He wouldn't have understood timidity in a person close to him.

And I—I had always been afraid of almost everything. I'd been afraid when I was small; my mother was a widow, and when she went to work I was left alone with all of the things a child finds fearsome—the silence of the house, the gloom of the shadowy woods just beyond our back yard, the dark at night. As I grew older, there were other fears—of fast driving, of flying, even with Dave, of failing at school, of failing in my job, of the future. I think now, that if I had had brothers and sisters I would have realized that fear was an ordinary human emotion and nothing to be ashamed of. But I had never been really close to anyone except my mother and Dave, and they were both courageous people; the biggest fear that was possible for me to find out my weakness. I hid it from them, forced myself to do the things I was most afraid of; I learned to keep a calm face when I was most terrified. It hadn't been easy, but I would have done much more to keep mother from worrying about me, to keep Dave loving me.

It was a curious thing about Dave—he expected a girl to sit without screaming while he did a power dive in a plane which, for its age and condition, should never have left the ground, and yet he was the kind of man who made a woman feel tiny and especially feminine. He was tall and brown and muscular, and his face was made hawk-like by a high-bridged, arrogant nose and keen flyer's eyes that matched exactly his dark, red-brown hair. Even lounging easily behind the wheel of the car, guiding it with one seemingly negligent hand, there was a sureness and a strength about him. I was small and inclined to paleness, a pallor accentuated by the blackness of my hair. Beside him I felt almost fragile.

I loved the look he wore—an intent look, determined and alert for danger to the project dearest to his heart. It was a look that had become a part of him in his struggling youth in Middleton. Dave was an orphan; he'd had to plan and fight for everything he ever got—for the clothes he'd worn to school, for the old jalopy he'd put together practically from the contents of junkyards, for a share in the ancient air-planes a group of the Middleton High boys had bought in their senior year, for money for gasoline and flying lessons.

That determination, that single-mindedness of his, had borne fruit. The older people of Middleton had shaken their heads over the rickety plane and the make-shift airport. It was wasteful, they'd said, and dangerous—what business did poor boys like Dave Knowles and Lenny Hill have tinkering around with rich men's playthings like airplanes? They were proud of Dave and Lenny now, and of the other boys who had flown with them, proud that Middleton had so many pilots in Air Transport and in the Air Corps. And it was Dave's salary as a ferry pilot that made our marriage possible years sooner than we'd expected. Dave had no resources but his head and his hands. Dave's thoughts must have been back-tracking, too. He patted the steering wheel fondly. "Glad this isn't
His leave, long awaited, was to have been a memory to carry him through all the grim days ahead. To her, it was to be the fulfillment of her dreams. So begins the story of Marianne who tried to bargain with Fate.

fly that day. But I had misjudged Dave. He held the tinny-looking door of the little ship open for me, saying, "Come on, Marianne. You first. We'll let Lenny rest a while."

The car slowed as Dave's arm went around my waist, drawing me close to him. "You know, I'll never forget that day."

"Because of Lenny?"

"What about Lenny? Oh, sure, I remember—he was with us. No, I remember it because of you, and the kick you got out of flying, even when the engine shook on its wires and the old radiator kept spitting rusty water back in our faces. I'd been pretty crazy about you before, but until then I hadn't really believed that a girl could have a man's nerve, that she could go right along with a fellow."

The kick I got out of flying! I had sat terror-bound, unable to feel, to think, and each subsequent flight had been less a pleasure than a triumph over having once more covered my fear. But Dave's pride in me and his admission of it now, was reward enough.

Neither of us spoke much the rest of the way to Stanford. There was one thought in both of our minds, and it could have been summed up in two words—at last! We had waited so long for this day. I had been reasonably content in loving Dave, being loved by him, sure that one day we would be together. But Dave, with that determination of his to get what he wanted, had fretted impatiently through the penny-pinching years between his graduation from high school and his enlistment. And then, when lack of money no longer stood in our way, there had been no time. I had seen him on three occasions in the year he'd been in service, and only for a few hours each time. Pilots were badly needed in the first months of the war, and his base of operations was so far from Middleton that it was impossible for him to come home unless he got a chance to fly both ways.

The rain stopped after noon, and as
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That determination, that singleness of mind, that sense of fulfillment and purpose in his life was so prominent in Dave that it would be wrong to say what he had been to me. The old wreck I used to drive," he said. And then, "Remember the field at the edge of town?" I nodded. That was all the airport the boys had—just a field, without hangar, without a license, without, when the ground was soft, a place for landings and take-offs. It had been illegal for them to fly there, of course, and it had taken all of Dave's powers of contrivance and persuasion to keep using the field.

"Remember the morning you cut class to go out with us?" he asked. It had been a beautiful May morning, when Lenny and Dave and I had piloted gaily into Dave's old car and had driven out to the field. That is, I was going until I realized that Dave expected me to go up with him. To make matters worse, Lenny dropped the tail of the plane while unmooring it from the stake which secured it against the wind, and the tail skidded his thumb against a rock, cutting it to the bone. "I've been flying—nothing at all. I've had some instructions in flying, but it's been necessary to learn by doing. Dave ran across the road to a diner for sugar to clot the blood; I bowed down and cleaned and bandaged it myself with my first-aid kit. I didn't mean to hurt Lenny; I meant to help him; but he kept me busy—kept me from thinking. Dave's thoughts must have been back-tracking, too. He patted the steering wheel fondly. "Glad this isn't the old wreck I used to drive," he said. And then, "Remember the field at the edge of town?"

His leave, long awaited, was to have been a memory to carry him through all the grim days ahead. To her, it was to be the fulfillment of her dreams. So begins the story of Marianne who tried to bargain with Fate.
we drove into Stanford, a watery sun broke through the clouds. "The sun!"
I exclaimed. "I thought you were good for Dave!"
He grinned at the feminine interpretation of a natural phenomenon.
"Uh-huh. And what's more, they've got us the whole brass band to welcome us. Look over there."
I looked. Two blocks to town where Stanford, main street ran past, I saw the road, there was the gleam of instruments, the snowy white banners, a gathering crowd. The band struck up a march, and the brasses and the banners surged forward.

W e tacked around town and succeeded in avoiding the parade, although when we reached the hotel, there was still a blaze of martial music in the distance. The street on which the hotel stood was quiet, like the drowsy quiet of Sunday in a small town. The hotel, a low white frame building guarded by tall trees, dreamed in the pale sunlight.

Dave signed the register with a flourish—Mr. and Mrs. David Knowles. The clerk beamed at us. "Bride and groom?" he asked.

"That's right," said Dave, and his glance met mine in a little joyous cross-fire. He squeezed my hand. "Wait here, honey, while I clean up a bit. I'll be right back."

He followed the clerk up the curving staircase, and I sat down on an upholstered bench to wait for him. The lobby was empty except for an old lady who sat nodding over a book in the corner. It was a shadowy place after the fresh-washed sunshine outside, and quiet—almost unearthly quiet. The clerk reappeared, padding softly down the carpeted stairs, and he disappeared again into a room behind the desk. As I waited and Dave did not come back, some of the brightness of the day was dimmed, and the shadows seemed to creep closer, bringing a coolness that was like a premonition of illness. I sat down and felt a little lonesome and uncertain—the feeling I'd always had when Dave was gone and the glow of his presence faded. When I was with him, I was above and beyond my real self; I was an unreeling, reckless person who loved the things he loved, like fast cars and airplanes. I made myself brave, made myself like swift movement and the thrilling touch of danger, because they were part of him.

Dave loved the person I had made of myself for him—the girl with a man nerve, who would go rigging along with a fellow. For the first time, there in the sobering quiet of the empty lobby, when I was to be married within the hour, a chill of doubt ran through me. I had never failed Dave, but there were years ahead of us, years of days and nights, after the war, of being together—would there be times when I couldn't live up to his own high courage, when he would go where I couldn't follow?

I thought. It was wonderful to be marrying Dave, and if it was a little frightening, too, then it was frightening as life was frightening. He was my life; I would no more have thought of giving him up than I would have thought of giving up life itself.

"Wait—Dave's voice and his step on the stairs—he came down them two at a time—dispelled completely the chill and the shadows. With the arm around my waist he swept me out to the car, explaining breathlessly on the way. "I'm sorry you had to wait, but I couldn't find the ring—and all the time it was in my pocket!"

"It's traditional for the groom to lose the ring—" My moment of doubt was forgotten, and I couldn't suppress a school-girl impulse to giggle. That was my mood, and Dave's, too, although he was far above giggling. My feet wanted to dance to unheard music; the very air around us sparked. It was as if the months and the years of waiting had been a cork to spirits let suddenly free to overflow. The car sped through the streets—deserted streets, now that the parade was over. "Sleepy town," said Dave, "sleepy people. Of course, they're not on their way to their wedding."

I laughed, and we both felt enormously superior.

We stopped at a florist's for a corsage of small yellow roses for me, and Dave pinned them on my shoulder, explaining gravely that flowers were traditional for the bride. When we reached the courthouse, he lifted me out of the car, and we ran up the steps hand in hand.

The big double doors were closed. Dave tried them, put his shoulder to them before we saw the printed cardboard notice on the panel. "This office will be closed all day Labor Day—"

We stared at the sign.

"Labor Day!" I gasped.

"Forty-eight hours leave!" said Dave.

He turned, and I followed him down the steps to the car, not realizing fully that those closed doors meant to us, but thinking instead, as women will, of the little ordinary things that should have reminded us of the day. Mother's trip out of town because of the long weekend, the parade in Stanford, the holiday quiet of the streets. "Dave, how could we have forgotten? How ridiculous of us—"

My voice broke on a shaky laugh.

"It's ridiculous, all right." At his tone the false laugh died in my throat.

We drove a block and parked outside a drugstore. "Wait here." It was a command, and the familiar determined look was firm on his face. He disappeared into the store. In a few minutes he came out again, his mouth grim, his shoulders slumped in defeat. It occurred to me then that I had never before seen Dave defeated in anything. He didn't get into the car immediately, but stood with one foot on the runningboard, looking down at me. "I got the clerk on the telephone," he said. "He can't do a thing for us." He hesitated, as if waiting for me to speak, and then he added, "There's absolutely no way of getting a license today."

"There's tomorrow—" I knew beforehand, somehow, that it was the wrong thing to say, and it was.

He looked at me as though he had never really seen me before, his eyes widening incredulously. Then without answering, he slid in under the steering wheel.

We drove silently, aimlessly, around the town, Dave sitting well over on his side of the seat, I on mine. I didn't understand. It seemed impossible that only a few minutes ago we had run up the courthouse steps, laughing, hand in hand. Now it was as if those closed doors had not only blocked our way but had flung us farther apart than we had ever been before. Desperately I wanted his arms around me, wanted him whispering in my ear, laughing a little at our stupidity and saying that it was just one of those things that happen to people. Instead, for some unknown reason, I dared not speak to him, dared not reach out to him, know-
I heard my own voice asking, “Why can’t we go back to the hotel?” “We will,” he said flatly. “I’ll arrange for another room.” “That isn’t what I meant.” He turned and looked at me sharply, unbelievingly. “Do you want to?” “Yes.” But it was an uncertain little sound.

The flare of eagerness died out of his eyes; his lips tightened, then twitched into a faint, distant smile. He shook his head. “You don’t want to, really, Marianne. Although I don’t understand why. We belong to each other anyway, under any circumstances. And we’ll be married in the morning. It isn’t as if we were taking a chance on tomorrow—”

I interrupted him. “Dave, I said I wanted to go back. I do! I do!”

He put his hand under my chin, tilted my face to look long andsearchingly into my eyes. What he saw there convinced him. He did not speak, but he bent his head and kissed me gently, almost reverently.

We had driven up the bluff in silence and we rode down in silence. But it was a happy silence, now—at least on Dave’s part. I was trying to sort out my troubled thoughts, to answer the chiding of my conscience. The same imagination which had conjured bogy-men out of the dark when I was small was forseeing unhappy possibilities—how grieved my mother would be if she knew, (Continued on page 96)
I heard my own voice asking, "Why can't we go back to the hotel?" We'll be safe there."

"That isn't what I meant."

"You wouldn't be scared of me at all sharply, unbelievingly. "Do you want to?"

"Yes. But it was an uncertain little sound."

The flare of eagerness died out of him; his lips tightened, and he twisted into a faint, distant smile. He shook his head. "They don't want me."

"I don't really understand. Although I don't want to understand why. We belong to each other anyway, under any circumstances."

And we'll be married in the morning. It isn't as if we were taking a chance on tomorrow."

I interrupted him. "Dave, I said I wanted to go back."

He put his hand under my chin, tilted my face to look long and searchingly into my eyes. What he saw there convinced him. He did not speak, but he bent his head and kissed me most reverently.

We had driven up the bluffs in silence and in silence. But it was a happy silence, now—at least on my side. I had no troubled thoughts, to answer the brooding of my mind. I had conjured boyish, carefree moments of the dark when I was small and free. I believed my mother would be as she knew. (Continued on page 56.)

**A Stars Over Hollywood Story**

_This is My Secret_ was adapted from an original radio story, entitled _Flying Minstrelman_, by Ralph Race, First heard on CBS Over Hollywood, broadcast Saturdays at 12:30 P.M., EWT, over CBS.
Somewhere there is

When you fall in love with another woman’s husband you forget everything but your own happiness, even though you know the love you are taking does not belong to you.

Nobody is ever alone. I know that, now. I know it because I tried to be alone, once. I tried to shut myself away from the world, tried to make my life a dark, closed-in room where the whole world was forbidden to enter, where I could live, cut away from everyone and everything, with only my grief, only my memories of other, happier days, for company.

You think you are alone, and perhaps in your mind you are, but you can’t stay physically shut up in a room forever. You have to come out, and when you do there’s the sunshine to warm you and the flowers to see, and laughter of happy people to hear. So you open the doors of your mind, too, for just a moment, and when you try to close them again you find that the world has intruded, that the world won’t let you alone.

The dark room I made for myself wasn’t real, of course; you couldn’t see it or feel it. But it was very real to me, for all that. I entered it on the day Blair died. After that though you might have met me on the street or worked at the bench beside me in the Wayland plant, the real Lona Kemble wasn’t there at all—she was huddled in her dark little room, alone with her memories, grieving for her husband, who had been her husband only so short a time. If she saw anything, it was only Blair’s face, whiter than the sands of the beach on which he lay—his eyes closed, drops of water still glistening by his mouth. If she heard anything, it was only the doctor’s voice, saying warily, “I’m sorry, Mrs. Kemble. There is nothing I can do.”

I could have stood it if he had died on Guadalcanal or Bataan. The uniform he wore was a warning of death. But this was our honeymoon. We had been married only a week. Striped umbrellas were gay on the beach, and in our cottage back of the dunes the pillow was still dented where his head had lain after lunch, his pipe on the window-sill was still faintly warm. Yet here he lay, not breathing, cold—on a holiday beach, under a summer sun. The breakers, rolling in one after the other, seemed lazy and powerless now—as if, having claimed him, they were gorged, satiated.

He had been so at home in the water, loving it, playing in it, shearing through it like some young sea-god. That afternoon, while I dozed on the sand, not even knowing he’d left my side, he must have plunged in and swum far out, glorying in the satin coolness of the waves as they slid over and past him, churning the water to broth with his reaching arms and flailing legs. Then—a sudden cramp, a corkscrew of pain spiralling through him, a cry that came so faintly above the roar of the breakers on the beach that the young life-guard didn’t hear it. That was how he died, as nearly as we could ever reconstruct it.

Kind voices spoke to me, sympathetic hands clutched me, but I broke away from them all, refusing comfort, and ran to the cottage, locking myself in. And there I sat for long hours in the rooms where we had been so briefly happy, Blair and I, or lay, dull and emotionless, on the bed where he had held me in his arms and whispered his love in the darkness.

I had no feeling, because I didn’t dare to feel. I didn’t cry, because I knew that if I once started there would be no stopping, that crying would be madness, that I would tear myself apart with weeping. Most of all, I knew that if I let myself think, even, I couldn’t stand it. I had to hold myself in, keep the grief tight and secret inside me, so that I would dare to go out into the world, dare to leave the cottage, as I knew I would have to do.

Sometime during that first night, I came to a simple realization. No tears of mine could bring him back, no prayers quicken his lips again on mine. I think that was the moment when I entered the darkness of the little room, the room that was to hold me and my memories of Blair, and closed the door to keep out the world. For me there was no world outside—Blair had been my world. I had loved him with the depth and sweetness and clarity and purity that stirs the heart of a woman when she loves for the first time. I had lost him. From now on, I would be alone.

Until Blair and I were married, I had lived with my parents and younger brother in the small Eastern town where Blair and I both grew up. Of course they wanted me to come back to them, but I couldn’t face the prospect of wandering alone through the streets where Blair and I had skylarked on our way home from school, of seeing the people who had known us both, of feeling their pity. So, after the funeral, I went away. I went as far as I could—clear across the continent, to a city on the West Coast.

I can’t pretend that it was patriotism which led me to work in a war plant, because patriotism was one of the things that lost their meaning when
Blair was drowned. I simply came into town with very little money and no training. I bought a newspaper and looked at the "Help Wanted" ads, and the one which looked most promising was the Wayland Rubber Company's, asking for unskilled workers, male and female. I didn't even know until after I had applied and been accepted that Wayland made rubber life rafts. I was pleased, then, in a negative sort of way, that I would be helping to make something to save lives, not to take them—something to cheat the sea of men it might otherwise swallow.

For more than a year I worked at the Wayland plant—eight, ten, twelve hours a day, like one of the machines around me. Overtime meant nothing to me; neither did the pay checks which gradually grew larger. I put them into the bank and drew out what I needed, which was very little since I lived in

Suddenly Tom opened his eyes. He was watching me: "Lona—" he said softly.
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a single room not far from the factory, I knew a few of the girls I worked with, but they couldn't have been called my friends. A prisoner has no friends.

I was twenty-three years old, but I'd stopped thinking of myself as being any age. I'd stopped, in fact, thinking of myself as a woman, or even as a person. I was existing, and that was all.

But every prison of the soul has its crevice, through which sunlight beckons.

ONE day I was transferred to another section of the factory, from the cutting room to the assembly room. The work was no more difficult than that I had just left, but my fingers had grown so used to performing a certain set of movements that they fumbled and slipped when I tried to change their tasks. Suddenly a deep, resonant voice spoke at my shoulder.

"Having a little trouble? Here, let me show you."

Lean, long-fingered hands took the strip of flat rubber from me, applied it to the seam on the surface of the raft, pressed it down with a quick, rolling motion. "See? It looks simple, but it's tricky until you get the hang of it."

I looked up—and it was like looking once more into Blair's face.

For an instant, my heart stopped dead. Then it started again, heavily. For I'd been completely mistaken. This man didn't look in the least like Blair. It must have been some trick of the light, some momentary illusion, that had made me think he did. He was older than Blair had been, and thinner, and not quite as tall. His hair was a dark golden-brown, lighter on top where the sun had burned it, and Blair's had been black. His face was long, a little thin, with high cheekbones, and his eyes—Now I knew why I'd thought of Blair. In his eyes—gray-green, heavy lashed—there was the same love of life I'd seen in Blair's, the same friendliness and good humor, the same eapening imp of gaiety.

"You're one of the new girls, aren't you?" he asked. "I'm Norton, the section supervisor. I'll be around again, to see how you're getting along."

With a nod and a smile, he walked away. I turned back to my work, but my hands shook and my face was burning hot. I wanted to call him back, just to say something—anything—to him, to see again those eyes so strangely reminiscent of Blair's. He must have thought me terribly stupid, not even thanking him for his help, just staring at him as if he were a ghost—because of course he couldn't have known how near to being a ghost he had seemed!

Then I took a deep breath and glanced around, and the world settled once more into reality—or what passed, with me, for reality. Blair was dead, and I was alone, safe in my solitude, and nothing else was important.

Yet, after that, every time he went along the aisle in back of me, I knew he was there. Without turning around, and even though the noise in the big, echoing room made it impossible to hear his steps, I knew it.

Two days later, I came off shift to find that a solid sheet of water stretched from earth to sky. It was one of the torrential rains common at this season of the year. Most of the other girls hesitated a moment, then huddled their coats over their heads and ran for the parking lot or the bus stop. But I waited—I had no car, and I lived too close to take the bus.

While I stood there, he—it was only with an effort that I remembered he'd said his name was Norton—came out of the factory and stopped short at sight of the rain, a foot or so from me. "Whew!" he said, to no one in particular. "Is that rain!" Then he recognized me. "Oh, hello! Stranded?—want a lift?"

"No, thanks," I refused the offer instinctively. "I—I don't live very far away, and it'll stop soon."

"Maybe it will and maybe it won't," he said. "Can't ever tell in this country. Come on—the car's just around the corner."

Not waiting for my answer, he plunged into the rain, and there was nothing for me to do but follow him. That—as simply as that—was how it began.

I don't remember what we talked about on the short three-block drive to where I lived. The rain, I suppose, or the factory—certainly nothing important. He stopped the car and let me out and drove on again, and that was all. But afterwards, we were friends. If we met, coming on shift, there was more than mere politeness in his greeting; there was pleasure at seeing me, encouragement for the day or work ahead, a kind of silent camaraderie. And while I worked, I found a satisfaction I hadn't known before in the deftness of my hands, a pride that he should see me doing well.

From the gossip of the other girls, I learned that his first name was Tom, that he was married, that he'd been transferred to California from the main Wayland plant in Ohio. Everyone liked him and enjoyed working under him, and his section was one of the smoothest-running in the whole factory. Maisie, who worked across from me, summed it up.

"He's a swell guy, not like a boss," she said. "He's democratic."

Still, with all my awareness of him, I don't think we exchanged another dozen words until the night I walked into Harry's Diner, across the street from Wayland's, and found him eating alone at one of the tables.

As soon as he saw me, he waved and stood up, making it plain that he was inviting me to take the empty place opposite him. "Come and keep me company, won't you?" he asked.

"And have some wiener schnitzel with noodles. It's very good."

If it had been anyone else, I'd have made some excuse to eat alone, but I felt myself flushing with pleasure, grateful for his warm smile and the
already, but I didn’t know it. I knew only that talking to him, being near him, thawed the ice that had held me fast in its grip ever since Blair’s death. I knew he could make me laugh—I, who had thought I could never laugh again—that he even made the food I ate taste better, that, when he suggested it, I could go to a movie with him and find interest in the dilemmas of the people on the screen.

When he brought me home, he said diffidently, “Can’t we have dinner together again, tomorrow night? And at a little better kind of place?”

I hesitated. We had been together the whole evening, and several times he had spoken affectionately of his wife. Not by any stretch of the imagination could I accuse him of trying to hide his marriage. Yet now, for the first time, it came between us. Tonight had been an accident, but he was proposing something that would not be accidental, something planned and deliberate.

Through a chink in my dark room had filtered a ray of sunlight, and I reached out my hand to touch it.

“All right,” I said. “I’d like that.”

Another evening—and another—and another still. We were calling each other Tom and Lona now, and we had exchanged life histories. I had told him how Blair died, something I’d thought I could never speak of to anyone, and he’d told me in return that his transfer to California had been made at his request; in hopes that the climate would cure a bronchial congestion that had kept him out of the Army. “Not that I’m any hero-stuff,” he added quietly. “I just figure that anyone as anxious as I am to see the war ended ought to do all he can to hurry things along.”

We made a game of seeking out new places to eat, and one night we sat in his car after dinner and argued for hours about the war and its causes. Another time he took me to hear a concert, and in honor of the occasion I bought a new dress of soft maroon wool and had my hair washed and waved in a beauty parlor. I hardly knew the girl in the mirror when they had finished with me, it was so strange to see her again. I had forgotten that such things could matter as the silver-gilt sheen of my hair, the curve of my eyebrows, the shade of rouge on my full, generously modelled mouth.

On Sunday afternoon we took a bus into the country, riding until we saw a tree and patch of grass that looked inviting, then getting off at the next stop and walking back. For a while we talked, and then, lulled by the sun and breeze, we lay watching the clouds drift overhead. We had reached the point in our friendship when speech wasn’t necessary, when silence could express as much as words.

I sat up, after a while, clasping my arms around my knees. Beside me, Tom didn’t move. He was asleep, his chest rising and falling with the regularity of his breathing. Seeing him thus, tears leaped into my eyes—tears of gratitude for his existence, for the happiness he’d—

(Continued on page 63)
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I looked up—and it was like looking once more into Blair's face.

For an instant, my heart stopped dead. Then it started again, heavily. For I'd been completely mistaken. This man didn't look like the least like Blair. I must have been so tired, so thick with fatigue, so out of shape as to be seeking reliefs for my eyes—a dark, golden-brown, lighter than black, where the sun had burned it, and Blair's had been black. His face was long, a little thin, with high cheekbones, and his eyes—Now I knew why I'd thought of Blair. In his eyes—gray-green, heavy lashed—there was the same love of life I'd seen in Blair's, the same friendliness and good humor, the same captivating imp of gaiety.

"I'm one of the new girls, aren't you?" he asked. "I'm Norton, the section supervisor. I'll be around again, so you know how we're getting along."

With a nod and a smile, he walked away. I turned back to my work, my hands shook and my face was burning hot. I wanted to call him back, just to say something—anything—to remind him of Blair's. He must have thought me terribly stupid, not even thanking him for his help, just staring at him as if he were a ghost—because of course he couldn't have known how long it had been since I'd seen him.

Then I took a deep breath and glanced around me, and the world settled once more into reality—or what passed, with me, for reality. Blair was dead, and I alone, safe in my solitude, and nothing else was important.

Yet, after that, every time I went along the aisle in back of me, I knew his presence, his whisper, his eyes waiting for me, and I couldn't bear to hear his steps, I knew it.

"Two days later, I came off shift to find that a solid sheet of water stretched from earth to sky. It was one of the torrential rains common at this season of the year. Most of the other girls hesitated a moment, then huddled their coats over their heads and ran for the parking lot or the bus stop. But I waited—till I'd had no car, and I lived too close to take the bus.

While I stood there, he—it was only with an effort that I remembered he'd said his name was Norton—came out of the factory and stopped short, a sight of the rain, a foot or so from me. "Where?" he said, to no one in particular, "Is that rain?" Then he recognized me. "Oh, hell! Stranded—want a lift?"

"No thanks," I refused the offer instinctively. I don't live very far away, I'll find you later, I said, and walked on.

"Maybe it will and maybe it won't," he said. "Can't ever tell this country. Come on—the car's just around the corner."

Not waiting for my answer, he plunged into the rain, and there was nothing for me to do but follow him. That—as simply as that—was how it began.

I don't remember what we talked about on the short three-block drive to where I lived. The rain, I suppose, or the factory—certainly nothing important. He stopped the car and let me out and drove on, and that was all. But afterwards, we were friends. If we met, coming on shift, there was more than mere politeness in his greeting; there was pleasure in seeing me, encouragement for the day or work ahead, a kind of silent communication.

While I walked, I found a satisfaction I hadn't known before in the deftness of my hands, a pride that I was 'in one, a thing I understood to be an artistic sense.

From the gossip of the other girls, I learned that he was married, that he'd moved to California from the main factory. Everyone had liked him and enjoyed working under him, and he'd been the smoothest—running in the whole factory—who worked across from me, summed it up.

"He's a swell guy, not like a boss," she said, "and he knows his business."

Still, with all my awareness of him, I don't think we exchanged another dozen words until the night I walked into Harry's Diner, across the street from Wayland's, and found him eating alone at one of the tables.

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PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Bright Horizon

Here they are, the people you have learned to love as you listen to this exciting story of Michael West and his wife, Carol

CAROL WEST is the adoring wife of Michael and the mother of their lovely baby son, Michael Jefferson West. Dark-haired Carol, besides keeping house for her husband, her niece Barbara, and the baby, also is doing her duty for her country as a Nurse's Aide in the town of Riverfield, where the Wests live. A short time ago, Michael became a victim of amnesia and was away from Riverfield for some time, and now Carol's love and patience are restoring her husband's health. (Played by Joan Alexander)

MICHAEL WEST is Riverfield's famous District Attorney. It was through his contact with a gang of racketeers that Michael became the victim of amnesia. It was during his illness that scheming Margaret McCarey, whom he once befriended, and who had fallen in love with him, took him to San Francisco and persuaded him that they were man and wife. Later, Michael regained his memory and returned to his position as District Attorney in Riverfield. (Played by Richard Kollmar)

This serial, Bright Horizon, is heard every day from Monday through Friday at 11:30 A.M., EWT, over the CBS network.
KEITH RICHARDS, who is in love with beautiful Margaret McCarey, weaves still another thread into the involved tangle of loves and rivalries which complicates the lives of the Wests and the McCareys. Margaret, whom Michael hired as his secretary after he had succeeded in getting her acquitted on a murder charge, has no time for Keith, for she is really in love with Michael. (Played by Lon Clark)

MARGARET McCAREY is married to wealthy Charles McCarey, but is desperately in love with Michael West. When Michael left her in San Francisco, after she had tricked him into going there after his illness, Margaret lost her eyesight. Now Margaret has returned to Riverfield and her very presence there is causing Michael and Carol to drift apart. (Played by Lesley Woods)
BARBARA WEST, Michael's niece, is studying singing under CEZAR BENEDICT. Barbara is the daughter of Michael's brother, Brian West, who has recently returned from Australia to claim his daughter, whom he deserted when she was a baby. The Wests, however, have reason to suspect that Brian is really not Barbara's father, but a clever impostor. Cezar Benedict, lovely young Barbara's singing teacher, entertains important artists who visit Riverfield. His faith in Barbara's eventual fame is strong.

(Played by Renee Terry and Stefan Schnabel)
CHARLES McCAREY, a millionaire who came to Riverfield to establish a PT Boat yard, is the husband of Margaret. A forthright and honest man himself, he admired those qualities in Michael West and helped Michael to be elected to the office of District Attorney. Charles married Margaret hoping to thwart her designs on Michael, although his real love was, and still is, Carol West. (Played by Dick Keith)

MRS. ANDERSON, Margaret's mother, owns a chicken farm outside of Riverfield—the farm where Michael and Carol met. And it was also here that Michael met Margaret, who at that time was accused of murdering her husband. Convinced of her innocence, Michael, who had not been practicing law, took the case, defended Margaret in court, and won her an acquittal. (Played by Irene Hubbard)
YOU'VE heard it said of people, "He can't see the forest for the trees," haven't you? I was like that.

The forest was the army and the war, and all the things we fellows are fighting for—security of our homes, safety for our families, continuance of our great, democratic way of life, peace for us all when the fighting is over. But the trees were in my way, keeping me from realizing what those things meant to me, personally. The trees were the restrictions of army life, the trouble I had adjusting myself to this new way of living, and—worst of all—my terrible loneliness, my crying need for Ruth.

The loneliness was something I couldn't seem to fight off. It kept coming over me like a physical sickness, and nothing I could do, or the few friends I'd made at camp could do, seemed to make any difference. Weekends were the worst—weekends when the other fellows, the single men and the men who didn't seem to care that they acted as if they were single, went off for leave. They tried to include me sometimes, but I had no desire to go along, somehow.

Bud Halleck was one of the more insistent ones. "Aw, come on Marley," Bud said one Saturday afternoon.

I shook my head.

Bud shrugged. "Okay," he said, tilting his garrison hat at a snappy angle, "it's your loss. Sally said she could get a swell girl for you." He started out of the barracks, then he turned back. "Say, how's about a five? You don't need it."

I loaned him the five dollars. Tony Busoni put his head in the door and called that the bus was down at the station. There was a rush for the door, and Bud was carried along in it.

It's always like that on Saturday afternoons. You can't get near the showers, because the fellows with weekend passes are busy fixing up to go into town. You can't hear yourself think in the barracks, because they're all running around, borrowing things and yelling about "where's this and where's that" and talking about the dates they have, or hope they'll get.

Army routine is no fun and you have to get out of it once in awhile. I felt that way, too, but I'd tried one of those weekends with Bud Halleck and it hadn't worked out. We met some girls at a USO club and took them out. I did my best, but I'm afraid the girl that got stuck with me had a pretty dismal time. I kept thinking of Ruth all the time. I don't mean the girl wasn't nice and pretty and everything. She just wasn't Ruth.

Bud couldn't understand that. He thought I was afraid of Ruth and he got a kick out of ribbing me in a good-natured way. I suppose nobody could understand, who wasn't married and in

With you beside me

They were like two halves of a whole, Ruth and Johnny, neither complete without the other's love. How could he bear to tell her she must go away?
love with his wife, as I was with Ruth.

Sometimes, those first three months in the Army, I used to think I couldn’t stand it. We’d come in from a long hike and hours of drill and I’d fall on my bunk and wish I were dead. I’d long for Ruth until it was like a burning ache inside me. I’d think of her and it would seem to me that if only I could be near her, just hear her soft voice and feel her cool hands on my face and smell the sweet smell of her skin and hair, everything would be easier, would make a little sense. But Ruth was almost a thousand miles away and all I had was memories of her and the need of her.

THAT weekend was pretty much the same as most. I relaxed some and wrote two long letters to Ruth. That helped a little. It sort of gave me the feeling that I was close to her. And, as always, the letters were full of ideas on how we could fix it for her to come down and see me. I’d been making plans for that, almost from the minute I was inducted. Maybe we were dreaming mostly, because Ruth had a job back home, but it gave us something to look forward to. Dreams aren’t much, but I think if I hadn’t had those, I’d have felt even more isolated from basic training without breaking away. The hope was something to hold onto when things were too tough.

Mail call is always an event. This one, on Monday, was special, for me anyway. I opened Ruth’s letter and after the usual couple of words, I let out a whoop of joy. I couldn’t help it. Ruth had finally managed to get a week’s vacation and she was coming down to spend it with me!

Maybe the boys in my barracks didn’t have a picnic at my expense those next two weeks. They nearly kidded me to death. They made up all kinds of stories they were going to tell Ruth about me. They clowned around when I was writing to the hotels in Summers, trying to get a reservation, but I didn’t mind. I was too happy to mind anything.

Then the day came. I had to meet Ruth’s train at six-thirty in Summers. The station was crowded and, at first, I didn’t see her. I saw her, finally, standing off to one side with her luggage at her feet and I had to stop to catch my breath.

She was beautiful, much more beautiful than I had remembered. It wasn’t just the loveliness of her perfect face, or the shadowy depths of her dark brown eyes, or the way her hair fell softly to her shoulders. There was a kind of glow about her as she stood there, that made my heart turn over a couple of extra times and made me wonder how I’d ever been able to stand it away from her so long.

In another minute, I had her in my arms. It was wonderful, like holding all the world, close and warm for one breathless moment. She looked up at me and her eyes were very bright, as though she were going to cry.

“Let’s go away from here,” she said softly. “I—you look so—so different. It’s—it’s that funny haircut—I guess.

It’s almost as if I didn’t know you”—

“It’s me,” I grinned.

When we got to the hotel, Ruth held me off at arm’s length and studied my face and brushed back my short hair and ran her fingers over the muscles in my shoulders and cried and laughed at the same time. I had a sort of lump in my own throat. I don’t know, those first few minutes together after all that time, you’re dumb and helpless and all you can do is look at each other.

Then Ruth said, “Quick, kiss me, Johnny, the old way—so I’ll know it’s really you—”

After that it was all right. Ruth was there. She was mine and, in that room, there was no world, no war, no Army. There were just the two of us and the way we loved each other. There was only softness and laughter and the touch of gentle hands and lips.

How can I write down anything about those three days? Nobody could understand, except somebody who’d known the misery and emptiness I had known for three months. Maybe a man who’s found a spring of clean water after wandering for days in a desert would understand. It was like that—like quenching your thirst and feeling yourself coming alive again.

Ruth did that for me, just having her there and being able to touch her and hear her voice. We did all sorts of things—danced and had extravagant meals and went sightseeing and loved one another. But, of all the things we did, I think what I liked most, what seemed to fill the deepest need, was the hours we spent in the darkness of our room, lying close together, holding hands and talking, talking long after we should have gone to sleep.

All the horror of those months seemed to fall away from me as I let go and talked about them, about the unnatural life, the rules, the orders and, most of all, the loneliness. And there isn’t anything as terrible as the way you can be lonely, hemmed in by hundreds of people who don’t belong to you, who don’t care about you.

“I tried! I tried that one night.

“I tried!—I have some friends—well, sort of friends—but it’s not the same thing. I don’t know, it’s like people you ride with in the subway—they’re packed in close to you and you talk to them and laugh with them, or get mad, sometimes. But they don’t have anything to do with you, really.

“I know,” said softly. “Oh, darling, I know.”

I moved closer to her and kissed her.

“But you’re here, now, and it’s all right,” I whispered.

Suddenly, Ruth pulled me close and her fingers hurt my arms as she clung to me. “Johnny,” she whispered desperately, “I know what it’s been like for you—because—oh, I didn’t mean to say it, but I can’t help it—it’s been awful for me, too. I’ve felt like a ghost—like half a person. The days would pass somehow—but the nights, Johnny. You weren’t there—but the memory of you was everywhere—in the apartment—on the streets and in the Park and everywhere. People—they were swell, but they couldn’t take your place. No one ever could. Johnny, I can’t go home. I can’t leave you again.”

And I knew, lying there in the darkness beside her, feeling her trembling body close to mine, that I couldn’t let her go again. Maybe in the back of my mind I’d had the idea all the time, but I hadn’t dared to mention it. She had said it now and her saying it made everything different.

It seemed to me we had a right to something out of this. We hadn’t asked for this war, but it came right into our lives and tore them apart. Sure, I wasn’t the only one whose home had been broken up, but right that minute Ruth and I seemed to be the only ones that mattered. And it made me proud and happy that Ruth loved me enough
to feel the same way.

We hardly slept at all that night, there was so much to talk about. We'd have to find a place for Ruth to live, but that didn't bother me as much as money.

"I'll get a job," Ruth said. She was full of plans. "After all, darling, I can do all sorts of things. If I can't get a job as a stenographer, I'll sell things, or be a waitress, or something. It doesn't matter what I do. The important thing is to be near you."

She snuggled against me dreamily. "It will be just like back home, darling," she said dreamily, "just as if you were going to the office. Remember? Remember how we used to walk down the street together and then you'd kiss me and go one way and I'd go the other—and then, after work, we'd meet on the same corner again and go home together?"

It didn't work out that way, of course—not quite. The Army isn't run like an office. It doesn't close up shop at five o'clock. There were nights when I had to stand guard duty. There were other nights when I had to go out on the range for night practice. There were other nights when I just plain couldn't get a pass to leave the Post. But it was a lot better than Ruth's being more than nine hundred miles away.

In fact, Ruth was only fifteen miles away. After steady searching she found a small room in a house where a lot of the wives of other men in my camp lived. It wasn't much of a room, just a sort of lean-to tacked on the house as an afterthought, but Ruth made it home just by her being there. Besides, it was only temporary, until Ruth could get a job and find an apartment or a house, maybe. That's what I would have liked, a house to go home to when I got a pass.

It worked out fine, at first. It felt good to be able to look forward to seeing Ruth almost every day. Nights when I couldn't get a pass Ruth would come into camp and we'd dance at the Service Club, or go to the Post movies, or just walk around until it was time for me to go to the barracks for bed check. Even the nights when I was on duty were better than before, because I could always find an excuse to take a few minutes off and phone the Service Club, and, at least, talk to Ruth.

I felt different about the Army, too. It was just like any other kind of a job, except it took up more of your time, maybe, and you worked a good bit harder. But with Ruth there, I had something to take my mind off the bad things. When the going was hard, I could always forget it by thinking of her and how I could see her soon. And, when things went wrong, she was there to make me feel better, to smooth over the rough spots.

Ruth was wonderful, too. She never complained, like some of the other women. She didn't find a job—summers was pretty small and any jobs there were had long ago been taken by other Army wives. I used to worry about that, but she was very gay about making a budget to fit her allotment. She was near me and that was all that mattered. She didn't care about anything else, the money, the waiting, or the constant presence of the other women.

"They're company for me, darling," she'd laugh. "You should hear us gos-siping on the front porch. It's like a club, almost." Continued on page 93
You know the stenographer, Pogrom, waitress, hadn’t told an afterthought, we’d couldn’t find a job back home, but it gave us something to look forward to. Dreams aren’t much, but I think if I hadn’t had those, Ruth and I couldn’t have gotten through my basic training without breaking away. The hope was something to hold onto when nothing else had any meaning.

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Let it rain—

Let our money pour into bonds to bring our boys home, for “Back the Attack” is more than a catch-phrase. It is the very beating of human hearts today.

By RALPH EDWARDS

When I was a boy, out on the Colorado farm where I was born, the constant topic of conversation was rain. Draught was our enemy, even then beginning to burn the land into a huge bowl of dust, and we folks who loved our row-crops and depended on our harvest of beans and beets for life itself, knew that all our fields must give way to desolation—unless there was rain.

We hoped for it, we prayed for it, we blessed it when it came. Everything that we loved and needed in our little world depended upon it and if it failed us we would be destroyed.

These days, all over the country, there is a topic of conversation much like that of rain. It’s in our newspapers, on the movie screens and the radio, and in the talk of people all about us. We talk of a harvest of guns and bullets, planes and bombs and tanks, of fighting men and women, of boats and trains to move them, of food to feed them, a harvest of fighting ships—the greatest harvest of its kind in the history of the world, one which the Americans have planted with the indomitable will to make it flourish!

But without rain the harvest is useless. In this case the rain I mean is money.

I heard a woman say the other day that she wished there wouldn’t be so much talk about buying war bonds and stamps. She said that it embarrassed her. She said it made her feel that Americans needed constant reminders to be true Americans. Well, there’s some justice in her complaint but she’s not entirely fair; it seems to me. Even people with their hearts in the right place are careless, forgetful, and most of all tied up with the many problems and harrassments of their own lives. People do need reminders, I’m afraid (I know that I do!) to make them realize what’s at stake and how much their personal and intimate lives are involved.

They need reminders, too, of how other people are sacrificing and finding their own answers to the challenge.

Recently I went into a grocery store, all tied up with some problems of my own having to do with the many complex duties of putting on the “Truth or Consequences” show every Saturday night. As I stood waiting to

make my purchase I heard an elderly woman asking the clerk some questions. Presently I realized that she was asking him the price of canned beans, of canned peas, of several other vegetables I can’t remember, and some jellies and fruits. All the time she kept making notes in her little book but as far as I could see she wasn’t buying anything. Finally she said, “Thank you very much,” and abruptly left the store.

The clerk smiled at the expression on my face and explained, “Oh, she’s all right. She has two sons and a grandson in the war, so to keep her mind off things she grew a victory garden last summer and took up canning for the first time in her life. She’s bottled some vegetables and fruits.”

“What’s she going to do,” I asked, “sell them?”

“Oh no,” he explained, “she just was figuring out what they would have cost her so she can put the same amount into war bonds and stamps!”

The other day I read a story about a certain American soldier. He’s in the Eighth Air Force, a staff sergeant whose monthly salary is about $175.

The story told how this Michigan boy, aged 32, had performed during his first bombing mission one of the most glowing acts of heroism in our military history. For an hour and a half he fought what the rest of the crew thought was a hopeless fire in a Flying Fortress returning from its objective. With ammunition in the Fortress exploding all around him and with the Nazi planes continuing to attack the wounded ship he alternately fought the fire, gave first aid to a wounded comrade, and fired the ship’s guns at the attacking Germans. For his feat he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

But the part of the story that interested me most and seemed to me a most powerful “reminder” of the sort we were talking about is the fact that Sergeant Maynard Smith buys war bonds at the rate of $100 a month!

Yes, each of us must work out his own version of “Back the Attack.” An acquaintance of mine, for instance, worked it out this way: first, he estimated the very minimum he and his wife and two children could live on. Then he put aside a budget for Christmas presents. He took every penny of the rest and turned it into bonds and stamps for the four of them. But he took one more step. He and his family sat down together and made a list of all the people, including themselves, whom they wanted to remember when the holiday rolled around. Then they made a division of the Christmas fund so that each one on the list received a fair share. The money was thereupon turned into savings stamps and each person on the list is to receive his amount of the stamps accompanied by the following note:

When the bond which these stamps will help you buy comes due, another Christmas will have rolled around. The bond will be white with hope and peace and understanding among men, rather than a Christmas red with death and hate and danger.

When that time comes, may it be a better world with better spirit betwixt God and woman, and between men, and with better things to buy for your material welfare.

Today there is nothing better that money can buy than power for the present and hope for the future—and these stamps are a symbol of my wish that we shall share that future in which we now all have the privilege to invest.

Recently, at the Strand Theater in New York, one of our bond rallies brought in $51,000 in eighteen minutes. I was pleased with the results but a rather cynical friend of mine made a comment which I’ve heard from a lot of people: that it’s too bad our American cities haven’t been bombed. Far from wishing death and destruction on his own people my friend meant, of course, that if the war were closer to us, if we had a more personal acquaintance with its horror and sudden death, we’d have a more immediate, driving urge to sacrifice everything except the barest necessity to bring it to a close.

I disagree. I think all we need are “reminders.”

We need to be reminded, for instance, of what the experts tell us, that buying bonds is practical. They remind us that (Continued on page 91)
RALPH EDWARDS is the master of ceremonies of one of radio's funniest shows, Truth or Consequences, but he is also one of Uncle Sam's best war bond salesmen. Twenty million dollars in bonds was the prediction of Treasury officials when Truth or Consequences set out on its coast-to-coast tour last spring but Edwards broke all existing records by bringing back $190,000,000 in bonds—not mere pledges, but real sales. Truth or Consequences is heard every Saturday night at 8:30, EWT, over NBC.
Here was a bond as strong as the pines, as great as the everlasting

THE chill, bleak sky of that November day seemed a reflection of the bleakness I felt inside. Everything was gray—robbed of color and warmth; the shabby little houses along our street looked uglier than ever. And as Jack and I stood by my front gate, huddled against the cold, waiting for Mr. Hobson to come by in his truck and give Jack a lift back to the farm, it seemed as if the cold had entered into my heart.

This isn't the way you ought to feel when you're in love, I thought miserably. Love should be a bright, singing thing. When people loved each other as Jack and I did they should be together all the time—not like this, a moment snatched occasionally when he could leave the farm, a moment dependent on getting a ride in a neighbor's car. When people loved each other as Jack and I did, there shouldn't be this waiting either—this endless, frustrated waiting for marriage that, to me at least, seemed farther away than ever.

I shivered a little.

"Cold, darling?" Jack asked solicitously. "Don't you want to go in the house? I'll wait..."

"No. I was just thinking. Thursday's Thanksgiving, and I was remembering how this time last year I thought we'd be having Thanksgiving together—in our own house." Then the words rushed out, almost desperately. "Oh, Jack, why can't we get married now? Why do we have to wait any longer? I don't mind being poor. I've always been—Daddy and I never had any money."

Jack's dark eyes took on the expression that always came when we talked of marriage—a look of pain and stubbornness against it. "You have never been my kind of poor, Katharine. You've always had enough to eat and a roof over your head; when you had to do without, it wasn't for important things—like medicine when you're sick and a coat when you were cold. You've never known the grinding-down poverty that I have, the kind that hurts people in their souls." His voice grew bitter. "And I won't have you know it! I saw what it did to my parents."

"But maybe—" I didn't want to say maybe his parents hadn't loved each other as we did (who else in the world could ever love as we did?) —"maybe they were—different. Love can make you rich if you're young and together."

"They loved each other, all right. Only trying to grub a bare living out of this worn out, burnt-over land around here robbed them even of that. Do you think I want to see you sicken like my mother, from too hard work, from too many stillborn children, until she died before her time? Do you think I could stand to see you embittered and—and hating?" The rough-edged violence of his words cut at me. "I—I'd give you up first before I brought that on you!"

"But the waiting—it's so hard." I thought of my small hopechest upstairs, filled with things I'd made myself, laid away against the time we would use them together. I thought of the plans, the dreams, the children I wanted in my arms. "When there doesn't seem any end to it."

He took me by the shoulders, pulled me toward him. "Do you think I like the waiting?" he demanded roughly. "Wanting you, needing you... Funny, I always swore I'd never fall in love till I was able to marry. And then I walked in here one day to see your father about the lumber and there you were—and after that, it was all over. I never had the right to tell you, I guess. And now I haven't got the right to ask you to wait—"

"Don't say that!" The very thought of losing him brought a sense of panic. "I'll wait, darling. I'll wait." Now was simply not the time to argue it out. But some day soon I'd make him see it my way, make him see that caution
had no place in the scheme of love...

"...this land will come back some day, with the second-growth timber on it," he was saying. "And the pulp companies will buy it—only we'll cut it sanely a little at a time, instead of hoggishly like before. Your father believes in it—I believe in it. We'll never be rich, but we can keep our heads up. While if we got married now, with nothing—"

"I know," I said wearily. "I know."
The Hobson truck pulled up then and Jack gave me a hasty, parting kiss. "I'll be in Thursday for Thanksgiving," he promised. "But—sometimes a couple of days is a long time to wait!"

Yes, I echoed silently, a long time to wait.

Then, with a final wave, he was gone—back to the farm, eight miles away, where he lived alone in the house his dead parents had lived in, eking out the poorest living from ruined soil for his own needs, while we waited until he could interest someone in buying his pulpwood timber. Sometimes he walked those eight miles to see me, and then the eight miles back. Through cold and dark and loneliness—because "we can't get married yet."

Suddenly the thought of my own empty house was unbearable. My father was away on a business trip till
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I shivered a little. "Cold, darling?" Jack asked solicitously. "Don't you want to go in the house? I'll wait..."

"No. I was just thinking, Thursday's Thanksgiving, and I was remembering how this time last year I thought we'd be having Thanksgiving together—in our own house." Then the words rushed out, almost desperately. "Oh, Jack, why can't we get married now? Why do we have to wait any longer? I don't mind being poor. I've always been—Daddy and I never had any money."

Jack's dark eyes took on the expression that came when we talked of marriage—a look of pain and stubbornness against it. "You have never been my kind of poor, Katherine. You've always had enough to eat and a roof over your head; when you had to do without, it wasn't for important things—like medicine when you're sick and a coat when you were cold. You've never known the grinding-poverty that I have, the kind that hurts people in their souls." His voice grew bitter. "And I won't have you to know it! I saw what it did to my parents."

"But maybe—" I didn't want to say maybe his parents hadn't loved each other as we did (who else in the world could ever love as we did?)—"maybe they were different. Love can make you rich if you're young and together."

"They loved each other, all right. Only trying to grub a bare living out of this worn out, burnt-over land around here robbed them even of that. Do you think I want to see you suffer like my mother, from too hard work, from too manyلborn children, until she died before her time? Do you think I could stand to see you embittered and—hating?" The rough-edged violence of his words cut at me. "I—I'd give you up first before I brought that on you!"

"But the waiting—It's so hard."

I thought of my small hopechest upstairs, filled with things I'd made myself, laid away against the time we would use them together. I thought of the plans, the dreams, the children I wanted in my arms. "When there doesn't seem any end to it."

He took me by the shoulders, pulled me toward him. "Do you think I like the waiting?" he demanded roughly. "Wanting you, needing you... Funny, I've always swore I'd never fall in love till I was able to marry. And then I went away in here one day to see your father about the lumber and there you were—and after that, it was all over. I never had the right to tell you. I guess. And now I haven't got the right to ask you to wait."

"Don't say that!" The very thought of losing him brought a sense of panic. "I'll wait, darling. I'll wait!" Now was simply not the time to argue it out. But some day soon I'd make him see it my way, make him see that caution has no place in the scheme of love."

"...this land will come back some day, with the second-growth timber on it," he was saying. "And the pulp unsalable will buy it—only we'll cut more slowly, a little at a time, instead of haphazardly like before. Your father believes in it—I believe in it. We'll never be rich, but we can keep our heads up. We'll live."

I knew, I said wearily. "I know."

The Hobson truck pulled up then and Jack gave me a hasty, panting kiss. "I'll be in Thursday for Thanksgiving," he promised. "But—sometimes a couple of days is too long to wait!"

Yet, I echoed silently, a long time to wait.

Then, with a final wave, he was gone—back to the farm, eight miles away, where he lived alone in the house his dead parents had lived in, seeking out the poorest living from ruined soil for his own needs; while we waited until we could interest someone in buying the pulpwood timber. Sometimes he walked those eight miles to see me, and then the eight miles back. Through old and dark and loneliness—because we can't get married yet.

Suddenly the thought of my own shabby house was unbearable. My father was away on a business trip till
Thursday morning. As a rule, I didn't mind being left alone when Father had to go away. But today I did. Today I was filled with a sort of hopeless despair. I wanted to get married now—while Jack's kisses, his arms around me, filled me with fiery sweetness and set my pulses pounding. While we were out, we were happy.

I started walking down to the main section of town. I'd stop in at the drugstore and have some hot chocolate. Maybe there'd be someone to talk to and that would cheer me up.

**A GOOD head on his shoulders.**

That's what my father had said of Jack Larrabee when he'd met him a few years ago, when we'd first come to Clifton to live. "Not like the rest of these shiftless farmers around here. He'll make something out of his land by taking the long view of its possibilities."

I smiled a little now, remembering the description. It had sounded dry and business-like and uninteresting. It hadn't prepared me for the Jack I met a little later when he'd come to discuss buying timber with Father. It had put him in a rather dismaying light, these expressive eyes that seemed to hold a message just for me from the first time I'd looked into them. Nor for the proud way he held his head and the strong, capable hands that could be so tender in love.

"Stuck-up" was the way most of the townpeople described him. "Thinks he's better than the other farmers around here—though Lord knows why. The Larrabees were always dirt poor, as long as they've lived in the cut-over."

That wasn't true, either. They thought so only because he wouldn't allow himself to sink down into hopeless defeat like the rest of the poor farmers.

Years before, the "cut-over" had been rich with timber and good soil. Then the rich, greedy lumber companies would come in, take the timber and burn it over the land. They'd robbed it of everything, leaving the few remaining natives living in poverty and sloth, growing only a few hardy vegetables, knowing hardship and misery on a level that had once been fruitful. That's what had happened to Jack's parents. That's why he was so bitter. I could understand that. But did bitterness at his parents' fate have to rob us of happiness now? Wasn't it better to snatch at happiness some other way?

After all, I was lonely, too. My father had brought me here to Clifton a few years ago, to be nearer the source of supply for one of the pulp mills he bought for, and although I'd tried hard, I really never liked it. Once a prosperous place it is now a shadow, defeated little town—washed up in the wake of deaths left by the big lumber companies. As I'd told Jack, we were poor, too. Since my mother's death, I'd kept house for Father, and I knew what it was to wash and cook and scrub and long for things we couldn't afford. There had been little in my life till my love for Jack had filled it—and now I couldn't bear the thought that it, too, might wither as we waited... waited... for the fulfillment that never came.

I turned in at the drugstore. There was nobody there except a group of eight or ten of the town's loafers young. Not at the drugstore listening to predictions of the "Turkey Day gridiron classes" to be played Thursday. I suppose every small town has a group like that—boys and young men who for one reason or another never seem to amount to anything. They all sit around doing unprofitable jobs without ambition or don't work at all; these seem to spend most of their time hanging around Wilson's Drugstore, listening to the radio, reading the magazines off the rack, talking about girls.

I spoke to one or two who glanced up as I came in, and then I saw Tod Wilson among them. Tod wasn't really one of them although he went around with them. He took buying trips for his father to Minneapolis, helped around the store, and was supposed to be the best looking boy in town.

He gave me a remarkable smile and came over to me. "Hiya, honey. I just got back from a three-weeks trip. You didn't go and get married while I was gone, did you?"

He knew very well I hadn't. "No," I tried to be gay and outgoing. "Not yet."

"Then there's still hope for me. I'm never going to quit hoping till the day I see you marching down the aisle." He was joking, of course, as he always did, but there was still that undercurrent that wasn't joking—that tone in his voice that took me back two years ago to a summer night—to a parked car on a dark road, with Tod's arm pinioning mine and his half-drunk voice whispering, "I'm crazy about you, Katherine, crazy about you..." till I'd fought free from his hot, seeking lips and made him, sullenly, drive on. Afterwards, he'd apologized with his easy smile, expectant of forgiveness. "I was half cockeyed—I didn't know what I was doing," he'd said. But it was right after that I'd met Jack, and I hadn't had any more dates with Tod at all.

Now he leaned on the counter beside me and I had the feeling his eyes followed every movement as I opened my coat and untied the scarf knotted peasant-fashion over my hair. "I don't see what Jack's waiting for," he went on. "I know I wouldn't be doing any waiting for him. That Jinxed gal like you all promised to be mine!"

My cheeks flushed. "We've got to wait a while," I said. "After all, we can't live on air and love."

"No?" He gave a knowing smile, and it was almost as if he touched me. "I'd rather take a chance on losing my girl by being too careful. Jack's a funny guy... he thinks more of that worthless land out there than anything else in the world. Even when he was a kid, he never ran with the rest of the gang, never had any fun, never did anything but work. Well—" he shrugged "it takes all kinds. But I sure wouldn't be stalling if I were in his shoes."

Suddenly I was angry. "Well, you're not! And if you don't mind, I'd rather not talk about it."

"Aw, come on, honey," he said cajolingly, "don't be like that. I guess I've always been sore at Jack for grabbing you away from me and then keeping you out of circulation all this time. You'll get old and gray, just sitting around waiting for him to be the lumber king or whatever it is he's going to be." His hand slid caressingly over my arm. "Come on, go out with me tonight and we'll have some fun."

"No. I'm sorry but I can't."

"Okay. But you're making a mistake. He gave his cocky, half-teasing smile and strolled on back to the boys around the radio.

I finished my hot chocolate hurriedly. I had the feeling they were talking about me. Probably everybody was talking about me—the girl who was engaged and never got married. I was angry and hurt and miserable. It wasn't that I wanted to go out with Tod. I didn't even like him very much. But the encounter had upset me because, in his rather coarse way, Tod had told the truth. If Jack really loved me with the great and devastating passion I'd envisioned would he—could he—be willing to wait like this? I didn't care how poor we were, just so we could be together. I had faith that our love would endure anything. Maybe—maybe he didn't love me as I did him. He thinks more of that worthless land than anything else in the world.

I walked on home, with a new re-
solve slowly taking shape in my heart. I wasn't going to stand any more of this humiliating waiting and explaining to people like Tod Wilson. I was going to tell Jack exactly how I felt and then—if he really loved me—he'd see it my way and we'd get married.

The next morning I hurried through my housework. There was a lot to do, preparing for next day's Thanksgiving dinner, and it was mid-afternoon when I finished. I put on my prettiest dress, a dark red wool I'd made myself, and my heaviest coat. It looked like snow, and my father's old weatherbeaten car was draughty.

I felt an odd sense of excitement as I drove the eight miles over the hard-rutted road out to the Larrabee farm. I'd been there only a few times before and always with Father. With the strict conventions of a town like Clifton, a girl didn't go alone to call on a man even if she were engaged to him.

The small frame house looked bleak and uninviting. Jack had propped up the sagging porch and repaired the fence and even planted a few flowers in the bare front yard. But it needed painting and fixing up. It needed, I thought, a woman's loving touch.

I made the sharp turn through the gate and pulled up beside the house. I honked the horn, and Jack came running from somewhere out back. As always, my heart turned over. His strong body moved with such easy quickness.

"Hello," I called. "I've come to pay you a visit. I got lonesome all by myself."

"Swell! Come on in the kitchen where it's warm."

He led me around to the back, where a few chickens picked forlornly at the hard earth, and opened the door. "If I'd known company was coming," he laughed, "I'd have 'redded up the place,' as Mom used to say."

I looked around—at the few dishes neatly washed and stacked after his midday meal, at the old wood range with the fire banked in it to be ready for supper tonight, the scrubbed, patched floor, the gay calendar on the wall near the door that led to the only other room, where Jack slept—and I felt the quick sting of tears. I turned and buried my face against his shoulder. "Oh, darling," I whispered, "I want to be here. I want to do these things for you—cook your meals and keep you neat and—and—"

For a moment he held me close. "I want it, too," he said huskily. "More than anything..." Then with gentle firmness, he put me from him. "Some day you will be."

"Not some day! Now. I want to be here now. Oh, Jack, please, please let's not go on waiting any longer." It wasn't the way I'd intended to start at all. I'd planned to be logical and calm and make him see it my way, not just bursting out emotionally like this. But I couldn't help it.

The familiar expression came back to his face—that kind of stubborn resistance to pain. You think now you could do it—now while we're young and strong. But in a few years it would be drudgery that would take the strength from you. And the hope. Look—" He threw open the door that led into the bare bedroom—"as a kid, I saw my mother lie in agony on that bed, having a baby that was born dead because we had no money for a doctor and there was no one to help her but an inexperienced neighbor woman. I saw her scrub and wash clothes and work like a horse a week later, before her strength came back. I saw it kill her! Then he looked at the little window above the stove and his voice grew curiously sad and gentle. "Ever since I can remember, my mother wanted just one thing—some gay colored calico curtains for that window. They would have cost maybe fifteen cents. We didn't have the fifteen cents to spend. At the end, I guess, those curtains were a kind of symbol for all the things she never had because she talked about them just before she died. Do you think I'm going to let my wife go through something like that—"

"I know, but, I don't understand, because it happened to her doesn't mean the same thing would happen to me. You're ambitious, you've got plans—everybody says so. You've let all these things you remember make you afraid—afraid of life." There, I'd said it. I'd said what I'd come to believe.

"No," he said stubbornly. "Only afraid of the living death that this kind of poverty can bring."

"But I can't stand going on like this! People are beginning to talk, to say things about us—"

"What people?"

"Well—Tod Wilson for one. And he's just saying what other people must be saying. That you don't love me enough to take a chance, that you think only of this land out here and what you can do with it and—and—"

"What do you care what a cheap loafer like him says? He was crazy about you himself—naturally he'd try..."
I realized that he didn't know what he was doing.

Jack got to his feet, his face contorted with fury.

I looked around—at the few dishes neatly washed and staved after his midday meal, at the old wood range which was boasted in it to be ready for supper tonight. I turned at the patched floor, the gay calendar on the wall, and the phone beside it, and then into the other room, where Jack slept—and I turned and turned and I turned and turned until my heart seemed to go out from being something out back, always, my heart turned over. His strong body moved with such easy quickness.

"Hello," I called. "I've come to pay you a visit. I got you all by myself.

"Swill! Come on in the kitchen where it's warm.

He led me around to the back, where a few chickens picked fortuitously at hard earth, and opened the door. "If I'd known company was coming, I'd have 'redded up the place,' as Jim said used to say.

I looked around—at the few dishes

That's what my father had said of Jack Larrabee when he'd met him a few years ago, and he'd brought me to Clifton to live. "Not like the rest of these shiftless farmers and loafers. He can make a fortune out of his land by taking the long view of its possibility."

I smiled a little now, remembering the description. It had sounded dry and business-like and unromantic. It hadn't prepared me for the Jack I met a little later when he'd come to discuss buying timber with Father. It hadn't prepared me for the dark, expressive eyes that seemed to express a message just for me from the first time I'd looked into them. Nor for the way he held his head and the strong capable hands that could be tender in carelessness.

"Stuck-up" was the way most of the townspeople described him. But he's better than the other farmers around here—though Lord knows why. The Larrabees were always dirty pictures as long as they've lived in the cut-over.

That wasn't true, either. They thought so only because he wouldn't allow himself to sink down into hopeless defeat like the rest of the poor farmers.

Years before, the "cut-over" had been rich with timber and good soil. Then the loggers, lumber companies had come in, taken the timber and burnt over the land. They'd robbed it of every living thing—leaving the few remaining natives living in poverty. The Larrabees were nothing, only richly vegetables, knowing hardship and misery on a land that had once been fruitful. I've been in the old church that was pastened to Jack's parents. That's why he was bitter. I could understand that. But did bitterness at his parents' fate have to rob us of happiness now? Wasn't it better to snatch a little sometimes—instead of waiting?

After all, I was lonely. Too lonely. My father had brought me here to Clifton a few years ago, to be nearer the source of supply for the papermills bought for, and although I'd tried hard, I never really got out of "coming" as in an out-of-town place, it was now a shabby, defeated little town—washed up in the wakes of decay left by the big lumber companies. As I'd told Jack, we were poor, too. Since my mother's death, I'd kept house for Father, and I knew what it was to wash and cook and scrub and long for things we could afford. There had been little in my life till my love for Jack had filled it—and now I couldn't bear the thought that it, too, might one day be filled for the fulfillment that I'd never come to.

I was thinking in the drugstore. There was nobody except a group of eight or ten couples grouped around the radio at the back, listening to predictions of the "Turkey Day special" for the week of Thursday. I suppose every small town has a group like that—men and women, for one reason or another never seem to amount to anything. Later, I was standing with Jack Volume at various jobs without ambition or don't work at all; these are my associates hanging around Wilson's Drugstore, listening to the radio, reading the daily comics, and talking about girls.

I spoke to one or two of them who planned to go out as I came in, and I saw Tod Wilson among them. Tod wasn't really one of them although he went around with them. He took buying trips for his father to Minneapolis, helped around the store, and was supposed to be the best looking boy in town.

He gave his easy, self-assured smile and I turned to come over to me. "Hiya, honey. I just got back from a three-weeks trip. Your father and I went and got married while I was gone, didn't you?"

I didn't want to be gay and offhand. "No."

"Then there's still hope for me. I'm not the only one quitting..."

I don't know why, but he'd begun talking about the girl—"the girl who was engaged and never got married."

I was angry and hurt and miserable. It wasn't that I wanted to go out with Tod. I didn't even like him very much. But the encounter had upset me because, in his rather coarse way, Tod had told the truth. If Jack really was the great and devasting passion I'd envisioned he could have been anything. As I didn't care how poor we were, just so we could be together. I had faith that our love would endure anything. Maybe—maybe he didn't love me as I did him. He thinks more of that worthless land than anything else in the world.

I walked on home, with a new resolve slowly taking shape in my heart. I wasn't going to stand any more of his humiliating waiting and explain- ing to people like Tod Wilson. I was going to tell Jack exactly how I felt about him—he'd be glad to get married if you.
to run down. You know I love you—and the only reason my heart’s in that timber out there is for what it can give you—and us together.

"But I don’t know it!" I cried. “If you really love me, you’d take a chance. That timber’s going to grow whether we’re married or not.”

“I can’t support a wife while it grows and even then—” He broke off and stood staring at me, his dark eyes angry and hurt. “And if you don’t believe now that I love you more than life itself, then nothing I can say will make you believe it. You’ve got to have faith.”

WELL, I haven’t any more! You’ve taken it from me. I—I don’t want to see you ever again. Ever!”

I whirled and ran out the door. Tears were blinding my eyes so that I stumbled as I got into the car. I was trembling all over. I started the motor and turned the car, jerkily, and pressed down the accelerator. All I wanted was to get away where I could be alone and sob out my hurt and disappointment. Having to beg him to marry me!

The car leaped forward. Whether it was the tears that obscured my vision, whether my trembling hands wouldn’t control the wheel, I never knew. I saw the narrow gate ahead of me—and then suddenly there was a crash, a kind of dizzying whirl when everything was upside down, and then blackness . . .

When I came to, I was lying on the bed and Jack was putting something cool against my temple. It throbbed excruciatingly. Everything was vague and hazy and only his voice seemed real. “Darling . . . darling . . .” he was murmuring over and over.

“What happened?”

“You hit the gate post and it knocked the car into the ditch, half on its side. You must have hit your head against the windshield. I can’t find anything else the matter—except that your ankle seems sprained.”

I realized for the first time that, under the covers, I was wearing only a nightgown. While I was unconscious then, Jack had it. It was something to bone or injury—and I knew he had done it impersonally and professionally, like a doctor, because he must. But I felt the blood heating my face, and I laughed hysterically to cover my embarrassment. “A sprained ankle—how can you get a sprained ankle falling out of a car?”

“Hush, darling . . . I’m afraid you’re going to have to stay here tonight. We’ll need a wrecker to get the car out—and I hate to leave you to walk over to the Hobson’s for help. Without a telephone . . .”

“No, don’t leave me! Don’t ever leave me!” Then I was sobbing in his arms. “Those things I said—I didn’t mean them. I didn’t!”

He soothed me as he would a child, caressing me in his arms till I grew quiet. The pain in my temple subsided. I reached up and drew his head down. Our lips met, and in the silence of that quiet little room, grown so tenderly so very still, there was only the pounding of our hearts . . .

Jack pulled himself away. He laid me back, very gently, on the pillow. “I’ll fix you some supper,” he said in an unnatural voice and went out into the kitchen.

He brought it in presently, and fed me. I noticed that his hands were trembling and he still spoke in that unnatural way. I was drowsy from shock and pain, and the scene had a dreamlike quality. The walls closed in with intimacy, shutting out the world, and it was right. It was right that he should carefully hang my torn dress and my coat on the hook beside the bed, that he should smooth the covers, and, finally, blow out the lamp. It was right that we should be here like this, together.

“T’ll punk in the kitchen,” he said from the doorway. And the dream that had been so natural and so right was shattered.

Through the thin wall I heard him stirring—now he was shaking down the fire, now he was spreading a quilt on the floor where he would sleep, now everything was quiet and—somehow—breathless.

“Jack, my darling.”

I must have spoken aloud, for suddenly he was there, in the dark, beside me, kneeling by the bed, straining me close. “I love you so,” he said. “I love you so.”

It was like being carried along on a torrent, faster and faster. Then, from somewhere, reason reasserted itself. I took his face between my cupped hands and put him from me. “We must go to sleep now,” I whispered. “Good night . . .”

“Yes.” It was like a long sigh. “Good night.”

He closed the door softly behind him. And then I slept.

Jack called me early next morning. I was already up and half-dressed, hobbling on my swollen, bandaged ankle. We both knew, without putting it in words, that it was important to get me back to town immediately before any one could know or guess where I had spent the night. Gossip can be ugly.

“I’m going over to borrow Hobson’s truck,” Jack said, “and take you home in that. Then I’ll send a wrecker for the car, and we can tell people the accident happened early yesterday and that I thumbed a ride with a stranger and got you home that way. Only your father need know.”

We were avoiding each other’s eyes. It was so ugly, so sordid, making up stories to say that last night had never been . . . last night that had been so sweet—and so dangerous. But that danger had been between Jack and me and our love; this was the danger from a suspicious, gossipy world, and it was different.

“Surely now he can see that it’s not right to wait any longer,” I kept thinking. “Now he will understand how much we need each other and he won’t be afraid any longer.”

But neither of us mentioned the subject as we ate a hasty breakfast. We were just finishing when there were heavy footsteps outside and then a knock on the kitchen door.

I seemed to freeze inside. I wanted to run, to hide. My frantic glance took in the bare kitchen, the small bedroom beyond with its tumbled bed—there was nowhere. We stared at each other a moment, and then Jack slowly opened the door.

Tod Wilson stood there. He wore a leather jacket and there was a rifle in the crook of his arm. “Some of the gang are going duck-hunting,” he said to Jack, “and we saw the wreck out by the gate. I thought I better stop and see what the trouble was. Looked like Mr. Laney’s car.”

Then he saw me, and his expression slowly changed. It wasn’t surprise, although he pretended it; it was a sort of sly triumph. And I knew, in that second of time, that he hadn’t stopped to investigate out of neighborhoodliness or friendliness, but out of vicious curiosity—and the hope of finding what he did find.

“Why, Katharine—what’s the matter?”

Jack and I spoke together. The words tumbled out. ‘. . . ran the car into the gate . . . badly shaken up . . . just about to go home . . .”

Tod stepped into the kitchen. He let his eyes travel slowly over the two plates and coffee cups on the table and into the room beyond. “Isn’t that a shame?” he said softly. “Too badly shaken up to get in here when he turned to Jack and his face was ugly.

“Pretty convenient accident for you, wasn’t it, Larrabee?”

Jack’s face went dead white. “What do you mean by that?”

“Well,” he drawled, “I can see now why you’re in no hurry to tie yourself down getting married. Little accidents like this—after all, why get married—”

It happened so quickly I couldn’t see it. Jack threw himself forward. There was a crack of bone on flesh and then Tod on his back on the floor and Jack’s hands were at his throat. His face was contorted with fury and I realized that he was beside himself—and that he really didn’t know what he was doing. (Continued on page 79)
When love must wait

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

She knew by the way Bill told her his news that they must say goodbye. But when Lucille Manners lifted her face for his farewell kiss, she was smiling.

When you take your dog for a walk it's wise to keep your mind on the dog. Lucille Manners didn't. She was occupied with her own thoughts as she aired Tabo, her white husky, on Riverside Drive. Tabo, consequently, commanded solely by his nose, pulled to reach a spot where a squirrel had crossed the road or idled a leash's length behind, reluctant to leave a scent not quite recognizable.

Lucille had just signed a renewal contract with her radio sponsors. Her success, she reasoned, more than repaid her for the years when she had studied and worked hard to pay for singing lessons.

In memory she retraced her steps. The encouragement her singing teacher had given her and the audition he had arranged at the proper time with NBC... The small spot on the air she had been given as a result of that audition... The oil company executive who heard her sing and signed her to star in place of the vacationing soloist... The renewal of her contract to NBC... a successful Town Hall debut... Concert and operatic engagements.

She looked across the Drive at the big apartment house where she lived with her mother; located their windows flung open to the spring and a superb view of the Drive and the Palisades rising steeply on the other side of the river.

"Later," she thought, "I want a house in the country... an old house that I can do over... a big garden..."

Tabo pulled violently, startling Lucille out of her reverie. A big black police dog came running toward them. "Here, Lido..." called this dog's master. But Lido paid no heed. For an imperceptible instant the dogs paused to measure each other. Then they lunged. In the snarling scramble Lucille was thrown to the ground.

She was both dismayed and confused; dismayed for her new lime green suit which did as much for her as she did for it and confused because Lido's master had seen her fall. He had the nicest eyes, she discovered, when he bent, with genuine concern, over her.

"Tabo's a fool," she said straightening the lime calot which capped her bright hair. "He ignores dogs his own size and rushes at monsters... Like Lido..."

"Aren't you," he asked incredulously, "going to tell me I should keep my dog on a leash?"

"I should," she answered, rising with the help of his hand. "And you should... (Continued on page 80)
LOVE
(Won't You Be Good To Me)

By BILLY FABER

LARRY ROYAL
HENRY H. ENGEL

Moderato
Chorus

LOVE, what have you done to me? LOVE, I'm yearning constantly.

LOVE, Won't you be good to me?

You have set my heart a-fire. You have been my one desire.

LOVE, Won't you be good to me?

Copyright 1943 by Barton Music Corporation, 1619 Broadway, N. Y. C.
A dreamy new ballad, sung as only radio's sensational singing star, Frank Sinatra, can sing it—on the Saturday Night Hit Parade, over CBS at 9:00 P.M.

You have glad-denED man-y hearts; brought them ec-sta cy, when their hopes seemed all in vain, Grant that bliss to me. LOVE, you mean the world to me. LOVE, you are my des-ti-ny. LOVE,

Won't you be good to me?
THE STORY

I WAS alone and lonely—so lonely, ever since Jim, my husband, went overseas. It was the loneliness that I used in trying to excuse myself for the complications my friendship for Carl Haggard had assumed. I'd liked Carl at first, warmed to him because he reminded me of Jim. And then Carl had fallen in love with me.

There were other complications, too, and I had to blame myself for them. I should never have introduced my friend Avis to Dr. Alec Holden, my boss. Alec had a reputation with women. Avis fell in love with Alec, planned to divorce her husband who was in the Army, and marry him. But Alec had no intention of marrying Avis. At least he didn't until that dreadful night when Avis came to me for help, came to tell me that she was going to have a baby—and then, in desperation, tried to kill herself.

IT SEEMED days later that I called the hospital. An impersonal voice said Mrs. Brooks was "as well as could be expected" and that Dr. Holden could not be called to the phone.

In reality, it had been little over an hour since Alec had carried Avis' unconscious body down the stairs. Carl had gone, leaving me with his bitter accusations echoing in my ears and the feeling of some intangible threat over my head.

Had I really done what he said—just used him, in my loneliness? No, that wasn't true. What I'd felt for him—the companionship and the sense of security—had been honest. It had cost me grief and worry, trying to sort it all out. And if tonight, in that moment of awful clarity, I had sorted it out, then he had no right to blame me.

After time had passed and he was calmer, I'd make him see it my way. If he loved me as he said, he'd understand that I hadn't meant to hurt him.

"These things happen." He'd said that himself. He'd just been upset tonight, saying all those wild things about not letting me push him out of my life and he was there to stay.

Thank God, I thought, at least Jim need never know that, even for a brief moment, my loyalty to him had been divided. At least, he wasn't being made unhappy like Avis had made Jack. Wherever he was, whatever was happening to him, he was safe from that knowledge.

After a dream-tossed night, I got to the office early. Avis was already there, gaunt and hollow-eyed.

"She's all right," he said. "But—she lost her baby. We did what we could to save it—Doctor Barrett was there—but I guess it's better this way."

He looked at me then, almost pleading. "I know what you're thinking—and I deserve it all, and more maybe. But believe me, Connie, last night—when she started for that window—well, I've been in hell ever since. I want you to know that I'm going to try and make it up to her in any way I can—if she'll let me."

I could almost feel pity for him, but it was the pity one feels for the weak. "Could I see her?" I said.

"Better wait till she gets her strength back. She's had a long period of strain and a terrific emotional shock. Don't worry—she's getting the best of care and nobody at the hospital knows the truth. At least, she won't suffer that way." He hesitated. "You think I'm the world's heel, don't you?"

"I don't know what I think about people any more," I said slowly. "It's as if the war had caught us all up in something too big for us, and it's only the ones who can learn to be brave and strong who will fight their way out. I ought to hate you for what you did to Avis—but, somehow, I don't. In a funny way, I feel sorrier for you than for her . . ."

I spoke more truly than I realized. I found out just how brave and strong, and in what curious, unexpected ways, one has to be, under the shock of what happened that afternoon.

When I got back from lunch there was an official telegram on my desk. I remember seeing it, and the dryness in my throat and the ringing in my ears. I remember tearing it open. And then the next thing I remember is Dr. Rudd standing over me, bathing my temples and beaming at me, and the sympathetic murmurs of patients as they clustered around my desk.

I can't tell you exactly what that telegram said nor where it came from. But I can tell you it was from a port on our East Coast and that it reported Private James Rueli was now in a hospital there, wounded, and that he would be home on a given date, four days away.

Home. My Jim. Home. Slowly the impact of the words sunk in. Frankly, I turned to Dr. Rudd. "It couldn't be serious, could it?" I cried. "I mean, they wouldn't let him come home soon if it were serious, would they? If he were really badly hurt—but then if he weren't badly hurt, maybe they wouldn't be sending him home at all. Oh, Dr. Rudd—"

He took me by the shoulders and gently shook me. "Hush, my dear. Don't worry. As you were—" No, I'll tell you about it. When I got in a taxi and went over to my mother's. I'll call the hospital long distance and find out all I can. Now just take it easy—you don't want Jim to find a hysterical wreck waiting for him."

Only those who have shared the same experience could ever understand what that afternoon was like . . . the way we cried with joy and thankfulness especially when Dr. Rudd was assured by the Army hospital that the wounds were not serious, the way all three of us talked at once planning for his arrival, and at last the way we sat silent, thanking God each in her own way. All the strain among us was gone; we were united again by
Jim tells me I am prettier than I used to be and I say it's because I love him more than ever before.

husband, son and brother.
As I was leaving, Cissie slipped her arm through mine and drew me aside. "I'm sorry for what I said that day," she whispered contritely. "About Carl Haggard. I know it wasn't true..."
I was glad she couldn't see my face. I had forgotten Carl Haggard. The memory of his words came back and touched me with something like fear. "I'm sorry, too—for all the misunderstandings we seem to have had between us," I whispered back. "Now that Jim's coming, everything will be different, won't it?"
I tried to forget that small touch of fear as I went on home, to talk it down. Why was I afraid? What, after all, could Carl do? Just the same, I hurried to put in a call to Camp Jackson as soon as I got home.
Just to tell him the good news, I assured myself. As I would any friend... Naturally he'd be interested... Oh, naturally.
I tried to be casual when he answered. "... and so he'll be home on Sunday. I know you and the Ruells must be mighty happy," he said.
There was a pause, as I waited for him to go on. Surely this wasn't all he had to say. Surely he would see now—
"And so," I said finally, and it sounded lame even to me, "I won't be seeing you for—for a while, Carl."
"Are you trying to tell me that I was all right to play around with while Jim was gone, but now he's coming back? I'm to be put on the junk heap?"
"Of course not! But surely you see that we can't go on—as we were before. I mean—"
"I told you once you couldn't make me dance like a doll on a string." His voice was low and somehow deadly. "You started something and you've got to finish it. I don't want to hurt Jim—but I'm not going to be hurt either."
The operator interrupted then and there was an impatient buzzing on the wire. "I'll have to ring off now," Carl said. "But I'll be in Saturday." And he hung up.
I stood there holding the phone as if I could force him back to it, force him to listen while I said he couldn't come. He couldn't do this to me! Jim was coming home—Jim, my husband, whom I loved. And he would be confronted with a man who felt he had a claim on me. There would be no need to put it into words. Carl's attitude would reveal it all. And what would happen when Jim knew?
I put the telephone down with shaking hands. I was beating against that wall of hardness in Carl—and the small tremor of fear I'd felt before grew and (Continued on page 60)
For the traditional holiday feast, it's turkey, but this year, if you can't get turkey, a pleasant substitution would be a roast loin of pork, dressed up as above, or stuffed shoulder of pork, at left.

Now is the time for all good housewives to start dreaming of Thanksgiving—of turkey and all that traditionally goes with it. Naturally we'd all like to serve turkey to our families on at least one of the holidays this year if we can manage it. But the government warns us that there may be a scarcity of turkey and even of chicken, with a consequent skyrocketing of prices and accompanying black market activities. And so, if we can't have turkey, we'll have to substitute something else—and pork, which will be plentiful, can be a much more exciting substitute than you realize for the holiday dinner.

That is one of the pleasantest substitutions I have ever heard of, for nothing could be better than a roast loin of pork surrounded with spiced crabapples or jelly filled baked apples. For an extra festive appearance, try a paper frill decked roast, like the one illustrated. Just ask your butcher to prepare it as he prepares a crown roast, but to leave it in a straight piece instead of rolling it. If you feel that no holiday dinner is complete without stuffing, get a fresh pork shoulder, have the bone removed and fill the cavity with the same sage flavored bread dressing you would use for fowl. No matter which you select, the cooking method will be the same.

Roast Pork
Allow ½ to ¾ pound of meat for each person to be served. Wipe the roast with a damp cloth and rub with salt and pepper, allowing 1 tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. pepper per pound. Place in cold oven, and bring temperature slowly to 325 degrees. Cook, uncovered, at that temperature, basting occasionally, until meat "bleeds white" when pierced with a fork, allowing 30 minutes per pound for small roasts, 35 to 40 minutes for large ones. Additional seasoning may be added according to taste—a pinch of sage, a tablespoon or two of minced onion, of minced celery leaves. To keep the bone ends from charring during roasting, cover them with ordinary wrapping paper (you may have to renew it during the cooking period) which is to be replaced with white paper frills just before serving.

If your fall canning included spiced apples or crabapples, use them as a garnish around your roast. If not, try jelly filled baked apples.

Baked Apples
Select firm apples, free from blemishes. Remove core and part of the peeling. Fill centers with grape, currant or other tart jelly. Bake either in the same pan with the roast or separately until apples are tender, about ¾ hour. If jelly cooks away, fill centers again just before serving. These may be served either hot or cold.

The same government message that warns us against a turkey black market also contains the following suggestions for holiday dinners: (1) Serve vegetables which are in season and therefore plentiful. (2) Make good use of the vegetables you canned during the summer. (3) Serve sweet potatoes in place of white—that is because white potatoes will keep better in storage during the winter. (4) Use onions economically, as a seasoning rather than as a main dish. With these suggestions as a guide a typical—and delicious—Thanksgiving menu would be: Cabbage and tomato soup (home canned tomatoes and fresh cabbage), roast pork, pan roasted or fluffy sweet potatoes, sweet and pungent string beans, cabbage and fruit salad.

Cabbage and Tomato Soup
½ head cabbage
2 tbs. minced onion
4 tbs. margarine or drippings
1 pt. canned tomatoes
1 pt. boiling water
Salt and pepper to taste
Pinch basil (optional)
Sour cream (optional)

Shred cabbage and saute lightly, with onion, in margarine or drippings, using low flame. Add tomatoes, boiling water and seasonings and simmer until cabbage is tender, about 30 minutes. Allow to cool and press through fine sieve. Reheat just before serving and garnish each serving with a teaspoonful of thick sour cream. This soup may be prepared a day in advance and kept in a covered jar in the refrigerator.

Pan Roasted Sweet Potatoes
Select medium size sweet potatoes, peel and cook in the same pan with

(Continued on page 92)
A PLEASURE TO ESCORT . . .

Lovely Betty Randall is the new sweet song section of the "Escorts and Betty" quartet heard on NBC's pixie "Everything Goes" program.

While at fashionable Miss Hall's in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Betty was singled out to lead the singing of "Here's To Our Dear Guests" whenever visiting teachers or students were present. She preferred humming and whistling to vocalizing and thought anyone who sang was a sissy. Nevertheless she finally took the advice of one of her teachers to study voice. But it was only to avoid doing Junior League work or getting a job. After finishing at Miss Hall's, Betty enrolled the following Fall at the Juilliard School of Music.

One evening while out dancing with a friend Betty was coaxed to enter a debaters' singing contest at the Stork Club. Among the judges were Beatrice Lillie and William Gaxton. There were twenty contestants in all and Betty says she felt fine until she was called to sing her number. She can't remember going through the song, and only "came out of it" when she was pronounced the winner.

During her trip to New York as a student at the Stork Club, a contract for which was made for the prize, Betty began to think about going into radio. She wrote to NBC for an audition. She was given one, then a second, and still later a third. She was not sufficiently experienced and was told to work with a band.

Betty loved to buy clothes and can curtsy herself only by not venturing into shopping sections. She is extremely slender and indulges in ice cream sodas twice daily to put on weight. A good athlete, she plays tennis and golf when not riding or swimming.

For one who is "particularly ambitious" the little girl from Garden City, Long Island, has made fast progress. It's a big jump from school books to scripts on a coast-to-coast network six mornings a week.
TUESDAY

Eastern War Time

P.W.T.

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>CBS</th>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>Blue</td>
<td>Texas Jim</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
<td>News</td>
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<td>8:50</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Everything Goes</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>This Life Is Mine</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Sing Along</td>
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<td>Voluntary Lady</td>
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<td>Isle of Man</td>
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REVEILLE SWEETHEART...

Being anyone's sweetheart at that hour of the day is a big assignment for anyone. However, that's what the men in the Armed Forces call Lois January, who gets up at the gloomy hour of four in the morning so she can be at her microphone by 8:30 to help the boys start off their day right. To help them through that first, bleak period of the day, Lois plays records, sings, reads letters and just talks to the men to cheer them up.

There is practically nothing that Lois can't do in the way of entertainment—and practically nothing that she doesn't do on her own Revellie show. She sings, dances, acts and writes all her own radio material. All of which took some preparation and an early start, of course.

Lois was born in McAllen, Texas. By the time she was two, she was already studying dancing and at the age of eight she made her professional debut as a dancer with Jan Garber's orchestra at Coral Gables in Miami. She was good, too, good enough to be held over for two months.

Shortly after that her family moved to Los Angeles, California, and Lois attended the dramatic school at the famous Pasadena Community Playhouse. She continued studying dancing with Ruth St. Denis. When she was sixteen, Carl Laemmle, Jr., discovered her and signed her to a two-year contract. Her early days in the movies were devoted mostly to Western pictures. She was starred in over forty-five of them, with such well-known Western horse opera heroes as Tim McCoy, Molly Steele and Johnny Mack Brown.

Between pictures, she worked in the theater—on the West Coast and Broadway—and in radio and night clubs. Among her hits were plays like "Yokel Boy" and "High Kickers" and the musical shows, "Meet My Sister" and "Low and Behold," which was done on the West Coast. She played opposite Elissa Landi and Paul Lukas in the Broadway hit "By Candlelight." She also had time for engagements at the Rainbow Room and the Versailles, two of New York's swankier night clubs.

Night club work used to send Lois to bed, very tired, at about the hour when she now gets up. The OWI is so pleased with her reveille program that there are plans under way to send the whole show over short wave to the men overseas. The Servicemen really think of her as a sweetheart. In fact, one of her admirers has built up quite a little business, charging five cents for any of his buddies to take a look at a photograph of Lois. Which isn't really half high enough a price, at that, considering that Lois is one of the most beautiful girls in the radio business.
LATIN SINDA ...

Know how all the girls swoon and scream and sigh when Frank Sinatra hits one of those low notes? Not so very long ago, Chucho Martinez was doing the same thing to the girls down south of the Rio Grande.

It took a little time, of course, before he got to that stage. He was born in Vera Cruz and by devious steps he reached Mexico City, where he started his wage earning career in the shoe department of that metropolis’ laundromat of Mac’s. He sold shoes for two years. He was honest and worked hard and smiled broadly and patiently at all the ladies. In short, he did all the things that should have brought him fame and fortune according to the rules set down by Horatio Alger. The rules didn’t work. He didn’t even get a raise.

As far as Chucho was concerned the store was no better than a jail, and, like any other prisoner, he started looking for ways to escape. One way was to invest some of his hard earned money in singing lessons, which he took from a crooked gentleman named Juan Villanova, who turned out to be a very good teacher.

Mexico has its own Major Bowes. His name is Pedro De Lille. Impatient for his freedom from the basement, Chucho took his courage in his hands and appeared on Senor De Lille’s amateur hour. Chucho showed everyone, including his teacher and himself, by not only winning the first prize but by bringing down such an avalanche of fan mail that, for a while, Senor De Lille had to feature him as the only permanent vocalist on a program made up strictly of one-timers.

Chucho was on his way. Two months later, he was singing over EXO, Mexico’s top flight station, and impressive teenage girls were beginning to find him the answer to whatever it is that teenage girls want. He was hounded and fan mailed and adored by everyone but the mail carriers.

Next came a tour of South America, which broke all records and proved that, under the skin, the ladies of Cafe Society are not very different from teen-age girls. Riding on the top of the wave of his South American success, Chucho came to New York and turned his tenor voice and his Latin charm loose on the patrons—and neatly and more importantly, the patrons—of that swanky night club, La Conga.

Since he’s been in New York, columnists have likened him to Frank Sinatra and Perry Como and Dick Haymes, all of which is very nice. But what’s much nicer for the ex-shoe clerk, is that advertising executives and hard earned sponsors have also fallen under his spell and he’s been signed to one of the most lucrative three-year contracts in the history of radio.

In case you didn’t catch the name, he’s Chucho Martinez and he’s to be heard as the star vocalist on the Gertrude Lawrence Blue Network Variety program, Thursdays at 9:30 P.M.
**Saturday**

Eastern Time

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<th>Time</th>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>CBS: News of the World</td>
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<td>Blue: News</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>NBC: News</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
<td>CBS: Music of Today</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>NBC: Ralph Dumke</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>Blue: House Goes A Shopping</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>Blue: United Nations, News Review</td>
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<td>11:45</td>
<td>CBS: Women's Page of the Air News</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>CBS: Let's Pretend</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>NBC: Fashion in Rations</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>NBC: U. S. Coast Guard Band</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>CBS: Theater of Today</td>
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<td>Blue: Playhouse</td>
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<td>Blue: News</td>
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<td>NBC: Consumer Time</td>
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<td>CBS: Stars Over Hollywood</td>
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<td>CBS: Farm Bureau</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>NBC: Mirth and Madness</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>CBS: Campagna Serenade</td>
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<td>CBS: Swing Shift Fiddles</td>
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<td>CBS: Tommy Tucker's Orch.</td>
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<td>CBS: Adventures in Science</td>
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<td>CBS: All Out for Victory</td>
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<td>CBS: Highways to Health</td>
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<td>CBS: War Telescope</td>
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<td>Blue: Singo</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>CBS: Sustained the Wings</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>CBS: Song</td>
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<td>CBS: Musette Music Box</td>
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<td>CBS: Roy Shield &amp; Co.</td>
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<td>CBS: I Sustain the Wings</td>
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<td>1:15</td>
<td>CBS: Lyrics by Liza</td>
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<td>CBS: People's War</td>
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<td>CBS: Football Game</td>
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<td>CBS: George Hicks from Ireland</td>
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<td>CBS: News</td>
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<td>CBS: The Marshalls</td>
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<td>4:00</td>
<td>CBS: Saturday Concert</td>
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<td>CBS: American Symphony</td>
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<td>CBS: Orphans' Play</td>
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<td>3:15</td>
<td>CBS: Minstrel Melodies</td>
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<td>CBS: It's a Maritime</td>
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<td>CBS: Doctors at War</td>
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<td>CBS: Son's Trip</td>
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<td>CBS: Chips Davis, Commando</td>
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<td>CBS: Hattie McFadden's Orch.</td>
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<td>CBS: News, Alex Drier</td>
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<td>3:00</td>
<td>CBS: Message of Israel</td>
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<td>3:00</td>
<td>CBS: John G. Public</td>
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<td>CBS: People's Platform</td>
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<td>CBS: Eliza Fitzgerald</td>
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<td>CBS: The Art of Living</td>
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<td>CBS: Sarah Bernhardt</td>
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<td>CBS: The World Today</td>
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<td>CBS: Rupert Hughes</td>
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<td>CBS: Bob Trout</td>
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<td>4:00</td>
<td>CBS: Man Behind the Gun</td>
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<td>4:00</td>
<td>CBS: What's New?—Dan Amato</td>
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<td>6:00</td>
<td>CBS: This We Fight</td>
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<td>6:00</td>
<td>CBS: Thanks to the Yanks</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>CBS: Roy Porter</td>
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<td>CBS: Ellery Queen</td>
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<td>CBS: Alice, Irish Rose</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>CBS: London Symphony Orchestra</td>
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<td>CBS: Inner Sanctum Mystery</td>
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<td>CBS: Ned Calder, News</td>
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<td>CBS: Your Hit Parade</td>
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<td>CBS: National Barn Dance</td>
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<td>CBS: Spotlight Band</td>
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<td>CBS: Saturday Night Serenade</td>
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<td>CBS: John Vandercook</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>CBS: Million Dollar Band</td>
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<td>CBS: Army Service Forces Present</td>
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<td>CBS: Grand Ole Opry</td>
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<td>CBS: Eileen Farrell</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>CBS: Betty Rahn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>CBS: Ned Calder, News</td>
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</tbody>
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**The cover girl**

_The cover girl_ is lovely Nan Grey is Kathy of Those We Love, heard Sundays at 2 P.M., EWT, NBC.

Most girls dream of Hollywood as a sort of Mecca, grow up hoping that someday they can try their luck in pictures. But to Nan Grey, growing up in Houston, Texas, where she was born on July 25, 1921, Hollywood was just a place where they made movies and acting as a career was so far from her mind that she never even got as close to dramatics as reciting a poem in the school auditorium.

Then, in 1933, Mrs. Grey, who had been a movie star before she married, took Nan with her on a visit to Hollywood. And there she met an agent who took one look at her, observed that she was fresh and delicate featured and lovely and reached for the telephone. Two weeks later, Nan was an actress, with a Warner Brothers contract.

Later, she moved over to the universal lot and really began to make her mark. Remember her as one of the "Three Smart Girls" in the first Deanna Durbin picture? After that came "Ex-Champion," "The Under Pup" and "Tower of London."

Along about 1938, she made her radio debut on the CBS Radio Theatre in "She Loves Me Not," with Bing Crosby and Joan Blondell. Again, Nan wasn't thinking particularly of launching into a career as a radio actress, but again chance was definitely on her side. There was a radio producer in the studio audience that night. This time, it wasn't only Nan's blonde loveliness that registered. It was her young voice and her decided ability.

They registered very well, too, because it was some time before this same producer was ready to cast his radio show, "Those We Love," but the impression they had made was still so strong that he knew he wanted Nan to play the part of Kathy. Again a phone call. And he got what he wanted.

Kathy is there for you to hear, every Sunday at 2 on NBC.

Chance--luck--whatever you want to call that peculiar business of being in the right place at the right time. Nan has always played a big part in Nan's life. Even her marriage to Jack Westmore was more or less governed by it. Well, perhaps not her marriage, because that seems to have taken a bit of dogged determination, but her meeting him, at any rate.

Before Nan went to Hollywood she was taken out to the races at Epson Downs in Houston. That was the beginning of Nan's great interest in horse racing—it's still her favorite sport. It was a wonderfully exciting day for her, for she was allowed to place her first bet and it was sheer, crazy delirium when her horse won.

To Nan, it seemed that the horse hasn't really done all the winning by itself and nothing would do but that she had to bet on the horse again and again and again. But all that had very little to do with the thing Nan had made up her mind she really wanted. Look at her chin, pretty and delicate—but determined. Six years after their first meeting, Jack and Nan were married, just as she had planned right from the beginning.

Now, busy as she is with her picture and radio schedules, Nan manages to spend a great deal of time with her husband. That's one thing she doesn't leave to chance.
She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!
She Uses Pond's!

Adorable Rosemarie Heavey's engagement to Pvt. Lee E. Daly, Jr., unites two Baltimore families dating back to colonial times.

Her ring—has eight small diamonds either side of the solitaire. It is an heirloom diamond worn by Lee's mother and grandmother.

This year, the carefree days of Baltimore's Cotillions seem very far away to Rosemarie and her friends. "All my crowd are war workers now," she says. "With our men in the services we feel we must do something, too."

She is training with American Airlines in Washington to fit her for any job around the airport that a girl can do. "I've never worked harder, but I love it," she says.

"And am I grateful for my Pond's Cold Cream when I come off my shift at 8:00 A.M. It's wonderfully refreshing to smooth that nice cool cream over my tired, grimy face. It leaves my skin with such a clean, soft feeling."

She "beauty creams" her face like this:

She smooths on Pond's snowy Cold Cream, then briskly pats it over her face and throat to soften and release dirt and make-up—then tissues off well.

She "rinses" with a second Pond's creaming to help get her face extra clean and extra soft—swirling cream-coated fingers in little spirals—over forehead, cheeks, nose, mouth. Tissues off.

Do this yourself—every night, every morning and for daytime clean-ups.

Learning to be a hangar helper...

Rosemarie clears baggage being loaded on a plane. She will soon take over a man's job at one of the big airfields.

Official war message—In many areas women are needed to fill men's places—in stores, offices, restaurants, utilities, laundries, community services. Check Help Wanted ads—then get advice from your U.S. Employment Service about jobs you can fill.

It's no accident lovely engaged girls like Rosemarie, beautiful society women like Mrs. Victor du Pont III and Britain's Lady Doverdale prefer this soft-smooth cream. Buy your jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Today—many more women use Pond’s than any other face cream at any price.
MY HEART lightened a little. "But how—?"

He seemed to pondering it aloud.

"It might be done. If a minister understood about us, and the situation, and everything, he might perform a ceremony without a license. I noticed a church and a parish house on the way out—the least we can do is ask," was pleased and touched and a little surprised. My feeling for Dave amounted to hero-worship, but if I had admitted to one fault in him, I would have said that he was self-centered. I knew that he didn’t mean to be selfish, but that determination of his, that almost childish single-mindedness about getting what he wanted, often blinded him to the thoughts and the wants of others. He wasn’t especially religious; his thinking of the ceremony for my sake made him doubly dear to me.

The Reverend Furness was understanding. Even if he hadn’t been, I think Dave’s persuasiveness would have overcome him.

I see a little old-fashioned parlor of the parish house. Dave told him about our long-deferred wedding plans, about the sudden furlough which had given us no time to arrange for the license. As we were through, the Reverend Furness said, "That’s beautiful, and you found it just in time. We can have the ceremony this evening, or let me come to you—"

We left the parish house, feeling almost as light and as free as we had been when we set out from Middle-town that morning. I was still a little uncomfortable over Dave’s misrepresenting the circumstances so that the minister thought them more urgent than they really were, and then I reproached myself, remembering that he had done it for me. I looked up at the sky and felt better, Dave, I said. "Thank you." He laughed and gave me a quick hug. "Feast! I want those words said over us as much as you do. And tomorrow we’ll do it over again—with a license."

"And with the same minister?" "Maybe." He grinned. "We’ll figure it out in the morning. Right now, I’m hungry." I was hungry, too—we had had neither time nor thought for food all day. We went back to the hotel for an early dinner—as festive a meal as Dave and the dining room hostess could manage in a hurry. There was a great bowl of cut flowers on the table; the cook outdid himself on chicken Maryland, and he took the trouble to cut our ice cream in the shape of wedding rings. There was even champagne, a small bottle presented by the desk clerk, who confided that he had been saving it for a special occasion.

IT DOESN’T sound attractive—being married in a hotel room, without music or flowers, without your family and friends to wish you well. But I still think, after two years, after the heartbreak and the tangled events that followed, that it was the most beautiful wedding anyone could have in the world. Rev- erend Furness came just after sunset, when the sky was that strange, tender blue that comes when daylight fades; there was a tree outside our window, and Dave had the duchess flower of its leaves a single bright star hung. And there was music, after all—not the grand, rolling notes of an organ, but the sweet, sleepy chirp of birds at eve- ning.

I made a quick, involuntary objection when Dave went to turn on the light, and Reverend Furness, with an understanding smile at me, stopped him. "I have read this service before," he said. I hardly need the book.

I loved him for it, and for saying, as he crossed the room. "After all, there is no better altar than an open window."

It was the altar before which we were married—that window looking out upon a part of the world which was still at peace and the serene sky.

Continued on page 58
YOUR GREATEST MOTION PICTURE EXPERIENCE!

ONLY THESE GREAT STARS COULD LIVE ITS MATCHLESS ROLES!

FLESH AND FANTASY

Without precedent...
Beyond compare. A drama of love...of hate...of terror...of volcanic emotion...Unfolding with all the terrifying realness of your own life...

"FLESH AND FANTASY"
starring in the order of their appearance

ROBERT BENCHLEY
BETTY FIELD
ROBERT CUMMINGS
with EDGAR BARRIER

EDWARD G. ROBINSON
with THOMAS MITCHELL
C. AUBREY SMITH
ANNA LEE
DAME MAY WHITTY

CHARLES BOYER
BARBARA STANWYCK
with
CHARLES WINNINGER

Directed by JULIEN DUVIVIER • Produced by CHARLES BOYER and JULIEN DUVIVIER
Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Samuel Hoffenstein • Ellis St. Joseph
Based on Stories by Oscar Wilde • Laslo Vadnay • Ellis St. Joseph

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

NOMINATED AS THE PICTURE TO BE SEEN TWICE!
Oh!—look what this NEW lotion with LANOLIN started!

"He said something about soft, adorable hands—and I think time and my heart stood still when he took my hand in his."

Get These New Benefits For Busy Hands

Give your busy hands new benefits—the kind that will help them to become adorably smooth and tempting to romance. It’s so easy with the new Campana Cream Balm.

Lusciously creamy and smooth, this new creation of the famous Campana Laboratories contains lanolin—to help prevent skin dryness. Scientists have found that lanolin is the substance that most nearly duplicates the functions of the natural oils of the skin.

Campana Cream Balm

You can distinguish the new Campana Cream Balm by its pure white color and distinctive yellow and white carton. Sold by druggist, department and dime stores in 10c, 25c, 50c and $1.00 bottles.

Campana Laboratories also produce the Original CAMPANA BALM in the green and white package.

The birds’ chirpings were grace notes to the deeper, solemn tones of the minister. “Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God—”

Dave’s hand trembled as it brushed mine, and his voice broke as he repeated the simple words. “I, David, take thee, Marianne, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward—"

From this day forward. The phrase lingered in my mind, prophetically, reassuring. I was no longer Marianne Harvey, but Marianne Knowles, Dave’s wife, in the sight of God, if not by law, into eternity.

Then the ring was on my finger, and the minister was joining our hands. The familiar words took on a special, deeper meaning—“Those whom God hath joined—”

It was a real wedding. After Reverend Furness had gone, Dave and I stood a moment, not speaking, feeling holiness in the room, holding to the moment and all that it had given us.

I AWOKE later that night remembering the ceremony, thinking about it. I was Dave’s and Dave was mine completely, irrevocably, and from that day everything would be different. I felt different. The stars through the window were very high and far away; looking at them, lying close to the long, lean length of Dave, I felt very small—and secure. It was a new feeling for me, who had been so often afraid, uncertain of so many things. I was Dave’s now, part of his flesh, part of his strength and courage. "Dave," I whispered, "I’m not afraid any more."

He didn’t hear the words. I hadn’t meant him to hear them. But he heard the sound, and he turned to me, brushing my face with his lips, drawing me closer into the circle of his arms.

I should have realized that I would also be a part of the violence and the drama that was Dave’s life. I was awakened rudely in the morning—Dave’s hand was on my shoulder, shaking me vigorously. As I blinked sleep from my eyes, I saw that his other hand held the telephone. "The seven forty-five," he was saying, as if repeating a direction. "Thanks, Lenny, want to talk to my bride?" He thrust the ‘phone at me.

It was Lenny Hill, the boy who had flown with Dave when we’d all been in Middleton High, and who was still flying with him, in the Air Transport Command. "You’ll hate me, Marianne," he said, "but I’m taking your husband away. The Army wants him for special duty—they’ve been trying to reach him in Middleton. Stanford’s farther, and he’ll have to hop to make it. Don’t cry, honey—the sooner he leaves, the sooner he’ll come back to you."

I didn’t have time to cry. Lenny hung up, having wished me happiness as an afterthought. "Good old Lenny," said Dave. "He even looked up trains. Got to make the seven-forty-five. Hurry, if you want to drive me down." Helpfully, he tossed my shoes at me. I dressed and packed while Dave went downstairs to check us out. There was no real need for me to hurry about leaving the hotel, since I would drive his car back to Middleton, but I didn’t want to go back to the room if Dave wouldn’t be there. We had a moment on the station platform, a moment in which to stop and look at each other and to realize what had happened to us. Dave’s face was strained, and so unhappy that it frightened me. "Honey, I’m sorry—" he began huskily, putting my hand on his arm. "Dave! I’m not."

He looked at me without speaking, and his face smoothed, and the smile came back to him. "It’s not, either, about last night. But—we should have got to the courthouse."

W E WILL when you come back." It was strange that I should be reassuring Dave.

"It’ll be soon," he promised. "After recalling me like this, they’ll give me another leave, and a long one."

I didn’t think that I’d cry. I didn’t feel like crying until he kissed me goodbye. It was a hard, hurting kiss, and it touched off a deeper hurt inside. The tears started, and my arms tightened convulsively on his shoulders. "Drive carefully," he whispered, and as he swung himself aboard the train, I saw that his eyes, too, were wet.

It wasn’t an easy parting for me, but I had prepared myself to see him leave that afternoon, and I had done other things that were harder. Besides, there were already little things to do for him, ordinary, every-day things that made me feel—well, wifely. I was to drive his car back to Middleton.
As Smooth as a Waltz

The full, fine flavor of Schlitz is loved all the more because it is neither harsh nor bitter. Brewed with just the kiss of the hops, America’s most distinguished brew achieves the smoothness so greatly desired by those who want fine beer without bitterness.

JUST THE kiss OF THE HOPS

...none of the bitterness

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
and leave it in the garage and see
that it was cleaned and properly
stored. He had given me money, ask-
ing me to open a joint account for us.
When I reached home, I didn't tell
my mother that Dave and I hadn't
been legally married. She asked if
we'd had trouble getting the license
on a holiday, and I gave her a partial
truth—I told her that Dave had taken
care of it. I went back to work as
Mrs. David Knowles. Dave wrote reg-
ularly, and the money he sent I put
into our bank account.

THERE is a special kind of happiness
in first love—a magic, unalloyed
happiness that comes only once, before
you have had real trouble, before you
learn that struggles won and disap-
pointments overcome must be present
to make your happiness strong and
lasting. I moved in a lovely dream
in those weeks of waiting for Dave, never
doubting that he would return. His job
was dangerous, but he had always
lived with danger; it was part of him
and it would not harm him. As for
me—there must be other women like
me, many of them, and for each one
the end of all roads is in the arms of
the man she loves. I belonged to Dave;
my life was fixed to his star. Every-
thing else was subordinate.

We were very sure, Dave and I, of
ourselves and the future, and at a
time when no one was sure of what
the next day would bring. Toward the
end of October, when I knew that I
was going to have his child, I felt that
all I had ever wanted of life had
been granted me. I kept my secret for
a while, hugging it to me, dreaming
over it, and then I wrote to Dave. In
my letter I wrote, I tried to picture his face
when he read the lines, the way his
eyes would shine, the way delight
would tug at his mouth—even though
I wasn't sure he'd get the letter. His
last letter had said that he might sur-
prise me on Hallowe'en; he might even
now be on his way home.

Hallowe'en passed, and the paste-
board pumpkins in store windows
were replaced by turkeys, and the
turkeys gave way to the red and green
of Christmas wreaths. I welcomed the
passing of each day, serenely confident
that the next would bring my husband
home. Wherever he was, he was safe
and on his way to me.

I came home from work one snowy
afternoon in December to find Lenny
Hill waiting on the porch, stamping
and swinging his arms in the cold.
I ran forward, my heart seeming to
race ahead of me. Lenny and Dave
usually managed to stay together; if
Lenny had reached Middleton, surely
Dave was on the way. "Lenny!" I
cried. "Isn't Mother home? Why didn't
you call me at the office—"

And then I saw his face, his funny,
freckled, humor-nosed face that had al-
ways looked fifteen. It looked fifty
now.

I started at him, disbeliefing what I
saw. "Dave?" I questioned finally, in-
credulously.

Slowly he raised his eyes to meet
mine. "Torpedoed," he said, "on his
way home—he—they've given up
trying to find him, Marianne."

And so Marianne's life with Dave
is over almost before it had begun
and she must face the complications
of her life alone. Can she find peace,
perhaps, any peace, any hope, in the
future? Read the gripping second in-
stalment of this exciting new serial in
January RADIO MIRROR

Soldier's Wife

Continued from page 49

rushed over me now until it blotted
out everything.

For the next day and the next, I
lived under a sword of Damocles. News
of Jim's coming spread fast. Compara-
tive strangers stopped me on the street
to say how glad they were. Friends
called constantly. The newspaper
wanted an interview as soon as he was
strong enough. And everybody said,
"You must be just about out of your
mind with joy. You must be just count-
ing the minutes,"

Yes, counting the minutes while what
should have been the supreme happi-
ness of my life turned into a threat
against the one I loved. What a
aversity of homecoming!
I went to see Avis at the hospital
Saturday afternoon. Her face was still
drawn and white, but there was a new quality of serenity
about it. I couldn't understand it. She
motioned me to sit beside her on the
bed. "I've given you—a lot of trouble," she said. "I'm sorry. Can I say what
Don't think about it. It's all over
now, dear."

"Yes, it's over." She closed her eyes
a moment as if she was searching her
memory. When she looked at me again, it
was as if she saw beyond me, beyond
the hospital room, into a place where I
couldn't see at all. "You get a lot of
time to think in a place like this—more,
I guess, than I've ever had before,
lying up. I've gotten a good look at
myself—like looking at a movie—and
the picture I've been seeing isn't very
pretty. But then—and she gave a
faint echo of her old smile—let's not
talk about me. It's wonderful Jim is
coming—simply wonderful! You know,
I used to think you were silly, to spend
your life just sitting there waiting. But
you were more right than I was." "No, I wasn't," I said miserably. "I
made mistakes, too—horrible mistakes.
Carl thinks he's in love with me and
I've never—" She stopped. I sort of
wanted him to be for a while, and now
he won't take no for an answer and—"

"And you're afraid Jim will find out."

PUTTING it into words made me feel
more wretched. I got up and walked
over—I've never had to hide anything from Jim
before and I won't be very good at it.
He'll feel something's wrong and he'll
think—I don't know what he'll think.
It's the sort of thing that trying to
explain makes you look guiltier than
ever. It isn't that Jim doesn't trust me
—I think it's coming home after months of hell, sick and
weak and needing everything to be as
it was, and it won't be... Oh, Avis, I
Continued on page 62
Quiz for Women Absentees who can't keep going on "problem days"

Do's and don'ts to help you feel better and stay on the job!

Do you exercise for cramps? Setting-ups can be worth their weight in hot-water bottles to relieve cramps and congestion (help posture and beauty, too). For complete directions, get new booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Free with compliments of Kotex.

Do you lift like this? This is the dangerous way! There’s a knack in avoiding strain. Bend knees, keep back straight, tummy in. Get close to object, under it if possible. Lift up, parallel with body. In carrying, divide weight evenly or shift from left to right.

Do you get your feet wet? Avoid wet feet...chills...catching cold...at this time of the month, especially! When you have a stormy-weather date, you needn’t take a rain check if you remember to wear your rubbers and carry an umbrella.

Do you take showers? Put warm showers on your "Do" list (not cold, not hot). That goes for tub or sponge baths, too. Luke-warm water’s not only relaxing...it’s a daily "must"! At this time, particularly, perspiration glands work overtime!

Do you get plenty of sleep? Sleep, sister, sleep...at least 8 hours. Plenty of shut-eye is important, not only now but every night. And after a hard day’s work, stretch—yawn—relax—when you turn in. It helps "unknot" tense muscles.

What about cocktails? Too much stimulation is bad for a working girl at any time. "High" today means low tomorrow. (Nature drives a hard bargain.) And on "problem days," especially, that logey, let-down feeling is just what a woman should avoid.

FREE! Send for it today—Just off the press—easy-to-read, 24-page booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Gives the complete list of do’s and don’ts for a war worker’s "problem days." How to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Facts for older women; and for when she’s expected. Plain talk about tampons. And how to pin your Kotex pad for greater comfort. To get your copy with the compliments of Kotex, mail name and address to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. MW-12, Chicago 54, Illinois.

TO WAR PLANT NURSES AND PERSONNEL MANAGERS
We’ll gladly send you (without charge) a quantity of the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again" for distribution to your women workers. Please specify the number you require. Also available, at no cost to you—a new manual, "Every Minute Counts." It serves as a "refresher" course for plant nurse or doctor—makes it easy to conduct instruction classes. In addition, specify whether you want free jumbo size charts on Menstrual Physiology.

Mail request to:

Kotex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.
don't know what to do."

"At least," she said slowly, "you didn't lose your head as I did. You haven't got to tell him what I've got to tell Jack." At the question in my eyes, she nodded. "Yes, I've decided. As soon as I get out of here, I'm going to him. I'm going to tell him the whole thing."

"But honey—"

"I've got to. If he'll take me back, then I'll be happier than I ever deserved to be. If he doesn't—well, I'll start over somewhere all by myself. I can do it now." She looked at me with that calm, serene gaze and I, too, knew she could. "Something happened when I—nearly went out that window. I was through with life because the one I had was ruined. You can't be like that. You've got to have the courage to take what's coming to you and start over. And that's what I'm going to do—either with Jack or with myself."

"What about Alec?" I asked softly.

"He wants to marry me now. It's strange, isn't it—when a month ago that would have made me so happy. But I told him what I just told you ... I can't put it into words very well, Connie, but it's as if I were taking the excitement Alec made me feel as people take marijuana, like a kind of drug that makes you forget yourself and what's wrong with your life. And then you get to be an addict and you can't stop ..."

Again, I felt sorrier for Alec Holden than for Avis. Out of anguish and tragedy, she had discovered herself. She might never find easy happiness again—too many people had been hurt by that—but she had found strength.

"You've found your way," I said softly. "You're brave enough to tell Jack and ask him to take you back. Whether he does or not, you'll be all right—inside. And that's what counts."

"Yes, only—dear God, let him take me back ..." Then she smiled at me and whispered, "You'll be all right, too, honey. You'll see."

I wished that I could be so sure. For in my way, I had been an addict like Avis, seeking forgetfulness any way I could, and Carl was right when he said I'd used him. How could I make up for that without letting Jim know the truth? Would I have to pay for it at the cost of Jim's happiness and my own? I was suffering enough in recognizing the claim Carl had on me, and his right to it. I couldn't suffer the final penalty of losing Jim when I'd just got him back—losing his faith in our marriage and his trust in me. I couldn't ... I couldn't.

That night with Carl remains in my mind like an old phonograph record played over and over. We said the same words till they seemed to lose all meaning and become just sounds. But I had to keep on saying them, even though they never got anywhere, because I had to make him see. I had to make him free me.

"I can't let you go," he repeated. "I love you too much."

"But you must! I've told you: I love Jim."

I don't believe it. You only feel sorry for him. You can't say you don't love me—not after the way you've turned to me when you were in trouble. And not, his voice quickened into urgency, "—after that kiss!"

"I've told you," I pleaded, "I was lonely and lost. I was desperately unhappy. And out of that, I let you think I might love you—because I let myself think so. Oh, Carl—I've hurt you and I'll have that knowledge all my life. But let me suffer for it. Don't make Jim suffer too!"

"What about my suffering? Don't you know you've put me in hell, wanting you, loving you?" He pulled me roughly to him. "I can't let you go to another man; arms, no matter what you say—without fighting for you. I can't."

"You can't make me love you," I cried. I backed away from his encir—"

Continued from page 64
Here's JUDY GARLAND... young and lovely

Star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "PRESENTING LILY MARS"

"I use Lux Soap regularly," charming Judy Garland says. "It gives my skin the gentle, protecting care it needs—real beauty care!" Try ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days! See what they can do to make your skin smoother, lovelier.

SCREEN STARS ARE RIGHT! ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS ARE A REAL BEAUTY CARE. SMOOTH LOTS OF THE CREAMY LUX SOAP LATHER WELL IN —

RINSE WITH WARM WATER, SPLASH FOR A MOMENT WITH COLD.

PAT TO DRY. NOW SKIN IS SO FRESH, FEELS VELVET-SMOOTH! IT PAYS TO GIVE SKIN THIS GENTLE, PROTECTING CARE.

Here's the BEAUTY soap she uses every day!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap because it's a real BEAUTY Soap
Prayed while. For I had last saw I can't took ruined felt knew loved heard. And didn't faced. knew

*
l.-50c-25c-10c

Buy. *l-

powder isn't dry... your skin... you'll have lovely make-up always.

POW'D'R-Base

Hampden's powder base is the cream stick that really spreads evenly and cleanly... is applied directly to your face, without water or sponge... won't dry out your skin! Try it— and you'll have lovely make-up always.

POW'D'R-Base

Hampden

In a minute...

MINIT-RUB begins to relieve cold distress

SPEED, MOTHER! Minit-Rub hurries relief from cold distress three fast ways! Rub it on—look!

1. IN A MINUTE Minit-Rub stimulates circulation, brings a sensation of heat. That swiftly helps relieve surface aches!

2. QUICKLY Minit-Rub's pain-relieving action soothes raspy local congestion.

3. IMMEDIATELY Minit-Rub's active menthol vapors ease nasal stuffiness. Mother, it's amazingly quick relief for both children and grown-ups! Greaseless! Stainless! Won't harm linens! Now—at your drugstore.

MINIT-RUB

FANTASTIC RELIEF FROM COLD DISTRESS

More War Bonds—Speedier Victory

Continued from page 62
waiting for me. I think they'd been there for hours. With rare generosity, Mom had said, 'We'll all meet him, but then you take him home alone, Connie. You have him the first day—I'll wait for the next.'

Cissie was incoherent with excitement. 'Oh, I can't wait! I'll die—I know it. Connie, how can you be so calm?'

I couldn't tell her it was the calm of resignation. Nor that it was the only thing that kept me from an hysteria far worse than hers...

I heard my name called. 'Mrs. Constance Ruelle—Mrs. Constance Ruelle.' We whirled around. A telegraph boy was threading his way through the crowd.

I called him. With icy fingers I tore open the yellow envelope, I read the message at a gulp. You win. I can't go through with it because you really love the guy. Best luck—always. Carl.

The train whistle half drowned out Mom's question. 'It's from Carl Haggard,' I shouted as we pushed toward the gate. 'It's—just congratulations.'

And then the train was slowing to a stop and the doors were opening and the white-coated porter was helping someone down the steps. And then I saw him—tall and tanned and tired. But Jim. And I was running, blindly, with the tears streaming down my face—running straight into those outstretched arms, and thinking, 'I'm the one—not Jim—who has come home.'

He's still with me. He's recovering fast and, thank God, he won't be disabled. He'll be leaving soon again—where, we don't know—for he is still in the service, still able to be of use. But this time when he goes, it will be different.

I'll still have my job, but that will be different because I'll be trying to learn things in the office to help me with the Nurse's Aide course I'm going to take. You see, I've learned I want to be useful, not just fill in my time and earn some money. Alec Holden is still there, subdued and older-looking, and I still feel sorry for him because he will never change.

And I'll go back to the USO, but that will be different, too. Now I can understand what I can give those boys and, through them, the women at home.

Jim sits in his favorite chair and looks at me and says, 'I'm prettier than I used to be.' And I laugh and say, 'That's because I love you more.' That's true, and he knows it.

I've never seen Carl again. The guilt of what I did to him will always be on my conscience, for he was deeply hurt, but I hope some day I'll meet him again and he will say he's forgiven it and forgotten it.

There was a letter from Avis the other day. 'Jack is wonderful,' she wrote. 'He understands. He wants me with him. It's unbelievable, but it's true. God bless you, Connie...'

Yes, God bless us all—all us soldiers' wives who must be left behind. For we have our fight too, as surely as the men fighting for us. We have to fight to do what Dr. Rudd said that day in the office, to keep from rushing around to fill up the emptiness instead of figuring out what we've got to give. And maybe that's the hardest fight of all, I don't know. But it's the only way we'll win. Or keep the faith.

The End

So You're in Love
then—touch his Heart with soft, smooth Hands

Don't—don't blame housework or war work, if your hands feel unpleasantly rough. Your hand skin, when it's often in water, is likely to lose its natural softening moisture. But—

Do—do supply your hand skin with beautifying elements it lacks. Just use Jergens Lotion. You'll have specialized, practically professional hand care by using Jergens.

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Jergens Lotion
FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

HE'S FIGHTING FOR YOU
BUY A WAR BOND FOR HIM

65
SUNDAY evenings Lester and Ginger Damon are at home to servicemen. Boys in khaki, drab and blue stream through their penthouse apartment. Officers one week, enlisted men the next. The parties, however, are always wonderfully similar. There are nice girls for the boys to dance with and talk to. There’s a buffet table laden with good things to eat and drink. There’s a recording machine and stacks of blank records because it’s such fun to make recordings. There’s a terrace under the soft starlight where everybody sings.

"It was," Ginger Damon says, "Lester’s recording machine that let us in on this Sunday evening fun.

Ginger leaps from one conversation to another. Lester explains. "Originally," he explained in this instance, beaming at her the while, "the Sunday night parties for servicemen were Everett Crosby’s idea. He does the broadcasts OWI beams to the boys overseas. He and his wife have the other roof apartment just across the hall. They began asking a few boys in Sunday evenings. The boys brought their buddies. So, deciding finally if it was going to be Christmas let it be Christmas, the Crosbys set every Sunday evening aside for as many boys as they could accommodate. When they needed more room they asked if it would disturb us if they left their door open and the boys danced in the hall. Ginger had a better idea. She opened our door too.

Recently, however, in spite of the large area the Damon and Crosby penthouses, terraces, and adjoining hall provide, many requests for invitations have to be refused every week. The boys mob the Service Desk at a certain hotel to get the little pasteboards on which "Introducing Sergeant So and So" is centered and the Damon-Crosby address together with Sunday, 7-11, appears below.

It all began for Ginger and Lester several years ago in Chicago when they were both of the first to be called in and who had played together in several radio shows and from the first day she saw him he was a challenge to her. She couldn’t understand why anyone with his success should look so shabby. She telephoned him from a drug store. "This is Ginger Jones," she said. "If you were me you would go to New York to do a radio show?"

"It depends," he said, "upon what show it is and who directs it."

Then he asked her where she was and explained a man from her to remain there until he could join her.

"You are an innocent," she told him when he arrived. "Making me promise to wait here for you. Nothing short of an explosion could have removed me from this spot once I heard you were coming over. The purpose of my telephone call actually was to get you across a table from me—like this."

"It would all be very wonderful," he said, "if I could only believe you."

"You can—absolutely" she insisted. "You may as well hear it from me, as discover it for yourself. My life work from this day is going to be to teach you to relax and have fun."

"Sounds attractive," he said quietly. Whereupon Ginger, close enough at last to catch the twinkle in his eye, decided her life work probably wasn’t going to be difficult at all.

In the end she didn’t go to New York; but he did. Most week-ends, however, if he didn’t fly to Chicago she flew to New York. They were in New York when he proposed.

The subway train on which they were bound to a matinee or "Louisiana Purchase" roared into Times Square. But she held him down with both hands.

What’s the trouble?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said. "The romantic mood you’ve been in for the last three minutes is, in fact, marvellously right. However, I know how quickly a mood can change. Just getting off this train could ruin it! So we’re going to stay on this train until you finish what you started and propose to me."

We’ll miss the matinee," he warned. "That doesn’t matter in the least," she said. And at the next station she pinched him down with both hands a second time.

Their train eventually reached the end of the line. The motorman eyed them curiously. "Darling," Ginger said quite loudly, "don’t be so self-conscious. He’s seen lovers before. More ardent lovers, no doubt!"

The motorman grinned and Lester’s flush deepened, but as soon as the train got underway, again he said, "Miss Jones, will you do me the honor to be my wife?"

"I will," she promised promptly, "as soon as we’re back on the beige one. I’ve decided upon for our wedding. It shouldn’t take me more than a day."

Fortunately," he murmured, "I’ve never been partial to indefinite women."

Far too late for any matinee when they reached midtown again, they went to a cocktail lounge instead. En route in the cab Ginger got her ring, the gold seal ring Lester wore on his little finger.

"I’m so happy," she sighed. "But it’s just as I always knew it was... Happiness is no self-starter. God helps those who help themselves."

They were married at high noon and at four o’clock they sailed for a honeymoon in Haiti and were there when the dog was on the pier to see them off. "Someone has to cry for us," Lester said. "And we know practically no one this side of Chicago..."

WHAT we appear to need is additional room," Lester told her upon their return to Manhattan. "You, Pooh and I don’t seem to fit too well into the quarters which belonged to my dear-beyond-recall bachelor days.

They drove in their new penthouse. There the pooh would have a terrace to lie in the sun. There Ginger could grow a Victory Garden of beets and carrots and beech apples in boxes and pots painted, appropriately, red, white and blue. There Lester would have room for a bigger and better recording machine."It’s nice for Pooh," Lester said one evening.

"It’s nice for us, too," Ginger said. "We use it more."

They’re not home much. They are too busy in radio. Les, Nick Charles in The Thin Man (CBS), is also in NBC. Then there is Spanish Harlem, The World, and The Right to Happiness, and Ginger graces the cast of A Woman of America (NBC).

Then nights a week Lester’s stage manager at the Stage Door Canteen, where he puts Broadway headliners through their paces for the entertainers. The day after his wedding a week Ginger is Junior Hostess there. Several days a week she also works as a Nurse’s Aide at Beth Israel Hospital, where her husband is a doctor. And the Sunday evenings have to be carefully planned in advance; records have to be ordered, girls have to be invited, menus have to be ascertained. It takes considerable effort to turn a penthouse into Heaven. And, of course, the delicious, delightful madness of the Damons, too.
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Johnny Gart's swing trio was scheduled for only one appearance on a short-wave program to our neighbors in South America, but CBS received so many requests for "more Gart music" that he's become a regular feature on their bi-weekly broadcasts.

In cold print, the trio sounds like a weird combination—a violin, a harp and a Hammond organ. Before you allow yourself to become skeptical, though, listen to it. Or better still, listen to some jitterbug's ecstatic raving. What comes out is swing.

Johnny's musical career began very early in life. He was the youngest student ever admitted to the Moscow Conservatory—just seven years old. He was an honor student and, by the time he was ten, he was accompanying his father, who was an opera and concert singer. And, when Papa Gart was signed up for a concert tour of the United States, Johnny was part of the contract.

Unfortunately, no sooner had they got here than the elder Gart was seriously hurt in an accident and Johnny was on his own. He was sixteen then, but that wasn't too young for him to land a job as an organist in a Loew's theatre. A year later, he was appointed musical director and chief organist of the entire Loew's theatre chain.

In the next eleven years, Johnny held down this job as well as directing the orchestras of several musical shows on Broadway. That gave him the idea of forming his own dance band, which he promptly did. One thing at a time we never Johnny's way. While he was building his band into a top flight attraction, Johnny was also doing a bit of radio work. It wasn't long before his engagements on the major networks kept him so busy that he gave up the dance business to devote himself entirely to radio.

Johnny plays many instruments besides the Hammond organ. He plays the novachord, the piano and the electric guitar. But he likes the organ best of all and can imitate almost any instrument in an orchestra on the organ. He's by way of being a composer, too, having written a Concerto for Accordion and Piano, a piece called "Shadow Boxing," dedicated to Jimmy Braddock, and the theme of the Eleanor Roosevelt program, "Our Lady," for which program he also supplied the musical background.

There is probably a little Cossack somewhere in Johnny's background, because practically his only interest besides his music is horses—not the racing or betting kind of interest, either. He rides regularly,
of the house facing the street. One change led to another, and by the time the workmen had all packed up their tools and left we had a house that had been redecorated inside and out, from top to bottom.

I say "we," but I was the one who did the planning and saw my ideas carried out. "I'm a doctor, not an architect or interior decorator," Ray said good-humoredly. "You go ahead and do what you like with the old place, and I know it'll be good."

Oh, I thought, I was lucky, lucky! I had a husband who adored me, a home that would be lovely when I'd finished with it, a perfect life. I went a little drunk with the knowledge, I guess, because when the bills came in Ray whistled with the nearest approach to shocked surprise I'd ever seen in him.

"Goah!" he said. "Things do cost money, don't they?"


"Sort of. But it's really a good investment, dear. A doctor needs a nice place to live, you know."

He looked down at me. "You like things, don't you?"

"Things?" I asked, puzzled. "Oh, you mean a pretty house and good furniture and so on. Of course I do—don't you?"

"Not much," he said. "They have a way of tying you down—and I was never very good at being tied down."

"Oh, you're so restless," I said impatiently—but not in anger, because I couldn't believe he really meant all he was saying. "Why do you work so hard, if you don't want to have a good house and money in the bank and—and security?"

"For the fun of working," he answered. "An easy job's a dull job—and when a job gets dull it's time to start looking for a harder one. That's why I want to quit some day and study and then specialize."

It always made me uneasy when he talked like this—not that he did, very often—and I reached up and kissed him. "I've bought all the new things and made all the changes I'm going to," I promised. "From now on, not another rug, not another coat of paint!"

Ray laughed. "You're so cute when you set your chin and bob your head like that." He seized me and whirled me into his arms, burying his face in the hollow of my throat, kissing it again and again.

I did try to spend as little as possible after that, but it wasn't easy, and gradually I slipped back into the habit of knowing that my husband was prosperous and indulgent. And besides, I reminded myself, if I was extravagant, so was he! He was still an easy prey for any medical or surgical supply catalogue with something new and shiny in the way of gadgets.

It was so wonderful to feel, for the first time in my life, that I needn't count every penny! Wonderful to give Mama clothing of a kind she'd never owned before, to buy other clothes for myself, to decide with Ray that we needed new cars.

Our first year slipped by, and our second, most of our third. December, 1938, Mama caught a bad cold which developed in a few days into pneumonia. Ray did his best, but he couldn't save her. For the three years since Papa's death she had lived quietly with us, never intruding, missing Papa but not missing a point of it, finding her pleasure in my happiness and in the way we had improved the house. Now, just as quietly, she stopped living.

Her going made little difference in our lives. They went on being as pleasant and uneventful as before—

for a while, surrounded by material things, I was happy. I thought vaguely that soon we should have a child—but we were young, there was no hurry. Meanwhile, we had each other. If Ray occasionally was abstracted and thoughtful, not at all like his usual exuberant self, maybe he was working a little too hard, and I would bring him comfort and rest with my kisses.

I was completely unprepared for

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**QUESTION:** "Do you favor the use of oil on baby's skin?"

**ANSWER:** Over 95% of physicians said yes. Hospitals advise the same (most all hospitals use Mennen Oil—because it's antiseptic).

**QUESTION:** "Should oil be used all over baby's body daily?"

**ANSWER:** 3 out of 4 physicians said yes—helps prevent dryness, chafing. (Most important—antiseptic oil helps protect skin against germs).

**QUESTION:** "Should oil be used after every diaper change?"

**ANSWER:** 3 out of 4 physicians said yes. (Antiseptic oil helps prevent diaper rash caused by action of germs in contact with wet diapers).

**QUESTION:** "Up to what age should oil be used on baby?"

**ANSWER:** Physicians said, on average, "Continue using oil until baby is over 6 months old." Many advised using oil up to 18 months.

**QUESTION:** "Should baby oil be antiseptic?"

**ANSWER:** 4 out of 5 physicians said baby oil should be antiseptic. Only one widely-sold baby oil is antiseptic—Mennen. It helps check harmful germs, helps prevent pricky heat, diaper rash, impetigo, other irritations. Hospitals find Mennen is also gentlest, keeps skin smoothest. Special ingredients soothes itching, smarting. Use the best for your baby—Mennen Antiseptic Oil.

The warm Sunday afternoon in spring when Ray spoke again of his wish to give up his practice and specialize—spoke of it, this time, something for the indefinite future, but as something he wanted to do now—next month, next week, tomorrow.

"Everything's too easy," he said. "I've learned as much as I ever can as a general practitioner, and it's time to make the change. Three years isn't so very long, and even if we are a little pinched for money it'll give us a chance to get out, live in a big city, meet new people—you'd like that, wouldn't you?"

No, I thought; I'd hate it. We were safe here. We had everything my father and mother had struggled for and never achieved. If we gave it up, there was no assurance we'd ever get it back again.

"It was too full of his new project to notice my silence, and he went on talking, trying to infect me with his enthusiasm. But I was cold and numb with fear. Never until now had I faced the truth that was so serious about this. I hadn't permitted myself to face it; I'd been too ready to think it was all restless man-talk, dreams.

And at last he stopped. He stood in front of me, looking down at where I sat with my head bent.

"You don't want to," he said in a dead voice. "You want to stay right here, in Malverne, all your life."

"But why not, Ray?" I cried. "We're happy here. We have a nice home—"

"Oh, it's nice!" he broke in bitterly. "It ought to be—we spent money on it we should have saved to carry us through in comfort while I studied!"

"If you needed the money so badly," I said, "you shouldn't have let me spend it. I didn't know..."

"You did know! Long ago, even before we were married, I told you that some day I'd want to give up the practice here. Did you think I was just talking to hear myself talk? And as for letting you spend it, I'd been easy for me to refuse you anything—and I suspect you know it."

"Ray, that's not fair!" I said hotly. "If you'd really told me—if we'd ever really talked things over—"

"Oh, well, the money doesn't matter," he broke in impatiently. "I've managed to save a little in the last two years, and if we rent the house it will bring in enough for your clothes."

"Has it occurred to you that I might not want to rent the house?" I asked. "It's so big, the only people that would want it would be a family with children, running through it and breaking everything up—three years they'd have it ruined!"

"Oh, Lord!" he said expensively. "Is that all you think about?"

"No, it isn't! If it were really necessary, if we had to move, I wouldn't..."
I had won. We would stay, I lifted my head, and he kissed the tears away, and I told myself that probably he was secretly relieved, too, at being able to retire from what would have been a reckless gamble. Because it would have been that, and no man in his right mind could sincerely want to carry through anything so dangerous to his whole future. It had been only a gesture, a whim. Conveniently, I forgot that a whim doesn't usually stay with a person throughout three long years.

But although I had won, I had lost too. Subtly, I felt Ray's love slipping away from me, in a hundred different little ways. Once, if I wore a new dress, he would notice and admired; now his eyes slid over me, unseeing. Once, he'd been apt to pick up his office telephone in the middle of the afternoon and call me, simply to chatter nonsense for a minute. Now he never did. Once, I'd known that my beauty was a shrine at which he worshipped; now even when he kissed me there was a part of him that stood aside, waiting impersonally until this interlude was over—-as if, instead of being one man he had become two, one who loved and one who did not.

I tried—pitifully, I guess—to win him back. I cooked the things he knew he liked to eat, I suggested picnics and fishing trips for Sundays because he loved to be out of doors. I was quiet when he wanted to read one of the medical books or journals that he brought home more and more often these days. I was careful, as I'd never been before, not to let a word of complaint slip out over the small inconveniences of being a doctor's wife. And I filled the empty hollows in my life with things—the things Ray had laughingly accused me of loving so much... clothes, the house... preening, yet hardly knowing why.

And, from being perfectly willing to wait for a child, I now longed to have one. If only we had a baby, I reasoned, Ray would forget that he...
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had wanted something very much and I had kept him from having it. He would remember only that I was his wife. But one month melted into the next, and this hope too was unfilled.

Ironically, when at last I knew I would have a child, it was too late. The war guns had begun to pound in Europe, but I scarcely heard them. Europe was far away. Poland was far away—this new life that was budding within me was the only reality. I waited, not daring to tell Ray until I was quite certain. I had been more than usually moody lately, reading the newspapers and listening to broadcasts from London, Paris, Berlin, but this news would bring the old tenderness back into his eyes, the old vital excitement into his voice.

At last I was sure. I pictured how I would tell him. I'd wait until after dinner. It was late in November, and an early winter storm was frosting the bare branches of the trees with snow, so we'd have a fire on the hearth. And I'd say, "Dear, I've got some news—good news. We're going to have a baby."

Only it wasn't like that.

We had finished dinner—a dinner in which all my efforts to start a conversation had been swallowed up in silence, like stones dropped into a deep well. Ray had eaten very little, and one of his surgeon's hands turned, ceaselessly, the stem of his water glass. But he'd change soon enough, I thought exultantly, when he knew...

HE RAISED his eyes. "I've got some news," he said. "I've applied for a commission in the Army Medical Corps."

I stared at him, while my own beautiful and lovely secret died within me. I couldn't answer.

"It will probably come through in a month or so," he went on. "I wasn't going to tell you until it was definite, but I decided you had a right to know."

"But we're not at war," I said stupidly.

"Not now, but I expect we will be eventually. Anyway, I want to go into the Army."

Suddenly, as I looked at him across the table, he began to get smaller. It was like a nightmare. He was small, and very distant, just as if I were looking at him through the wrong end of a telescope, and his voice was far away too.

"I don't know where I'll be stationed," he was saying. "Probably nowhere you'd like to go. You can stay here—in this house," his eyes traveled around the room, in distaste, "and I'll send you enough money to keep it up, of course."

"I don't want any money," I said.

He smiled, unbelievably, and said, "It won't be a bad thing, anyway. I'm hoping for a captivity, but of course I may not get it."

I put both hands against the edge of the table to steady myself. "Don't you want me to go with you, wherever—wherever you're sent?"

"I told you I don't think you'd like it," he said, lovingly.

"But don't you want me with you?"

"No," he told me. "No, I don't think I do."

At that, the nightmare—the optical illusion or whatever it was—ended. I could see him normally once more, and I knew why he had applied for a commission, and I wanted with a

Continued on page 74
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sort of sick, vicious desire to hear him say it.

"You're tired of living with me," I said. "That's why you're going into the Army to get away from me."

For an instant he hesitated. Then he shrugged indifferently, and in that one gesture I saw how he'd changed from the man I'd married. That man wouldn't have shrugged, couldn't have been indifferent.

PARTLY, I guess," he said. "Funny—I can hardly believe it myself, when I think how much I loved you. I still loved you last year, when you wouldn't let me give up the practice. But I don't now... I used to think you were so practical, and you are. You're practical about getting the things you want."

I jumped to my feet, my chair making a thud against the rug as it over-turned.

"If you want to go," I said, "go right now—this minute! If that's the way you feel about me, I don't want you in the house. I don't even want to see you again!"

I ran past him upstairs, not into the room we had shared, but into my mother's old one, and flung myself across the bed. I was shaking with anger. And yet perhaps it wasn't just anger. Perhaps it was humiliation, too, the awareness that I could no longer enchant Ray, that I had no power over him any more.

There was one way I could keep him with me, of course, but I wouldn't use it. I wouldn't tell him about the baby—not now, not ever. With fierce possessiveness, I thought of it as my baby, only mine. Ray should have no part of it. If he sent me money, I'd send it back. I would have the baby by myself, support it myself, and he'd never know. That gave me a bitter pleasure to think that I was depriving him of his child. It was my revenge for the moment when he had told me he no longer wanted to live with me.

Revenge may be ugly, but it can make you strong. It made me strong enough to lie there quietly, in my mother's old room, listening to the faint sounds Ray made as he packed his two suitcases, went down the stairs and out of the house. It sent me, dry-eyed, to bed, and kept me awake most of the night, planning and deciding. And in the weeks and months that followed I brought it a new way of life—one in which all the things I had once valued became worthless.

The house for which my mother and father had saved and sacrificed, the house I had cherished so much that I had let it come between me and my husband—I let this house go without a pang. Through a real-estate agent, I sold it to an elderly couple who planned to make the second floor into an apartment to rent and live on the ground floor themselves. The furniture, all except a few pieces, went with it.

I COULDN'T look for work, of course, until after the baby had been born, so with some of the money from the sale of the house I rented the smallest and cheapest one-room apartment I could find—and waited there, quite alone except for my bitterness. Again I learned to count every penny I spent, just as I had before my marriage. I bought food and cooked it over a rickety gas-plate in the corner, and washed the dishes in the bathroom sink. I looked up a doctor that Ray had known slightly but I'd never met, and went to him, giving my maiden name—I said I was Mrs. Clay—and telling him my husband and I were separated. I didn't know or care whether or not he believed me. It only mattered that he was capable and that his fee was reasonable.

FOR a while, every month brought an envelope addressed in Ray's handwriting and forwarded to my new address by the elderly couple who had bought the house. I opened the first one—to find that it contained no message, nothing but a money-order for two hundred dollars. At the sight of it my fingers twitched with an almost uncontrollable urge to tear it up, but instead I folded it into another envelope and sent it back to him, at the California Army camp where he was stationed. Two more came later, and I returned them unopened. After that they stopped.

My baby—a little girl—was born late in June. When the hospital nurse laid her in my arms I wanted to shout in triumph. She was mine, now and forever! I looked down into the crumpled, sleepy little face, feeling tenderness stirring in my heart for the first time since Ray had left me. For her, I would do any work, anywhere. I would go without food, if need be. Only one thing I would not do: tell her father that she existed, ask for his help, give him any share in her.
The story of the next three years would make dreamy reading, just as, at the time, it made dreamy living. Yet, looking back, I can see that each day in itself was not so bad. What darkened them all was not poverty or struggle, but their purpose—because that purpose was simply to prove to an unseen, unknowing Ray how little I needed him. I was still living my revenge.

THE hospital helped me to find a place to go when I left—a day-nursery, where I could take care of little Anne and a dozen other children besides. I stayed there until Anne was a year old, and then I got a job clerking in a department store, leaving Anne in the nursery by day, taking her home with me at night. I took a larger apartment, and later I rented a little house on the edge of town, with a soldier’s wife who was glad to take care of Anne in return for a home. I found that I liked to work, and I was promoted. A year after Pearl Harbor my section-manager went into the Army, and the store gave me his job.

Lois Britton, the soldier’s wife who lived with me, said once, “You’re funny, Penny. You’re perfectly self-sufficient. It’s not so much that you never speak of your husband—but you don’t, even seem to miss him, or any man.”

“I don’t,” I answered warily. “I can get along nicely without men.” And I made myself believe that I meant it, forced myself fiercely to believe it, unwilling to admit that without Ray I was lost.

Then, on a breathless summer afternoon, Ray found me.

It was Sunday, and Anne and I were alone. Lois had gone to spend the weekend with her soldier husband. I had played with Anne and put her to bed for her afternoon nap when the doorbell rang. Unthinkingly, a little irritated in my fear that the noise would awaken her, I went to answer it.

“Hello, Penny,” Ray said.

I clutched the doorknob to conceal my start of amazement. For I hadn’t recognized him in that instant before he spoke—hadn’t known him in his worn tan uniform, with his black eyes dulled and lines around his lips.

“Ray!” I breathed. “How—how are you?”

“Pretty well, thanks,” he said, smiling briefly. “And you, Penny?”

“Oh, I—I’m fine,” I forced back a desire to laugh. How ridiculous it was for us to be standing here, talking like two polite strangers! Still—not so ridiculous, perhaps. We weren’t much more than that. I stepped back. “Won’t you come inside?” I asked, my voice high and stilted, as if I were inviting a stranger in.

THANKS.” He bent down, and I saw with consternation that he had a small suitcase with him. He must have seen my expression, because he remarked, “I came straight from the station. I’ll go to a hotel later.”

“Did you know where I was?”

“A little detective work. I tried the phone book, and you weren’t in it. Then I went to the old house and asked there, but they didn’t know. Finally I got smart and looked in the phone book again—and there you were, under your maiden name.”

I felt myself flushing, although there hadn’t been any criticism in his tone. And the beginnings of resentment were stirring in me, too. Why did he have to come here and upset me, now that things were going so well? Why couldn’t he leave, before Anne woke up? Then I saw that he limped, and swift compunction struck me.

“Ray—you’ve been hurt?”

“It’s nothing much,” he flung over his shoulder. “Piece of shell in my leg—I’ll be all right in a few weeks.”

“Where were you?”

“New Guinea,” he said quietly. “Will you—be going back?”

I SAW a flash of the old Ray in his smile. “They’d have a hard time stop-ping me!” But he was anxious to drop talk of himself. He glanced around the room, and said, “Nice place, Penny. And you’re looking well. Tell me what you’ve been doing.”

It was surprisingly easy. Everything was easy as long as I remembered that he and I were only casual acquaintances, not husband and wife—as long as I told him only about my work and about Lois, and didn’t mention that there was someone, asleep in the next room...

“Isn’t glad,” he said simply when I’d finished. “I’m very glad you’re getting along so well. I just wanted to see you, to be sure—” His mouth fell open. “What’s that?”

So he had to know, since our voices had wakened Anne. He had to know, but it wouldn’t make any difference. “I—I was going to have a baby when you left,” I said. “I didn’t tell you.” Without looking at him, I left the room. When I returned, leading an Anne who was still rosy with sleep, he was standing in the middle of the floor, quite still.
"Anne," I said, "this is your father.

It meant nothing to her. She was only three, and she hadn't known there were such things as fathers. She only stared at me for a moment, and then he squatted down in front of her.

I think he said something to her—something inconsequential, the sort of redundant, mechanical chitchat all children always make to them—but I don't remember very well because I was too busy trying to silence the roaring in my head, and in the next second after I had the chance to see her, but now that he had, he ought to tell me that she was beautiful, that she looked like me (although I'd never had the chance to tell her that), and that he was proud of her. And, I suppose, he ought to be angry because I'd never told him of her existence. But as I wasn't angry, and he didn't say anything to any of the things he should. When, a minute later, Anne went out to play, he stood up and said, "It's too soon, Penny. She's a darling, but I don't have any feeling that she's mine."

I might have said, "She isn't. She was never yours. She's all mine." Instead, I said impulsively, "There's no reason you can't stay here, Ray, if you like. Lois won't be back until morning—you can have her room for the night."

As soon as I'd spoken, I hoped he'd refuse. What in the world would we find to talk about, all the rest of the afternoon and evening? But my hopes were shattered when he smiled.

"Thanks, Penny—I'd like that. The truth is, I've been on a train most of the last two weeks.

So it was settled, and we'd have to get through the time the best way we could.

"Would you like to—to bathe and maybe rest a little before supper?"

I asked desperately. Imagine asking Ray Adahson if he wanted to rest!

He glanced at the floor, and seemed to feel the same discomfort as I, or maybe he really did like the suggestion. Anyway, he said, "Yes, I guess I would."

I straightened up, and said impulsively, "Lois' room, and I'll show him the bath and provided towels—then it was hard for me to believe that he was in the house at all. Ray—why, when Ray had been anywhere in the old, big place, anywhere at all, with a hundred-dozen doors between us, I'd known he was there. His vitality had spread out around him like radio waves. But now—he'd gone into the bathroom and silh, the door closed, and I couldn't hear the faint sound of the shower I had the crazy notion that it was running by itself, with no one under it.

I went guiltily back to the war, of course. The war that had put those lines around his mouth had, smudged his old brilliance until he looked like a tag. I think I wasn't really what I said to myself, but in my heart I knew it wasn't all the war.

The clock said four o'clock. I might expect him to rest until five. Feeding

Anne and putting her to bed, having our own supper, would keep us busy until eight. At ten I could say something about having a hard day tomorrow. There were only two hours of trying to talk to each other without treading on the toes of each other. The two hours—a hundred and twelve minutes, and then this episode would be over.

Up to a point, that was the way the time—schedule worked out, too. Each evening, —or that evening, now that I was half-five, looking more comfortable in trousers and shirt, and watched me gravely while I gave Anne her supper. And so it was that Saturday, when I tucked her into bed. We had a cold meal of fried chicken—I was thankful that some was left over from Friday's; and we had coffee, and afterwards we sat at the table in a queer kind of stiff companionship, talking impersonally.

He stubbed out his cigarette and got up, rather abruptly. "I'm supposed to take a walk about now," he said.

While he was gone, I cleared the table and finished the afternoon's rights, lingering over each task as if by doing so I could postpone the moment of his return. Yet I didn't dread that moment, even of Ray. We were safe, quite as long as we moved in this clear, cool atmosphere of politeness.

And, when he went to his room—and all at once I felt myself being pulled inside. Something had been tossed across the foot of the bed, a robe—a man's, perhaps. But I wasn't curious. I had been new when I gave it to him—how many years ago? It had been white with stripes of red and green and yellow, and only it. It was old and thin, and damness and time had dulled it.

I picked it up, and all around me the icy bubble in which I had lived was shattered. I flung myself back, and I strained the shabby garment to me, holding it against my face, wetting it with my tears. I'd thought I didn't need him—I'd proved I didn't. Yes, but I did. I needed him, not to give me the things he once said I loved too much, but to fill the empty spaces, to laugh at me and kiss me and let me love him. I needed him to follow and help when he got restless. I needed him. But he was only the robe to hang in the closet beside mine.

There was the sound of a sharp, indrawn breath behind me, and I turned—knowing that he had come into the house, that I would find him in the doorway, watching. And there was no shame in me at having him find me like this. I wanted him to see how I loved him. Even if he scorned my love, I wanted him to see.

It was Ray again who stood there. Not the shadowy man who had come home from the war, but—Ray—his body. He was only the robe. I reached out to seize me, his lips saying in a great shout, "Penny! You—you were going to let me walk out of here, this very night you didn't want me around. Come here!"

And I did. Oh, I did, without even stopping to drop the robe I still held against my breast.
RAYMOND PAIGE

Perhaps it's the memory of his own dogged determination to become a professional musician despite the well laid plans to the contrary of his family that has made Raymond Paige, noted concert, radio and recording conductor, a champion of youthful American musicians.

His father, who wanted Paige to be a lawyer, cleverly arranged auditions with leading music teachers whom he instructed to dissuade his black sheep son from attempting a "long haired" career. No sooner had Paige met these assorted maestri than they began to show the lad the seamy side of a musician's life. "Why, you'll have to live in a booted shirt," they said, or, "No more steak for you, son,—flew is all you'll ever be able to afford." None of this nonsense daunted him—he just placidly followed through for Pop and family, studied law but kept right on with his violin. Today, and ever since he finished school, the only court career he pursues is his tennis.

It is in "Salute To Youth" that he has found realization of his lifelong ambition, and the story of how it came about has an almost fairy tale quality. Early in 1941 Paige felt that the time had come for him to get down to making his dream of a youth orchestra come true. His sincerity of purpose was severely tested when he was offered the coveted conductor's spot on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour. He turned it down, regretfully but firmly, and opened an office in a New York hotel, announced to all and sundry that he would now audition any young people who wanted a professional career in music.

There were only two qualifications—they had to be American citizens and they had to be between 18 and 25. Paige auditioned throughout that very hot and sticky summer, from nine in the morning to ten at night most days! He found not only the forty boys and girls he needed for his "Young Americans" orchestra, he also amassed a replacement backlog of 250.

After a period of intensive rehearsal, Paige felt that the group was good enough to take to the road on a bravura cross-country tour. Alas for well laid plans! Came December 7, 1941, and railroad and bus travel for such a project was quashed immediately. Plans had to be called off, Paige had to disperse his orchestra.

Early in 1943 however, radio executives, who had heard rehearsals of the group and mentally filed them away under "to do later," finally caught up with themselves. Out of their homes from coast to coast came the forty kids—none of them the worse for wear. And a grand new program was born—"Salute To Youth."
Remember the roses last summer’s sun put into your cheeks? Now—bring back that flattering glow with Pond’s new Dreamflower “Brunette.” Soft beige tones blend with your skin perfectly... warm rosy undertints give it that welcome radiance... And the misty-soft Dreamflower texture is heavenly! Soft as the touch of a cool breeze... it gives your skin a smooth-as-velvet look that’s priceless to a girl! Get a luxurious big box of Pond’s Dreamflower “Brunette” today!

H.R.H. Princess Maria Antonia de Bragança, now Mrs. Ashley Chanler, says: “I’m so pleased with the smooth clear look that Pond’s new Dreamflower ‘Brunette’ powder gives my skin. The rose undertone is unusually flattering to my deep coloring.”

**Recommended Listening**

**SOMETHING** a little bit different and a whole lot of fun in the way of audience-participation shows is Who, What, When and Where, heard Saturday nights 10:30 to 11:00 EWT on NBC. Frances Scott, whom you’ll probably remember from last year’s Let’s Play Reporter, is mistress of ceremonies—called city editor—and members of the audience usually four service men, are cast in the role of cub reporters and there’s plenty of excitement and laughter as they fulfill their assignments. Two regular characters appearing each week are Jim Dandy, the reporter who never gets anything right, and Telya Fortuna, advice to lovelorn editor.

For all of you who like to follow the lives of the daytime serial characters—and who doesn’t?—The Open Door, a new five-times-a-week drama on NBC at 10:15 A.M., EWT, is about the best thing that has happened for a long time. Written by Sandra Michael, who did the prize-winning serial, Against the Wind, this is a story of the kind of people we all know, living the kind of lives we lead, facing problems just like ours.

Ribber McGee and Molly are back again at the old stand, and every bit as funny as ever. Listeners from “way back wouldn’t miss a Tuesday night session (NBC, 9:30 P.M., EWT) for anything, and if there are any listeners left who haven’t become acquainted with Wistful Vista and the people who live there, they have a treat in store. But Wistful Vista, this every American community, has shouldered its burden of the war, and some of the old faces are gone. Mayor LaTrivia reported to the Coast Guard at the end of last season, for instance, and Rad Robinson, of the King’s Men. joined the Ferry Command. But the Little Girl, Doctor Gamble, Wallace Wimple and Harlow Wilcox are all there.

Gracie Fields is back from a two-month command performance tour of Army camps in England and Africa, and her new Victory Show is in full swing over Mutual, Mondays through Fridays at 9:15 P.M. EWT. Victory Show! The whole Gracie Fields—and if you like her, you’ll like the program. It sings the songs and tells the stories that have set her apart from other performers, and is singing and joking her way into the hearts of millions.

As if my words recalled him to reality, those strong hands suddenly stilled. He shook his head as if to clear it. Then he looked at me. "Get out!" he choked. "Get out."

Tom was gasping for breath. "You're going to pay for this!" he panted. "I got some mud out here on the road, and we don't like men like you—play- ing around with our women-folk!"

He rose and stumbled out the door.

I HAD a horrible, hysterical desire to laugh. The hypocritical self-righteousness of Tod Wilson trying to protect his innocent 'girl'! Tod, of all people! He'd always hated Jack because Jack was everything he wasn't. He was jealous of me. And he'd just had a bad physical beating. Now his small soul was burning for revenge. What better way than inflicting the disgrace of a public scene—the grotesque mockery of Tod and his gang seeing that Justice was done.

I looked out the front window and the hysterical laughter died. Eight or ten of his gang were gathered around their car on the road outside. They all had guns. And I knew what they were like. Idle, shiftless, easily inflamed, they could look on cruelly as sport.

"Jack!" I cried. "They're coming toward the house. They'll— they'll make us go through with it!"

"No," Jack said quietly, "they won't."

"But the guns—they might even kill you. We're helpless. Maybe— I forced the words out— "maybe we better— go along with them."

Roughly he grabbed me in his arms.

"You little idiot, do you think I'd let a bunch of hoodlums force me to do something I've denied myself all these months for your sake? Now look— stay in here and keep out of the way no matter what happens!"

He gave me a brief hard kiss and pushed me into the bedroom. Then he stood in the kitchen door—and waited while the angry, purposeful footnotes of the men grew nearer.

He just stood there and looked at them. I was in the lead and he stopped, suddenly, a few feet outside the door. May I tell you? The memory of those fingers at his throat was still too close.

"Come on, Larabee," somebody yelled. "Get your wedding clothes on."

"There's not going to be any wedding," Jack said.

"Who says so? Who do you think you are, playing around with a girl like Katharine Laney?"

Jack's strong strain of vanity was blocked off part of my view and I never saw who threw the rock. But suddenly, with a swift, painful intake of breath, I saw it arching through the air. I saw it glance off Jack's shoulder. I saw him stagger back. Now was the moment—now was the time to rush him, while he was helpless and off-balance.

And then it would be too late. In my mind's eye, I could see them lead us ignominiously to the car, herd us in, drive us to the preacher's house... I could even see the preacher's startled face, the avidly curious stares of the neighbors... and my father. I think, at that moment, I prayed harder than I ever had in my life. A wordless prayer, and for a miracle of help. There could be no miracle. There was only Jack. He threw out his arm to steady himself against the shock of the stone. And then he took three slow steps forward.

"Who was the damn fool who threw that?" he said loudly.

Nobody answered.

"Let him come up here, without his gun, and light it out. And after I've finished with him, I'll take on the rest of you—alone or all together. Who wants to start the trouble?"

Nobody moved.

NOBODY but me. I found myself running limply across the kitchen, through the door, until I was standing beside Jack. Where I belonged. I took Jack's hand.

"Look," I said conversationally, and I think I even smiled, "there can't be a wedding without a bride—and there's not going to be any bride. I don't want to get married till I can have a decent place to live in—not this hovel. As for last night—you've only got to look at that car out there and at me right this minute, and you'll see why I couldn't go home. Now you all go back to your jobs before I get there first and spread this story that will make you look like bigger fools than you already are... And next time, don't listen to what Tod Wilson makes up to tell you—use your brains."

It worked. A crowd like that is always brave only when somebody is afraid of them. They had been whipped up to a false excitement. Then Jack had backed them down and now the whole thing had turned flat and silly for them. They shuffled uneasily. Then somebody said:

"Aw, nuts! Let's get on with the duck hunting."

"Don't let 'em talk you out of it!" Tod yelled. "I tell you—"

"Shut up, Tod. Come on, let's get going."

And they melted away. Tod still suddenly muttering with nobody to listen to him. We stood where they left us until we heard the car drive down the road. Then I turned and threw myself into Jack's arms...
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It was a strange Thanksgiving dinner we had that afternoon. The strangest of my life—and the most thankful.

There had been the ride into town, the telling of the whole story to my father, the visit from the doctor who pronounced my injuries unimportant. But mostly there was Jack and the new feeling for him in my heart—the feeling that I knew would grow stronger and more binding as time passed.

For my impatience had gone. Humility had taken its place. Humility because I was belied with a love that was greater than mine—greater than any I'd dreamed of—because it was strong enough to know true selfishness. Strong enough to wait because waiting was right.

We aren't married yet, Jack and I, and it will be a little while before we can be—but not too long. Perhaps a kid that Providence rewarded me, now that I have learned my lesson, for it was only a few days after Thanksgiving that a mill made Jack an offer for the pulpwood from his land. The deal is nearly completed, which means that we can be married very soon.

But the waiting isn’t hard, now. You see, I realized something that day. I realized that in all this time, in all the time that Jack had pleaded with me to wait, I had heard only just that one word, “wait.” I hadn’t heard, really, all the rest—all the reasons—had I understood what was in his heart. With that understanding, peace and patience came to me. And I think that Jack learned something that day, too—that there can be, there must be, an end to waiting, before swift time tarnishes the beautiful love that waits to be fulfilled.

Always I will remember that Thanksgiving day, and my father’s voice, gravelly intoning as we sat down to the table “...for what we are about to receive...” Silently, then, my head bowed, I repeated after him, as I touched Jack’s hand, “For what I have received, make me truly grateful...”

When Love Must Wait

Continued from page 48

But I know why you don’t. Dogs love to run free...”

They said goodbye holding Tabo and Lido at leashes length. A month passed before they met again. This time they spied each other before their pets did. And they were exceedingly careful to make the dogs’ leashes short by wrapping them tightly about their hands while they stood talking.

“I’ve wanted to telephone you,” he said, “and inquire if you were all right after your tumble. But I thought you might think I was taking advantage of a situation.”

I like your honesty!” She laughed. “But I don’t see how you could call me. You don’t know who I am...”

“I do,” he protested. “You’re Lucille Manners’ One.”

One day, when they were walking through the apartment lobby—before our dogs introduced us—a friend nudged me and whispered, “Know who that is?” When I didn’t he nudged me. “That’s Lucille Manners!”

She laughed. “Whereupon you said, no doubt, ‘Who is she?’”

His face and neck flooded with color. Far back was how it had been—exactly.

“It’s about time,” he told her, “that you know who I am. William Walker’s
my name. I'm in the advertising game. And I'd like—very much—to take you to dinner.

They went to a Chinese restaurant famous in the neighborhood. Over pork sweet and savory, Canton lobster, water chestnuts and soy-bean sprouts they told each other their life stories. They had planned to go to a movie but by the time the little almond cakes and bowls of tea came to their table the second show thereabouts had started. So there was nothing to do but order fresh tea and talk longer.

They danced that summer and autumn to the best bands. They motored and swam and played innumerable games of tennis. They went to the theater to see Ethel Barrymore, Lunt and Fontanne, Fredric March, Katharine Cornell and Ethel Merman. They went to the opera to hear the world's loveliest voices sing of the love of Tristan and Isolde, Marguerite and Faust. And they talked of all they did and saw and heard with the zest which marks good friends, not lovers. For about six months. Then it changed. Then, to prolong an evening, they would stop on the way home for a soda or chow mein or a cup of coffee. Then they began manufacturing excuses for telephoning each other and arranging a date for that same evening.

He went with her to her broadcasts while executives and enthusiastic audiences crowded around. He was so understanding and patient.

The following February, on St. Valentine's Day, Bill gave Lucille a small heart-shaped box of red satin. It held her engagement ring.

In the spring they began house-hunting on Long Island and in New Jersey. Along roads shaded by Revolutionary elms they drove through wooded hills and along stretches of sound and sea coast. They stopped at Long Island duck farms for duck dinners. They chanced upon a thatched cabin on the North Shore famous for double chops stuffed with kidneys and broiled over charcoal. New Jersey inns, in turn, offered soft shell crabs, apple pie and home-made ice cream. Poking around houses sometimes older than these United States they found forgotten closets under steep stairways, Dutch ovens, fireplaces wide as rooms, and once they came upon a secret passage.

Evenings, when Bill came to call, they read aloud from books which dealt both romantically and practically, with old houses. They became equally well informed regarding insulation and architectural periods, heating systems and herb gardens.

While they hunted and planned a future together, Hitler took Poland . . . England fought with her back to the wall . . . Norway and France fell before their Quislings . . . Dunkirk was evacuated . . . The shadow of all this hung over them. The reality of all this oppressed them. Lucille knew, inevitably, the day must come when Bill would be in khaki.

It was autumn when they found the house, in Short Hills. Lucille knew it was her house instantly she spied it—an old Tudor house of red stone, built in 1872—with fireplaces in every room and the music room walls panelled in wine damask. Lucille and her mother moved in at—
"Me—I never have
ABSENTEE HANDS!

My hands
are always
on the job.

Smooth and comfortable
because I protect 'em
against ground-in grime
with HINDS. A HONEY
of a lotion for busy hands!"

Uncle Sam
needs more women
working. Apply:
U. S. Employment Service.

PHOTO AT RIGHT shows results of test.
Hand at left did not use Hinds lotion
before dipping into dirty oil. Grime and
grease still cling to it, even after soapy-
water washing. Hand at right used Hinds
dirty oil before dipping into same oil. But see
how clean it washes up. Whiter-looking!

BEFORE WORK—smooth on Hinds hand
lotion to reduce risk of grime and irritation
which may lead to ugly dermatitis—"Absentee Hands"—if neglected.

HINDS HAND CREAM in JARS—QUICK-
SOFTENING, TOO! 10¢, 39¢. PLUS TAX.

AFTER WORK—and every wash-up—use
Hinds again. Even one application
makes your hands feel more comfort-
able, look smoother. Benefits skin! On
sale at all toilet-goods counters.

most before the masons and carpenters
and painters moved out. Living in the
house Lucille could better determine
whether it should be English chinseys or
brocades for the living room, mah-
hogany or oak for the dining room,
hooked or broadloomed rugs for the
bedrooms. Besides, on Christmas she
and Bill wanted fires burning on every
hearth and a flaming plum pudding
brought through the pantry door.

One Sunday early in December, when
the house was almost complete, Lucille
and Bill were in the music room.
Lucille, at the piano, was singing Bill's
favorite song... "None but the lonely
heart can know my sadness... alone
and parted from joy and gladness..." 

Immediately they saw Mrs. Manners
in the doorway they knew a blow had fallen.

"The Japanese," Mrs. Manners told
them, "I have bombed Pearl Harbor!"

They ran to the radio in the library.
No need to hunt for a particular com-
mentator or a particular news broad-
cast. Over every station on the dial
came the shameful news. The aggres-
sion which had begun when Mussolini
assaulted Ethiopia, when Hitler had his
way at the Rhine bridgeheads, was still
on the march.

All over the land hearts cried out
with horror and then with resolve and
courage. Women drew closer to the
men they loved. Plans long made were
put aside. Some who were in love
thought it best to marry quickly.

Others, Bill and Lucille among them,
decided to wait.

"I figure," Bill said, "fighting this
war will be a full time job!"

He came to the old house in uniform
like generations of men before him.
Very straight and fit and handsome he
looked too. Then he had a citation for
intelligence work he had done, the
details of which he couldn't tell even
Lucille. That, however, didn't stop her
from being properly proud.

When he was stationed at Atlantic
City, Lucille went to visit him. All
their plans began "When the war's
over..." as they walked along the
boardwalk blacked out so no light could
shine against the sky and reveal con-
voys putting out to sea to the U-boats
which prowled there.

"I'm leaving for Miami, for Officer's
Candidate School," he told her sudden-
ly one day not long ago. They were
in her garden. She was cutting late
roses, creamy white, for the table. She
knew by the way he blurted out his
news that he had been seeking the
best way of telling her a real separa-
tion was upon them ever since he had
arrived and finally, in despair, had
cought only to have it over and done
with.

"I'm glad," she said. "I know that's
what you've wanted..." She bent over
the roses for some time. But when she
lifted her face for his kiss she was
smiling.

Just as Radio Mirror went to press
we received the exciting news from
Lucille Manners that Bill has been
graduated from OCS, that he is sta-
tioning in Pennsylvania so that she
can see him often, and that—
best of all—they will be married very
soon, probably by the time this maga-
zine reaches the newsstands.

The Greatest Fight Is Still Ahead—
Invest All You Can in War Bonds
Somewhere There Is Love
Continued from page 29

given me, but tears of sorrow, too, because he would never know how much he meant to me. No, nor can it—

His eyes opened. He was watching me. "Lona"—he said softly, and while I still cried, unable to stop, he put his arms around me and kissed me. I clung to him—clung with all the despair of long loneliness, all the passion of emotions that had been stifled and stunted.

After a while he let me go.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"It was as much my fault as yours," I said miserably—ashamed that he should have seen my love in my face, and yet glad, too, with a fierce, exultant gladness. "You mustn't worry about it. I know you don't love me—"

"That's the terrible thing about it," he said. "I do."

It was as if those two small words hung suspended between us, reaching out to both of us to draw us together. I didn't think of anything then, in that moment, but the fact of Tom's love. I had forgotten, for a few heavenly seconds, everything else in the world, the fact that Tom was married, that what we felt for each other had no right to be; I even forgot, just for that moment, Blair and his love. I was suspended between heaven and earth, in pure, untouched, untouchable happiness.

Abruptly, Tom rolled over, seized a stalk of grass and shredded it with nervous movements of his fingers. The spell was broken.

"I don't need to ask if I can make you understand," he said, slowly, as if feeling his way. "I—well, I love Myra, too. You mustn't think that I don't, that I've stopped loving her. But now—now that I've met you, I've found out that the thing you sometimes read about and wonder about can really be—that it's possible to love two women at once.

"Myra is—well, she's so little and funny and sweet, and so terribly understanding and—right good. She's just right for me. We have a wonderful time together, and everything is laughter and brightness and ... But, you, Lona—you're so beautifully quiet, face—like music. When I'm with you I'm relaxed and comfortable. And so, in your special way you're right for me, too. Oh, it's so—so mixed up. Do you understand, Lona?"

I nodded. "Yes, I understand," I told him. "I understand, but it doesn't

DOING DOUBLE DUTY?
I Suggest a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick!
—says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

If shouldering new wartime duties—in addition to your day-in, day-out activities—has made you long for a lipstick that stays smooth and stays on... I sincerely recommend our new Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks.

Here is all you've ever longed for in a lipstick. Glorious color, of course. And, as well, an exquisite grooming... a luxuriously soft and satiny sheen... only possible with Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish. Not too dry, not too moist—the Tangee Lipstick of your choice will seem to "smooth" itself on to your lips and, once on, stay for hours.

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TANGEE THEATRICAL RED... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... is always most flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL... "Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

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LIBERTY—glory of nations...
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TANGEE SATIN-FINISH

A recent portrait of CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN by Maria de Kemmerez

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help much, does it? You're... still Myra's husband."

He met my eyes squarely. "I'm Myra's husband," he agreed. "And I would never hurt her. No matter what happened between you and me, I'd never hurt her. Lona, you'll have to see—unto see that whatever is between us—you and me—you'll be the one who must be hurt by it, my dear."

It took me only a few seconds to grasp his meaning. He loved me—I believed that. But he loved her too, and he had loved her first. So I was the one who would be hurt if I accepted his love. In a little while—two weeks or so—Myra would come back from Modesto, and then he would leave me and return to her. He could offer me only a little while of happiness; and after that his life would go on as before, and I would be alone again.

He was a man, and according to a man's standards he was playing fair in this situation we faced. He wouldn't hurt Myra—for how could Myra be hurt by something she didn't know?

All at once, I was afraid to stay here with him any longer. I had to be alone, to think things through—to know what was right and what was wrong. I couldn't do that, here where I could see him. I scrambled up.

"Take me home, Tom," I begged. "It's late, and I—Please take me home."

Without arguing, he began to gather together the few things we'd brought—books, sun glasses, a sweater. We walked to the bus stop almost in silence, when we did speak it was only of trivial things, never of what was uppermost in our minds. Tom would not speak of it again, I knew. It would be part of his code to let me make my own decision, without urging from him.

It was purple dusk when he left me in front of the house where I lived. "Will I see you tomorrow, after work?" he asked, and I answered, "Yes." We both realized that I must tell him then whether or not that would be our last meeting.

Then he was gone, and in my tiny, neat room, I fought my battle. All my training, all the instincts implanted in me since I was old enough to reason, told me that it would be wrong to take Tom's love. But was it wrong? How could it be wrong to be happy? To know again the ecstasy that had been torn from me when Blair died?

Blair! Was loving Tom an affront to Blair's memory? No, it couldn't be—

for in Tom I saw Blair himself. But I brought back to me as if by a miracle. I re-

membered the instant of our first meeting,

when breath had been driven from

my body by the conviction that I was looking into Blair's eyes. And Blair

would have wanted me to live again—

he would have been the last to wish my prison existence to go on.

So I argued, but when morning came I had made no decision. I went through the day mechanically, my hands busy with their work, but my mind aware of every ticking second, aware that when five o'clock came Tom would meet me, asking for his answer. He passed me several times, and I knew he was there, but I didn't look up.

At last five o'clock came and I washed and changed from my gingham work shirt into street clothes. At first I moved slowly, but then impatience

More War Bonds—More Weapons—

MORE VICTORIES!
How can you "re-style" a dull-looking complexion?
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"a 1-Minute Mask!"

—even says
Katharine Mellon

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Even a pretty complexion may "slump" at the end of a hectic day. Embedded specks of dirt give a dingy look. Bits of chapped skin ruffle up—snag make-up.

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and Bury the Axis

OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE
Take a job! In many areas, women are urgently needed to fill home-front jobs of fighting men. Check Help Wanted ads and the local U.S. Employment Service.
and the hiding of that grief had deprived me. I felt as a starving person must feel if bread is offered him and then snatched away, as a man dying of thirst must feel if a cup of cool water is held to his lips and then spilled on the ground, wasted.

Do you understand—can I make you understand how it was? Do you understand why I began to cry then, without pride, there by the gate, with people passing all around? Do you understand why I began to cry and then couldn't stop, how all the bitter, imprisoned tears in me began to flow and I couldn't keep them from flowing?

Poor Tom! I could see the indecision on his face, the warring emotions—pity for me, and all a man's deep-seated embarrassment at a public scene. He stood undecided for a moment, watching me cry, hearing me cry, and then he swept me into his arms, picked me up bodily and carried me across the parking lot to his car, put me inside. He came around quickly to the other door and got in himself, started the car and began to drive swiftly away from the plant.

My voice was something apart from me, a high, thin thing that beat on my ears, saying senseless, meaningless things over and over—things my mind had no part in forming. 'Tom, I'm so lonely—I've been so lonely all along until you came. That's why I'm crying—because I don't want to be lonely. Tom, don't leave me—I'm afraid! I was so happy, I was so happy . . .'

I didn't see where we were going, didn't notice the passing of time until I felt the car Jolt to a stop. Then I realized that we were parked in a lonely spot by the river. I felt Tom's hands on my shoulders, pulling me up, and I let myself slump down again, let him bear the weight of me on his wrists. At last I quieted the fierce sobbing a little, so that I could see his face, understand what he was trying to say to me.

'Lonak honey, listen—please listen to me. This is all my fault. I'm—

I'm anything you want to call me for getting you mixed up with that. You've got to get a grip on yourself. You've got to stop crying like that. You'll make yourself sick. You'll—'

I shook my head. I suppose that when you cry like a child you're really being a child, that you think that way and react that way. I did then, I know.

'I don't care, I don't care! Oh, Tom, I—'

His arms were around me then, but it was comfort and pity that kept them close about me, a lover's embrace.

'Lonak listen, my dear. Remember what we said yesterday? Remember how I said that if there was anything between us it would be you who would be hurt? You see that now, don't you? I'm glad, so glad, for your sake, that it never happened, that Myra came home before we really had a chance to do anything to each other. This parting hurts us, Lonak—how much worse it would have been to part later, wouldn't it?'

I nodded, pulled me closer into the circle of his arms. But part of me was still rebellious. "It wouldn't have mattered so much then," I argued feebly, although it did matter. "I would have been happy for a little while. I would have had days and days of happiness with you behind me to give . . ."
people were talking ... about how young Mrs. Smith had changed! In fact, how the Smith marriage had changed!

Those two had been the town’s gayest, most devoted young couple. But now you seldom saw them together—and she went about with smiling lips but tragic eyes.

The truth was that lovely young Mrs. Smith was losing her husband’s love ... the tragic part was she didn’t know why!

Doctors know that too many women still do not have up-to-date information about certain physical facts. And too many who think they know have only half-knowledge. So, they still rely on ineffective or dangerous preparations.

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A LL I remember is a woman’s voice, saying, “Tom—what on earth—”

And then nothing after that.

It couldn’t have been very much later that I felt consciousness creeping back. I fought it down—I didn’t want to be awake, to remember. Voices came to me mistily, Tom’s, and a woman’s, Tom’s, saying, “And that’s the whole story. That’s how it is. I can’t tell you how sorry I am, or make any excuses for myself ... But she’s frightened and mixed up and—”

The woman’s voice was clear and light. “You don’t have to worry about what I’ll say to her. I’ll—I’ll help her all I can. Now, get out of here, will you? Leave this to me, darling.”

I opened my eyes, slowly, lazily. Tom was gone. I was in a strange room in a strange house, and a woman with a little, heart-shaped face and warm brown eyes was bending over me. “Lona?” she asked, softly, and then, “Oh, good. You’re awake. Just lie there a few minutes and don’t try to talk.”

I struggled up, propping myself on my elbows. “Who am I? I’m Myra Norton. Please—everything is all right.”

I sat up then. “Oh—I—I must go.”

Myra rose. Small Tanya was smile full of warmth and kindliness and goodness. The kind of smile that can brighten a whole room. Now—not yet. Rest a little while, won’t you? I brought you here. Men are no good in a crisis at all, are they? He didn’t know what to do, so he brought you home to me, and told me all about it. I—I’d very much like to help you, Lona, if I can. I—I understand.”

I might have cried out then that she couldn’t understand—she, protected and loved and safe. But I didn’t. I didn’t want to. Somehow I knew that she did understand, that she did want to help me. And I knew, too, by those tokens, why Tom loved her, why he had said, “I could never hurt Myra.”

She was quiet for a moment, and then she smiled. “Maybe I’d like to go into the bathroom and wash your face and freshen up a little.”

Gratefully I accepted, following her into the pretty little green-and-yellow tiled room. I splashed cool water over my swollen eyelids, combed my hair, powdered my nose. And then I stood.

me strength, Tom. Now I’ve nothing but loneliness behind me and loneliness ahead of me, and...

I felt the tears beginning again, and I did nothing to stop them. I wanted time to stand still, I wanted the very beating of the heart of the world to cease and leave me there forever, there in Tom’s arms, safe and protected and loved.

Now I know that those tears were in me, that they had to be cried out before I could face the world again. But then I didn’t care, I hardly knew that I was crying, hardly knew when Tom slid me gently out of his arms and started the car once more. I was laughing by then, too—laughing at my own weeping, laughing and crying by turns, and hearing Tom’s quiet, steady voice telling me to stop without being able to stem the flood of pent up crying and laughing that had to be let out.

I didn’t see where Tom was going, didn’t know or care what was happening when the car stopped, when he picked me up and carried me into a strange house. By then I was tired of crying, tired, even, of living. I wanted to close my eyes and shut out the world.
inside the door for a moment, steeling myself to go outside and face Myra Norton again.

She was bending over the coffee table, and there was a steaming tea pot there, and a plate of golden brown, buttery toast. I acknowledged to myself that I was hungry, and at the same time I was ashamed of being hungry. Myra turned when she heard me. "Come along and have a cup of tea and some toast. I'm a great believer in tea and toast to make the world look brighter." She poured a fragrant cup for me to, and then, with one for herself, sat down on the sofa and patted the seat beside her.

"Come and sit down, Lona, and let's talk. There's hardly a thing in the world that can't be talked out." And then, when I was seated beside her, "Tom told me all about you—about Blair, and all that you've been through, and about how foolish he'd been, too. I—believe, me, Lona, I don't blame you at all. It's a small thing to say in the face of all that's happened to you, but I'm sorry—awfully sorry."

I didn't know what to say. If she'd been bitter or unkind, I might have found words to fight back, but I had nothing to say to kindness and sympathy.

Myra's clear voice went on, quietly, almost like low music in the room. "Often a stranger can be more help than your best friends, don't you think that's true? I mean, strangers are removed from a problem, and what looks frightening to you can seem simpler to them, because they have a better perspective. I can just about tell what's been wrong with you, Lona. You've been like—well, like a person who's been very ill, and who's never entirely recovered. But I think you're going to be all right now. I think tonight—the crying and all that—was what you needed to clean out the corners of your mind and heart and get ready to face life all over again with a clean slate.

I sat and went through with me, Lona. Honestly— isn't it true that when you fell in love with Tom you were falling in love with what he represented— his loneliness, his laughter and life and all the things you'd missed so much? Didn't he mean love to you, instead of being love—wasn't he a symbol of the wonderful feeling you had for Blair, the real, true, forever-and-forever kind of love?

"I sat very still, listening to her words even long after she had stopped talking. I couldn't answer her, because my heart cried out now for Tom, even though my mind admitted that she might be right. But I couldn't believe it—not now, not tonight when I was still so close to it, when I could still feel Tom's arms around me. Still, remotely I knew, somehow, that in time I'd come to believe it true, in time I'd acknowledge that what Myra said was right."

"I know how hopeless you feel right now, Lona," she went on after a while, "and I know that anything I say will sound smug and foolish to you. But—

"I lay there for a moment, not thinking at all, letting the sun warm me. It touched my body like gentle, soothing hands, and it seemed almost as if it were searching out my mind and cleansing it, finding the bruised heart in my breast and promising it peace.

The first thing I remembered was Myra's words. "For every woman who has lost the man she loves there's another man somewhere to fill his place ... give yourself a chance to find the man you love ...
of skeptics that his City Slickers had potentialities. Even Spike's pretty wife, Patricia, a former band vocalist, had doubts. "She was finally convinced when we bought our new eleven-room home with the money the City Slickers have earned."

The home, a French Provincial type, is a stone's throw from the homes of Jack Benny and Eddie Cantor. Queen of the household is Spike's four-year-old daughter, Linda. The child amazes her kindergarten teachers with a professional show business jargon. One day she announced in class that "My daddy just smashed the box office record on a Milwaukee one-nighter."

Spike's real name is Lindley Armstrong Jones. He was born in Long Beach, California, spent most of his childhood in small California railroad way stops like Calexico and Niland. His father was a depot agent for the Southern Pacific and that's how the City Slickers creator got his nickname. An ingenious railroad chef first interested Spike in music, fashioning drum sticks from the rungs of a chair and teaching the lad to keep time to an old tune, "Carolina in the Morning."

When Spike was thirteen he not only had his own four-piece band, the Jazzbos, but was drum major of his high school band.

"The high school outfit had ninety pieces," Spike recalls, "but I was the worst drum major in the state. The school authorities found that out one day when I gave the wrong signal. The band went down one street and I strutted down another."

Then Spike caught on with a number of top bands like Everett Hoagland's and Earl Burtnett's and eventually wound up as a crack Hollywood radio musician playing on the Fibber McGee and Molly and Bing Crosby shows. It was then that Spike got bored and developed his City Slickers. But Spike, shrewd business man and a realist, didn't give up his regular jobs until he had his own combination safely launched. He kept playing in studio orchestras and on occasional one-nighters, and kept up a relentless correspondence with juke box operators and show business executives, telling them about his unusual band. Because he worked doubly hard, Spike's City Slickers investment never once became a financial liability.

It was while doing a free-lance chore with Al Lyons' band that Spike met Patricia. She was then Al's vocalist.

"She couldn't help notice me. I was
Which

DO YOU CHOOSE?

LOVELY GLAMOR-GOWNS

or

DRESSES TO CONCEAL—

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Dennison GUMMED INDEX TABS

The Dennison Handy Helper

NEW! FOR BEST WASHING RESULTS

USE Wool Foam

Washes Wool Perfectly

Contains no soap, oil or fat. Leaves sweaters, socks, blankets, baby's things soft, fluffy, really clean. Made for wool by a wool firm. Leading dept. and chain stores. 25c

Wool Novelty Co. 10 W. 20, N.Y.C.

DO WE HAVE TO DIE?

A strange man in Los Angeles, known as "The Voice of Two Worlds," reveals the story of a remarkable system that often leads to almost unbelievable improvement in power of mind, achievement of brilliant business and professional success and new happiness. Many report improvement in health. Others tell of increased bodily strength, magnetic personality, courage and poise.

The man, a well-known explorer and geographer, tells how he found these strange methods in far-off and mysterious Tibet, often called the land of miracles by the few travelers permitted to visit it. He discloses how he learned rare wisdom and long hidden practices, closely guarded for three thousand years by the sages, which enabled many to perform amazing feats. He maintains that these immense powers are latent in all of us, and that methods for using them are now simplified so that they can be used by almost any person with ordinary intelligence.

He maintains that man, instead of being limited by a one-man-power-mind, has within him the mind-power of a thousand men or more as well as the energy-power of the universe which can be used in his daily affairs. He states that this sleeping giant of mind-power, when awakened, can make man capable of surpassing accomplishments, from the prolonging of youth to success in many fields. To that eternal question, "Do we have to die?" his answer is astounding.

The author tells that the time has come for this long hidden system to be disclosed to the Western world, and offers to send his amazing 9000-word treatise—which reveals many startling results—to sincere readers of this publication, free of cost or obligation. For your free copy address the Institute of Mentalphysics, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. 517-A, Los Angeles 4, Calif. Readers are urged to write promptly as only a limited number of the free treatises have been printed.

the only guy in the band without a bow tie. I lost mine and had to use shoe strings instead."

They made several dates, fell in love and set the wedding date, overriding some opposition from the girl's mother.

"I won over my mother-in-law when I praised her cooking," Spike explains.

The tune catapulted the band into a top attraction and Spike was astute enough to follow it up with a succession of other sure-fire novelties. Among these were "Hot-cha-Cornya," a take off on samba rhythms, songs, "A Goose to the Ballet Russe," and such gag solos as "The Suliva Sisters—who are the spitting image of each other," and "Tascha Ingle—who was concertmaster with Abe Lyman's all-youth orchestra in 1911." All these madcap tunes were accompanied by such weird sound effects as pistol shots, hicups, sneezes, snorts, auto horns, and wild skirmishes between the musicians.

Spike is proud that all his ten men are accomplished musicians and possess good humors. He believes his twin singers, the Nilson Sisters, are headed for stardom.

Spike and his wife recently celebrated their eighth wedding anniversary but they still act like a pair of newlyweds. Spike bet his wife that one of his records would sell over 100,000 copies. She didn't agree. The record was a smash hit and Mrs. Jones stopped Beverly Hills traffic paying off her bet. She had to push a peanut with her nose across the ample lawn of their home.

The Joneces live for their home—which Spike somehow manages one fourth of his ultimate ambitions—but they haven't let it intimidate them. It carries no fancy name. Realistically and with humor they call it "Cornegie Hall."

Reserve Your Copy of NEXT MONTH'S RADIO MIRROR

Paper restrictions now in force make it impossible for us to print enough copies of RADIO MIRROR to supply the great demand that exists for it. This means that many of you will not be able to secure your copy when you wish for it at the newsstand.

Instruct your newsdealer to reserve your copy of next month's and succeeding issues. It will take only a moment and will assure you of receiving your copy of RADIO MIRROR each month. In your own best interests attend to it today!
Let It Rain—
Continued from page 39

when we buy bonds we are not only paying for the war, but are also helping in the fight to hold down the price of war as well as the price of everything, because by putting dollars into bonds we are keeping them out of the inflation spiral. Experts tell us that the lower we keep prices now, the easier it will be for us after the war to buy new peacetime goods with the bond money we have saved.

I know that's all true but I'd much rather be able to show you as a "reminder" the expression on a face, an expression I saw at a recent Truth or Consequences broadcast.

We had learned the names of two service men, one from North Dakota and the other from Illinois, who were due to come home from abroad on furlough. We decided to surprise their families by putting them on the program, one on the broadcast and the other on the later re-
broadcast.

The mother of the boy from Illinois was on our first show. She didn't know yet about her boy's return. On our program, as you are aware, a participant has to agree that if he doesn't give the correct answer to a question he must "take the consequences." The mother missed the question and we told her that her "consequence" was to talk to her son on the telephone. We put through the "connection" and they began talking. She had just about asked him where he was, her voice trembling with excitement, when they were cut off—and then, the curtains were parted and her son, in uniform, was revealed on the stage. She looked at him, unbelieving, and then a flood of uncontrollable joy swept across her face as she realized that he was really there, that he really existed. Looking at her, that this was the happiest moment in anyone's life I had ever witnessed. That expression told me what it meant to mothers everywhere to see their boys again.

That expression would make you want to get that mother's boy back to her soon—and alive.

Of course, those to whom war is a living reality, either through actual participation or through loved ones who are in the battle, don't need reminders that without enough rain there can be no harvest.

But the rest of us must remember that just because we don't see the fire doesn't mean it's out. I don't think we need bombings to teach us that.

Yes, there is a fire—a terrible one—and the rain I spoke about when I began is the very rain that can put that fire out. That's the truth, and if we forget the truth we shall all have to take the consequences.

So let it rain! Fellow Americans, let it pour!

---

Cover Girl tells — "How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor (and save up to 50%)"

says alluring Pat Boyd
"We must be glamorous"

"Even under the tropic heat of photographer's 1000-watt lights I have to look exquisite!" Cover Girl Pat Boyd says. "What's more, I simply can't take risk to the expensive clothes I model in. So believe me, it was a load off my mind when I found a deodorant that even under these severe conditions, really did the job—Odorono Cream!

"The point is, Odorono Cream contains a really effective perspiration-stopper. It simply closes the tiny sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 6 days.

"Odorono Cream is safe, too. For both skin and clothes. Even after shaving it is non-irritating—it contains emollients that are actually soothing. And as for delicate fabrics, I've proved that Odorono Cream won't rot them. I just followed directions and use it as often as I like.

"And think of it! Velvety, fragrant Odorono Cream gives you up to 21 more applications for 39c than other leading deodorant creams. What a saving! "So to every girl who'd like to be 'Cover-Girl glamorous'... here's my heartfelt advice: use Odorono Cream. You'll be delighted, I know.'

NERVOUS? CRANKY?

Do This

Get a bottle or package of DR. MILES NERVINE at your drug store. Take it according to directions. If you are not entirely satisfied go to the druggist and get your money back. Read directions and use only as directed. Effervescent tablets 35c and 75c, liquid 25c and $1.00.

Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

Read This

DR. MILES NERVINE has been bringing relief to nervous people for sixty years. Why not try it when tense nerves make you Cranky, Wakeful or Fidgety? Dr. Miles Nervine is now made in two forms, liquid and effervescent tablets, both equally effective.

"This fragrant foam bath makes me feel like a princess!"

You never took such a relaxing bath! Gloriously perfumed, it makes billowy bubbles—and your body skin is actually cleansed better, feels cleaner!

Listen gals!

Send 3½¢ stamp with your name and address for trial one-bath packet, to Bathasweet Corp., Suite 41, 1914 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
Let's Be Thankful For—

Continued from page 50

the roast for 1 to 1½ hours, turning occasionally.

**Fluffy Sweet Potatoes**
- 8 medium sweet potatoes
- 4 tbsp. margarine or drippings
- 24 marshmallows

Salt and pepper to taste
½ tsp. nutmeg (optional)

Cook potatoes (unpeeled) in water to cover. Remove skins and run potato through ricer. Melt together margarine (or drippings) and marshmallows. Add to hot riced potatoes with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Serve as is, or pile lightly into garnished casserole, dot with margarine and brown in moderate oven.

**String Beans**
- 1 pt. canned string beans
- 1 tbsp. bouillon cube
- 1 tbsp. margarine or drippings

Salt and pepper to taste
1 tsp. ginger
1 tsp. mustard
1½ tsp. brown sugar
1 tsp. lemon or lime juice

Cook beans briskly in their own liquid for 5 minutes. Strain off liquid and measure. Return ½ cup liquid to cooking pan. If there is more, use it for gravy; if less, make up the difference with boiling water. Melt bouillon cube and margarine (or drippings) in liquid. Place beans and simmer until beans are hot through and sauce is rich and thick.

**Cabbage Fruit Salad**

½ head cabbage
2 carrots
1 lb. minced onion
2 tbsp. French dressing
1 to 2 cups diced apple, pear or orange or white grape halves

Mayonnaise

Shred cabbage and carrots, combine with onion and allege to marinate in French dressing for at least an hour. Just before serving, add fruit and enough mayonnaise to bind the mixture together. This salad may be made as sweet or as tart as you wish by adding brown sugar or lemon juice to the mayonnaise.

**Upholstery**

If you like to serve pumpkin or mincemeat pie, but make individual pies, baked in your muffin tins.

I can't let even a Thanksgiving menu go by without suggesting a leftover recipe, so here it is—a one-dish meal of savory lentils.

**Savory Lentils**
- 1 lb. lentils
- 1 onion, minced
- 2 lbs. minced celery leaves
- 1 bayleaf

Salt and pepper to taste

Bones and gravy from roast pork
Cold roast pork, cubed

Use either the bones from your roast or the uncooked bone taken from a pork shoulder. Wash lentils, cover with boiling water and simmer for 1 hour. Add all the ingredients except cubed meat (if there is leftover soup put that in, too) together with sufficient boiling water to cover. Simmer until lentils are tender (1½ to 2 hours), adding more boiling water occasionally if they get too dry. Remove bones, stir in cubed meat and continue simmering until meat is hot.
With You Beside Me

I was glad that Ruth had some friends down there. She'd been pretty lonely and bored, otherwise, when I had to go away on maneuvers or pulled extra duty. And I liked the idea that she wasn't completely alone. But there were times when I used to wish we could have had a little more privacy.

Like the time I got an over-night pass after we'd been on a twenty-mile hike and worked on the big guns half a day. I was tired that night, with the tight schedule that week, and I just wanted to feel you'll never be able to loosen up and go to sleep. The thing I wanted most was to sprawl out on the bed, close to Ruth and have her stroke my forehead and rub the back of my neck with her soft, gentle hands and talk to me in that quiet voice of hers, until the tension left. But when I got to the house, I found Ruth on the porch with some of the other wives and fellows from the Post. They'd decided to have a party, and of course I couldn't just go in and go to bed. We talked a while, and danced to Dorothy Paulson's radio, and pretty soon Dorothy was urging us all into Summers to get something to eat.

THAT night, I kept going on sheer nerves. We had dinner in a bar and grill and there was a juke box and, believe it or not, I was talked into dancing some more. I don't want to make a martyr out of myself, though, because it was custom somewhere I seemed to get my second wind and, for awhile, I didn't even think about being tired. And at last we went back to the house, I didn't even know when they left. Next thing I knew, Ruth was bending over me, kissing me lightly on the cheek and telling me it was time to get up, if I wanted to catch the five o'clock bus that would get me back for first formation.

That was a hard day, too. We worked out on the range on the big guns and right after we were given an examination. I could hardly wait for the day to end. Ruth was to meet me at the Service Club and I was looking forward to sitting on the porch there for a couple of hours with her and then getting some sleep. Right after chow, I hurried to the barracks to clean up. That's as far as I got.

Corporal Hunkins yelled at me. "Hey, Marley, Lt. Gerson wants to see ya—on the double, soldier." I worked up the lieutenant wanted and I hoped it wasn't some extra duty. He was a nice fellow, one of the officers that all the men really liked. He was the kind who could make any of us do anything, even if we didn't know how. He was young, maybe thirty-two or so, and that may have had something to do with it. We all felt as though he were one of us, not miles above us.

Lt. Gerson was busy at his desk when I knocked at the door. I saluted him and reported. He finished signing some papers and then looked up at me. He was frowning a little—not mad, but sort of thinking.

"What has been the matter with War Bonds! You Haven't Bought Enough Till Hitler's Had Enough"
DOES GAS KEEP YOU AWAKE NIGHTS?

Gas often seems to be at its worst during the night. Frequently it seems to work up through the chest and throat when one lies down, which makes one feel as if one were breathless in bed. Some people try to sit up in bed. Others keep rising out of bed to get their breath back. Try KONJOLA, the medicine which acts in 3 ways to help ease gas safely. Sluggish digestion often promotes the accumulation of gas in the alimentary tract. Bowel sluggishness may help to hold the gas inside to torment one with awful bloating. So KONJOLA not only contains Nature’s herbs to help bring up gas from stomach, but also contains pepsin to aid digestion, and mildly helps to open constipated bowels and release gas. Many users write their thanks and gratitude for the satisfactory results it produces. So when you feel bloated “clear through” — when stomach expands, intestines swell way out, due to the accompanying slow digestion and sluggish bowel action, try this medicine and see what relief it can give. Be sure you get genuine KONJOLA Medicine, and take exactly as directed on the package. KONJOLA is sold by every druggist in America on a strict guarantee of money back if not completely satisfied with results from first bottle.

SEND FOR SAMPLE
You can test its help for you by sending 10c for trial sample to KONJOLA, P. O. Box 206, Dept. Y, Fort Chester, N. Y.

PHOTO-RING
ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE OF YOUR CHOICE ENLARGED
(Any size to fit your frame — 8 x 10 inches or larger)

MAGNIFIED
Send for sample copies of this popular new 100% guaranteed Photo-Ring. Its unique principle is simple — any photo is magnified from the size you send to the size you want. Send a photo or picture of your choice to receive a sample photograph. 

S I M P L E " P I L E S "
Get relief from the maddening itching, burning and soreness of simple piles or hemorrhoids with Unguentine Rectal Cones.

Unguentine Rectal Cones — the only cone made by the makers of famous Unguentine.

Millions of these soothing, pain-relieving, anti- septic rectal cones have been sold. Try them — and if you do not get prompt relief consult your physician.

Guarantee: Your druggist will refund your full purchase price if you are not satisfied.

UNGUENTINE RECTAL CONES
Norwich

By the makers of "Unguentine"

A WAR BOND IS A NEST EGG
IT WILL HATCH

...continued on page 96
Never mind “who done it”—pitch in and help get it down!

This is your Uncle Sam talking—but I’m going to talk to you like a DUTCH uncle, to keep all of us from going broke.

Ever since the Axis hauled off and hit us when we weren’t looking, prices have been nudging upwards. Not rising awfully fast, but RISING.

Most folks, having an average share of common sense, know rising prices are BAD for them and BAD for the country. So there’s been a lot of finger pointing and hollering for the OTHER FELLOW to do something—QUICK.

The government’s been yelled at, too. “DOGGONNIT,” folks have said, “WHY doesn’t the government keep prices down?”

Well, the government’s done a lot. That’s what price ceilings and wage controls are for—to keep prices down. Rationing helps, too.

But let me tell you this—we’re never going to keep prices down just by leaning on the government and yelling for the OTHER FELLOW to mend his ways.

We’ve ALL got to help—EVERY LAST ONE OF US:

Sit down for a minute and think things over. Why are most people making more money today? It’s because of the SAME cursed war that’s killing and maiming some of the finest young folks this country ever produced.

So if anyone uses his extra money to buy things he’s in no particular need of . . . if he bids against his neighbor for stuff that’s hard to get and pushes prices up . . . well, sir, he’s a WAR PROFITEER. That’s an ugly name—but there’s just no other name for it.

Now, if I know Americans, we’re not going to do that kind of thing, once we’ve got our FACTS straight.

All right, then. Here are the seven rules we’ve got to follow as GOSPEL from now until this war is over. Not some of them—ALL of them. Not some of us—ALL OF US, farmers, businessmen, laborers, white-collar workers!

Buy only what you need. A patch on your pants is a badge of honor these days.

Keep your OWN prices DOWN. Don’t ask higher prices—for your own labor, your own services, or goods you sell. Resist all pressure to force YOUR prices up!

Never pay a penny more than the ceiling price for ANYTHING. Don’t buy rationed goods without giving up the right amount of coupons.

Pay your taxes willingly, no matter how stiff they get. This war’s got to be paid for and taxes are the cheapest way to do it.

Pay off your old debts. Don’t make any new ones.

Start a savings account and make regular deposits. Buy and keep up life insurance.

Buy War Bonds and hold on to them. Buy them with dimes and dollars it HURTS like blazes to do without.

Start making these sacrifices now—keep them up for the duration—and this country of ours will be sitting pretty after the war. . . . and so will you.

KEEP PRICES DOWN! Use it up - Wear it out Make it do - Or do without

Uncle Sam
end of the day, I'd be so tired I could hardly stand up, but I'd think of those rumors and I'd have died rather than miss a chance to see Ruth. Rumors have a way of spreading around, I guess Ruth must have heard them, too, because while she didn't say anything, she seemed to depend on me more. I don't know how to explain that. We couldn't talk about it. We were afraid to mention the possibilities, but they were there in the background all the time, in the way we clung to each other, in the desperation of our kisses. Anyway, that's how I interpreted it, at the time.

I'm ashamed now for being so blind. I should have realized that things weren't too easy for her, either. She was so sweet and thoughtful of me, that I forgot how hard it must be for her to get along on her own. I asked Bud Halleck, who was going into town, to stop off and tell Ruth I was on duty and couldn't make it. But Bud mentioned in his letter, and little there was for her to do all day and how, maybe, that was one reason why she seemed to need me so much more than before.

During the next month or so there were times when I would gladly have collapsed any place along the road and stayed there until I died, just for the sake of not having to move again. Once, I even missed a date with Ruth because I was too exhausted to face the ride in those circumstances. I'd asked Bud Halleck, who was going into town, to stop off and tell Ruth I was on duty and couldn't make it. But Bud mentioned in his letter, and little there was for her to do all day and how, maybe, that was one reason why she seemed to need me so much more than before.

Ruth was crying by the time the MPs let me take her into their office to quiet her down. "Johnny," she whispered into my shoulder, "I was so worried! I-I waited and waited, and you didn't come, and—"

"But I was supposed to stop by and tell you I'd pulled extra duty," I said.

She pushed me away a little, then, and looked at me hard. "The man—the MP—here at the gate," she said, in a funny voice. "When he phoned your barracks—he said you were asleep and would get here as soon as you could," she started to cry again. "You didn't want to see me. You—you lied—"

"I found I didn't have to do extra duty after all," I began, "and I thought Bud would have told you I wasn't coming, so you'd have made other plans, or—" But I hated lying to her. "All right," I finished finally. "I was tired."

Her brown eyes grew big and miserable. "Oh, Johnny—I love you so much! I wait and wait for you—I don't even live when you're not here. And—and you don't care—"

No, after that was straightened out, I didn't miss a date with her again. But I wasn't quite the same after that. There was something—a small, intangible something, but there just the same—between us. It used to be that when things were bothering either of us we could sit down and talk them over and make sense out of the trouble, and then it would be all right. But this we couldn't bring out into the open. We should have been happy—we were near each other, together as much as possible, and that should have been enough—but we weren't happy. Not really.

I DON'T know how long we'd have gone on like that, if it hadn't been for that mixup. I was feeling pretty good that evening. We hadn't had too hard a day, because it had been raining, and I guess the Sergeant appreciated a little let-down, too, because he not only didn't bite my head off when I asked for an overnight pass, but he actually smiled when he gave it to me.

I found myself whistling as I started toward the Service Club. I was supposed to meet Ruth there at six-thirty. It was just a little thing, but I got a lot of pleasure out of thinking how surprised and happy she'd be when I told her that instead of sitting around camp we could catch the first bus and go home—and be together, without a lot of other people.

Ruth hadn't arrived, so I got into a pool game with some of the fellows, and I felt so good that I won three games in a row. Ruth still wasn't there and when the bus came in at seven-fifteen without her I began to wonder what might have happened.

By eight she still wasn't there and she wasn't coming because the weather had been so bad all day. She'd had a little cold, anyway, and I figured that she hadn't wanted to stand in the rain to wait for the bus. There was no telephone in the house where we had our room, nor any place closer than the drugstore on Main Street in Sum-

Continued from page 94
mers, and that's a good ten minutes' walk from the house—more, in a downpour like the one we'd been having all day.

I didn't know what to do, but at last I decided the best thing would be to catch the next bus out of camp, and surprise Ruth. I hadn't felt so well in a long time, rested and relaxed, and it seemed a shame to miss any part of a free evening together. When the bus got to Summers I got off and bought some sandwiches and salad and a couple of bottles of beer and headed for the house.

EVERYBODY was there—but Ruth. She'd caught the five o'clock bus, after all—that's what Dorothy Paulson told me. And then I really didn't know what to do.

"Wait awhile," Dorothy advised. "She'll check with your barracks and find out you got an overnight pass, and she'll turn right around and come back. If you leave now you're sure to miss her."

I waited until ten o'clock, getting more impatient by the minute, and then decided I ought to phone camp. She might have contacted the Hostess, or perhaps she had phoned my barracks and they knew something, I reasoned. So I set out in the rain again, walking down to the drugstore where I had to wait at the phone booth—you always have to wait in line in a town so near an army camp—for about fifteen minutes. Finally I got in touch with Miss Holloway, at the Service Club.

"Marley? Oh, yes—yes, your wife was in here some time ago, asking us to see if we could locate you. I—just a minute. I'll have one of the boys see—" I waited, more than a minute, and the unrest in me mounted. What on earth could have happened to Ruth in those hours since she left the house?

Then Miss Holloway was back. "No—they can't seem to find her, I'm sorry. Perhaps she's left camp."

I asked about buses, and Miss Holloway told me that the five o'clock bus had been three hours late—some sort of breakdown—but that everyone on it had been all right.

That made me feel a little better, but I still didn't know what to do—still didn't know whether Ruth had found out I'd got a pass and started back home, or whether she was still wandering around camp, looking for me. I could think of all sorts of things that might have happened to her. What if she were sick—the cold had developed into something worse? Well, the last bus would be along from camp pretty soon, and I'd know if she was on it. But suppose she'd missed that? Suppose she'd found out I'd left camp—it would be just like her to try to get a ride back to Summers, and those roads were no place for a woman alone at night. Or suppose she'd decided to wait at camp? Where would she spend the night? You couldn't get a room at the Guest House without making a reservation weeks in advance.

I went down to the bus stop and waited. Lots of women got off that last bus—but Ruth wasn't among them. I began to get panicky, thinking of all the things that could have happened to her, all the places she might be—Ruth, so little and sweet, so helpless and easily frightened, alone in the dark, in the pouring rain. So I got on the phone again, but this time the Service Club was closed for the night, and my battery headquarters told me they didn't have time to 'keep track of a flock of women who hadn't sense enough to get in out of the rain.'

I knew what I had to do then—I had to get the last bus back to camp and find her for myself. I ran through the rain from the drugstore to the bus stop—and, turning the corner, I was just in time to see the bus pull out.

There wouldn't be another until 4:30 in the morning—the one I always caught so I'd get back to camp for first formation. I suppose it would have been wiser to go back to the house and stay there until time to catch that bus, but I didn't feel wise right then. I didn't feel anything except that I knew I had to find Ruth. I couldn't bear to sit around and think about it—I had to do something.

ON THE map, the road between Summers and the camp is about fifteen miles. But that's not in pitch blackness; does it count driving rain, or mudholes that the rain has made, and it leaves out the hills. Just the same, I started to walk it—anything was better than just sitting still and wondering.

It was after four o'clock when I got to camp, drenched from head to foot and covered with mud. And then I found that after all there was nothing I could do. The MPs at the gate didn't know anything. The Guest House was closed up tight, and when I approached it a guard couldn't give me any information but the advice, "Better get back to your barracks, buddy, it ain't no use making a fuss so I'll have to take you in."
By then I was so tired I could hardly pick up my feet. I moved across the parade as if I were in a dream, toward my barracks. I was going to check there, and then go on, if they knew nothing. But they wouldn't let me leave again.

I had to think, I told myself—think what to do, where to go next, how to get out and keep on looking for Ruth. I fell across my bunk, mud and all, and the next thing I knew I was being yanked out, and it was morning. She want you at the hospital.

Your wife.

It was about five city blocks between the barracks and the hospital. I never covered ground so fast in my life.

“You look more than she does,” the doctor told me. “Take it easy,” he added, kindly. “She’s all right now. It was just hysterics and—well, nothing that a rest and some decent food won’t fix up quickly.”

Food?

He added, “She’s a bit undernourished. That added to her nervous condition, too.” He patted my shoulder.

“You can go in now.”

Ruth was very quiet when I went into her room. There was no harsh, tearing sob, and she kept talking and clutching at me, and hardly making sense.

“Where were you, darling—where were you when I couldn’t find you? And I waited and I waited. You love me—oh, it was raining so hard, and I wanted to find you, so I started home, and I got wet. I tried to hold her close to me, and to quiet her, but the crying got worse and worse. I was scared to death, and at last I called the doctor frantically, and he made me get out of the room. ‘Better that way—just seeing you seems to upset her right now. We’ll give your wife a sedative, and she’ll sleep this off—don’t worry.’

I went back to my barracks and collapsed on my bunk. I don’t think I’d ever known just what it meant to be tired before—mentally and physically.
TWO MEN LOVED HER...

Ginny was twice blessed for it was the love of two men that saved her marriage from the stigma of the strangest divorce proceeding ever presented before a court. She never realized that inside this triangle of two men and a woman there is a story far stranger than fiction. But the presiding Judge, one of the men who loved her so devotedly, realized it and in TRUE STORY Magazine for December he reveals all of the amazing facts many of which never appeared upon the court records. Titled "I Pronounce You Man and Wife," it is the greatest book length true story ever presented in TRUE STORY Magazine.

BESIDES ... the stories briefly mentioned are dozens of others, all new, all true, equally stirring—in the big December issue.

**True Story**

ON SALE NOVEMBER 17th

(Don't miss "Kate Smith Speaks"—special department conducted by Kate Smith in person—page 4. Tune in her stirring broadcast daily Monday through Friday—CBS.)
New! VITAMIN Discovery Re-COLORS GRAY HAIR
If Your Gray Hair Is Due To Lack of "Anti-Gray Hair" Vitamins, Make This Amazing Easy Test
Science now offers a simple, easy natural way that, while too new to guarantee 100% results, may restore gray hair (due to vitamin lack) to its original color and beauty sheen, often seen first at roots, temples and parts. Absolutely, not actually, NOT A DYE, not a chemical, not a medicine, but a treatment to search for and supply the necessary vitamins. You've seen similar claims before, but this one is backed by a leading national magazine article on men and women of all ages. (FREE BOOKLET)

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The Only War Bond You'll Ever Regret Is the One You Didn't Buy

Continued from page 98


PHYSICALLY TENSE

physically tired so that you want to sleep more than anything else in the world. It was dark when Corporal Hunkins shook me awake. "Okay, soldier," he said. "Lt. Gerson wants you." This time, Lt. Gerson wasn't kind. "Why weren't you up on the range this morning, Marley?"

"I—I was tired," I said, stupidly, and then, knowing how it sounded, I tried to explain, but he cut me short.

"If you know what a war is like being in the hospital," he told me sharply. "But it's time you got it into your head that this isn't civilian life, Marley. I warn you, your behavior in the past few weeks has had a de-moralizing effect on the other men. You've let your squad down on the guns. The men are saying they can't depend on you. We can't have any more of it—you're restricted to company area for two weeks, Marley."

"But my wife—you can't keep me from seeing her, sir. I—"

He frowned. "I've just talked to the doctor. Your wife is all right. I've also talked to the Red Cross Field Worker, and she's going to see what can be done about sending your wife home, immediately. That's all, Marley!"

HE DIDN'T understand, I told myself. He didn't love Ruth—she wasn't his wife—how could he? Could he let her go away, if she had to go away, without seeing her?

It wasn't easy. I got one of the fellows to go to the Combat Station, that night to find out what they were going to do with her, and later one of the boys took her a note from me, asking her to let me know where she was and how I could get to see her. The only thing I found out was that they were putting her on the eleven o'clock train leaving Summers that night—just three hours from here. And then I knew I had to get out. I had to see her, no matter what happened to me afterwards. I had to do certain things, around and hiding, but finally I found a way to sneak out of my area and out of camp, too. And I was lucky enough to pick up a ride.

It took every ounce of my self-control to act normal when I walked into that railroad station. I had to look natural. I didn't want the MPs to get suspicious and pick me up before I saw Ruth. It worked—probably because I told myself I had to work. She was there—and she was alone. I ran to her and caught her in my arms.

"Darling, listen," I began. "Oh, Ruth, I—"

Then it came. "Private Marley, you're under arrest!"

I turned around. It was Lt. Gerson. "Arrest!" he said, "Ruth! Oh—for what? What's he done?"

"He's AWOL for one thing." The lieutenant was quiet for a minute, looking at us both. There had been anger in his eyes, but it was giving way to a kind of puzzled thoughtfulness. "I wish I could make you two understand something, Marley, and, Marley, at last. "Mrs. Marley, maybe you're the one to talk to—maybe this will help you to understand that the army isn't trying to persecute your husband."

Continued on page 102
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It's just—well, it isn't easy to become a soldier. It takes every ounce of strength and concentration and intelligence a man's got—and all his time."

"I—I didn't want to interfere with his work," Ruth said defensively. "I wanted to help him—"

I DON'T doubt that," Lt. Gerson told her kindly. "But if you just think about it a little, you'll know that the right kind of love is more concerned with a husband's safety than with emotional satisfactions—"

"His safety?" Ruth whispered.

The lieutenant nodded. "If your husband were sent overseas tomorrow, the chances are that it would practically be suicide for him the first time he saw action. He doesn't understand his weapons, he's in bad physical shape, and—well, mentally, too—he hasn't had time to think about anything but you for weeks. And there are the men he works with—he'd be endangering their lives as well."

There were tears in Ruth's eyes, but she looked at him squarely.

"It wasn't all your fault," he went on. "I didn't want to interfere, too. When he first came here he tried to adjust himself to army life, and he was making progress, but when you came he found that it was easier not to. Even your sympathy helped him escape from the understanding of what it takes, what he'll have to face. I know this training is murderously hard, but—you've got to see this—it's the only way we can prepare your husband and all the other men for the actualities which the enemy will have in store for them. You love your husband. You want him to have a chance—give us a chance to make him the kind of soldier who can fight this war and win it, and come back."

Ruth pressed close to me. "Oh, Johnny—I didn't know—"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Marley," Lt. Ger-

son went on. "You've done a lot of harm, but you only wanted to do good. Now your husband has committed a crime—left his post against orders."

"And—and she hasn't had an easy time of it, either."

"I know that," he answered, and then he turned away. "The train's coming in. You'd better say goodbye."

There was so much to say, and so little time. I don't even want to talk about anything but the one thing that would be good for each other—but I do want to remember what she said, because it's what I live by, now.

"We were all mixed up, Johnny. We thought about today—this little momen and forgot that the important thing is tomorrow, the whole of life, that we have to win and keep safe. Darling—" she pressed her cheek against my shoulder—"what would to morrow be if you—just you—weren't there always? There just wouldn't be any tomorrow for me at all."

She straightened up then, and smiled. "Don't worry about me, dear. I'll get my job back, and keep busy just as I was yesterday. Be a good soldier—because I love you so much!"

LT. GERSON stood beside me until the train pulled out, then he led me out of the station and drove me back to camp. All the way, I wanted to say something to him, but I couldn't—anything that would make him see that I understood better now.

He drove me to my barracks.

"Get inside, Marley," he said. "And keep quiet about tonight. No one else need know about this. I saw you leave and guessed where you were headed." I tried to thank him, but he shook his head. "Just do your job, and we'll finish this war, you and I and the rest of us, and get home again."

That's no small assignment, but I'm doing my best.

... and promptly went to work to transform an old clock into an attractive gift for a child. If you'd like to know how to do this, write to Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, and we'll send instructions.
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